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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SCRAPBOOK MICROFILMING PROJECT

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THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE HUMANITIES

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MICROFILMING PROJECT

A Cooperative Project Between the Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives and the Boston Public Library (August 1993 - April 1994)

The Microfilming Project incorporates two collections of scrapbooks housed in two separate repositories. The first set of scrapbooks (80 volumes) resides within the Allen A. Brown Collection of the Boston Public Library (BPL) Music Department. Their call number is **M.125.5. **The second set of scrapbooks (132 volumes) resides within the Press Clippings collection of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) Archives. They have the designation** Pres 56.

The BPL scrapbooks begin with the founding of the BSO in 1881 and continue, through 79 seasons, to 1960. Articles consist mainly of reviews and feature stories from Boston and New York newspapers. Occasionally, magazine articles and press releases are also included. The scrapbooks cover most aspects of the BSO.

The BSO scrapbooks run from 1889, the Orchestra's 9th season, to 1973. In addition to local reviews and features, the volumes contain articles culled from national and international publications. The scrapbooks document, in detail, all aspects of the BSO: The Symphony Orchestra (including subscription concerts, tours, and trips), the Boston Pops, the Tanglewood Festival, the Tanglewood Music Center, and Symphony Hall.

The two sets of scrapbooks have been filmed as two separate entities. Researchers wanting to look at specific seasons or subjects must examine both sets of films to ensure full coverage.

The scrapbooks do not represent the complete holdings of either location on the subject of the BSO.

Requests for positive microfilm copies of individual rolls, or of film sets, should be directed to the respective repository:

Music Department
Boston Public Library
Post Office Box 286
Boston, MA 02117

Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives
Symphony Hall
Boston, MA 02115

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SCRAPBOOKS

1889 - 1973

132 VOLUMES

Source: Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives

FINDING AID

Boston Symphony Orchestra Scrapbooks (Series 56, Sub-Series 1)

Source: Press Office (Office of the Public Relations Director)

The BSO scrapbooks comprise part of one series in the BSO Archives. Series 56, Press Clippings, is divided by format into 3 sub-series: 1) Scrapbooks, 1889-1973 (132 volumes); 2) Loose Clippings, 1931-1991 (9 record cartons); and 3) Oversize Newspapers and Journals, 1919-1979 (1 oversize box). Each sub-series is arranged chronologically.

The scrapbooks contain concert notices and reviews, record reviews, and feature articles. Early scrapbooks may also contain programs, tickets, and subscription orders. Materials are organized by concert season into the following categories: BSO (including tours); Kneisel Quartet (and later Boston Symphony Chamber Players); Boston Pops (referred to in early years as Promenade concerts); and Tanglewood (including the Tanglewood Music Center, the Tanglewood Festival, Tanglewood-on-Parade, and the Fromm Festival of Contemporary Music).

Reviews and articles cover a wide range of subjects: Founder H.L. Higginson; BSO conductors, players, trustees, and other personnel; guest artists and composers; BSO and Pops performances and recordings; U.S. and overseas tours; BSO/Cecilia Society joint performances; open rehearsals; and special events connected to anniversary celebrations and fundraising.

Feature stories document changes in the size, composition, and location of the orchestra. Topics include the hiring of women and minorities; the unionization of players; controversies (such as the internment of conductor Karl Muck during World War II); the sale of the old Music Hall; and the construction of Symphony Hall and other structures (such as the Koussevitsky Music Shed at Tanglewood).

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Series Dates: **1889-1991**

Sub-series Name: **SCRAPBOOKS**
Sub-series Number: **1**
Sub-series Dates: **1889-1973**

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2	Loose Clippings	1931-1991
3	Oversize Newspapers and Journals	1919-1979

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VOLUME 51

BSO
Pops

1928 - 1929

Modern Music to Get Hearing at Symphony

Serge Koussevitzky, leader of the Boston Symphony orchestra, snapped today while seated at the piano in his home in Jamaica Plain.

TRAV SEPT 28

Koussevitzky, Just Home from Europe, Enthusiastic Over His Plans for Season's Concerts; Has No Use for Routine

Serge Koussevitzky, leader of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who scoffs at traditions, is going to scoff some more during the current musical season which opens next month.

MORE MODERN MUSIC

He is going to introduce more modern music in this season's program. He said so today at his home on Lockstead avenue, Jamaica Plain, to which he has just returned, following his summer's trip abroad with Mme. Koussevitzky.

Alert and soldierly, the conductor strode into the room, his blue eyes agleam, fingered the keys of his favorite piano, and playing a soft melody, said as though in an aside: "Well?"

And immediately he let his interviewer understand that he anticipates a notable season with the Symphony. Always noted for his disdain of plain routine, his program this year is to be more unorthodox than ever; there will be more modern compositions on the list. Of that he is very enthusiastic.

NEW COMPOSERS ON LIST

He has brought many interesting works here for the season. He is introducing five new composers. Here they are: Stravinsky, Prokofieff, Hindemith, Toch, and—hold your breath! Frederick the Great! But more about him later.

Some of Stravinsky's compositions have been heard here, but not enough so that they have been an accepted feature, and so Koussevitzky really calls him new on the list. The first four of this list are sufficiently modern and different to excite the interest of every music lover.

About Frederick the Great. He was much interested in the arts and sciences and music. He composed a symphony. It is that symphony, in three parts, that Koussevitzky is to introduce to America for the first time.

Selection of this symphony is in itself a notable departure. And there will probably be more discussion about than any one single feature of the entire season.

Meanwhile, Koussevitzky's face lights up when he mentions it. Suffice for him to say of it: "Very, very interesting, this symphony." Which is a tip-off that something of the unusual is to happen.

Of the coming season, he said: "It seems very, very good to be back here. Boston is the greatest musical centre. I will give to Boston's public all that I can, and I leave it to the listeners to judge."

Koussevitzky is preparing for the opening orchestra rehearsal next Monday.

IN THE CONCERT HALLS

Boston Symphony Orchestra for Oct. 5 —Thereafter, Familiar Voices, Noted Players

The first concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra this season will be on Friday afternoon, Oct. 5. This season will be the 48th, and the fifth under direction of Mr. Koussevitzky, who sails from France on Wednesday. The Friday and Saturday series are solidly subscribed, those on the waiting lists having engaged such seats as were released last spring. There will also be the usual series of five Monday evening concerts, beginning on Nov. 12th, and the series of five Tuesday afternoon concerts; nine concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, and Pension Fund concerts in Symphony hall on Sunday afternoons.

An imposing list of great singers and virtuosos is scheduled to appear in Symphony hall during the new musical season. Mr. Kreisler will open the regular series of Sunday afternoon concerts on Oct. 14. Mme. Farrar will sing on Sunday, Oct. 21, and the English Singers will appear on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 28. Mr. Koussevitzky will give a recital as a virtuoso of the double bass in Symphony hall on Monday evening, Oct. 15. He will be assisted by Henri Casadesus, virtuoso of the viola d'amore and founder of the Society of Ancient Instruments. This will be Mr. Koussevitzky's second double-bass recital in America. The first was given as a charity concert last autumn. Mr. Horowitz will give a recital on Sunday evening, Oct. 21. Theremin will bring to Boston on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 7, his new invention whereby he makes music by movements of his fingers in the air. On Sunday evening, Oct. 28, Pompeo's Band will give a concert with Maria Mantovani, soprano, as soloist.

Other artists to appear on Sunday afternoons in the course of the season will include Galli-Curci, Hayes, Schipa, Werrenrath, Heifetz, Gieseking, Casals, Rachmaninoff, Menuhin, Spalding, Louise Homer and daughter, Hofmann, and McCormack.

[illegible] Leginska, with her Boston Womens' Symphony orchestra, opens a seven-weeks' tour, under direction of A. H. Handley, at Bloomsburg, Pa., on Friday, Oct. 26. Concerts also will be given at Washington, Pennsylvania State College, Akron and Cleveland, O.; Buffalo, and in middle western cities. The usual Boston concerts will be resumed in December. The orchestra during the past summer provided a concert cycle of orchestral programs at Conneaut Lake, playing 13 performances in a period of seven days, including concert performances of the opera "Faust," Handel's "Messiah" and formal symphony programs.

Edith Mason, long identified with the Chicago Civic opera company, will appear, early in October, as the first of a group of internationally known artists to be heard in Sunday evening concerts in the Copley-Plaza ballroom. Others announced are Mary Garden, Rosa Raisa, Tito Schipa, George Baklanoff, Cyrena Van Gordon, Ethel Leginska, Horace Britt, Richard Bonelli, Marguerite D'Alvarez, Mary Roselli, Carmela Ippoliti and the Gordon string quartet. Mme. Amelia Conti, concert manager of the Chicago Civic opera company, and Arthur L. Race, managing director of the Copley-Plaza, will be sponsors.

Aaron Richmond announces that the opening Jordan hall recital of the season on Oct. 18, will be given by Luther Emerson, baritone. Jean Duncan, soprano, will make her Boston debut on the 19th. Rita Neve, an English pianist, to be heard here for the first time on the 24th; Jean Bedetti, the popular solo 'cellist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, with the assistance of Felix Fox, pianist, on the 25th; Guy Maier in one of his young people's concerts on the morning of the 27th, and the Brahms quartette, in a program of "vocal chamber music," on the afternoon of that date, also are announced.

Under Mr. Richmond's direction the New England tour of the New York Theatre Guild Repertory company will include appearances in Andover, Worcester, Hartford and at Wellesley College.

MINNEAPOLIS ORCHESTRA

The soloists for the concerts of the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra will be: Singers, Mmes. Meisle, Melius, Austral and Messrs. Crooks and Tibbett; violinists, Mme. Chenot, and Messrs. Heifetz and Spalding; pianists, Messrs. Hutcheson, Reuter, Rosenthal, and Shattuck. The first concert will be on Oct. 19. Henri Verbrugghan will conduct (his sixth year); Harold Ayres is the concert master. During the orchestra's mid-winter tour, which opens at Chicago on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 13, the orchestra will make its first visit to southern Florida and Havana, Cuba. Among the re-engagements to be filled during this tour are New Orleans, La., Atlanta, Ga., Nashville, Tenn., Louisville, Ky., Indianapolis, Ind., and Pittsburgh, Pa. At the close of the home season the orchestra will make its usual spring festival tour, covering the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas.

CONCERTS AND OPERAS

SEPT 23 1929 SUN. HER.

Javanese Music Impresses Stokowski— "The Beggar's Opera" in German

The People's [illegible]hony orchestra will give a series of 20 Sunday afternoon concerts in the Hotel Statler ballroom, starting Oct. 21, at 3 P. M.

Mr. Koussevitsky, who should arrive in New York some day this coming week, is bringing from Europe scores of considerable interest and importance which will figure on the coming season's programs by the Boston Symphony orchestra. The centennial of Franz Schubert, who died Nov. 19, 1828, will be duly observed in the season's concerts. Rehearsals will start immediately on Mr. Koussevitsky's arrival here, and the first concerts will be given in Symphony hall on Friday afternoon, Oct. 5, and Saturday evening, Oct. 6.

GLOBE—

SEPTEMBER 23, 1928

The Boston Symphony is announced this season as containing 112 musicians. If the annual increase by twos and threes continues the orchestra will some day crowd the audience out of Symphony Hall. Not so many years since an orchestra of 90 was a record breaker and 60 players were deemed adequate by Theodore Thomas for the tours of his famous orchestra. But there are many works which demand 100 or more performers if the composer's desires are to be carried out. Whether any of these works are as great as Mozart's G minor Symphony, which can be properly played by an orchestra of between 30 and 40, is a question perhaps irrelevant.

Koussevitzky Letter by Air from Ile de France

Among Boston-directed letters brought here by the catapulted seaplane from the liner Ile de France last night was one from Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who landed at New York from the steamer today. It was post-marked on the liner Sunday afternoon and gave instructions to W. H. Brennan, orchestra manager here, for the rehearsals which begin next week and the opening of the concert season, slated for Oct. 11. Koussevitzky will remain in New York a day or two before returning to Boston.

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Concert-Calendar

First Symphonies

THE forty-eighth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the fifth with Serge Koussevitzky as conductor will begin with the pair of concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of next week. The program will include: Beethoven's Overture to Leonore, No. 3; Debussy's two nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals"; Hindemith's Concerto for Orchestra, Op. 38; and Beethoven's Symphony No. 3, "Eroica."

Recitals, Variously

Kajaloff, Russian 'cellist, will play at Jordan Hall on Thursday evening at 8.30 P. M. The selections included on the program are: Beethoven's Sonata in A Major, Haydn's Concerto in D, adagio by Bach, minuet by Debussy, and sonata by Henry Eccles, arranged by Salmon.

Leon Theremin, young Russian inventor, with his new and strange device by which he produces "ether music," will be at Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 7. Not content with his past accomplishments, he contemplates eventually a forty-piece electrical orchestra, but for the present and at his coming appearance he will confine himself to demonstration of the one "Theremin Vox." The program is yet to be announced.

Latest information forthcoming on Mr. Koussevitzky's recital on the double-bass, which is planned for Oct. 15, lets it be known that he will play for the first time in this country his Valse Miniature, together with his own double-bass Concerto. The rest of the program will be made up of short solo numbers with concerted music of the Eighteenth Century written for the double-bass and the viola d'amore. The latter instrument will be played by M. Henri Casadesus.

CONCERTS IN PROSPECT

Jean Kayaloff, Russian 'cellist, will present this program at a concert in Jordan hall, Thursday evening, Oct. 4, at 8:30: Beethoven, sonata, A major; Haydn, concerto in D; Bach, adagio; Debussy, menuet; Eocles, sonata, arranged by Salmon.

The Roth quartet of Budapest through the courtesy and generosity of Mrs. Frederick S. Coolidge, will give a concert in John Knowles Paine hall of the Music building, Harvard University, Thursday evening, Oct. 4, at 8:15. The program, open to the public, admission free, will include quartets by Mozart and Bartok, and a quintet for strings by [illegible].

The Boston Symphony orchestra opens its 48th season next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening in Symphony hall, Serge Koussevitzky conducting. The program: Beethoven Overture to Leonore, No. 3; Debussy two nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals"; Hindemith's concerto for orchestra, Op. 38, and Beethoven's symphony No. 3, "Eroica."

[illegible] soprano, and Claudius J. Broadfield, tenor, will give a joint recital in Jordan hall Sunday afternoon, Oct. 7, at 3:30.

Concerted music of the 18th century, written for the double-bass and viola d'amore, will be played by Koussevitzky and Henri Casadesus, foremost masters of these old instruments, at their recital to be given in Symphony hall on Monday eve., Oct.

SUN. HER. SEPT 30 '28

Bos. Eve. American.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1928

Koussevitzky Will Play Bass in Joint Recital

Serge Koussevitzky and Henri Casadesus, foremost living masters of the double-bass and viola d'amore, will play concerted music for these old instruments of the 18th century at their recital in Symphony Hall, on Monday evening, October 15. Koussevitzky will then play his own "Double-bass Concerto" and his own "Valse Miniature," together with other short solo numbers.

Boston Sunday Advertiser

SEPTEMBER 30, 1928

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERT ON FRIDAY

Next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening in Symphony Hall, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will open its 48th season.

Serge Koussevitzky will conduct in the following program: Beethoven's overture to "Leonore," No. 3; Debussy's two nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals"; Hindemith's concerto for orchestra, and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony.

KOUSSEVITZKY IN UNUSUAL RECITAL

Concerted music of the 18th century, written for the double-bass and viola d'amore, will be played by Serge Koussevitzky and Henri Casadesus at their recital in Symphony Hall on Monday evening, October 15.

Koussevitzky will then also play his own double-bass concerto, "Valse Miniature," together with other [illegible] numbers.

SEPT 29 - TRAVELER

CONCERT - CALENDAR

Next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening in Symphony Hall, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will open its 48th season. Serge Koussevitzky will then be heard in the following program: Beethoven's overture to Leonore, No. 3; Debussy's two nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals;" Hindemith's concerto for orchestra, Op. 38, and Beethoven's symphony No. 3, "Eroica."

KOUSSEVITZKY'S PROGRAM

Serge Koussevitzky and Henri Casadesus, foremost living masters of the double-bass and viola d'amore, will play together concerted music for these old instruments of the 18th century at their recital to be given in Symphony Hall, on Monday evening, Oct. 15.

Koussevitzky will then play his own double-bass concerto and his own valse miniature, together with other short solo numbers. Casadesus is journeying from Paris especially to assist Koussevitzky in this program.

NEW WORKS ON LIST FOR SYMPHONY

Mr. Koussevitzky to Give Several for First Time

SEPT 29 - 1928

Serge Koussevitzky is back in town, ready and eager for the opening of the Symphony season next Friday afternoon, and as usual full of enthusiasm for the new works which he has in store for Boston.

DOUBLE BASS RECORDS

Four days ago Mr. Koussevitzky with Mme. Koussevitzky landed in New York after their customary summer in Europe, and while Mme. Koussevitzky proceeded immediately to Boston the conductor stayed behind to make phonograph recordings of his performance upon the double-bass, arriving here early yesterday morning.

At his Jamaica Plain home yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky was altogether willing to divulge his conductorial plans, touching first upon the two Pension Fund Concerts that will mark Boston's observance of the centenary of Schubert's death that now engrosses the entire musical world.

Three New Symphonies

But it was of his new pieces that the conductor was most eager to speak, and his recital was repeatedly punctuated with the comment that the forthcoming season would be "very, very interesting."

Again European as well as American composers have entrusted Mr. Koussevitzky and our orchestra with the first performances of their newest works. Among these world premiers will be those of new symphonies by Prokofieff, Martinu and the little-known younger Frenchman, Janin, and of new pieces, otherwise unspecified, by Aaron Copland and Roger Sessions, as well as of the orchestral fragments from a new ballet by Stravinsky, the music for whose "Apollo Musagetes" will also be made known to us. On the latter ballet, first performed in Washington last spring, Mr. Koussevitzky lavished praise, taking issue with a musician concerned in that performance who had dismissed the work as negligible. "You may like Stravinsky or you may dislike him," said Mr. Koussevitzky, "but he is never 'nothing.'"

By Frederick the Great

Among the pieces new to Boston will be compositions by the Germans, Hindemith, Toch and Hauer, the Hungarian Kodaly and the Swiss-American Bloch (the new prize symphony "America"), not to mention Gustav Mahler's "Lied von der Erde," which of itself fills an evening. For revivals will come Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and "Don Quixote" and the Eighth Symphony of Bruckner, like Mahler, a composer long neglected in Symphony Hall. All four of the symphonies of Schumann will be performed this year, and Boston will hear for the first time a symphony by Frederick the Great, who was composer as well as skillful performer on the flute.

During the summer Mr. Koussevitzky was occupied with the hearing and the conducting of music in Paris and with mountaineering, in company with his friend Prokofieff, in the French Alps. It may be added that in the course of the four concerts which he conducted in Paris, Mr. Koussevitzky introduced no less than 13 works to the Parisian public.

Bos. Sunday Globe Sep. 30 '29

PICTURES AND MUSICIANS

Music Notes and Comment

The Boston Symphony season which begins this week gives promise of being one of the most successful the orchestra has ever had. All subscription tickets for both Friday and Saturday were sold last Spring to people on the waiting list. Very few places for the five Monday and five Tuesday concerts now remain unsubscribed.

Mr Koussevitzky's first program is as usual composed chiefly of familiar repertory pieces, since rehearsal time has been limited. Hindemith's concerto for orchestra is the only unfamiliar number. It has been played here but once before. The composer is a German modernist much discussed of late years.

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Globe

MUSI

SEPT 9 1928

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Mike. SUN. GLOBE SEP. 30

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TRAVELER SEP. 28 1928

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chaff. H. T. P.

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Sept 29 Trans.

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Bos. Eve. American.

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Boston Sunday Advertiser

SEPTEMBER 30, 1928

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NEW WORKS ON LIST FOR SYMPHONY

Mr. Koussevitzky to Give Several for First Time

SEPT 29-1928

Serge Koussevitzky is back in town, ready and eager for the opening of the Symphony season next Friday afternoon, and as usual full of enthusiasm for the new works which he has in store for Boston.

DOUBLE BASS RECORDS

Four days ago Mr. Koussevitzky with Mme. Koussevitzky landed in New York after their customary summer in Europe, and while Mme. Koussevitzky proceeded immediately to Boston the conductor stayed behind to make phonograph recordings of his performance upon the double-bass, arriving here early yesterday morning.

At his Jamaica Plain home yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky was altogether willing to divulge his conductorial plans, touching first upon the two Pension Fund Concerts that will mark Boston's observance of the centenary of Schubert's death that now engrosses the entire musical world.

Three New Symphonies

But it was of his new pieces that the conductor was most eager to speak, and his recital was repeatedly punctuated with the comment that the forthcoming season would be "very, very interesting."

Again European as well as American composers have entrusted Mr. Koussevitzky and our orchestra with the first performances of their newest works. Among these world premiers will be those of new symphonies by Prokofieff, Martinu and the little-known younger Frenchman, Janin, and of new pieces, otherwise unspecified, by Aaron Copland and Roger Sessions, as well as of the orchestral fragments from a new ballet by Stravinsky, the music for whose "Apollo Musagetes" will also be made known to us. On the latter ballet, first performed in Washington last spring, Mr. Koussevitzky lavished praise, taking issue with a musician concerned in that performance who had dismissed the work as negligible. "You may like Stravinsky or you may dislike him," said Mr. Koussevitzky, "but he is never 'nothing.'"

By Frederick the Great

Among the pieces new to Boston will be compositions by the Germans, Hindemith, Toch and Hauer, the Hungarian Kodaly and the Swiss-American Bloch (the new prize symphony "America"), not to mention Gustav Mahler's "Lied von der Erde," which of itself fills an evening. For revivals will come Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and "Don Quixote" and the Eighth Symphony of Bruckner, like Mahler, a composer long neglected in Symphony Hall. All four of the symphonies of Schumann will be performed this year, and Boston will hear for the first time a symphony by Frederick the Great, who was composer as well as skillful performer on the flute.

During the summer Mr. Koussevitzky was occupied with the hearing and the conducting of music in Paris and with mountaineering, in company with his friend Prokofieff, in the French Alps. It may be added that in the course of the four concerts which he conducted in Paris, Mr. Koussevitzky introduced no less than 13 works to the Parisian public.

Bos. Sunday Globe Sep 30 '29

PICTURES AND MUSICIANS

Music Notes and Comment

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SUN. HER. SEP 30 29

spoke. Sun. Globe Sep. 30

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Globe Sept 9 1928

MUSI

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Traveler Sep. 22, 1928.

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chaff H. T. P. Sept 29

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SUN. HER. SEPT 30 '28

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DOUBLE BASS RECORDS

Four days ago Mr. Koussevitzky with Mme. Koussevitzky landed in New York after their customary summer in Europe, and while Mme. Koussevitzky proceeded immediately to Boston the conductor stayed behind to make phonograph recordings of his performance upon the double-bass, arriving here early yesterday morning.

At his Jamaica Plain home yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky was altogether willing to divulge his conductorial plans, touching first upon the two Pension Fund Concerts that will mark Boston's observance of the centenary of Schubert's death that now engrosses the entire musical world.

Three New Symphonies

But it was of his new pieces that the conductor was most eager to speak, and his recital was repeatedly punctuated with the comment that the forthcoming season would be "very, very interesting."

Again European as well as American composers have entrusted Mr. Koussevitzky and our orchestra with the first performances of their newest works. Among these world premiers will be those of new symphonies by Prokofieff, Martinu and the little-known younger Frenchman, Janin, and of new pieces, otherwise unspecified, by Aaron Copland and Roger Sessions, as well as of the orchestral fragments from a new ballet by Stravinsky, the music for whose "Apollo Musagetes" will also be made known to us. On the latter ballet, first performed in Washington last spring, Mr. Koussevitzky lavished praise, taking issue with a musician concerned in that performance who had dismissed the work as negligible. "You may like Stravinsky or you may dislike him," said Mr. Koussevitzky, "but he is never 'nothing.'"

By Frederick the Great

Among the pieces new to Boston will be compositions by the Germans, Hindemith, Toch and Hauer, the Hungarian Kodaly and the Swiss-American Bloch (the new prize symphony "America"), not to mention Gustav Mahler's "Lied von der Erde," which of itself fills an evening. For revivals will come Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and "Don Quixote" and the Eighth Symphony of Bruckner, like Mahler, a composer long neglected in Symphony Hall. All four of the symphonies of Schumann will be performed this year, and Boston will hear for the first time a symphony by Frederick the Great, who was composer as well as skillful performer on the flute.

During the summer Mr. Koussevitzky was occupied with the hearing and the conducting of music in Paris and with mountaineering, in company with his friend Prokofieff, in the French Alps. It may be added that in the course of the four concerts which he conducted in Paris, Mr. Koussevitzky introduced no less than 13 works to the Parisian public.

Music Notes and Comment

The Boston Symphony season which begins this week gives promise of being one of the most successful the orchestra has ever had. All subscription tickets for both Friday and Saturday were sold last Spring to people on the waiting list. Very few places for the five Monday and five Tuesday concerts now remain unsubscribed.

Mr Koussevitzky's first program is as usual composed chiefly of familiar repertory pieces, since rehearsal time has been limited. Hindemith's concerto for orchestra is the only unfamiliar number. It has been played here but once before. The composer is a German modernist much discussed of late years.

The People's Choral Union will open [illegible] season Oct 7 with a rehearsal at Recital Hall, New England Conservatory of Music. James R. Houghton has been retained as conductor, and all of last year's chorus have signified their intention of continuing to be members. Mr Houghton will accept new singers, as he wishes to enlarge the chorus. Three concerts at Jordan Hall are planned for this year. The works to be sung will include Schubert's "Miriam's Song of Triumph," Franck's Mass in A, and Handel's "Samson." Rehearsals will be held Sundays from 4 to 5:30 p m. Classes in voice building and tone placement will be held Sundays at 3. This chorus offers an admirable and worth-while opportunity for everyone who likes to sing. Under Mr Houghton's conductorship it was last season notably successful in all it undertook.

Jean Kayaloff, a Russian cellist, will make his Boston debut Thursday evening at Jordan Hall, in a program of unusually high musical quality, including Beethoven's great sonata in A. This is the first recital of [illegible] promises to be a very crowded musical season.

Ruth Redefer, who will give her first Boston recital at Jordan Hall Oct 17, is a young pianist from Nashville, Tenn, where her father was professor of Greek in Vanderbilt University. She is herself a college graduate and a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and holds the degree of master of arts from Northwestern University in economics and political science. She has been a pianist from childhood and has given successful recitals in Chicago and many Western and Southern cities.

Prof Theremin's demonstration next Sunday at Symphony Hall of his new instrument, described at length in this section of last Sunday's Globe, is rousing much interest not only among [illegible]ng but among students of applied science and people interested in the technical side of radio.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is to mark the centenary of Schubert's death next November by playing a program of his music.

Mrs W. O. Taylor, soprano, and [illegible]us J. Broadfield, tenor, will give next Sunday afternoon at 3:30 in Jordan Hall a joint recital, featuring [illegible]matic excerpts.

Rome." These works have caused Alfredo Casella to nickname him "the Baedecker of Italian Music." Signor Respighi will attend the Metropolitan's first performance of his opera, "The Sunken Bell," and play the piano part of his new Toccata with the Philharmic-Symphony Orchestra in New York on Nov 29 and 30. The composer will be accompanied to this country by his wife, Elsa Olivieri Sanglacomo, a soprano.

Hope Hampton, who started her career by winning a beauty contest at Houston, Tex, and then became a movie star, has at last attained the grand opera stage She will make her debute Nov 29 as Mimi in "Boheme" with the Philadelphia, Grand Opera Company and later is scheduled to sing "Manon."

Miss Hampton first sang in Philadelphia in "Madame Pompadour" some seasons back, but was dropped from the cast when the company came to New York. She appeared here last year in "My Princess." Miss Hampton's teacher is Estelle Liebling.

George Gershwin has been invited to compose an original symphony to be played by the 110-piece orchestra of the Roxy Theatre in New York.

Fritz Kreisler will open a crowded and important month of recitals in Symphony Hall when he gives the first Sunday afternoon concert there Oct 14.

Geraldine Farrar will sing on the following Sunday afternoon, Oct 21, and the English Singers will return Sunday afternoon, Oct 28.

Vladimir Horowitz, the phenomenal young Russian pianist, will give his second Boston recital Sunday evening, Oct 21. Pompeo's Band, with Maria Mantovani, soprano, as soloist, will [illegible] Sunday.

Concerted music of the 18th century, written for the double-bass and viola d'amore, will be played by Serge Koussevitzky and Henri Casadesus, foremost masters of these old instruments, at their recital to be given in Symphony Hall Monday evening, Oct 15.

Koussevitzky will then also play his own double-bass Concerto, and for the first time in this country, his own Valse Miniature—together with other short solo numbers. This will be Koussevitzky's second double-bass recital in America.

Henri Casadesus, founder of the French "Society of Ancient Instruments," is coming from Europe for the purpose of assisting in this program.

[illegible] Music Association of Chicago and the Orchestral Association announce that the Civic Orchestra will resume its work for the season early in October. Examinations for membership in the orchestra will be held Oct 9th. As in the past the destinies of the organization will be guided by Frederick Stock assisted by Eric DeLamarter and there will be free classes in Orchestra Repertory, Chamber Music, Sight Reading, etc, as well as full rehearsals under the direction of Mr Stock and Mr DeLamarter. That the work of the Civic Orchestra in training young musicians for the career of symphony playing has borne good fruit may be realized from the fact that its members are found in such famous organizations as the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, the Minne[illegible] Orchestra.

Sun. Globe Sep. 30

FIRST SYMPHONY CONCERTS

With Beethoven's Overture to Leonore No. 3 Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra will open next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening the 48th season of that organization and Mr. Koussevitzky's fifth as its conductor. Beethoven, too, will close the programme of this season's first pair of concerts, with the "Eroica" Symphony. Between will come Debussy's two Nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals," and the Concerto for Orchestra by Paul Hindemith first made known to Boston three seasons ago by Mr. Koussevitzky.

Globe Music Sept 9 1928

OCTOBER CONCERTS ANNOUNCED

Advance announcements indicate that October, the first month of the new musical season, will be a busy one for musical reviewers. The season opens with the first pair of Boston Symphony concerts. Oct 5 and 6. All season tickets for the 24 Friday afternoons and 24 Saturday evening concerts of the 48th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have been sold. Those on the waiting list last Spring engaged every seat released.

The only places to be had for the regular series in this, the fifth year of Serge Koussevitzky's conductorship here, are the rush seats, unreserved, on Fridays, and such single tickets as may be turned in by subscribers to be sold at the box office for the benefit of the orchestra's endowment fund.

The Boston Symphony will offer the usual extra series of five Monday evening and five Tuesday afternoon concerts, nine concerts at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, and several pension fund concerts at Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoons.

Mr Koussevitzky's double bass recital, the second he has given here, will be at Symphony Hall Monday evening, Oct 15. He is also to make his New York debut as a double bass player at Carnegie Hall Tuesday evening, Oct 23. Henri Casadesus, the distinguished French player on the viola d'amore, will assist Mr Koussevitzky. Leon Theremin, the young Rus[illegible]

Traveler Sep. 22, 1928.

Concert Calendar

Serge Koussevitzky is now on his way from Europe on the Ile de France, which will dock in New York in the middle of next week. The famous conductor will immediately assemble the Boston Symphony Orchestra for rehearsal, in preparation for the season's opening in Symphony hall on Friday afternoon, Oct. 5, and Saturday evening, Oct. 6. This will be the 48th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the fifth season under Koussevitzky's leadership.

Koussevitzky is bringing with him from Europe scores of considerable interest and importance which will figure on the coming season's programs.

In addition to the Friday and Saturday series of 48 concerts in Symphony hall, there will be the usual series of five Monday evening and five Tuesday afternoon concerts.

OCTOBER CONCERTS

The regular Sunday afternoon concerts in Symphony hall will open on Oct. 14 with the appearance of Fritz Kreisler. Geraldine Farrar will sing on the following Sunday afternoon, Oct. 21, and the English Singers will appear on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 28.

Serge Koussevitzky, besides opening the Boston Symphony season on Oct. 5, will give a recital on his double-bass on Monday evening, Oct. 15. This will be his second recital in America as double-bass virtuoso. He will then be assisted by Henri Casadesus, the famous French specialist in old instruments.

Vladimir Horowitz, the young pianist who carried America by storm when he first came here last season, will give his second Boston recital when he appears in Symphony hall on Sunday evening, Oct. 21.

Pompeo's band will appear on Sunday evening, Oct. 28, with Maria Mantovani, as soloist.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
TIMES

OCT 1 - 1928

Boston Symphony Orchestra Comes to Buffalo October 30

The Boston Symphony orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky's baton, comes to Buffalo on [illegible] evening, October 30, to give the first evening of tonal splendor in the symphony series outlined for this season by the Buffalo Musical Foundation. There will be 110 men in the celebrated ensemble, as it goes on its brief tour covering Rochester, Buffalo, Columbus, Cleveland and Pittsburgh. The Boston's appearances outside this tour and its Boston and New York concerts will include only single concerts this season at Harvard, Yale, Wellesley, Smith and Cornell. It gives its time almost entirely to the concerts in Symphony Hall, Boston, and Carnegie Hall, New York, and the intervening rehearsals.

Serge Koussevitzky, whose eloquent back and wrist are inseparably involved in the eloquence of a Boston symphony concert, is said to be an exhausting but exhilarating conductor. Every morning, except Friday and Saturdays which are concert days, is spent in rehearsal.

He requires of his men the utmost in perfection, and then something. Afternoons are spent in program making, score corrections, going over new music. Mr. Koussevitzky does much more than read a score. He gets on intimate terms with it, tries and, indeed, succeeds in identifying himself with the emotional point of view of the composer.

Mengelberg Differs Widely.

Willem Mengelberg, who conducts the Philharmonic symphony in Elmwood Music Hall on Thursday evening, November 15, in the symphony series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation, differs widely in temperament from the Russian conductor of the Boston forces.

The Hollander is among the two or three excelling masters of technique. He is temperamentally an Elizabethan, immensely sanguine, robust, opulent in feeling and suggestion. Mengelberg made his first visit to America in 1905, appearing as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic. In 1921 he returned to conduct the National symphony orchestra. When that orchestra was absorbed by the New York Philharmonic the following season, he became one of the regular conductors, directing half of each season ever since.

Tuesday, December 4, will bring the Detroit Symphony in its brilliant first concert of a group of three Detroit appearances; Thursday, January 17, the Prague choir, that marvelous human symphony of Czecho-Slovakia; Tuesday, January 29, the Detroit with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting; Tuesday, February 19, the Cleveland orchestra with Nikolai Sokoloff; March 12, the Detroit with Kolar conducting.

The Buffalo Musical Foundation is still filling mail orders for its symphony series of seven concerts and will be glad to send information about the concerts to anyone applying to its office in Denton, Cottier & Daniels' store, Seneca 2307 and Seneca 6692.

Artistic Recital Series.

Besides its symphony series, the Foundation is presenting Mme. Matzenauer, E. Robert Schmitz, Harold Samuel, Andres Segovia and Arthur Honegger, the composer, in a remarkably artistic recital series in the Hotel Statler ballroom. Mme. Margaret Matzenauer opens the series on Thursday evening, October 18, in a song recital. Junoesque in person and magnificent in voice and art, this fascinating singer is including Buffalo in a brief tour before the opening of her Metropolitan season this autumn.

Following her in this varied and brilliant series is the sparkling art of E. Robert Schmitz, pianist, who is well-known to Buffalo; the superb program by Segovia, the Spanish guitarist who is the new luminary on the musical heavens; the peerless recital by Harold Samuel, and the composer, Atthur Honegger, assisted by his wife, Andree Vaurabourg Honegger.

This series will continue to be sold as a series through the first concert date, and the single sale for Matzeenauer will open on October 16.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1928 POST

FOUR NEW ARTISTS IN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

GEORG BOETTCHER
First horn of Boston Symphony Orchestra.

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra assembles next Friday for its first concert of the present season four new faces will be disclosed in its ranks. Of these the most conspicuous will be that of Georg Boettcher, the new first horn, who fills the place so long held by Georg Wendler, now returned to Germany. Mr. Boettcher comes to Boston from Berlin, where for 16 years he has been solo horn in the orchestra of the former Royal Opera. Previously connected with the Breslau Opera and the Dortmund Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Boettcher has also been conspicuous in the performance of chamber music. As guest artist he has appeared as solo horn with the notable orchestra of the Dresden Opera.

The other new players will be Y. Chardon, 'cello; N. Lauga, violin, and L. White, percussion. Two musicians returning to the orchestra after a year's absence are M. Lafosse, trumpet, and E. Coughey, second harp. Bernard Zighera, pianist and second harp during the season just passed, now takes his place as first harp.

TRANSCRIPT, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1928

Concert-Chronicle

Hindemith—His Very Self

UPWARDS of two years ago—to be exact, on March 6, 1926—Mr. Koussevitzky introduced a new composer to Boston. This in itself was hardly an event, for he had introduced many a new composer before that time and has introduced many a one since. But this particular new composer had been heralded, and continues to be heralded, as the leader of young Germany. Indeed, in the two intervening years the stature of Paul Hindemith's reputation has grown, even though his "Cardillac," a child of these years, did not measure up to expectation. His name flows from the pen of every writer upon contemporary music in central Europe. Where an example is wanted of a sane and well-balanced exponent of the modern in Germany, the name Hindemith is used; where further it is desired to point to talent and inspiration, perhaps even to genius, in the welter of brain-made and theory-manufactured products of the new composers' artifice, again Hindemith is the first to be thought of.

The work with which Mr. Koussevitzky introduced Paul Hindemith to Boston two years ago was the then new Concerto for Orchestra, Opus 38. Now again, upon the first program of the season of 1928-29, he gives it place. The Concerto is in every sense a product of its day, a day that shuns romanticism, that has torn to shreds the nineteenth century conception of harmony, that glories in a counterpoint in which each single tone is as a law unto itself, that points the finger of shame at "feeling" in music, that can be as frigid as an iceberg or as biting as tempered steel even while it piles up mountains of sound, that has indeed set up mechanism as one of its gods.

The Concerto Opus 38, then, having no commerce with such harmonic procedure as our students are likely to learn from their excellent teachers, but relying rather upon the spare counterpoint of the day and age, seeks out also a form suitable to that contrapuntal language. Such a form it finds in the concerto of a Bach or a Handel, or perhaps of a Corelli. The underlying principle of this Concerto—that of the antithesis of two groups of instruments, one a "solo" group, the other "tutti"—it seeks to employ (or to vary) in the modern dissonant, passionless style. To this style belongs the tendency toward the mechanistic, a tendency perhaps stronger in Central Europe than in any other part of the musical universe. Certainly it shows itself in Paul Hindemith's Concerto for Orchestra Opus 38. For in this Concerto rhythms move and pound relentlessly. The composer warns in a dozen ways against "expressive" playing. There is no pause of any consequence between the four movements. One may not gain the feeling of finality until the last crashing chords of the Finale. All that goes before it is a ceaseless flow of endless motion.

Above the first movement Hindemith has written "Mit Kraft, Mässig schnelle Viertel, ohne Pathos und stets lebendig" ("With power, moderately rapid quarter-notes, without pathos and always lively"). Passages for full orchestra alternate with passages for the solo group, which consists of an oboe, a bassoon and a violin—good, orthodox, old-concerto procedure. The orchestra plays a theme engendered from a motif weightily energetic; the solo instruments in the contrasting divisions indulge in fugue-like imitations of a short, snappy motif, themselves set against a flowing violin obbligato.

A crash interrupts this solo group and the second movement has begun. "Sehr schnelle Halbe" ("Very fast half-notes") Hindemith labels it. The concerto-idea is carriede out by wood-winds playing a marked jazz-rhythmed theme against rapidly buzzing strings. Eventually, for contrast, three solo instruments sing their own blended themes. Others enter, the music grows, the rhythms become more and more agitated, while Hindemith in the score urges on with an "Immer sehr wild ("Always very wild"). After this climax has run its course, jazzing winds and buzzing strings, now with increased vigors of their own, return to conclude the movement. Abruptly they break off. Four drums sound a single stroke. "Nur ganz kurze Pause" ("Only a very short pause"), warns Hindemith.

After which we find ourselves in the March for Woodwinds. "Nicht zu langsame Viertetl." (The quarter-notes not too slow") is the direction. The movement is both short and slight. In length it numbers but forty-four measures. Its orchestra comprises ten solo instruments. In its essence it is practically of the chamber music to which Hindemith had devoted so many of his previous efforts. Sharply rhythmed instruments in low registers furnish foundation for more smoothly flowing instruments of higher pitch. Cadenza-like passages for flute are the contrast of the middle of the movement. At the end there is not even a pause. "Sofort weiter" ("Proceed at once") conductor and orchestra are directed. And the last movement, "Basso ostinato" ensues. "Schnelle Viertel" ("rapid quarters") in seven-four meter. The music is that of a wild tarantella over five-note persistent bass. At the height of this swirling, seething dance the movement, and with it the Concerto, comes to a close.

Two words of warning. Reading the above, the insistence on rhythmic activity, the indications of the growth of "wildness," it might be natural to assume a music of swollen proportions, a maelstrom such as a Wagner or a Strauss might foment. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Hindemith, writing this Concerto has just come from the practice of chamber-music. The orchestra is not an exaggerated one, and what is more to the point, is not used as an exaggerated one. Secondly, from the emphasis upon the mechanistic, it might easily be inferred that the music is of a dryness akin, let us say, to the music of Stravinsky before "Œdipus." Let Mr. Alfred Einstein, in his article on Hindemith in "Modern Music" of March, 1926, give his paradoxical answer. He has pictured Stravinsky as playing his game, "coolly, intently, remaining 'raffiné,'" and Hindemith as shaking "his jester's cap in secret fury and sadness." Whereupon he observes dryly, "The German is never more of a romanticist than when he scorns romanticism." Perhaps in this paradox many a one will find the answer to whatever in Hindemith has seemed a puzzle.

A. H. M.

Incidents and Prospects

Mr. Stephen Townsend, chorus-master of the Boston Orchestra in Dr. Muck's day, familiar figure as well in the musical life of the town, has taken a new post in New York as chorus-master of the recently assembled choir to assist the Philharmonic Society. To accept it, he put by the similar place that he has filled of late years, and notably, with The Friends of Music. The new choir will be at the disposal of Mr. Mengelberg and Mr. Toscanini as conductors. The Hollander will utilize it in Brahms's Rhapsody and in a recent piece from Strauss; the Italian in Beethoven's Solemn Mass. As usual where Mr. Toscanini is concerned, an Italian, Adriano Ariani, will share in the preparatory work. From Germany Mr. Bodanzky has brought a new chorus-master to The Friends.

At the first concert of the season to increase the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky will return to Beethoven's Choral Symphony, last heard here in the centenary ceremonies of 1927. Again the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society and Dr. Davison will provide the choir. The tentative date for the concert is Sunday afternoon, Nov. 14.

The annual series of informal explanations of the programs at the Symphony Concerts will be resumed this afternoon at 5.15 in the Public Library. They will continue every Thursday afternoon at the same hour through the weeks in which there are Symphony Concerts. As heretofore there will be musical illustrations of the pieces in hand. The first lecture is open to the public without charge. For the series, or half the series, small fees will be collected. Professor Marshall of Boston University and Mr. Appel of the Brown Library will be the regular lecturers. From time to time composers, virtuosi, teachers or reviewers of music will take their turn.

reactionary credo, will resent any radical change, and will sneer at knowledge, as opposed to instinct. The poor souls know their history none too well. The "matchless methods" of Gutenberg did not kill poetry. The scientific spirit of sound explorers will not kill music.

NICHOLAS SLONIMSKY

Concert-Chronicle

TRANS OCT 2

Hear the Other Side

A WEEK and more ago, the reviewer for The Transcript demurred with some severity to the version of de Falla's Concerto for Harpsichord (or Piano), Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Violin and Violoncello heard at the Anniversary Festival of Chamber-Music in Pittsfield. A piano there replaced the harpsichord used by Mme. Landowska in the first performance in America at Symphony Hall, with Mr. Koussevitzky conducting, on Dec. 31, 1926. In the Berkshires Mr. Salzedo was the pianist, the occasional conductor and the general inspirer of the deed. Now he takes issue with the reviewer and writes to this department:

When de Falla gave the initial hearings of that work, he himself played it twice in the same evening: once on the harpsichord, once on the piano, last year in the Salle Pleyel, Paris. Most of us present agreed that the piano-version was far better than the harpsichord-version, for the whole character of the work exacted a more sounding medium than the harpsichord. When Landowska played it in New York, the work met with the complete disapproval of the musicians present—because of the harpsichord. I therefore felt it my duty to readjust the situation in presenting the Concerto as it ought to be presented—and this with the approval of de Falla, who sent me a score very flatteringly dedicated on that occasion. So, the "strange," "perverse," "distorted," "violation" of the Concerto was in truth but a rehabilitation.

On page 862 of the usually accurate program-book of the Symphony Concerts in Boston—Number 11, Season of 1926-[illegible]—appears the flat assertion that the Concerto was played for the first time—in an initial hearing—at the de Falla Festival in Barcelona on Nov. 5, 1926; that de Falla himself conducted; that Mme. Landowska sat at the harpsichord; that she was the dedicatee of the piece. By these signs she was acquainted with the composer's intentions and followed them. The same program-book also contained this note from Mme. Landowska:

The story of de Falla's Concerto is very intersting. Four years ago I spent several days with my friend de Falla in Granada and at the very moment that he was working at his "Retablo," a part of which he devoted to the harpsichord, I had my harpsichord with me (being of course, on a concert tour in Spain), and I was able to play for him a great deal and to speak about the various possibilities of the instrument. He became more and more interested, and after a few days of conversations between us he grew so enthusiastic that he resolved to write a concerto for the harpsichord. He took three years to compose this work, which was finished in September, 1926. But when one becomes acquainted with the music, one understands that the master carried with him a long time such a deep work that needed to come to life little by little.

Unless Señor de Falla is "playing both ends against the middle"—the hapless reviewer—it rests with him to decide which is the authoritative interpreter of his intentions with the Concerto, Mme. Landowska with her harpsichord, or Mr. Salzedo with his piano. Until that word comes, the reviewer will persist in his notion that Mme. Landowska's plastic and poetized version was nearer to the contents of de Falla's music than the hammer-and-nails version of Mr. Salzedo battering it into pseudo-Stravinsky, manner of "Le Sacre." He might even cherish his delusion were Mr. Salzedo declared to be the only authentic priest and prophet.

Incidents and Prospects

The Roth String Quartet—[illegible]'s guests from Budapest at her recent festival of chamber-music—will be heard not only at Harvard College on Thursday evening, but also at Wellesley College on Wednesday. There they will play Beethoven's Quartet in F major (Op. 18, No. 1); Ravel's Quartet; Schumann's Quartet in A minor (Op. 41, No. 1) —a wholly different program from that announced for Cambridge. [illegible] resounded sufficiently with praises of a remarkable four.

There are four fresh comers to the Symphony Orchestra for the new season: Emil Böttcher from the orchestra of the State Opera at Berlin and the State Opera at Dresden, to be first horn with which instrument he is renowned virtuoso; Mr. Chardon to the violoncellos; Mr. Lauga to the violins; Mr. White to the percussion-group. Mr. Bernard Zighera succeeds Mr. Holy at the first harp; while Mr. Coughey returns to take the second. Mr. Lafosse also rejoins the trumpets. Mr. Salzedo, the distinguished harpist and [illegible] harp, is planning a concert in Boston in the course of the season—a city that he rarely revisits. Miss Lucille Lawrence, his associate, will share it. Among the pieces to be heard are his Concerto for Harp and Wind Choir, his Sonata for Harp and Piano, his recent "Pentacle" for Two Harps played at Pittsfield.

MUSIC World Leader in Columbus Thursday

SERGE KOUSSEVITZSKY.

SYMPHONY BRINGS IN 110 MUSICIANS

OHIO STATE JOURNAL

First Concert of Boston Orchestra Here Since Two Years Before War.

Oct 5

One of the greatest personalities in the music world today will come to Columbus Thursday to direct the performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Memorial Hall.

Serge Koussevitzsky, a Russian nobleman with the appearance and manner of a statesman, has for four years successfully led the greatest orchestra in America. Without the long hair and the usual flourishes which mark the efforts of many of his contemporaries, Koussevitzsky, critics say, commands the mammoth 110-piece organization as if it were a single instrument, and he the artist.

Koussevitzsky is the champion of young composers, the "enfants terrible" whose modern music frequently startles and outrages the conservative ears of concert-goers. He believes in them, publishes their work, and when it is worthy, introduces it himself.

Last summer he conducted his annual "Concerts Koussevitzsky" in Paris, where he introduced 13 works to the Parisian public. One of these was Carpenter's "Skyscrapers."

When he returned from Europe, packed in his trunk were new symphonies by the youthful Prokofieff, Martinu, Copeland and Sessions. Some of these will have their first public hearings this season.

Stravinsky, now firmly entrenched in the favor of music lovers here and in Europe, was discovered by Koussevitzsky, who still publishes his works.

With the orchestra will be a stranger, Georg Boettcher, from Berlin, French horn virtuso, persuaded into the ranks of the American orchestra by Koussevitzsky.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra made its last appearance in Columbus two years before the world war, when the organization boasted only 80 members. Since then its growing popularity has held it in the east, where it plays before packed houses in its own Symphony Hall, Boston.

Programs to Hand

TRANS. OCT 5

From Mr. Koussevitzky for the second pair of Symphony Concerts, on Friday and Saturday of next week:

"Apollo Musagetes (Protector of The Muses)" Ballet in Two Scenes, Played as Concert-Piece ..... Stravinsky
"Háry János," Suite for Orchestra. ...Kodály
Symphony, No. 1, in B-flat major. . . Schumann

"Apollo Musagetes" is the ballet written by Stravinsky for the Festival of Chamber Music, last April, at the Library of Congress in Washington, where Mr. Bolm was producer and principal dancer. Last summer in Paris and London, it passed into the repertory of the Diaghilev Company with Mr. Lifar as the god. The music is written for strings only. Often it sounds Bellini-like. "Háry János" celebrates in serio-comic measures an Hungarian Munchausen, beginning with an orchestral sneeze that has amused audiences ever since Kodály's Suite rose to world-wide vogue. Outside a forgotten Quartet and a recent Sonata for Violoncello, little or none of Kodály's music has been heard in Boston. Yet he ranks with Bartók among Hungarian composers.

Double Bass Recital Date Changed to 17th

POST OCT 4

opened.

In deference of the coming visit to Boston of Herbert Hoover, Serg Koussevitzky has postponed the date of his pending double-bass recital. The recital was announced to be given in Symphony Hall on Monday, October 15, and will be given instead on Wednesday, Oct. 17.

The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will then make his second American appearance as virtuoso of the unusual instrument by which

TRANSCRIPT, OCTOBER 6,

Symphony

In High Mettle A New Season Is Well Begun

Mr. Koussevitzky and His Orchestra Resume the Symphony Concerts

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MUSIC World Leader in Columbus Thursday

SERGE KOUSSEVITZSKY.

SYMPHONY BRINGS IN 110 MUSICIANS

OHIO STATE JOURNAL OCT 5

First Concert of Boston Orchestra Here Since Two Years Before War.

One of the greatest personalities in the music world today will come to Columbus Thursday to direct the performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Memorial Hall.

Serge Koussevitzsky, a Russian nobleman with the appearance and manner of a statesman, has for four years successfully led the greatest orchestra in America. Without the long hair and the usual flourishes which mark the efforts of many of his contemporaries, Koussevitzsky, critics say, commands the mammoth 110-piece organization as if it were a single instrument, and he the artist.

Koussevitzsky is the champion of young composers, the "enfants terrible" whose modern music frequently startles and outrages the conservative ears of concert-goers. He believes in them, publishes their work, and when it is worthy, introduces it himself.

Last summer he conducted his annual "Concerts Koussevitzsky" in Paris, where he introduced 13 works to the Parisian public. One of these was Carpenter's "Skyscrapers."

When he returned from Europe, packed in his trunk were new symphonies by the youthful Prokofieff, Martinu, Copeland and Sessions. Some of these will have their first public hearings this season.

Stravinsky, now firmly entrenched in the favor of music lovers here and in Europe, was discovered by Koussevitzsky, who still publishes his works.

With the orchestra will be a stranger, Georg Boettcher, from Berlin, French horn virtuso, persuaded into the ranks of the American orchestra by Koussevitzsky.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra made its last appearance in Columbus two years before the world war, when the organization boasted only 80 members. Since then its growing popularity has held it in the east, where it plays before packed houses in its own Symphony Hall, Boston.

opened.

POST OCT 4

Double Bass Recital Date Changed to 17th

In deference of the coming visit to Boston of Herbert Hoover, Serg Koussevitzky has postponed the date of his pending double-bass recital. The recital was announced to be given in Symphony Hall on Monday, October 15, and will be given instead on Wednesday, Oct. 17.

The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will then make his second American appearance as virtuoso of the unusual instrument by which

Programs to Hand

TRANS. OCT 5

From Mr. Koussevitzky for the second pair of Symphony Concerts, on Friday and Saturday of next week:

"Apollo Musagetes (Protector of The Muses)" Ballet in Two Scenes, Played as Concert-Piece ..... Stravinsky
"Háry János," Suite for Orchestra. ... Kodály
Symphony, No. 1, in B-flat major ... Schumann

"Apollo Musagetes" is the ballet written by Stravinsky for the Festival of Chamber Music, last April, at the Library of Congress in Washington, where Mr. Bolm was producer and principal dancer. Last summer in Paris and London, it passed into the repertory of the Diaghilev Company with Mr. Lifar as the god. The music is written for strings only. Often it sounds Bellini-like. "Háry János" celebrates in serio-comic measures an Hungarian Munchausen, beginning with an orchestral sneeze that has amused audiences ever since Kodály's Suite rose to world-wide vogue. Outside a forgotten Quartet and a recent Sonata for Violoncello, little or none of Kodály's music has been heard in Boston. Yet he ranks with Bartók among Hungarian composers.

TRANSCRIPT, OCTOBER 6,

Symphony

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oct 6 '28 THE B

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN FIRST CONCERT

Orchestra's 48th Season Opens Brilliantly

Koussevitzky Warmly Welcomed, Audience Stands to Greet Him

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its first concert of its 48th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. When Mr Koussevitzky, now entering upon his fifth season as conductor, came onto the stage, the orchestra and most of the audience stood and applauded him heartily.

All the season tickets for both Fridays and Saturdays were sold last Spring, the people on the waiting list taking the small number of places not re-engaged by last season's subscribers. For next season there is already a long waiting list.

Yet this week's program books contain an appeal from the trustees for contributions toward an estimated deficit of $134,000 on the current season. This figure, the largest in the history of the orchestra, is produced by an increase in orchestra salaries and by the fact that the broadcasting privilege, for which $32,000 was paid last year, has not been sold this year. Last year's actual deficit is now announced as $87,068.23. It was estimated at $85,000, and contributions of $73,179 were made toward it.

The trustees again remind the public that "These concerts can be carried on only by the generosity of the public." Subscriptions should be sent to E. B. Dane, treasurer, at 6 Beacon st, Boston.

Whatever the financial result, there is no doubt that this season will be among the most brilliant artistically in the orchestra's history.

As usual, the first program was made up of numbers already in the orchestra's repertory. Beethoven's "Leonore No. 3" overture, his "Eroica" Symphony, two of Debussy's "Nocturnes" and Hindemith's Concerto for Orchestra, opus 38, were the chosen pieces. The Debussy pieces are now almost as familiar as the Beethoven.

Hindemith's concerto was first played here in 1926. The audience did not then like it. Yesterday, though it came just before the intermission when almost any number is applauded to the echo, Hindemith's music was greeted by nearly everyone with a silence plainly hostile. Handclaps were few and faint. There was at least one valiant and outraged hiss.

The orchestra has so few changes of personnel that the players were able after very few rehearsals to go on almost from where they left off last Spring. Mr Holy's place as first harp is filled by the promotion of the young second harpist, Mr Zighera, to the first desk. There is a new first horn, George Boettcher, from Berlin and Dresden, and two or three new faces in places less prominent. The Boston Symphony remains an orchestra unsurpassed by any in the world in the number of first-rate players it contains. Not half a dozen bands can compare with it. Hence, in large part, the deficit aforesaid.

Of Mr Koussevitzky's Beethoven little remains unsaid. He takes his own way with classics as with moderns, giving his temperament free rein. The beginning of "Leonore No. 3" sounded turgid and confused. The tutti were imperfectly played. The great climax at the famous trumpet calls were superbly dramatic, however.

The pace of the "Eroica" seemed at times unduly languid. The strings suffered more than usual from the damp, warm atmosphere. Mr Koussevitzky did not succeed in imparting his own enthusiasm to some of the audience. Departures between the movements were more numerous than usual. Program books rustled constantly. When the coda of the finale began, a surprising number of women put on their hats.

The two Debussy pieces, favorites with Mr Koussevitzky, were as usual very brilliantly played and warmly applauded. In them he excels.

Hindemith's concerto may not prove an immortal masterpiece, but it is an interesting and not exceptionally noisy or discordant modernist work that deserved to be heard a second time.

The case against Hindemith is very cleverly but rather unfairly stated by Ernest Newman in a review reprinted in the program book. In his favor should be alleged the rhythmic vitality and the intensely personal style of his work. You may not like the flavor, but the flavor is there. Young Germany, like young France, Italy, Russia and America, deserves a hearing in a series of orchestral concerts designed, as this one is, to include representative pieces of orchestral music old and new from every school and writer of importance.

Luckily Mr Koussevitzky's zeal for modern music cannot be dampened by any amount of apathy or hostility on the part of the audience. If they do not like it, well, then he will play it until they learn to; as Theodore Thomas is said to have remarked of Wagner when Wagner was dangerously modern.

Next week's program includes excerpts from Stravinsky's recent ballet, "Apollo Musagetes," a suite by the Hungarian composer Kodaly, also new, and Schumann's First Symphony.

P. H.

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MUSIC

BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The 48th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, opened yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 3; Debussy, nocturnes, "Clouds," "Festivals"; Hindemith, concerto for orchestra, op. 38; Beethoven, "Eroica" symphony. There were a few new members—an excellent first horn player from Berlin, Mr. Boettcher; a violoncellist, two violinists. Mr. B. Zighera, harpist, has replaced Mr. Holy; Mr. Caughey is the second harpist. Mr. Koussevitzky was warmly welcomed when he came on the platform. The audience and the orchestra rose to greet him.

The season opened brilliantly. In former years it was the custom to say of the first concert that the players would no doubt soon recover from the enforced rest and a few more rehearsals would restore the euphony, plasticity and technical proficiency which had made the orchestra famous. Yesterday's performance did not call for this time-honored observation.

Nor do the compositions chosen demand extended comment. Some day, perhaps, we shall hear the three nocturnes with the music for the Sirens (nocturne III) sung by a few capable singers, not as in former years by a lusty chorus exulting in the fact that they could overpower Debussy's orchestra. We have been unfortunate in our Sirens; the hearers should have put sweet soft wax in their ears, as did the fellow-voyagers of the wily Ulysses.

Objection was made some seasons ago by a stickler for literal interpretation to Mr. Koussevitzky's conception of "Festivals," especially the dazzling vision of a procession—"Debussy never wanted it to go that way." Now, no one of us in Boston knows exactly how Debussy wished "Festivals" to be played. A printed score is at the best only a suggestion to a conductor. It is the conductor's duty—as has been wisely said—to find out and express what is not in the printed page. The composer may have thought better than he knew, but failed to make his thoughts clear. Eloquent in thought, he may have stammered in writing. It is our own belief that if Debussy could have heard his "Festivals" yesterday he would have gone on the platform and, in the face of the public, embraced Mr. Koussevitzky.

Hindemith's concerto was produced here—for the first time in this country—in March, 1926. Eminent critics in Europe believe that Hindemith is the coming man; equally eminent critics look upon him as a fresh and arrogant person who strives to make the bourgeoisie sit up. Some insist that his music is interesting only for its rhythmic intensity and fire; that his melodic ideas are thin; his polytonality confusion and the abomination of desolation. To us the first movement of this concerto is chiefly a waste of energy; in itself as conventional as any academic allegro of a third rate sweating German Kapellmeister. Let it be noted that "Kapellmeister" music is often written by extreme modernists. The uninspired Kapellmeister is found in every century. In the other pages of the concerto we find genuine fancy—especially in the march with its introduction and conclusion—and indisputable originality.

The overture, which is the dramatic condensation of "Fidelio," a nobler work than the opera itself, free from superfluities and commonplaces, and the symphony were superbly played. Whenever the "Eroica" is announced, there is curiosity as to the pace at which the Funeral March will be taken. Some conductors are so overcome by the word "funeral," so in awe of the name Beethoven, that they drag the music beyond endurance. Mr. Koussevitzky gave an eloquent reading. He did not try to cast a gloom over the funeral.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week is as follows: Stravinsky, "Apollo, Leader of the Muses"; ballet (first time here); Kodaly, suite from the comic opera "Hary Janos" (first time here); Schumann, symphony, B flat major, No. 1.

Rent-Free Periods for Magrane's Tenants

Patrick B. Magrane, Lynn department store proprietor and owner of a large number of tenement and apartment houses, announced yesterday that all present and new tenants of his properties will be rent free for two periods of two weeks each during the course of the year.

A year ago Mr. Magrane put into effect a 20 per cent. reduction of his rents. He estimates that from 1500 to 1800 will be affected by his new offer.

2 BOSTON STATIONS ASK POWER HEARING

WMES and WNAC-WBIX Are To Apply to Federal Radio Commissioner

[Special Dispatch to The Herald]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5—The federal radio commission today decided to allow station WLW, Cincinnati, to increase its power from 5000 to 50,000 watts. This was done despite the fact that Judge Ira E. Robinson, chairman of the committee, and who is the commissioner in Chicago, the zone which embraces Cincinnati, opposed the increase, suggesting that it be limited to 10,000 watts. The power increase will be effective at once and stay in effect under the reallocation plan. Of the power 50,000 watts authorized, 25,000 watts is to be permanent and 25,000 for experimental use under the ruling of the commission. This will be the first 50,000-watt station in that section of the country.

There are also pending before the commission applications for four other 50,000-watt stations. Construction permits have already been issued by the commission for these four stations, but no action has been taken as to their power. They are WNR, Chicago; WTIC, Hartford, Ct., and WPAG and WFAA, both at Dallas, Tex.

While hearing dates under the reallocation plan have not yet been announced by the commission, it was indicated that no hearings would begin before Oct. 15. Formal application has been made to the commission by a large number of broadcasters for hearings.

Among stations which have asked for hearings by the commission are WMES, Boston, and WNAC-WBIX, Boston, and WEAN, Providence, R. I.

TRANS

Concert-Chronicle

As It Should Be

OCT 8 1928

THERE was no questioning it. On Saturday evening the new year at the Symphony Concerts really began. The applause for Mr. Koussevitzky, entering, was longer and heartier than on Friday. At the end of the Third "Leonora" Overture the audience, promptly and deservedly, called the orchestra to its feet, as if to salute it as well as the conductor. Though it was ten o'clock and twenty minutes when the concert ended, there was no hasty departure, but vigorous clapping that brought back Mr. Koussevitzky and bade the orchestra rise again. Not for nothing had they repeated the performance of the "Eroica" Symphony from which the matinée company shamelessly trickled away. Hindemith, however, again took the audience unawares. He himself ends his Concerto abruptly; the program-sheet, like the score, divided it into four movements; whereas the conductor paused but once, between divisions two and three. Hence an instant of confusion; then more than enough applause to recall the con- and set modernist ears pleasantly [illegible] Response or no response, each time the Concerto is repeated it stands bravely on its own merits.

It is rather a pity that the third of Debussy's Nocturnes—"Sirens" with a small humming chorus of women's voices—has dropped from the active repertory. In Symphony Hall, unless memory slips, it has not been heard through many years; rarely does it come to performance elsewhere. Did conductors join it habitually to "Clouds" and "Fêtes," it might save them from a pit into which most of them fall and on the edge of which Mr. Koussevitzky perilously hovers. Accustomed to play only these two, they take them as contrasting pieces and stress the contrast. They slow the pace, lower the voice, subdue the tonal coloring, of "Clouds." Next they pounce upon "Fêtes," quickening, sharpening, heightening, until the whole music speeds and flashes. They stay themselves—and make another contrast—only when the aerial pageant passes in tonal vision.

The outcome is an exaggeration, rather than an intensification, of the quality of either piece; while Debussy loved the golden mean and had no mind to effects for the effects' sake. Not to be behindhand, Mr. Koussevitzky "plays up" this tempting contrast. A beat slower and he would be dragging "Clouds." Those who mistakenly believe that Debussy never spoke out, should hear the conductor's version of "Fêtes." As it is, he plays with peril and by the turn of two hairs escapes it. Enough that he and his orchestra gain the beauty for which there is no word when above the rustling, darkening strings, the wood-winds dissolve into the air the final measures of "Clouds."

"Ohne Pathos," commands Hindemith over the first division of his Concerto, by which he means without emotion, sentiment or even expression. Yet in the third division, the "March for Woodwinds," there is a lyrical interlude, unless a fourth hearing still deceives the ear, over which he might have written "mit Pathos." It is distinctly songful; the mood, unmistakably, is German-romantic; only the means are quasi-modernistic. The chortling double-bassoons before and behind are stilled; the gentler wood-winds do the young lion's purring. A lyrical vein runs in Hindemith. It was clear in the early Quartet for Strings that, at Pittsfield, first commended him to American ears. It persists overtly or latently in his subsequent work, running full in his nearest approach to a masterpiece, the "Marienleben" songs. Hindemith would not be Hindemith did he not pretend to check it and profess to treat it prosaically. Yet up it springs, as in this "March for Woodwinds," and for the time possesses him.

Detractors like to taunt Hindemith with the use of old forms for modernistic aggression, to call him "cheeky," "gabbling," or by any other disparaging adjective in fashion. As it happens, the "gabble" proves—in the Concerto, for example—to be a fresh-sounding, full-bodied, quick-spirited music; while the "cheekiness" brings off such a blood-stirring tumult of rhythm as ends the second movement. Hindemith knows the orchestra instrument by instrument. With all his haste and hardness every timbre, every mating or parting, tells. As audiences hear more and more modernist music, instinctively they separate the lasting wheat from the passing chaff, the vitalized from the willed staves. Four times Mr. Koussevitzky has played this Concerto and four times it has bitten home.

— END

POST
OCT. 6-

SYMPHONY MARVEL OF VIRTUOSITY

Fifth Season Under Koussevitzky Begins

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Beginning his fifth term of conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky yesterday afternoon led that band through the initial concert of this, its 48th season.

By report, in the four days of rehearsal the conductor had spared neither the players nor himself. Yesterday there resulted a series of performances that, as it seemed, disclosed the orchestra at something better than its wonted best.

A FEW CHANGES

Outwardly there were changes. Gone are the microphones that formerly hung suspended over the orchestral semi-circle, since for the present the concerts are not to be broadcasted. When the players grouped themselves upon the stage it might be observed that Mr. Wendler had departed and that a new first horn, Mr. Boettcher, sat in his place, while no longer will the leonine head of Mr. Holy be seen at the first harp. Instead there now sits at this latter post Mr. Zighera, partnered by Mr. Kaughey, returned after a brief absence. A new 'cellist, Mr. Chardon, a new violinist, Mr. Lauga, and a new percussion player, Mr. White, have also joined the ranks.

Stepping briskly out upon the stage, Mr. Koussevitzky was greeted according to custom by a rising orchestra and audience. There were a few moments of applause, then the conductor turned to the first music before him, Beethoven's Overture to Leonora, No. 3. No piece better serves to head an opening programme, and interpretative eloquence and instrumental skill could scarcely go farther than in the performance yesterday accorded it.

Old as New Pieces Go

With the exception of Paul Hindemith's Concerto for Orchestra, Opus 38, introduced here by Mr. Koussevitzky in the spring of 1926 and most deservedly repeated, the programme of yesterday was, in a sense, of less moment than the playing of it. Many times now have Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra given us the Leonora Overture, Debussy's Nocturnes "Clouds" and "Festivals," and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. Yet their already signal achievements with these pieces were yesterday exceeded and surpassed.

It would be gratifying to record that the enthusiasm of the audience testified to these wonders. Truth to tell, however, the applause was at best little more than ordinarily cordial, and at the end it did not suffice to return Mr. Koussevitzky to the stage.

Hindemith Over the Heads

As for Hindemith's Concerto, the audience as a whole would have none of it, although the performance was one of a bewildering virtuosity that should have excited warm appreciation for itself alone. But the music, while a notable accomplishment, is still in its uncompromising harshness and severity, a stiff dose for the casual listener, and the single hiss vouchsafed it from somewhere in the balcony had in it more of conviction than did any of the desultory hand-claps.

It is Mr. Koussevitzky's belief that this concerto is destined to occupy a permanent place in the repertory; but only devotion such as his will fix it there. Not yet do audiences clamor for these polytonal, mechanistic moderns whose goal is seemingly to arouse the mind, not to caress to titillate the ear.

A strange fish nearly six feet long and having small eyes with lids, was recently caught near the Farne Islands off the coast of England.

SUN GLOBE OCT 7

Music Notes and Comment

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, opened its forty-eighth season last Friday and Saturday at Symphony Hall with Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture, Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fetes," Hindemith's concerto for orchestra, Op. 38, and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. This week's program includes Stravinsky's ballet, "Apollon Musagète," first heard last April at Mrs. F. S. Coolidge's Washington festival at the Library of Congress; Kodaly's "Hary Janos" suite and Schumann's symphony in B flat.

The Boston Symphony's first Carnegie Hall concerts this season will be on Thursday and Saturday, November 22 and 24.

OCT 7 1928
N.Y. HER. & TRIB

STAGE and STUDIO

Columbus Dispatch

THE Boston Symphony orchestra launched into its forty-eighth season, Friday evening, in Symphony hall at Boston. Serge Koussevitzky, celebrated European and American conductor, at the same time began his fifth year as the mentor of the famous band of musicians.

At press time for this page, comments by eastern cities on this concert, which is considered in Boston as the greatest musical event of the season, had not yet reached Columbus.

What the sages have to say, however, is of vital interest in central Ohio, because Koussevitzky and his Boston orchestra will open the symphony season in Columbus at Memorial hall on Nov. 1.

OCT 7

ARRIVES FROM PARIS.

Koussevitzky arrived in America from Paris only ten days ago and in the interim he put his orchestra through a strenuous pace of rehearsals preparatory to the first concert. Recenty he completed his "Concerts Koussevitzky," a series which he has sponsored annually for the past decade in Paris.

The famous conductor is expected to bring some new music in the symphonic category before the public this season. Upon his return from abroad Koussevitzky had in his trunks scores of new symphonies by Prokofieff; Martinu, the Czecho-Slovakian, and new scores by the young Americans, Copeland and Sessions. Another American premier will be a symphony by Freedrick the Great, the versatile statesman whose symphonies and skill upon the flute were not the least of his abilities.

In the meanwhile the Symphony club of Central Ohio, which is sponsoring its fifth season of symphony concerts in Columbus, is preparing for a concerted drive, beginning Tuesday, to sell out Memorial hall for all four concerts in the series.

DRIVE STARTS MONDAY.

Monday, at 2:30, Mrs. B. Gwynne Huntington, president of the club, will preside at a meeting of members of all divisions of the organization, at which plans for the drive will be discussed.

The box office for the sale of seats will open at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets, Monday, Oct. 22. In the meanwhile season reservations can be made with Helen Pugh Alcorn, 34 Linwood avenue, executive secretary of the club.

MMENT OF THE CURR

Serge Koussevitzky, Boston Symphony Conductor, Who Gives Double-Bass Recital Oct. 23.

TRANS. OCT 10

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For Mr. Hoover

Mr. Koussevitzky Makes Known a Political Preference

MUSICAL AMERICA, the weekly journal, is asking musicians to declare their choice for the presidency between Hoover, Smith and Thomas. To its inquiry Mr. Koussevitzky replied:

I. My choice for President of the United States: Mr. Hoover.

II. Why: Personally, like all Russians, I feel a great sympathy for him and am deeply grateful to him. For it is his will and his energy that saved millions of lives in Russia, during those years of misery and famine, 1921 and 1922; and one might easily imagine that a man who acted so generously towards a foreign country, would bring the greatest welfare to his own.

The conductor, of course, casts no vote. His civic status, as they call it in Europe, is a singular one: A Russian emigré, domiciled in Paris.

NOTES and LINES

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"Apollo Leader of the Muses" is a ballet. It was composed for Mrs. Coolidge's chamber music festival the Library of Congress, Washington D. C., and performed there in April of this year, with Adolf Bolm miming Apollo. The Ballet Russe brought out the ballet at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre, Paris, in June, and at His Majesty's Theatre, London, in the same month. M. Lifar mimed Apollo in the performances by the Ballet Russe.

The ballet has no story. There is a series of divertissements representing "the birth of the god and his inspiration of the Muses." Dancing is the thing, not action, and there is no symbolic significance—which may disappoint those who are fond of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. It was said in Paris that the choregraphy is based on steps and movements of the classic school with an avoidance of the queer attitudes which have been in fashion for some years. "M. Lifar is the Etruscan Apollo of Veii come to life. From the moment when he emerges from the rock upon which his mother Leto is sitting until the chariot descends from the sky to carry him and the Muses to their new home upon Parnassus, he maintains the lines and gestures of archaic sculpture. Compared with the god, the Muses Terpsichore, Calliope and Polymnia seem strangely 19th century in their formal ballet skirts and tight mauve bodices, but the contrast is not unpleasant."

The critic of the London Times was amused. "A young woman sits astride an archway from which hangs a muslin curtain; a young man swathed in silk hops behind the muslin. He is Apollo. Two young women remove the swathings; he now has very little on and hops more freely; the lights go out; when they go up again he has put on a red garment. He goes through the motions of playing on a strangely shaped instrument. Three Muses, all in conventional ballet dresses, visit him. He goes through further elaborate movements with them and gives them appropriate symbols for their arts—a writing tablet, a mask, and a lyre. They put them down, and all shuffle round on their heels, holding each other's heads. That must be difficult, and there are other difficult things, especially the movements done in the time of a slow motion picture. At last the four horses and a chariot of Apollo appear on the back cloth; Apollo stands on a rock and points at them. The three Muses and the young women who had unwound him in the first scene assist in a tableau. Every one seemed very much impressed because it all means so much; the only question is 'What'?"

The music is for strings only. Some think that Stravinsky sought to write in the spirit of Lulli's ballet music.

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We quote from the prosaic translation by Thomas Taylor. It is far from Matthew Arnold's

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The epithet "Musagetes" was also joined by the Greeks to the name of Hercules.

The suite from Kodaly's opera was played for the first time anywhere by the Philharmonic Society in New York, Mr. Mengelberg conductor, on Dec. 15, 1927. The opera was produced at Budapest in the year before.

Hary Janes is a famous person in Hungarian folk lore. The libretto is based on an epic poem written about the middle of the 19th century by Janos Garay. Some say Hary really existed. He was a peasant, who, having served in the Napoleonic wars, went back to his village and told incredible, Munchausen-like tales of his heroic deeds. Repeating them often, he finally believed in them. The opera deals with five of his adventures. There is a prologue at the village inn. The scheme of the opera is similar to that of "Contes d'Hoffmann."

A sneeze in Hungary is believed to attest the truth of any statement that has been made; so, when Hary tells an amazing yarn, an accidental sneeze from one of the listeners stamps the yarn as true.

The suite begins with a prodigious orchestral sneeze.

Hary tells of the musical clock he saw in the palace at Vienna, a clock furnished with puppets. He and his sweetheart with him long for their fatherland: there is a love song, a Hungarian melody. He overcomes Napoleon in battle, and takes him prisoner in Milan. Napoleon trembled and wept when he caught sight of Hary. The snowbound empire of the Tsar is divided by a rail from the Austrian empire on which a spring sun is shining. "At the end of the world the stars are as big as loaves of bread, and the moon's sickle touches the earth;" here Hary fights a seven-headed dragon and rescues Marie Louise, whom he carries back to her father, the Emperor in Vienna. The suite ends with a march for the Emperor and his court entering in triumph. There is an Intermezzo with only musical significance.

Kodaly, composer, collector of folk songs, critic, was born in Hungary in 1882. In 1900 he studied composition with Hans Koessler at the High School for Music at Budapest, where, since 1906, he has taught composition. He has written songs, chamber music, and published collections of folk songs. His "Psalmus Hungaricus," an important work, performed at Salzburg for the International Society for Contemporary Music in 1923, was produced in this country by the Philharmonic Society, with the Pro-Musica Society in New York on Dec. 19, 1927.

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OCT 7

ARRIVES FROM PARIS.

Koussevitzky arrived in America from Paris only ten days ago and in the interim he put his orchestra through a strenuous pace of rehearsals preparatory to the first concert. Recenty he completed his "Concerts Koussevitzky," a series which he has sponsored annually for the past decade in Paris.

The famous conductor is expected to bring some new music in the symphonic category before the public this season. Upon his return from abroad Koussevitzky had in his trunks scores of new symphonies by Prokofolieff; Martinu, the Czecho-Slovakian, and new scores by the young Americans, Copeland and Sessions. Another American premier will be a symphony by Freedrick the Great, the versatile statesman whose symphonies and skill upon the flute were not the least of his abilities.

In the meanwhile the Symphony club of Central Ohio, which is sponsoring its fifth season of symphony concerts in Columbus, is preparing for a concerted drive, beginning Tuesday, to sell out Memorial hall for all four concerts in the series.

DRIVE STARTS MONDAY.

Monday, at 2:30, Mrs. B. Gwynne Huntington, president of the club, will preside at a meeting of members of all divisions of the organization, at which plans for the drive will be discussed.

The box office for the sale of seats will open at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets, Monday, Oct. 22. In the meanwhile season reservations can be made with Helen Pugh Alcorn, 34 Linwood avenue, executive secretary of the club.

TRANS. OCT 10

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For Mr. Hoover

Mr. Koussevitzky Makes Known a Political Preference

MUSICAL AMERICA, the weekly journal, is asking musicians to declare their choice for the presidency between Hoover, Smith and Thomas. To its inquiry Mr. Koussevitzky replied:

I. My choice for President of the United States: Mr. Hoover.

II. Why: Personally, like all Russians, I feel a great sympathy for him and am deeply grateful to him. For it is his will and his energy that saved millions of lives in Russia, during those years of misery and famine, 1921 and 1922; and one might easily imagine that a man who acted so generously towards a foreign country, would bring the greatest welfare to his own.

The conductor, of course, casts no vote. His civic status, as they call it in Europe, is a singular one: A Russian emigré, domiciled in Paris.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

Music and Musicians --- Plays and Players --- The

From Hungary Comes Kodaly, With His Hary

Composer, Background, Hero, As They Emerge Friday At Symphony Hall

THERE ARE two novelties on Mr. Koussevitzky's current program —the one from a composer tried and proved, Igor Stravinsky; the other from a composer as yet unknown to the Symphony Concerts and all but unknown to Boston, Zoltán Kodály. Indeed, it is Kodály's first orchestral piece that Mr. Koussevitzky brings to Symphony Hall on Friday and Saturday. Stravinsky's "Apollo" is described elsewhere on this page. To Kodály and his Suite from "Háry Janos" this column addresses itself.

Among living Hungarian musicians two names stand out prominently, Bartók's and Kodály's. Kodály was born at Kecskemét, Dec. 16, 1882. At the age of eighteen he entered the Royal High School for Music at Budapest. During his student days his style of composition was influenced first by Brahms, later by Debussy. Since 1905 he has been active as a collector and editor of Hungarian folk-music. It became the dominating influence in his style, as it did in the style of the better known Bartók. Nevertheless it would be a mistake to say that the influence of this folk-music has made their musical styles run in closely similar molds. To the contrary, each presents a musical individuality of his own, in which the folk-element is no more than a large factor. Bartók, employing folk-music, sounds different from Kodály using that same folk-music.

It was Bartók who first made a scientific study of the folk-music of Hungary. Previously he had composed, as has many another, using popular music as he found it for flavor of the soil, without subjecting it to careful scrutiny as to origin or genuine character. His "Kossuth," his Rhapsody, Op. 1, other minor works, belong to this period in his career. Delving more deeply into folk-lore, Bartók discovered that the popular music he had been using was mongrel—a music in which the old Hungarian melodies were overlaid with a mixture of additions from gypsies, from Roumanians and Slovenes, from less closely allied races. His publication of his discoveries and the change of his own musical style to this new basis led to definite and unmistakable unpopularity. At this juncture Kodály, who had been appointed a teacher at the Royal High School (1906), one year earlier than Bartók, came to the rescue with staunch support.

Since that time the two have worked side by side in this harvest of folk-music, often collaborating. Most of their Hungarian tunes are put into notation directly as sung to the collector by peasants; but sometimes the tunes are recorded by a phonograph. Bartók is said to have collected some 2700 melodies, while the number gathered by Kodály mounts to 3500; two less known enthusiasts add 2000 more. Such of the melodies as give evidence of going back into antiquity are generally in the pentatonic scale in Æolian or Dorian modes. The rhythm is a sort of "parlando-rubato." Lines of an irregular number of syllables abound. Melodies in a faster tempo, frequently with the "Hungarian" rhythmic "catch" dear to violinists' show-pieces a generation ago, are usually no more than seventy or seventy-five years old. Their rhythmic structure is more regular than that of the elder melodies. Even more numerous is a body of tunes which cannot be ascribed to purely Hungarian sources, presenting also no uniform characteristics.

As a composer Kodály, until recently, confided himself to the smaller or more intimate forms and styles. His published work includes piano-pieces which have been described as "predominantly harmonic and percussive;" songs; chamber-music in which the true polyphonic spirit reigns; several choral pieces for voices unaccompanied. The chamber-music includes besides string-quartets, piano-trios, sonatas, several experimental combinations, such as a Duet for Violin and 'Cello; a noble and musicianly Sonata for Violoncello alone; a Serenade for Two Violins and Viola. With the year 1923 Kodály begins to command larger tonal masses. In that year he published Opus 18, a sixteenth-century Hungarian version of Psalm LV, for tenor solo, chorus and orchestra, commonly known as the "Psalmus Hungaricus," widely known and well received over all Europe. Following this Psalm came the opera, "Háry Janos," first produced at the Royal Opera in Budapest, Oct. 16, 1926. Kodály is also author of "The Pentatonic Scale in Hungarian Folk Music," and contributes occasionally to La Revue Musicale and The Musical Courier.

Of Kodály's style Bartók has written that it "owes much of its character to the individual musical idiom he has created for himself out of the Hungarian peasant-music he has personally collected." Another writer describes that idiom as one of "startling originality." Still another affirms that Kodály "does not abandon tonality and the accepted forms, but creates new music of astonishing vitality within their limits."

At the first performance in America of the Suite from "Háry Janos" by Mr. Mengelberg and the New York Philharmonic Society (Dec. 15, 1927) Kodály furnished the following sketch of the opera:

The story recounts the adventures of Háry Janos, a national hero of folk-lore. A peasant and ex-soldier, with great powers of imagination, Háry sits in the village-inn day after day telling of his wonderful exploits. In typical peasant-fashion, these glorious products of his fancy are presented in terms of extreme realism and naiveté, yielding a curious mixture of comedy and pathos. Yet Háry is not to be viewed as merely an Hungarian Muenchausen. The apparent swaggerer is at bottom the enthusiastic dreamer, a born fanatic and rhapsodist. His stories are not true, but that is unimportant. They are expressions of the beauty of his fantasy, which builds for himself and others an artistic and absorbing world of the imagination. We all dream of these impossible deeds of glory and grandeur; only we lack the naive courage of Háry, and dare not reveal them. A deeper significance is given to the story by regarding Háry as symbolic of the Hungarian nation, whose strivings and ambitions can be fulfilled only in dreams.

From one who heard the opera at the first performance in Budapest it appears that it is an extravagant comedy, partly spoken, partly sung. The imagined heroisms of the story-teller grow into action upon the stage: The rescue of the imperial Princess Marie-Louise across the Russo-Austrian border; the victory over Napoleon before the gates of Milan; the conquest of the dragon; Háry's advancement to the position of general; his life, quiet and respected, in the imperial castle at Vienna; his constancy to the daughter of his native village. The music is said to fit these folk-tales as hand in glove. The dances, the choruses, the solos are taken from the composer's collection of folk-tunes in a union of folk-tale with apposite folk-music. Only the orchestral interludes are original work by Kodály. But the harmonization, the contrapuntal and orchestral handling of the folk-pieces, are as characteristic and descriptive as the interludes themselves. The folk-tunes are adroitly chosen; as adept and as close-fitting is the workmanship.

For orchestral performance Kodály has drawn from his opera a Suite of six numbers. Let him continue his description as found in the program book of the Philharmonic Society: "According to a Hungarian superstition, if a statement is followed by a sneeze of one of the hearers, it is regarded as confirmation of the truth of the assertion. The Háry Suite begins with a sneeze of this kind. One of Háry's group of faithful listeners, who sneezes at the wildest assertions of the old tale-spinner, is equal to the occasion even when Háry declares that he once had occasion to subdue Napoleon himself! With a suggestion of this sneeze [amusing glissandi, in which pianos take part] "The Tale Begins" Number One of the Suite—con moto, tranquillo, molto moderato. The other movements run:

"II. (Allegretto) The scene is laid in the Imperial Palace in Vienna, where the ingenuous Hungarian is amazed and enraptured by the famous 'Musical Clock', with its little soldier figures in their brave uniforms appearing at every rotation of the marvellous machinery.

"III. (Andante, poco rubato) Háry and his sweetheart are longing for their village home, their quiet evenings vocal with love songs. An ancient Hungarian melody is used.

"IV. (Alla marcia) Háry, as general in command of his hussars, confronts the French army. He brandishes his sword and lo! the French begin to fall before him like tin soldiers! First, two at a time, then four—eight—ten, and so on. Finally there are no more French soldiers left, and Napoleon is forced to engage in person with the invincible Háry. Háry's fantasy pictures a Napoleon made in the image of his own burly peasant imagination—an immensely tall and formidable Napoleon, who, shaking in every limb, kneels before his conqueror and pleads for mercy. The ironical French March of Victory is transformed into a dirge.

"V. is an intermezzo without special significance. [A whirling Hungarian dance.]

"VI. An ironical march of triumph, in which Háry pictures the ... Emperor and the Imperial Court at Vienna; but it is not the Austrian reality —only a Hungarian peasant's way of imagining the rich happiness of the celebrated Wiener Burg."

After the first performance of the Suite in London a reviewer rose to the occasion as follows: "Last week Zoltan Kodály woke London's musical deadheads with a gigantic sneeze,—quite a new kind of wheeze in fact. ... Janos' proved as 'monstrous good fooling' as has ever pleased British fancy since Shakspeare's day. Intrinsically and by association of ideas, everyone found something for his humor. The music is imbued with a superlative quality of caricature, an exaggeration without mutilation of its originals.

"Behind it all there is ... rous novelty in this music of a folk-enthusiast who can laugh at folk-cults. . . . With this whimsical, sometimes wistful and ironically wit y music Kodály ... stakes own particular place among the world's sardonic thinkers. He allies his Muse to the line of music in the comic spirit, descending through Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Berners, Milhaud, Carpenter, Converse and others of today. True to all real satire, emotion has its due place, and the grotesque sense is emphasized by vivid contrast with real beauty. A theme is woven between viola and oboe which has haunting poignancy; there is an Intermezzo which radiates imaginative blazonries. The score is an immense fresco, in which a master-colorist in orchestral pigments unifies his design with bold, but impeccable draftsmanship and combines these in a fine piece of construction. Humanly speaking, the Suite touches profundity of the inner sort, conveying realization of the pathetically narrow line which often divides insanity and inspiration."

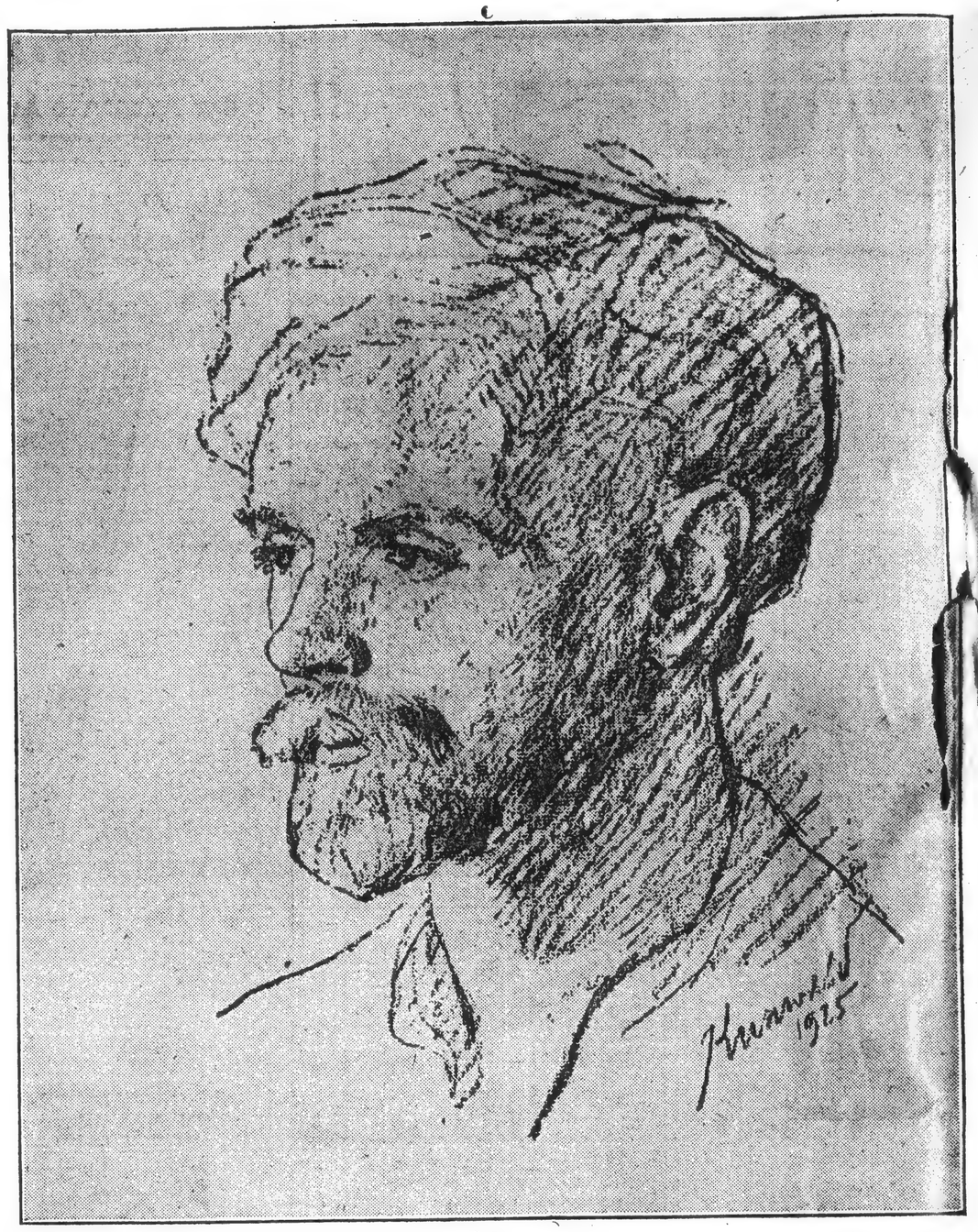
A. H. M.

Ellen Terry's Will

A Substantial Estate and Interesting Bequests

THE London newspapers make public Miss Terry's will, disposing of a fortune above £20,000. She died, it appears, not as a British subject, but as the wife of an American citizen, James Carew, the actor, from whom she had long been separated. "As a token of good will," she gives him £200. Her house in Kent and half her estate falls to her daughter, Miss Edith Craig. The other half goes as a trust-fund to her son, Gordon Craig—not the most provident of men,—to his wife and ultimately to their children. Many of her possessions—among them the youthful portrait by Watts and the mature portrait (as Lady Macbeth) by Sargent—are to be dispersed by auction. Her cottage may be set apart as a memorial.

The Rhapsodist



Zoltan Kodaly (Modern Music)

New Composer at the Symphony Concerts This Week

Concert-Chronicle

"Necessary and Evil"

PROGRAM-NOTES or program-books are a matter of course at most "serious" concerts. We take them for granted at the Symphony Concerts, unthinkable without these brick-red pamphlets of forty years standing. Wherever else a leaflet is proffered, we open it, con it, and let it go at that. Whoever reflected on a program-book, though now and then to devotees or partisans a passing sentence may bring momentary irritation? Even when they lose themselves in too technical or too

Continued on Page Fourteen

Mr. Hampden's Asia

Authorship

WALTER HAMPDEN, the celebrated actor-manager — indeed, the only actor-manager now extant in New York — opened his new season in the theater which carries his name uptown. He opened with an earnestly sensuous and devotional spectacle, "The Light of Asia," achieving that state of calm wherein Buddha might contemplate his Columbus Circle.

This pageant of "The Light of Asia" —a play in a prologue and four acts, according to the kindly program—is the work of one Georgina Jones Walton. True, some small type on the second page does express the author's modest desire to "render full acknowledgement to Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, 'The Light of Asia,' for the title and for certain passages in the dialogue."

Of Georgina Jones Walton I know not. Her pageant seems to have been written for the rarer pleasure of some Theosophica congress, and to have been produced on the Pacific coast several years ago with none other than Mr. Hampden in the holy Buddha's role, then as now. [Sun

Argument

It follows the career of Siddartha, prince of the Sakyas, who is marked by the high gods for a sublime mission. Faced with the awful spectacle of death in the second act, he renounces worldliness and goes into the wilderness to seek for the truth that shall save all men—for the changeless, for the eternal, for the all-filling light and the crest jewel of wisdom. There in the wilderness, among the meditative ascetics, he tears the veils asunder and finds the eternal radiance. He becomes Buddha. Those who have awaited his coming recognize the inscrutable truth in his eyes. [Times

Misfortunes

The truly sad fact about "The Light of Asia" is that it fails to move the spectator. The intentions of all who take part in it are worthy. Here are all the requirements of an impressive play, except the vital requirement of inspiration. There is an air of cold culture about the play which renders it more of a museum piece than of a drama. The language does not glow, nor is there any fervor in the thought. Occasionally the author interjects a colloquial expression into her lines which shatters any illusion she proceeds in creating. When Draupadi ... arrived at the Pleasure Pal... asserts of Siddartha, "I'll win rich pearls from him before I'm through," the ... perishes and the east side prevails. ... must be used with great discretion. They can increase the sense of intimacy or they can destroy it. Miss Walton's colloquialisms never failed to destroy it. "You know that for a fact?" one of the Sakyas said, and with the words blew up the illusion. [World

Incidentals

When songs are to be sung the expert Ratan Devi is brought in from her many years of recitals of Oriental ... them. When dances are ... order, Sri Ragini dances them. Wh... Buddha is tempted of the flesh, Ru... St. Denis stages the weaving of wel... ded limbs of evil and opulent hou... When offstage music is due, Elliott ... nenck delivers profuse numbers of ... ndsomely curried hymns. [Sun.

Acting

As Buddha Mr. Hampden ... layed with his usual equanimity. The ... actors who surrounded him ranged in ... competence from tolerable to satisfa... and the stage direction was the s... movement of a procession drama. ... best aides were Claude Bragdon, wi... supervision of the scenery was excell... and a band of gymnosoph Nautch g... twisted their bare torsos interes... [Herald Tribune.

Mr. Hampden, both as ... youth and godlike martyr, is equally ... y, luscious-voiced and benignly lev... I may be alone in finding his princ... mostly unmoving performance. ... be coming mitting blasphemy in rep... g that, just once in a while when ... Hampden's back was turned and hi... eyed grandeur momentarily stille... seemed to me just a gentleman at a ... masquerade in an embarrassing big ... of pants. [Sun

Mr. Hampden's Siddartha ... the early scenes was weak and ind... minate and often inarticulate, but he ... gathered strength and dignity as he ... ent along, and he ended well. The setting ... were good, and some of the incidentals, ... such as the singing and the dancing, we... excellent, but for the most part the ... cting was poor. Some of it would ha... been considered bad in a performanc... given in a school for young ladies. ... Eugene Powers, as the father of Sidd... fine, and Miss Ingeborg Torr... dartha's wife, Yashodara, wa... middling. [World

On Boston Sta...

"Good Fun"

LAST MONTH in New York, ... Littell of The Evening ... joyed his evening in t... with Mr. Dempsey. Therefor... prepare the way for the like... in the same company, that ... will take at the Opera House ... "For four weeks only" he wro... Jack Dempsey, champagne, m... bets, double-crossing, murder... drops, another murder, suic... state gambling syndicates, pri... tors, squealers, manicures, ba... music off stage, mobs yelli... wings, two hundred and ninet... of real live ex-world-champ, ... of real live fighting to a kn... four weeks only? I don't beli... rather, in the middle of the pa... believe it, but at the end I w... clined to.

"Two-thirds of it was f... trated, joyous, familiar h... good fun just the same. ... chief pleasure of the eve... the pleasure of seeing your... come to life before your ... the celebrities were so nice ... and inaudible and out of place... the expert snarling villains ... quite won the hearts of th... Jack Dempsey, six feet of ... beef and iron, as soon as he ... his dressing room, and eve... champ in action in the ring, ... his lines much as you or I w... up to him, with a do or die ... Yet somehow his simple, artle... of the part written for "Tiger ... most attractive. No fuss, n... no theatrics, no faking, just ... forward recital in a high and ... voice."

Finger-Post

By word from the Plymo... Bound" will keep the stage ... fortnight—that is through Sa... 27—five weeks in all, a ru... days in Boston for a comedy ... the conventions and addres... wise audiences. No doubt ... has helped the play. Miss ... nedy, set free from trifling, ... of full-bodied and fine-strun... The other players are well ... parts and well-tuned to each ... whole performance goes s... though all concerned like the... had no mind to be mechanica... Mr. Hopkins's original rel... "Paris Bound" contributed t... able end. For, as one who ... counts them, "they are quiet ... point. Mr. Hopkins gets good ... then tells them to go ahea... their parts. If they step o... he speaks to them about it. ... always quietly. After the ... One by one. Actors seldom ... he has told other actors, ... want to tell each other. O... sions, if he feels that the ... needs interpretation, he will ... cast generally. At such time... succinctly, brilliantly. His ... playwrights are also brief ... point. It all looks very simpl... he has finished with a play, ... plete job, the way he wants

Forward and Backward

Everyone calls the theater ... ago someone must have lab... house of imitation"—not wit... Ransacking his brain for a ... a producer of musical pieces ... chorus-girls, frontward, in ... their sex, bright-colored, ple... terned. Rearward, they we... or wooden grotesques. As ... they turned in the dance. L... the spectators. Now, both ... Taste," "Americana" and, ... dozen other reviews of mu... nightly turn the trick. ... Queen's Taste," Miss Wats...

Continued on Page Fo...

The Season Be...

Miss Hayes and "Coquette... a Fortnight

THE exacting playgoer ... heart. For the pr... Boston he has only "Pari... A week more, and he wi... from Mr. Belasco, "The ... Father." A week bey... "Coquette," with Mis... Hayes, will await him. ... Wilbur on Oct. 29 comes ... from an undiminished ... most, an unaltered ca... Eliot Cabot, passed to th... Guild, is the absentee, ... placed.

The piece, actually put ... in rehearsals, is irregul... able, poignant. Lif... might take such cours... Southern household—th... antries of the daily r... background of traditi... codes, the swift-coming ... of passion and family-... void, the dread, the b... Through it all Miss Hay... in ampler range and ... purposes—a ripening act... familiar graces, to ... powers.

nd Players --- The Screen

(Modern Music)

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Incidentals

When songs are to be sung the expert Ratan Devi is brought in from her many years of recitals of Oriental music to sing them. When dances are [illegible] order, Sri Ragini dances them. Whe[illegible] Buddha is tempted of the flesh, Ru[illegible] St. Denis stages the weaving of well-r[illegible] nded limbs of evil and opulent houris[illegible] When off-stage music is due, Elliott[illegible] nenck delivers profuse numbers o[illegible] ndsomely curried hymns. [Sun.

Acting

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Mr. Hampden's Sidd[illegible] scenes was weak and indecis[illegible] often inarticulate, but he[illegible] strength and dignity as he[illegible] and he ended well. The setting[illegible] and some of the incidentals,[illegible] singing and the dancing, wel[illegible] but for the most part the[illegible] poor. Some of it would hav[illegible] sidered bad in a performanc[illegible] school for young ladies.

Powers, as the father of Siddartha, was fine, and Miss Ingeborg Torrup as Siddartha's wife, Yashodara, was fair to middling. [World

On Boston Stages

"Good Fun"

LAST MONTH in New York, Mr. Robert Littell of The Evening Post enjoyed his evening in the theater with Mr. Dempsey. Therefore he shall prepare the way for the like pleasure, in the same company, that Bostonians will take at the Opera House next week. "For four weeks only" he wrote. What? Jack Dempsey, champagne, million-dollar bets, double-crossing, murder, knockout drops, another murder, suicide, interstate gambling syndicates, private elevators, squealers, manicures, barber shops, music off stage, mobs yelling in the wings, two hundred and nineteen pounds of real live ex-world-champ, two rounds of real live fighting to a knockout, for four weeks only? I don't believe it. Or rather, in the middle of the party I didn't believe it, but at the end I was mere inclined to.

"Two-thirds of it was fun, concentrated, joyous, familiar hokum, but good fun just the same. But the chief pleasure of the evening was the pleasure of seeing your headlines come to life before your eyes. And the celebrities were so nice and modest and inaudible and out of place among all the expert snarling villains that they quite won the hearts of the audience. Jack Dempsey, six feet of magnificent beef and iron, as soon as he stripped in his dressing room, and every inch a champ in action in the ring, stood up to his lines much as you or I would stand up to him, with a do or die resolution. Yet somehow his simple, artless speaking of the part written for 'Tiger Dillon' was most attractive. No fuss, no nonsense, no theatrics, no faking, just a straightforward recital in a high and often timid voice."

Finger-Post

By word from the Plymouth, "Paris Bound" will keep the stage for another fortnight—that is through Saturday, Oct. 27—five weeks in all, a run in these days in Boston for a comedy that shuns the conventions and addresses worldly wise audiences. No doubt the acting has helped the play. Miss Madge Kennedy, set free from trifling, gives proof of full-bodied and fine-strung abilities. The other players are well within their parts and well-tuned to each other. The whole performance goes spiritedly, as though all concerned like their jobs, and had no mind to be mechanical. Perhaps Mr. Hopkins's original rehearsals of "Paris Bound" contributed to this desirable end. For, as one who knows recounts them, "they are quiet and to the point. Mr. Hopkins gets good actors and then tells them to go ahead and play their parts. If they step out of focus, he speaks to them about it. But nearly always quietly. After the rehearsal. One by one. Actors seldom know what he has told other actors, unless they want to tell each other. On rare occasions, if he feels that the whole play needs interpretation, he will talk to the cast generally. At such times he speaks succinctly, brilliantly. His talks with playwrights are also brief and to the point. It all looks very simple, but when he has finished with a play, it is a complete job, the way he wants it."

Forward and Backward

Everyone calls the theater names. Long ago someone must have labelled it "the house of imitation"—not without reason. Ransacking his brain for a new device, a producer of musical pieces dressed his chorus-girls, frontward, in the garb of their sex, bright-colored, pleasantly patterned. Rearward, they were grinning or wooden grotesques. As upon pivots they turned in the dance. Loud laughed the spectators. Now, both "The Queen's Taste," "Americana" and, doubtless, a dozen other reviews of musical plays nightly turn the trick. . . . In "The Queen's Taste," Miss Watson and Mr.

Continued on Page Fourteen

Yet Again New Tonal Courses For Stravinsky

Mr. Koussevitzky Proffers His Ballet of Apollo As Concert-Piece

IN THE SPRING of 1927 Stravinsky received a commission from the Library of Congress to write a ballet for performance at its Festival of Chamber Music in April, 1928. He fulfilled it with "Apollo Musagetes," ballet in two scenes for four major and three incidental personages, scored for an orchestra of strings only—twelve violins, three violas, six violoncellos, three double basses. The new piece was represented for the first time on any stage on Friday, April 27, 1928, in the Auditorium of the Congressional Library at Washington. It was set in Piranesi-like scenery—a ruined temple to the right, a pile of massive rocks mounting toward the left. Mr. Bolm devised the dancing and the miming; himself took the part of Apollo. Miss Ruth Page and two young dancers seconded him as the three Muses: Calliope for Poetry; Polymnia for the miming arts; Terpsichore for the blending dance. Mr. Hans Kinder of Philadelphia conducted. In the following June, at Paris, "Apollo Musagetes"—that is to say, Apollo, inspirer and protector of the Muses—was added to the repertory of Mr. Diaghilev's company. Mr. Balanchine then arranged the dances; Mr. Lifar, as the god, and three women of the company danced them. At most of the performances Stravinsky himself was conductor. Now, at Symphony Hall, tomorrow and Saturday, Mr. Koussevitzky and the string choir of the Boston Orchestra will play the music as concert-piece.

"Apollo Musagetes" begins with a prologue, the birth of Apollo. At Washington it was impossible to achieve it scenically. The music was played while two nameless goddesses posed and gestured above a glowing altar-like tripod. Possibly, their movements foretold a glorious moment. In Paris the spectators looked upon a great tree, sturdy of trunk, far-spreading of bough and leafage. High upon the trunk was outspread the figure of Latona, the nymph of whom Apollo was born. From a hollow in the tree, he emerged, full-grown but in swaddling bands. The two goddesses stripped them away; gave him nectar, ambrosia and a golden girdle; conducted him toward Olympus. The second scene befell beside "stylized" crags, muddy brown and gray. At the end, a painted and conventionalized chariot, four-horsed descended along the back-drop to convey the god and the Muses to the Olympian summit.

Here, writing in the magazine Modern Music, of the performance, Mr. Frederick Jacobi may take up the tale: "In 'Apollo Musagetes' Stravinsky evidently desires to revive the spirit of the classic French ballet, the ballet which, with modifications, had supreme sway in Europe from the days of Lully and Rameau until the advent of Isadora Duncan. Here we have the familiar mythological characters, reminding us that the Florentines who originated the opera and the ballet, as we know them, had in their minds the resuscitation of the true Grecian drama. We have Apollo, Leader of the Muses, doubly resplendent because of the fact that he is both Greek and French, that his cuirasse is that of the Grecian god, his perruque that of the Roi Soleil. We have the three Muses, Calliope, Polymnia and Terpsichore, suggesting, in their arm-bands and golden fillets, Mount Parnassus; in their palo bodices and their drooping tulle skirts, the Académie Nationale. We have a ballet divided into two scenes (a Ballet d'Action, it was called), each scene composed of a series of separate numbers: Variations, Pas de Deux, Pas d'Action, ensemble numbers for all the dancers, the whole closing with the customary Apotheosis. It is the ballet whose lineage may be found in antiquity but whose ancestral home is Versailles.

The prologue done, "Apollo in dance, celebrates his coming into life. The Muses appear and dance a Pas d'Action before Apollo. There follows the dance of Calliope, an Allegretto in six-eighths time which, in the score, bears the motto, a quotation from Boileau:

Que toujours dans vos vers le sens coupant les mots
Suspende l'hémistiche et marque le repos.

Polymnia dances an Allegro; Terpsichore performs an intricate and difficult Allegro Moderato. Apollo dances for the Muses. Apollo and the Muses join in an animated Coda which is followed by the Apotheosis, Apollo rising higher and higher while the orchestra brings the ballet softly to an end on a singularly touching B-minor chord.

"The most striking feature of 'Apollo Musagetes' is its seeming simplicity. The music is constantly 'melodic'; that is, the counterpoint and harmony are completely subservient to a leading melodic line and this line, as in the classic French ballet and the typical nineteenth-century Italian opera, occurs most frequently in the upper voice. There are indeed 'cello melodies accompanied by figures in the higher strings but there are no typical bass melodies and there are never two

Continued on Page Fourteen

The Season Betters

Miss Hayes and "Coquette" Within a Fortnight

THE exacting playgoer may take heart. For the present in Boston he has only "Paris Bound." A week more, and he will receive from Mr. Belasco, "The Bachelor Father." A week beyond, and "Coquette," with Miss Helen Hayes, will await him. Into the Wilbur on Oct. 29 comes the play from an undiminished and, almost, an unaltered cast. Mr. Eliot Cabot, passed to the Theater Guild, is the absentee, well replaced.

The piece, actually put together in rehearsals, is irregular, inevitable, poignant. Life itself might take such course in this Southern household—the pleasantries of the daily round, the background of traditions and codes, the swift-coming gravities of passion and family-feud; the void, the dread, the bitter end. Through it all Miss Hayes acting in ampler range and to deeper purposes—a ripening actress from familiar graces to new-found powers.

Yet Again New Tonal Courses For Stravinsky

Continued from Page Eleven

or more strands of equal importance such as one finds going on at the same time in a more contrapuntal music. The harmonies are, to the greatest extent, consonant, an incalculable distance from the harmonic schemes of 'Le Sacre,' a considerable simplification even of that of the piano-concerto. Rhythmically we are far from the fascinating distortions of 'L'Histoire du Soldat.' The changing units of measurement, the dislocated accents of 'Le Sacre' are not with us here. But there is, beneath this lack of the expected rhythmic irregularity, a rhythmic freedom which is magnificent; the phrases are frequently of uneven lengths and they balance each other with a symmetry which is subtle and distinguished by a Tanagra-like grace. The phrases are marked by that admirable precision so characteristic of Stravinsky's recent music.

"As in 'Oedipus,' there is a strange mixture of styles. In the Variation of Apollo, the first number of the second scene, there is a disturbing pseudo-oriental flavor, an orientalism of Europe, 1845. The dance of Apollo and the Muses, in three-fourths time, strongly suggests a slow waltz. It is as though Stravinsky found an anachronistic pleasure in bringing together the styles of various epochs and in showing the slightly bewildered onlooker that in his hands all things are possible: like a dexterous chef-de-cuisine who might wish to demonstrate the ability to create a palatable dish by combining the most far-fetched ingredients, to bring into logical relationship things which ordinarily seem to be far apart. . . . And there are the same imperious endings, admirable in their conciseness and infinitely telling."

Concert-Chronicle

Continued from Page Eleven

intricate an analysis, the dutiful try not to flag. Maybe music is educational as well as pleasure-giving. The English, being a more meditative and also a more grumbling race, take another way. Read, then, this questioner of programmatic theory and practice in the Literary Supplement of the London Times:

> Every concert-goer needs a program; what ought he to find in it? He may reasonably demand historical or biographical detail, provided it is strictly relevant to the piece in hand. There is a tradition that he expects also to find some sort of technicca analysis of abstract instrumental music. It may, however, be doubted whether the ordinary enthusiast who attends concerts but has little interest in "second subjects," "recapitulations," "augmentations," and the like really appreciates what is done for him. For, in the first place, it is inevitably almost unreadable; while, in the second, analytical listening is not the right way in which to approach music.
>
> None the less, proportion and structure are important in a complicated symphonic work, and since music takes place in time which has only one dimension, the whole design cannot be appreciated until it is already too late. The listener therefore demands landmarks. Landmarks are dangerous, because they will, from their very obtrusion, draw undue attention to themselves. This danger is particularly great when examples in music type are offered. Yet without music type analytical notes are, from the nature of the case, so uncouth as to damp the curiosity of the most enthusiastic concert-goer. Program-notes then are both necessary and evil. The ideal analytical note would be a running commentary on the architecture of the music so simple and so clear as to be taken in with one-fifth of the reader's attention by an occasional glance of the eye.

Programs to Hand

From Mr. Koussevitzky for the Symphony Concerts of Friday, Oct. 19 and Saturday, Oct. 20:

Symphony in G major, "The Surprise," (B. & H. No. 6).....Haydn
A Negro Rhapsody.....Rubin Goldmark
Symphony in D minor.....Franck

From Mr. Horowitz, the pianist who made furore last season, for his concert in Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, Oct. 21:

Sonata Appassionata.....Beethoven
Intermezzi (Op. 117, 118, 119)—Rhapsody (Op. 119).....Brahms
Fantasia in F minor—Two Mazurkas...Chopin
Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum—Serenade to The Doll from "Children's Corner"...Debussy
Dumka (Rural Russian Scene).....Chaikovsky
Spanish Rhapsody.....Liszt

From Miss Farrar for her concert in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 21:

Frühlingsglaube—Allinde—Der Lindenbaum—Lob der Thränen—In der Ferne....Schubert
Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden—Seit ich ihn gesehen—Liebeslied—Herzensleid—Wanderlied.....Schumann
Chi vuol innamorarsi.....Scarlatti
Voi, che sapete.....Mozart
Dites que faut-il fair.....Eighteenth Century
Mon petit coeur.....Eighteenth Century
Snow.....Lie
The Lark.....Rubinstein
In a Boat.....Grieg
E'er Since Thine Eyes.....Strauss
Love's Rapture.....Jensen

Incidents and Prospects

It is a pleasure to announce the return to Boston of Mr. Roland Hayes, the

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Composers, Conductor, Orchestra

Stravinsky, Kodaly, Schumann, New and Old, for a Full Symphony Concert

AFTER Stravinsky the lion, Stravinsky the lamb. . . . At the Symphony Concert yesterday, Mr. Koussevitzky repeated a favorite experiment—the playing of ballet-music as concert-piece. For once, it was altogether successful. At the end, the applause was instant, honest, general, hearty, directed to the conductor, the orchestra and to Mr. Burgin at the first violin who had borne conspicuous part. No doubt it included also the composer who—the program-book assured readers—was "now living." He is, indeed, being no other than Igor Stravinsky, domiciled in Paris, probably the most influential and significant figure in the music of his generation. The piece in question was "Apollo Musagetes"—Apollo, Inspirer and Protector of the Muses—ballet in two scenes. They filled twenty-five minutes, during which there was not a sign of restlessness or boredom. They constituted a ballet of action—as Stravinsky indicated in a program-note overlooked by the venerable editor—not a ballet with a plot: Prologue representing the birth of Apollo, saluted by two goddesses, receiving nectar, ambrosia and a girdle of gold, conducted toward Olympus; Variation of Apollo, testing his limbs; Entrance of Calliope, Polymnia, Terpsichore, each receiving from the god the symbol of her function (Pas d'action), each exemplifying it for his pleasure (More Variations); Second Variation of Apollo, to the glory of the newborn arts of Poetry, Miming and The Dance; Pas de Deux for Apollo and Terpsichore as significant and pleasing above her sisters; Coda for the assembled four; Apotheosis as they move together toward Oympus.

No one, yesterday, thought twice about any lacking "synopsis;" sufficiently the music spoke for itself. As a stage-show, except among a few remembering spectators who had seen it in Washington, Paris or London, "Apollo" had no existence in Symphony Hall and needed none. Once more Stravinsky had written a music self-contained and self-expressing. In the theater, however, his full purpose stood clearer. He was seeking to revive the classical ballet as it flourished through the eighteenth, and drooped through the nineteenth, century. There are the personages out of Græco-Roman mythology, arrayed half as becomes their legendary state, half in the conventional trappings of the dancing stage. (Is not Stravinsky at fault when he makes Polymnia the Muse of Miming ("La mimique") and gives her a mask; whereas she commonly passes for the Lyric Muse wearing the laurel, bearing stylus and parchment?) There is the simple, static fable, unfolding itself, so far as it unfolds at all, in exercises and embroideries according to the old technique—Variations, Pas d'action, Pas de Deux, Coda, Apotheosis. There is the archaic suggestion in the dancing and the miming, as Mr. Balanchine devised and ordered them for Paris and London. And there is the exhibition of virtuosity in the classic dance from the day of Vestris to the day of Fokine. Finally, a simplified music and a reduced orchestra. Stravinsky employs the strings only. In the original draft of the ballet he listed twenty-five. Mr. Koussevitzky assembled nearly his whole string choir. The gain in depth and sonority was appreciable and desirable.

Throughout, Stravinsky writes a singular limpid and plastic music. At every turn the melodic line runs clear. No counterpoint may divide it; no play with rhythm divert it; no harmonies smother it; no instrumental coloring overlay it. Only rarely does it desiccate, so to say, into figures obviously provided for the virtuoso-dance. At moments, Bellini himself has not more chosen with a find hand to woo the ear. As this line is limpid, so also is it supple. The impression is as though Stravinsky saw in imagination his measures transmuted into the motions of the dancers, shaped and rhythmed them accordingly. These rhythms, simple as they seem, are adroitly poised and balanced; bring not a moment of monotony. Now and again, as in the Variation of Terpsichore, they run—to make a paradox—in clear intricacy. Once, Stravinsky even permits himself a few bars of paper-music—his play, in the Variation of Calliope, with the mid-pause in classic French verse. Melodically there is little development and scanty modulation. The smooth and luminous harmony obtrudes hardly a dissonance. The instrumental coloring, though it discloses a deep knowledge and a sensitive feeling for the range of a string choir, is always transparent. Phrasing his melodies in a music of line, Stravinsky leaves not an edge unrounded. He ends, and the final cadence melts into the air. The orchestra—he has said to himself—shall be as susceptible as the human voice.

Hearing this music, the restless spirits who are always harking back to some one or other, surge. Back to Rameau and Monteclair, back to Chaikovsky and Gounod, back to Mendelssohn and Delibes, they shout, pointing at Stravinsky derisive fingers. "This is your classic ballet," they say in scorn, "with one dance (Apollo and Terpsichore) verging on a waltz, and another (First Variation of Apollo) so pseudo-oriental that Delibes might have tucked it into the second act of 'Lakmé'! Is this the Igor we have followed from 'Petrushka' through 'Œdipus'?" And so forth with occasional wringing of the hands. . . . There is another point of view as plausible and rather more satisfactory to such of us as do not believe that everyone in this world must be ticketed and act accordingly ever after. "Apollo" is return to a species of ballet that persisted through nearly two centuries (1700-1900). During those years it knew many sorts of music—from Rameau through Delibes. If it pleases Stravinsky to proffer a synthesis of these styles, let him take his pleasure. Any one with a grain of imagination can guess the mental exhilaration in the making of it.

Let Stravinsky also be his rich and many-sided self. He is upon many a page of "Apollo." Thence upspring the grave and lofty measures of preluding; the clean-cut vigors of the fugue to which Apollo is born; the grace, the charm, the inexhaustible delicacy and finesse of the Muses' dances; the deepening and upswelling of the music toward the close as though the god had achieved a consecration; the close itself in measures of proud and profound ecstasy. For beauty is the charioteer of these four as to Olympus they ascend. . . . A pendant to "Œdipus" is this "Apollo." Again has Stravinsky transmuted his model into his own abounding self. Never before has this music sounded as yesterday across Symphony Hall. Monsieur Igor is a workaday conductor. With any of his scores Mr. Koussevitzky far outdoes him. And the strings of the orchestra were paragons.

After this theater-music, more music of the stage, again in fortunate transfer. At Buda-Pest Kodály's "Háry János" was a play with music, a comic opera with plentiful dialogue. The Suite for the concert-hall strips away much that encumbered it; preserves and distills the musical essence. There emerges a four-fold piece—of Kodály the technician in the modernist sense; of Kodály the folklorist; of comic invention out of folk-tale; of the half-hidden pathos that is little sister to comedy. The Hungarian has the modernist feeling for instruments individualized; matches imagination with skill; has not written until he knows how to write; produces a music teeming with vivid strokes, graphic and unlabored in the play of orchestral voices. He is abundantly acquainted with the new devices and procedures. At will and need he uses them — unobtrusively, unarrogantly, without toil by the midnight lamp—for a clear end clearly gained. There is no quarreling with dissonance or anything else that is modernistic when it has such pith and point as Kodály gives it. Not many in that clapping matinée audience suspected that though they listened to folk-music, it had been run through a modernistic sieve.

The word is that only the Prelude and the Intermezzo are music made wholly out of the composer's head. All else is directly derived from Hungarian folk-tunes, harmonized, clothed orchestrally, otherwise made presentable in theater or concert-hall by Kodály. Be it so; but his mind, spirit and hand are so impregnated with this native matter that the whole Suite sounds as a single music indivisible. Kodály, besides, is wiser in folk-ways than was his compatriot and colleague, Bártok. His Piano-Concerto, last winter, was nearly incomprehensible to those without an Hungarian ear and background. Page after page seemed uncouth sequences of dissonant sound. Kodály's Suite is well on the way around the non-Hungarian world and every audience grasps both the musical and the delineative content. He has laid hand upon folk-melodies that convey and animate his design; adapted and clothed them so that they are defined, enlarged, enriched, made universally viable. The ear hears an exotic native music, but with no half-vague, half-piquant, impression of mere strangeness. Here go musical ideas for the mind; fantasy, humor, irony, pathos, for the imagination. The only measures in the whole Suite that do not "come off" instantly and fully is that feat of virtuosity at the beginning designed to generate an orchestral sneeze.

Háry János is a legendary Hungarian peasant—he cannot be older than the last century—who dreamed dreams and recounted them as realities. He saw himself rescuing Marie-Louise, the Hapsburg Princess who wedded Napoleon, thereby winning her love; at the Hofburg in Vienna engrossed, child-like, in the wonders of a clock with soldier-figures stepping in and out; beating to his knees the French Emperor in battle; standing by, nay, joining the procession, when the Imperial Family marches ceremonially through that same Hofburg. Once, between whiles, holding his wife's hand, he pines for the sights and sounds, the quiet and content, of his village. The Suite must needs put by the adventure with Marie-Louise; but for all else Kodály writes a many-voiced music. Now it is exuberantly comic rodomontade, as in the battle with Napoleon overthrown. Again it is the gentle, quasi-ironic comedy of the soldier-clock. What children we all are to gape and nudge and grin—along with Háry—at such toys! Last the big-bow-wow of the Imperial March; for so Háry sees and hears it. Withal, humorous, not to say ironic, undertones. Can it be that Kodály makes a wry face at these pageants?

Between: the intermezzo of the Hungarian dance, flinging out and drawing in with the moods of a blessedly temperamental race; the intermezzo of the homesick Háry—the stillness of the night, the piercing, longing, fervid Hungarian tune; the tears to the eye, the tug at the heart in the hearing. A music of nostalgia written with a candor and poignancy that are almost cruel. Here it is outspoken; elsewhere in the Suite it is undernote, unexpectedly and artfully emerging, as suddenly and adroitly caught in again. Wherever Háry goes, he remains the peasant; under all his rodomontade hears the voice of home. It is the pathos of Kodály's comedy, the half-hidden keynote, the finer atmosphere.

Last, the third novelty of the day, though it stood upon the program as Schumann's Symphony in B-flat major, No. 1, originally played at Leipzig, eighty-seven years ago. . . . Nowadays, most conductors play Schumann dutifully. He is, or he was, a classic; no doubt he deserves occasional place; give it to him and have done; audibly he is ageing. Not so Mr. Koussevitzky, who plays Schumann as though he believed in him, bathing him in the outflow of another romantic temperament. Never more so than yesterday when this "Spring Symphony" seemed miraculously transfigured. Schumann passes for a composer deficient in instrumental color. The orchestra abounded in it; by its tone made good the shortcoming. Schumann, the books say, repeated rather than developed his musical thoughts. Mr. Koussevitzky, imagining for him, gave each repetition new voice, fresh ardor. The conductor can overdo sentiment; by the same token he can call from Schumann's Larghetto the sentiment still deep and warm within it. Add the exuberance of the first movement until it sounded like an upleaping, overflowing music, the freed hand, the warming spirit. (Perhaps the brass blew a bit too hard.) Recall the finale—the like mood idealized into lighter but still ecstatic tones. Count in the Scherzo with repetitions that were new glows. Here at last was Schumann, the romantic of romantics, borne full, rich and sweet into the ears of a more prosaic time. The half-century of the Symphony Concerts may hardly recall a more life-giving deed. Mr. Koussevitzky, they say, will go forward, this very season, to the other symphonies of Schumann. Apollo, speed him.

H. T. P.

Stravinsky and Kodaly Played at Symphony

ADV OCT 13

For the second concert of the Symphony season, Mr. Koussevitzky chooses two novelties, Stravinsky's "Appollon Musagete" and Kodaly's "Hary Janos" suite. Both of them are new to Boston and yesterday's audience was startled not by the modernity but by the simplicity of Stravinsky's ballet.

Herein the composer discards the style hitherto associated with him. His music is a ballet pure and simple; clear, limpid, untroubled by the rhythms of the day. Carping critics will call it shallow and trivial; actually, it holds hidden depths, remarkable melodic lines, phrases that are pure pleasure to the ear. It will even, one suspects, be better liked upon a second hearing.

With drum, trumpet, and the bright blare of English horns, Zoltan Kodaly strode onto the scene; the newest Hungarian composer to stand side by side with his compatriot, Bela Bartok. To make an opera, he took one Hary Janos—braggart and liar akin to Paul Bunyan and the Chevalier Gerard, let him tell his saga through the scenes and later through an orchestral suite.

The real Hungarian idiom is Kodaly's; he eschews gypsy rhythms. His music is fierce, fiery, florid. At times the brass burlesques the theme; at times, the hero himself is heard in a gigantic sneeze Inevitably it is strong stuff, barbaric melody; lilt and thread and pattern of music that come close from the soil. Folk music, it might be called, but it bears the stamp of a technical master for all that. Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra lost not one jot of its fierce flavor.

For contrast, Schumann's Symphony in B flat Major stood at the program's end

TRANS OCT 13. 28

HERALD OCT 13 '28

MUSIC

BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Stravinsky, "Apollon Musagete" ("Apollo, Leader of the Muses"), a ballet (first time in Boston); Kodaly, suite from his comic opera, "Hary Janos" (first time in Boston); Schumann, Symphony, B flat, No. 1.

The disappointment of those who seeing the name of Stravinsky went prepared to sulk, pout, rage and find fault with Mr. Koussevitzky for daring to conduct another piece by this son of Belial, flushed with insolence and vodka, this Antichrist in contemporaneous musical life, must have been keen. For in this ballet there was no orgy of dissonances, no thunderous crashes, no drums beaten as if by madmen. There was simple music, often tuneful, often beautiful; when there were commonplace passages they were not disturbing to Stravinsky's admirers; and these commonplaces reassured and pleased the reactionaries who are suspicious of anything they think is mildly or audaciously original. The prevailing spirit of this ballet is of the 18th century.

"Apollo," scored for strings only, was first heard at the indefatigable Mrs. Coolidge's chamber musical festival in the music room of the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C., on April 27, 1928. Mr. Bolm then mimed Apollo. At the later performances in Paris and London Serge Lifar of the Ballet Russe was the god.

Here is the rare instance of ballet music that does not suffer by being transferred to the concert platform. There is hardly any story for the theatre stage; the action is negligible. It would seem as if Stravinsky, now tired of his futile attempt to write in the manner of Bach when that composer was dull and merely a weaver of insignificant patterns, and in the manner of Handel's oratorios—there has been only one Handel—the superb—forgot his piano concerto and his "Oedipus Rex" and bethought him of Lulli and Rameau. Thus he has joined the band of modern Frenchmen who praise these composers of the 18th century and would submit to their influence. Did not Debussy at a performance of a ballet suite from Rameau's "La Guirlande" performed in Paris 25 years ago, stand up and shout: "Hurrah for Rameau! Away with Gluck!" For in Rameau's music Debussy found the pure French musical tradition, tenderly and delicately charming, "without the affectation of German depth, without the italicization with blows of the fist, without long-winded explanations which seem to say: 'You are a parcel of idiots, who understand nothing unless one forces you in advance to accept 'bladders for lanterns.'"

No wonder that the audience yesterday enjoyed Stravinsky's dance tunes which might have served the old leaders of the ballets in the Parisian opera house moving vivaciously or with solemn poses as goddesses or nymphs.

No wonder that the applause was so general, so hearty, so long continued that Mr. Koussevitzky was recalled after the excellent performance; that the players shared in the tribute.

The suite drawn from Kodaly's comic opera, which was produced at Budapest in 1926, is another matter; more dependent, no doubt, on the action, with the effect increased by the scenery, costumes and the dramatic dialogue or soliloquy. This Hary Janos, a boastful peasant, having returned to his village, tells, as an old man of the wonders he has seen, the deeds that he has done. He overthrew in battle Napoleon at Milan—Napoleon trembled and wept as soon as he caught sight of Hary; and Hary rescued Marie Louise and took her to her imperial father in Vienna—hence the boisterous march in the nature of a Hungarian Rhapsody that ends the suite.

The burlesque battle scene is amusing, but how much more entertaining it would be in the opera house! The prodigious orchestral sneeze with which the prelude opens is also amusing, a clever instrumental trick, but what would a hearer make of it, were he not told that in Hungary when any one perpetuates a whopper, an accidental sneeze from man of woman in the company is an assurance of the narrator's truthfulness, however incredible the tale may seem. There is beautiful music in the section entitled "Song," where Hary and his sweetheart long to see again their fatherland. Here, as elsewhere in the suite, Kodaly uses Hungarian melody. This suite, as we have said, is entertaining, the work of an accomplished musician, who, while understanding and able to write in the ultra-modern idiom, is not afraid of melody even when it is frankly national or has undergone sophistication. Although Kodaly is known as an enthusiastic lover and collector of folk songs, his hobby has not made him a parochial composer. He is not forced for inspiration to sit in a village belfry.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave a brilliant and eloquent reading of Schumann's symphony; so eloquent that one forgot for the time being the oft repeated slurs on Schumann's orchestration and the oft heard remark that he wrote as if for a piano and then awkwardly handed the music to the orchestra. All in all a delightful concert.

It will be repeated tonight. The program of next week comprises Haydn's Symphony in G major called "The Surprise"; Rubin Goldmark's "Negro Rhapsody" and Cesar Franck's Symphony.

GLOBE
2 OCT 13

TWO NEW PIECES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Stravinsky and Kodaly Numbers Applauded

Schumann Symphony Brilliantly Interpreted by Koussevitzky

Two pieces new to Boston and Schumann's First Symphony filled yesterday's Symphony program. The novelties, suites from Stravinsky's latest ballet "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," and Zoltan Kodaly's opera, "Hary Janos," were not too modern in musical character to win hearty applause. The performance of Schumann's familiar symphony was exceptionally brilliant.

Stravinsky's "Apollo," a series of conventional divertissements for ballet, was first performed at the chamber music festival of the Library of Congress in Washington last April. It has since been given in London and Paris as a ballet. Yesterday's performance of the suite was apparently the first in any concert hall. The music, scored for strings only, is composed of eight more or less fragmentary episodes.

Stravinsky's recent works have been so various in style and so astonishingly different from his earlier and better known productions that those critics who delight in finding and consistently employing one or two descriptive adjectives to pigeonhole a man's work have been baffled. They said of the piano concerto that it was "like Bach," or "Oedipus" that it was derived from Handel's opera, and of "Apollo" some have written that it is an attempt to emulate the ballets of Lulli.

It is true enough that Stravinsky's recent work lacks the obvious radicalism that breaks startlingly with the whole past history of music. It is not true, however, that he has in any one of his recent productions been particularly an imitator of any one classic composer.

Conventional Dance Rhythms

The suite heard yesterday suggested by its bits of conventional dance rhythms the opera ballet music of the 18th and 19th centuries. But one was reminded of plain song, as well as of Johann Strauss, of Pergolese as well as Tchaikovsky. Stravinsky's musical vocabulary is here familiar and time-worn, but what he has to say is still very much his own. One does not judge even a tone poem by the strangeness of the vocabulary used.

The real test of a new work of art is not its style but its substance. The real and grave defect of much of "Apollo" is not its conventionality but its lack of emotional intensity, of driving power. Of the eight episodes only two, a beautiful suave melody flowing in graceful curves, meant to characterize Apollo; and the apothesis at the end seemed yesterday powerful and memorial music.

The rest was essentially original. Nobody but Stravinsky could have written it. But it did not rouse that emotional response in the hearer without which listening to music is a weariness to the flesh.

When Stravinsky actually practices what he has sometimes preached of late years, that music is devoid of emotion, one parts company with him. Whatever he may have said about the concerto for piano, the piano sonata, and "Oedipus," they have an intensity, ar emotional vitality much of the new work lacks.

Kodaly's suite consists of fragments from an opera dealing with a hero from Hungarian folk lore. Hary Janos, whose tales of his prodigious adventures recall those of Munchausen, or the Paul Bunyan of the American Northwest, but with an essential naivete that links Hary with Daudet's "Tartarin" rather than with the more cynical type of braggart.

Music Brilliantly Scored

The music, very brilliantly scored for full modern orchestra, in which the pianoforte is more skillfully used as an orchestral instrument than by any composer one recalls, is light and often humorous in character. The themes are said to be taken from Hungarian popular music before it was influenced by Gipsy music. This suite is one of the most ingratiating things of its kind written in the present century. It is tuneful without being obviously sprightly without a trace of conventionality. It ought to become a permanent part of the orchestral repertory. The performance was eloquent.

With Schumann, all of whose symphonies Mr Koussevitzky purposes to play during the present season here, the conductor has often proved himself remarkably successful. The First Symphony yesterday was full of rhythmic energy and melodic grace and warmth. One forgot, for once, the obvious comment that it must have been written (as in fact it was) at the piano and scored for orchestra with clumsy haste.

Composers like Brahms, Schumann, Debussy and Ravel whose music needs to have eloquence and warmth breathed upon it by the interpreter to bring out the very best of Koussevitzky's many and great musical gifts.

Next week's program includes Haydn's "Surprise Symphony," Rubin Goldmark's "Negro Rhapsody," and the Franck Symphony.

P. R.

, OCTOBER 13, 1

SYMPHONY AROUSES A RESPONSE

Enthusiasm Greets Kodaly and Stravinsky Pieces

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

There are two ways of persuading reluctant audiences to an acceptance of modern music—to play them the pieces that they have at first disliked until they have learned to like them, and to give them the occasional compositions that must win their hearts on a single hearing.

SPONTANEOUS ENTHUSIASM

The latter method was employed by Mr. Koussevitsky at the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. Offering his sometimes unwilling listeners Stravinsky's "Apollo Musagetes" and the "Hary Janos" suite of Zoltan Kodaly, the conductor was rewarded by spontaneous and unaffected enthusiasm.

Since the momentous afternoon when "Le Sacre du printemps" first outraged Bostonian ears the name Stravinsky has in many minds been synonymous with cacaphony. To be sure, such impression of the Russian's musical disposition must have been somewhat dispelled by the "Oedipus Rex" of last season. But who, not warned beforehand, could have been prepared for the dulcet sounds of this music to "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," ballet in the classic style, written for and first performed at Mrs. Elizabeth Coolidge's Festival in Washington last spring and, together with Kodaly's suite, played in Boston for the first time yesterday?

Suave and Sprightly

The strings, alone, are employed in this latest Stravinskian score, and they are busied with suave or sprightly tunes, with rhythms simple and ingratiating, with harmony that is for the most part blandly consonant. Listening, one may be persuaded by the plastic beauty, the unaffected charm of this artful composition. Or, one may be disturbed by a recurrent suspicion of insincerity and pose and by a style that knows not only Lully and Gluck, but also Delibes and Bellini.

In any event the audience of yesterday rose to this "Apollo," and was not content until the conductor had summoned the deserving players to their feet.

Ingenious and Beautiful

Only a little less rapturous was the reception accorded the fanciful, humorous, amazingly ingenious and often beautiful music of Kodaly. The opera, now two years old, from which this suite is drawn, recounts the incredible adventures of the figure of Hungarian folk-lore akin to Baron Munchausen, and Kodaly's music has a freshness and an imaginative quality that had seemed wellnigh lost to the tonal art of our day. Popular this music must surely become with audiences here and elsewhere, and not only for such amusing conceits as the Garagantuan orchestral sneeze with which it begins, while at the same time the critical musician can have nothing but admiration for the skill and resource that have gone into the making of it. From the newer Hungary has come at least one piece whose claim to enduring fame must be everywhere apparent.

From first to last yesterday, conductor and orchestra were at top bent, and the concluding number, Schumann's "Spring" Symphony, appropriate to the temperature if not to the season, received a performance that was nothing short of re-creation, miraculously restoring to its fading pages its one-time raptures and romantic beauty. And like Stravinsky and Kodaly before him, Schumann found yesterday a responsive audience.

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Serge Koussevitzky will introduce to Boston, Rubin Goldmark's "Negro Rhapsody" at the next regular pair of Boston Symphony concerts in Symphony hall, next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Two symphonies will also figure upon this program—Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, and the Symphony of Cesar Franck.

TRAV OCT 13

KOUSSEVITZKY'S RECITAL

Before Serge Koussevitzky began his career as conductor, he was famous as the foremost living master of the double-bass. His coming double-bass recital in Symphony hall next Wednesday evening, at 8:30, will be his second in America and his only appearance in Boston this season.

Europe still fondly remembers the recitals in which Koussevitzky and Casadesus played the 17th and 18th century music written for bass and viola d'amore. Casadesus is coming from Europe especially to appear with Koussevitzky for the first time in America.

9

"The Readiness Is All"

TRAVS OCT 13

Mr. Koussevitzky (Marcovitch, Paris)

At Private Practice Upon the Double-Bass

SUN. ADVERTISER
OCT. 14

—Boston's Greatest Circulati

KOUSSEVITZKY'S ONLY RECITAL

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY will give his only double-bass recital of the season here Wednesday evening at Symphony Hall. The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will then for the second time play the instrument, his skill upon which has ranked him with the two great double-bass players in musical history, Dragonetti and Bottesini.

Henri Casadesus, founder of the Societe des Instruments Anciens, and master of the viola d'amore, will also take part. The two musicians unearthed together the sonatas and concertos for viola d'amore and double-bass, which had been composed in the era of these instruments. They played them together in Paris, London, Berlin, Moscow and other cities. Casadesus is crossing from France thus to appear for the first time in America with his confrere.

PITTSBURG, PA.
PRESS

OCT 1928

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Koussevitzky Brings Orchestra Here.

The Boston Symphony orchestra probably holds first place in the affections of the Pittsburgh public, an their coming is always awaited with the keenest interest. This orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, wil open the symphony season in Pittsburgh Friday night and Saturday afternoon, and their program is announced here for the first time:

FRIDAY NIGHT

Apollou Musagete Ballet . . . . . Stravinsky
Birth of Apollo Apollo and the Muses.
Nocturnes . . . . . Debussy
Nuages. Fetes.
Prelude to Die Meistersinger . . . . . Wagner
Symphony No 3 in E-flat major—
Eroica . . . . . Beethoven

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra . . . . . Handel
Bacchanale (Der Venusberg) from Tannhauser . . . . . Wagner
La Valse, Chorreographic Poem . . . . Ravel
Symphony No. 2 in D major . . . . Brahms

Other orchestras to be heard in this course of seven evenings and six afternoons at Syria Mosque are the New York Philharmonic for three pairs, with Mengelberg and Toscanini conducting; the Chicago orchestra with Frederick Stock; the Cleveland orchestra, with Sokoloff, and the Minneapolis orchestra, with Verbrugghen.

10

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Symphony Orchestra Finances

The trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra printed in the programs of the first concerts this season, Oct 5 and 6, a financial statement showing the receipts and the expenses of the past three seasons. They did this as part of an appeal for gifts toward the deficit on the current season, which is expected to be $134,000. Some remarks about Symphony Orchestra finances are therefore in order.

Nobody expects a series of symphony concerts to make money. Tickets to the Boston Symphony here for years past have been exempt from the United States tax on admissions, the so-called "war tax," on the ground that the orchestra is not a money-making enterprise.

Nowhere in the world is there a comparable series of orchestral concerts which avoids a deficit. In Europe the deficit is often paid by municipal or national governments, out of funds raised by general taxation. Formerly many of the leading European orchestras were supported by reigning monarchs.

In the United States symphony concerts have always been supported private benefactors, either individuals like Maj Higginson, who paid all deficits of the Boston Symphony for 36 seasons out of his own pocket, spending, all told, more than a million dollars, or by groups of givers. For the past few seasons about 500 givers have subscribed varying amounts toward Boston Symphony deficits, ranging from $50,000 to $80,000 per year.

The Philadelphia Orchestra raised, a few years ago, an endowment fund of $2,000,000, the income from which now pays its deficits. The Chicago Orchestra owns its hall and an office building. The rentals plus income from an endowment fund much smaller than Philadelphia's pay the deficits.

Meeting the Deficit

The Boston Symphony has a small endowment which brings in about $15,000 a year. The rest of the deficit must be met by annual subscriptions. The trustees have frequently reminded the public that "These concerts can be carried on only by the generosity of the public."

There is no lack of sale for season tickets to Boston Symphony concerts. For Friday afternoons there is an enormously long waiting list. For Saturday evenings also there is already a waiting list for next season. Every seat for the regular series, and almost every seat for the brief Monday and Tuesday series was subscribed for before the end of last season for the current year.

Prices for season tickets to subscribers average from not quite $4 a concert down to a little less than $1 a concert. It is possible that the Friday afternoon prices, already greatly increased, might be still further raised. But the tickets for the other series could probably not all be sold if any notable further increase were levied upon them.

A comparison of the receipts and expenses of the Boston Symphony with those of the Chicago Orchestra indicates that it might be possible to cut down expenses on the Boston Symphony concerts. Chicago figures for the season of 1924-25 and Boston figures for 1925-26, years reasonably comparable, indicate that our orchestra costs about twice what the Chicago Orchestra costs to maintain. Both sets of figures are official, issued by the respective trustees.

The Chicago Orchestra's total receipts from concerts, including concerts outside Chicago, and the net receipts from such sundries as program advertising were for the 1924-25 season $232,165. The Boston Symphony gross receipts from concerts alone were for the 1925-26 season $490,-821. To get a fair comparison with the Chicago figures about $15,000 of extra sundry receipts should be added to the Boston total above.

Comparison With Chicago

The Chicago Orchestra spent in 1924-25 on orchestra, conductors, soloists, business management, advertising and sundries $297.371. The Boston Symphony spent in 1925-26 on concerts, rents, traveling expenses, soloists, etc, $158,-230; on orchestra salaries $361,756, on other salaries and etc, about $50,000.

The total expenses of the Chicago Orchestra for 1924-25 were $397,592, to which a bookkeeping charge of $31,000 for rental of orchestra hall for which the orchestra, as owner, does not actually pay rent, must be added. The total expenses of the Boston Symphony for 1925-26 were $729,487. Thus our orchestra costs about $300,000 a season more than the Chicago Orchestra costs to run, and takes in about $250,-000 a season more than the Chicago Orchestra receives from all sources.

Part of this huge discrepancy comes from the Pops, since the Chicago Orchestra has nothing comparable to them. But the Chicago Orchestra has 28 pairs of concerts in its regular series to Boston's 24 pairs and gives all told more concerts than our orchestra does in its season, exclusive of the Pops.

The Chicago Orchestra numbers all told only about 90 players to the 112 now enrolled in the Boston Symphony. Figures for individual salaries are not published by either orchestra, but plainly neither Mr Stock nor the first desk men in the Chicago Orchestra are paid as much as Mr Koussevitzky and the Boston first desk men get. Yet the Chicago Orchestra, like the Boston Symphony is now, and has for years been among the foremost in the world, so that no obvious difference of musical worth is discernible between the two.

The decision as to the policies of the Boston Symphony can be made only by the trustees, who are responsible for its financial management. They, and they alone, are in full possession of all the facts about orchestra finances. One merely wonders, in passing, whether if the burden of raising the annual deficit should become unbearably great, it would be possible, without grave sacrifice of musical quality, to cut down the expenses of the Boston Symphony concerts to something nearer the Chicago figures.

Music Notes and Comment

Mr Koussevitzky had by exception set two symphonies on this week's Boston Symphony program, Haydn's "Surprise", and the Franck Symphony. The novelty this time is not likely to rouse the wrath of those who dislike modernist pieces. It is the "Negro Rhapsody" of Rubin Goldmark, New York teacher and composer, a suave and tuneful piece already heard at the Pops but not before played at the regular Symphony concerts.

To avoid conflict with Mr Hoover's visit to Boston, Mr Koussevitzky has changed the date of his double bass recital to Wednesday at 8.30. Tickets dated Monday will be good Wednesday.

Mr H. L. Mencken, in a letter to his friend and biographer, Isaac Goldberg, lately wrote about music with his usual vigor and emphasis as follows, according to Musical America:

"The so-called moderns interest me very much," he wrote, "for I am fond of experiments in the arts. But I'd rather read their music than hear it. It always fails to come off: it is Augenmusik. So far as I can make out, Stravinsky never had a musical idea in his life—that is, in the sense that Schubert and Mozart had them. He makes up for his lack of them by tuning his fiddle strings to G flat, D sharp, B and B sharp, and playing above the bridge. That such preposterous rubbish is solemnly heard and applauded is sufficient proof that there is a sucker born every minute. . . .

"I never go to hear virtuosi if I can help it. It offends me greatly to see a performer getting applause that belongs to the composer. I take little interest in conductors, although I know a number of them and like them as men. Their importance is immensely overestimated.

"Of all the conductors I am familiar with I like Muck the best. His conducting is intelligent, painstaking and in good taste. He does not give a show: he plays the music. His competence naturally makes him unpopular with the frauds who constitute a majority of the Boston Orchestra audiences, and at first chance, during the late war, they fell on him.

"I seldom go to the opera. I believe that most of the best music thus far written is in the form of symphonies for grand orchestra; I'd rather hear it than any other kind. I greatly enjoy chamber music, particularly when I am helping to play it. I believe, with Franz Kneisel, that most quartets would be improved if they had parts for bull fiddles and were quintets.

"As a boy I used to like Moszkowski. I got over it when I began to smoke. . . ."

The Sunday concert series at Symphony Hall, which begins with Kreisler this afternoon is to bring to Boston a number of celebrities in the near future. Next Sunday Miss Farrar will again reveal the delicate and polished artistry with which she delighted an audience here last season on emerging from a period of retirement. Next Sunday evening Horowitz, the astonishing Russian pianist whose local debut was the great sensation of last season returns to dazzle his admirers once more. Oct 28 the English Singers will offer a completely new program of old English concerted vocal music. Nov 4 Mme Galli-Curci is to be heard for the first time this season in a city where her popularity has always seemed unbounded. Nov 11 Roland Hayes, a great artist in whom Boston takes an especial pride will be heard, no doubt by a huge audience.

The length of the programs printed in this department today shows that the new season is getting underway full steam ahead. The Boston debuts at Jordan Hall include Ruth Rodefer, a pianist from Nashville, who has studied in Chicago. She is a college graduate and member of Phi Beta Kappa, with not merely an AB but also the degree of Master of Arts in Economics, an unusual cultural background for a pianist. Her father was a college professor of Greek.

Another local debut is that of Jean Duncan, a New York soprano. Abbie Mitchell, a singer to be heard at Jordan Hall today, has given a New York recital which won her favorable comment.

Boston artists to be heard this week at Jordan Hall, all of them previously known to local concert halls, include George Brown, 'cellist; Luther Emerson, baritone, a Boston teacher and church singer, and Albion Metcalf, a young pianist first heard here last season.

Ruth Webb, the soloist at the opening concert of the People's Symphony next Sunday afternoon, was born in New York of French and German parents. She has studied under Phillipp in Paris. Last spring Mr Casella selected her to play the piano solo in his "Scarlattiana" at the Pops, under his conductorship. She has chosen a Mozart concerto.

Concerts next week at Jordan Hall include a violin recital Monday Oct 22, by Nicolai Kassmann, one of the first violins in the Boston Symphony, an attractive program of chamber music by four local artists Tuesday evening, the debut here of a new English pianist Rita Neve Wednesday evening Oct 24; a recital Thursday by Mr Bedetti, first 'cellist of the Boston Symphony, at which Felix Fox, well-known Boston pianist and teacher, will play the piano part in a sonata; a Saturday morning program for young people by Guy Maier, with Carpenter's ballet, "Krazy Kat," as the chief item on a varied program; and the local debut Saturday afternoon, Oct 27, of the Brahms' Quartet of female voices, already heard in New York.

Frank van der Stucken is to be honored by his fellow musicians and some music-loving friends on his 70th birthday. Probably many young music lovers do not know the brilliant record of this admirable American, who was born in Texas. He went to Europe in 1865 and met all the great men of that time. In 1882 he became conductor of the Breslau Stadt Theatre, for which he composed his music to Shakespeare's "Tempest." In 1883, under the patronage of Liszt, he gave a concert of his own works in the Grand Ducal Theatre of Weimar. Siloti was the pianist.

The next year he returned to his native land as conductor of the Arion Society of New York, making his debut on April 4 in the old Steinway Hall. In the seasons of 1884-5 he gave a series of novelty concerts in the same hall, producing among other things the third symphony of Brahms and Chabrier's very useful "Espana." The fourth concert of the series was devoted to American composers—J. K. Paine, E. C. Phelps, Dudley Buck, George E. Whiting, Edward MacDowell and himself. In 1886 he gave at the old Chickering Hall four concerts of American music. He produced works by Chadwick, Bird, Templeton, Strong. Arthur Whiting, Kelley, Huss, MacDowell, Silas Pratt, Shelley, Horatio Parker and others. These concerts attracted wide attention and gave a stimulus to American composition which has not yet been exhausted.

In 1889 he conducted in Paris the first concert of American compositions ever given in Europe. MacDowell played his own D minor piano concerto and the program contained also works by Paine, Huss, Parker, Chadwick and Van der Stucken. In 1892 he took the first musical organization on tour in Europe, when he conducted the Arion in Berlin, Vienna and other cities. From 1895 till 1907 he was conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra and was conductor of the Cincinnati Festival from 1906 to 1912, succeeding Theodore Thomas, and again from 1923 to 1927. He conducted the first "Concerts Ysaye" after the war in Brussels from 1920 to 1922. He was made an Officier de l'Instruction Publique by the French Government and a Chevalier de l'Ordre Leopold and Officier de l'Ordre de la Couronne by King Albert of Belgium. In this country his fellow workers in the domaine of literature and the fine arts have made him a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Wednesday, Oct 17, at 8:30, Serge Koussevitzky will give his only double-bass recital of the season here. The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will then for the second time in America play the instrument, his skill upon which has ranked him with the two great double-bass players in musical history, Dragonetti and Bottesini.

Koussevitzky does not use a chamber instrument bowed 'cello fashion as did Bottesini, but a full size concert bass—a product of Gironimo Amati, in 17th century Italy.

Koussevitzky first took up the bass when, as a boy of 14, he entered the Moscow Conservatory. The institution required from this special class the study of some brass instrument—or the double-bass. He was fortunate in having Rambaussec for his master. His skill developed to an extraordinary degree. For the first 10 years of his career he toured Europe giving recitals and playing his own double-bass concerto with orchestra. In this way the name of Koussevitzky was known the world over even before his conducting days.

Koussevitzky's fondness for the music of the 17th and 18th centuries is of course quite in accord with his devotion to this last surviving member of the viol family. A common interest thus naturally allied him with Henri Casadesus, founder of the "Societe des Instruments Anciens," and master of the viola d'amore. The two musicians unearthed together the sonatas and concertos for viola d'amore and double-bass, which had been composed in the era of these instruments. They played them together in Paris, London, Berlin, Moscow and other cities. Casadesus is crossing from France thus to appear for the first time in America with his confrere.

Programs of the Week

SYMPHONY HALL—Today, at 3:30, Fritz Kreisler, violin, assisted by Carl Lamson, pianist. Sonata, in A major, Brahms; Concerto No. 1 in G minor, Bruch; Havanaise, Ravel; "Piece en forme de Havanaise," Ravel; "Songs My Mother Taught Me," Dvorak-Kreisler; "Two Slavonic Dances," Dvorak-Kreisler; "Airs Russes," Wieniawski-Kreisler.

Wednesday, at 8:30, Serge Koussevitzky, double bass, assisted by Henri Casadesus, viola d'amore. Symphonie Concertante, Lorenziti; Concerto for Double-Bass, Koussevitzky; Sonata No. 3, Borghi; Petite Suite, Lorenziti; Largo from Sonata, Eccles; Minuet, Beethoven; Berceuse, Lasca; Valse Miniature, Koussevitzky.

Friday at 2:30 and Saturday at 8:15, Boston Symphony Orchestra, third program, "Surprise Symphony," Haydn; "Negro Rhapsody," Rubin Goldmark; Symphony, Cesar Franck. There is no soloist.

Sunday, Oct 21, at 3:30, Geraldine Farrar, soprano.

Fruhlingslaube," "Alinde," "Der Lindenbaum," "Lob der Thranen," "In der Ferne," Schubert; "Schone Weige meiner Leiden," "Seit ich ihn gesehan," "Liebeslied," "Herzensleid," "Wanderlied," Schuman; "Chi vuol innamorarsi," Scarlatti; "Voi che sapete," Mozart; "Dites que faut-il fair," "Mon petit coeur," 18th Century; "Snow," Lie; "The Lark," Rubinstein; "In a Boat," Grieg; "E'er Since Thine Eyes," Strauss; "Love's Rapture," Jensen.

Sunday, Oct 21 at 8:15, Vladimir Horowitz, pianist. Sonata (Appassionata) op. 57, Beethoven;"Three Intermezzi" (op. 117, 118, 119), "Rhapsody," op. 119, Brahms; "Fantasy in F Minor, "Two Mazurkas," Chopin; "Doktor Gradus ad Parnassum," "Serenade a la poupee," Debussy; "Doumka," Tchaikovsky; "Rhapsody Espagnole," Liszt.

JORDAN HALL—Today at 3:30, Abbie Mitchell, soprano. "O Wusst Ich Doch Den Weg Zuruck," "Verrath," Brahms; "Aus Meinen Grossen Schmerzen," Franz; "Der Erlkonig," Schubert; "L'Invitation au Voyage," Duparc; "Les Papilons," Chausson; "Dieu De Grace," Franco Alfano; "God Took From Me Mine All," "Sorrow In Spring," Rachmaninoff; "Wounded Birch," Gretchaninoff; "Oxana's Song," Rimsky - Korsakoff; "Down De Lover's Lane," "Exhorbation," "Wid De Moon, Moon, Moon," Cook; "I'm Troubled in Mind," Will Marion Cook; "City Called Heaven," Hall Johnson; "Lonesome Valley," "Didn't It Rain," Harry T. Burleigh.

Tuesday at 8:15—George Brown, 'cellist. Grave, Sammartini; Sonata in D major, Locatelli; Adagio from Concerto in B minor, Dvorak; Tre Canti, Pizzetti; Suite Populaire Espagnole, de Falla-Marechal; "Apres un Reve," Faure; "Piece en forme de Habana," Ravel; "The Blackbird Reel," Hughes.

Wednesday at 8:15—Ruth Redefer, pianist (Boston debut). Sonata, C Sharp Minor, Padre Antonio Soler; Prelude and Fugue, E Minor, Mendelssohn; Ballade, G Minor, Grieg; Three Preludes, Striabin; "L'Isle Joyeuse," Debussy; Two Diversions, Carpenter; "Danza Iberica," Joaquin Nin.

Thursday at 8:15. Luther Emerson, baritone. "An die Musik," Schubert; 'Liebster Herr Jesu," Bach; Eine Schon "Tageweis," Melody by Bohme; Gagliarda, Hassler; "The Water Lily," Franz; "Not With Angels," Rubinstein; "The Cloths of Heaven," Dunhill; "The Oak Tree," Edward Ballantine; "Brookland Road," Martin Shaw; "Sea-Song of Gafran," Cyril Scott: "L'Heure Exquise," Hahn; "Amour d'Antan," Chausson; "Cloches de Pentecote," Delmas; Three Songs from Heine's "Nacht in der Kajute," Helen Hopekirk; "Freundliche Vision," "Winterliebe," Strauss.

Friday at 8:15. Jean Duncan, soprano (Boston debut). "Mit einem gemalten Band," Beethoven; "Amor dormiglione," Strozzi; "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," "The Mermaids Song," Haydn; "Ich bin eine Harfe," Erich Wolff; "Und gestern hat er mir Rosen gerbracht," Marx; "Das Rosenband," Richard Strauss; "Nixe Binsefuss," Hugo Wolff; "Clair de lune," Szulc; "Les tres petits chats," Pierne; "Serenade melancolique," Rhene Baton; "Mai," Saint Saens; "At the Time of Parting," Hadley; "To a Young Gentleman," Carpenter; "She Rested by the Broken Brook," Coleridge Taylor; "Me Company Along," Hageman.

Saturday at 3: Albion Metcalf, pianist.

HOTEL STATLER BALLROOM, Sunday, Oct 21 at 3. People's Symphony Orchestra, Frederick Fischer, guest conductor. First program, "Pathetic Symphony," Tchaikovsky; "Irish Rhapsody," in D minor, Stanford; Concerto for pianaforte, Mozart; "In Autumn," Greig. Soloist, Ruth Webb.

Sun Globe, Oct 14

PASTE OVER

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY *will give a double bass recital in Carnegie Hall on October 23rd, evening*

"MY GREAT admiration for Steinway piano, the only instrument which includes the whole scale of orchestral tones."

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Any Steinway piano may be purchased with a cash deposit of 10%, with the balance extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange. Prices: $875 and up. In Greater New York, Steinway pianos are sold only at Steinway Hall. Steinway pianos may also be obtained on rental, at reasonable rates, for town and country.

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall
109 West 57th Street, New York City

STEINWAY

The Instrument of the Immortals

OCT 16

12

The Week-End Around Boston Concert-Halls

Kodaly Affirms His Prowess, Kreisler in the Manner Of His Latter Days

TRANS — OCT 15

STRAVINSKY'S "Apollo" fell not a whit below expectation at the repetition on Saturday evening. Again Mr. Koussevitsky's version of Schumann's Symphony in B-flat carried all before it. Yet "Háry János" most sharpened and pleasured the curious ear. Out from Kodály's Suite, in mettlesome performance, sprang detail after detail unnoted at a first hearing or put by in the reviewer's duty to proffer a generalized impression. The Prelude—"The Story Begins"—does double office, sounding the homesick note to be the pathos of the comedy, yet upheaving Háry of the monstrous imagination and tongue, about to embark on his Munchausen-like course. Follow him to the scene of battle; out of the trumpets he rises portentious; from the tuba he upswells formidable; no wonder Napoleon grovelled before such a conqueror. What a battle it is! No: Herr Doktor Strauss did not "go the limit" in the fight in "Ein Heldenleben." Kodály has invented additional sounds no less ear-piercing, better serving his serio-comic purpose.

For Kodály, waiting until middle life to write for orchestra and acquiring much knowledge along the way, is modernist master of his medium, to resource adding wit, humor, imagination. No more than Stravinsky does he blush at a frank trumpet-tune for his puppet-clock so long as he can garnish it with ingenuities. The throb of the piano rhymthms the nostalgic song; the flute embroiders it bird-voiced. Like a fiddle under a Hungarian hand, stirred and con amore, the solo-viola thrums out the tune. What a virtuoso-storm is the burlesque-march at the Imperial Court with a virtuoso-orchestra to rise to it! Kodály, however, is more than craftsman; against the adapted folk-tunes he holds his own as composer. For Intermezo he writes—out of his own invention—a Hungarian dance. It sounds more Hungarian than the folk-measures. It is "gorgeous stuff" as the lads say, especially when the strings bite out the rhythm, while the wood-winds and horns are deepening and carrying the melody. Alike on Friday and on Saturday the audience loosed its hands and would not be stilled. Finally, the gusto of the whole Suite. With all his skill and choice Kodály writes like a composer in flood. . . . There is good reason to believe that Mr. Koussevitzky has added a piece to the "standard repertory." The world over, he keeps us in touch with the musical times.

WHEELING, W. VA.
INTELLIGENCER

OCT 1 1923

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN PITTSBURGH NOV. 2

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY AND ORCHESTRA TO OPEN PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY SEASON.

The Boston Symphony Orchesra probably holds first place in the affections of the Pittsburgh and Wheeling public, and their coming to the eastern city is always awaited with the keenest interest. This orchestra, with their distinguished leader, Serge Koussevitzky, will open the Symphony seasen in Pittsburgh on Friday night and Saturday afternoon, November 2 and 3, and their program is announced here for the first time:

FRIDAY NIGHT.

Stravinsky . . . Apollon Musagete Ballet
Birth of Apollo, Apollo and the Muses.

Debussy . . . . . Nocturnes
Nuages. Fetes.

Wagner . . . . . .
. . . . Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"

Beethoven . . . . . .
Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major—"Eroica"

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Handel . . . . . .
Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra.

Wagner . . . . . .
Bacchanale (Der Venusberg), from Tannhauser.

Ravel . . 'La Valse" Choreographic Poem
Brahms . Symphony No. 2 in D major

Other orchestras to be heard in this course of seven evenings and six afternoons at Syria Mosque are the New York Philharmonic for three pairs, with Mengelberg and Toscanini conducting; the Chicago Orchestra with Frederick Stock; the Cleveland Orchestra, with Sokoloff, and the Minneapolis Orchestra, with Verbrugghen.

Winter Music Sounds Across Summer Night

TRANS — OCT 18

Koussevitzky's Double Bass and Casadesus's Viola to Rapturous Hearers

INEVITABLY the first curiosity had abated. Most of us, at all interested, discovered a year ago that Mr. Koussevitzky plays the double-bass as signal virtuoso and susceptible musician; that the double-bass, so played, is an instrument in its own right, no mere "foundation" for the string-choir in the symphonic concert room. Upon the Manhattanese, who will hear Mr. Koussevitzky, single-voiced, for the first time next Wednesday, will the earlier sensation be renewed. Consequently there were empty seats at Symphony Hall last evening; but in those that were filled—quite three-quarters of the whole—sat an ardent company. It was not the audience of Friday or of Saturday at the Symphony Concerts. Nor was it a blending of the two. Rather it was a Koussevitzkian assemblage bound together, high and low, by a single, devoted admiration.

The conductor has been warmly welcomed to his stand, but not as the double-bassist was thrice and four times applauded when yesterday he came to his place. The end of every number, whether it was solo-piece for Mr. Koussevitzky or duet with the assisting Casadesus of the viola d'amore, rekindled these raptures. "Extras" were demanded—asked is too mild a word—and accorded even before the end of the program. Flowers were conveyed along an aisle and handed up to the platform. Behold—and consider—the reward for "personalities" when they tread (as the saying is) the American scene. . . . And all this on a soggy summer evening that more invited a concert on the terrace than a concert indoors. If the audience panted—and also fanned—greater were the burden and heat upon the two players. Though they screwed at the frets and passed the drying handkerchief along the strings, moisture laid traps for true intonation. Yet only rarely and briefly—to the glory of their ears and fingers—was it snared.

Since Mr. Casadesus was side-partner, the ancients had liberal inning. Doubtless they wrote for the double-bass as solo-instrument; certainly they mated it with other instruments of their string choir upon which, in chamber-pieces, they liked to ring the changes. Out of Lorenziti (XVIII Century) and Borghi (XVIII Century)—who that frequents concert-halls does not love these programmatic chaplets laid upon old heads?—came a Sinfonia Concertante and a Sonata for Viola d'Amore and Double Bass. Lorenziti yielded Mr. Casadesus a "Little Suite," possibly more or less arranged; while for one of his solo-pieces, transcribed from the violoncello, Mr. Koussevitzky went back to an eighteenth-century Eccles.

The duets and the Suite, with or without Mr. Casadesus's revising hand, were not of that ancientry which ravishes the ear and melts the heart in slow movements, flicking the senses as well through opening Allegro and closing Rondo. The Largo or the Adagio exhaled grace, charm, sentiment, in the measured eighteenth-century sense of the word and the quality. The introductions and finales were agreeable pieces of workmanship turned off with a pretty readiness. Sinfonia, Sonata and Suite were "house-music" in the adept and elegant practice of their time. As such, for their own pleasure, Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Casadesus have played them in Parisian salons. As such, albeit across the broad, high spaces of Symphony Hall, the audience heard them spell-bound. A whisk through a Finale, the songful-sentimental curve of an Adagio, and its ear and heart were won. A domestic race are we Anglo-Saxons. Though in these lazy days we prefer to seek our "house-music" in the concert-room, there we unfeignedly enjoy it.

So it was that the palm for composition, even as last October, fell to Mr. Koussevitzky. Again he played his Concerto of 1904; again it proved well-invented, well-conducted, well-decorated piece. It has musical substance and it gives musical pleasure. It is written with unobtrusive skill. The learned say that it assimilates, rather than imitates, earlier models. Certainly, it displays the double-bass, yet keeps mood, manner and musical chastity. Next in quality was the little piece of another double-bassist, the Cradle Song of Laska—the lyric note, the flowing hand, the smooth and muted instrument. Though Mr. Casadesus renewed the tone of the viola d' amore—the liqueur, pale-surfaced, subtle-sweet, fine-edged upon the ear, among the heady, bodied wines of the string choir—decidedly the evening was the evening of double bassists.

Modestly but distinctly, Mr. Koussevitzky asserted the superiority of the double bass over the violoncello as instrument of song and gave reason for the assertion. Recall the voice of the 'cello as it has sounded slow movements in concertos and melancholy sighs in salon-pieces times without number. Oftener than not the tone-quality is clouded; the musical speech thickens as it flows; ornament fattens; the whole impression is coagulated. In the old Adagios and Largos, in Mr. Koussevitzky's own Andante, in the transcription from Eccles, his double-bass—in comparison—sang clear and light and slender; twined in and out with garlands; dulled no rhythms; caught the very image of the music. Through the duets, upon its darker tone, as upon a velvet cushion, lay the bright, quasi-metallic arabesques of the viola d'amore. Now and then, as well, came euphonies between the two instruments—of Beauty and the Beast, exceeding smooth-tongued at the hands of its present Russian dompteur. (The French word implies more mastery than does our "tamer"). Yet once and twice Mr. Koussevitzky bade it rumble in its throat quite as though Beethoven were laying on the lash. Even with pet instruments these Russians—it is half the pleasure of contact with them—will show their teeth.

H. T. P.

RECITAL GIVEN ON BASS VIOL

Koussevitzky Amazes Audience by His Virtuosity

POST — OCT 18

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Last evening at Symphony Hall Bostonians were for a second time permitted to hear the extraordinary art of Serge Koussevitzky as performer on the double-bass. On this occasion, however, Mr. Koussevitzky shared his recital with another, or, as the programme stated, he was "assisted" by Henri Casadesus, virtuoso of the viola d'amore, already known to the Symphony Concerts.

IN SOLO AND DUET

Together the two musicians were heard in a Symphonie Concertante by the 18th century Lorenziti, the orchestral accompaniment replaced by the piano of Bernard Zighera, and later in a Sonata by Borghi, likewise an obscure 18th century Italian, for viola d'amore and double-bass unaccompanied. Alone, to continue this enumeration, Mr. Koussevitzky played his own Concerto, in the performance of which he astonished his hearers of last season, a group of solo pieces drawn from Eccles, Beethoven and Lasca, and, in conclusion, a Valse Miniature of his own making. A strange title, this last, to be given to a piece for double-bass, though as it chances in Mr. Koussevitzky's hands this giant of the viol family is capable of an almost bird-like gentleness and agility. Finally Mr. Casadesus gave further evidence of his artistry and skill in a Petite Suite by the Lorenziti aforementioned.

To those in last evening's audience who were being vouchsafed their first experience of Mr. Koussevitzky's virtuosity, his amazing prowess must have come, as it did to virtually all of last season's audience as surprise and revelation. For those already made aware of the ease with which he overcomes what would appear to be insuperable limitations of his instrument and already acquainted with his rare persuasiveness as interpreter and with the widely varying beauties of his tone, last evening's concert could renew and deepen impressions already gained.

HER — OCT 17

The announcement that Mr. Koussevitzky will play the double-bass tonight, assisted by the excellent Henri Cascadenes, should surely fill Symphony hall. It is seldom that musicians of so marked technical ability and exquisite taste playing the double-bass and the viola d'amore come before the public of Boston. The program is an interesting one. Music by Luigi Lorenziti and Luigi Borghi, composers of the 18th century, has been heard here. Mr. Koussevitzky will play his own Concerto and Valse Miniature, and the beautiful Largo from a sonata by Eccles. But which Eccles? There was Solomon the elder, who turned Quaker, sold his music and instruments, then bought them back, and to prevent Satan from using them to gain souls for his blazing dominion, burned them all on Tower Hill. It occurred to him during the great plague in London to walk about stark naked with a dish of burning sulphur on his head. When he turned Quaker he was earning at least £500 a year as a teacher, a good sum for that time. Solomon the younger was possibly a son of the Quaker. Then there was Henry, undoubtedly a son of the elder Solomon, and there was John the elder brother of Henry.

"Lasca," whose Berceuse will be performed by Mr. Koussevitzky, is an unfamiliar name to our audiences. The foreign dictionaries of music spell his name with a "k." Born at Prague in 1847, he was a famous player of the double-bass. He wrote a mass of music. For the double-bass he composed a concerto, a suite, three fantasias, a rhapsody, smaller pieces, and he wrote a "Kontrabassschule." Lasca was also a painter.

From "Spirituals" To Full Orchestra

Goldmark's 'Negro Rhapsody' for Next Novel Number at Symphony Hall

TRANS — OCT 18

THIS WEEK an American "novelty," by no means new elsewhere than Boston, stands upon Mr. Koussevitzky's program—the "Negro Rhapsody" of Rubin Goldmark. Mr. Goldmark, distant relative of his Viennese namesake, was born in New York City on Aug. 15, 1872. There, as the program-book will doubtless tell us, he is "still living." For subject-matter, however, in his music-making he does not turn to the sidewalks of New York but to the negro-music of the South. The most parochial Manhattanese should pardon him. For in 1919 when Mr. Goldmark began to think about the Rhapsody no one could have predicted that the said sidewalks would find place in American music, chaperoned by American national politics. An opportunity seems to be opening before Il Signore Respighi who often visits us. He might change his geographical-musical base and begin a new series of tone-poems with "Marciapiedi di New York."

"A Negro Rhapsody" was begun at Fisher's Island in August, 1919, was mostly composed at Woodland Park, Colorado, in the summers of 1921 and 1922. (Mr. Goldmark has spent a considerable part of his life in Colorado on account of his health.) It received its first performance from the Philharmonic Society under Mr. Mengelberg on Jan. 18, 1923. The rhapsody takes the form of an introduction followed by a large three-part structure, which proceeds Tempo giusto—Andante non troppo—Allegro moderato (Tempo giusto). The seven themes are based entirely upon five Negro Spirituals and a song said to have been noted as sung by Negro workmen at their labors upon a river in Tennessee. The songs utilized by Mr. Goldmark are named hereunder in the order of their appearance in the Rhapsody:

1. "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen."
2. "O Peter, Go Ring dem Bells."
3. "O, Religion is a Fortune."
4. "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child."
5. "Oh When I Come to Die."
6. The Song from Tennessee.

The introduction, at a somewhat slow tempo, concerns itself chiefly with a development of the first song. Low strings sing a strophe in unison. A little later, it provides the second theme, taken first by flutes, clarinets and bassoons. After a climax in which both these themes are much used, the introduction ends with another unison passage in low strings, this time announcing "O Peter, Go Ring dem Bells."

The first section of the main body of the rhapsody follows at once. "Nobody Knows" and "O Peter," provide the thematic material; but here they are not heard in the languorous manner of the familiar singer of Spirituals, nor with the lyric voice of the introduction. Rythmically they have been "ragged" and the mood is now one of bustling activity. Soon another theme enters, energetically, in the first violin—"O Religion." A considerable climax is built up, chiefly upon the new version of "Nobody Knows." As the tension relaxes comes a succession of sustained chords which (on paper at least) recall the shifting chords at the end of the working-out section in the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Next a quieter mood prevails and we find ourselves in the division "Andante non troppo." An English horn sings "Sometimes I Feel"; a solo-violin soon takes it up. As sentiment grows, a solo 'cello introduces "Oh When I Come to Die." (Mr. Gilman calls this "the chief lyric subject of the work"). Then the theme enters the horns and woodwinds and is finally heard from the horn quartet. Meanwhile the orchestra has been gathering force and intensity. The highest emotional stage of the piece is reached at the end of this division, with trombones going back to "Nobody Knows," while at the peak the full orchestra sings a glorified version of "Oh When I Come to Die."

Sharp, snappy chords begin the third division. The tempo and the mood are again energetic and aggressive, with the addtion of something almost martial. Against this accompaniment is heard the Song from Tennessee. Many of the themes are passed in review in the final summary. But the climax is on the Tennesee River Song with brass for "O Peter, Ring Dem Bells" as a final "apotheosis."

As was to be expected, some one raised the question of the genuineness of the negro songs. The discussion is singularly out of place in relation to this rhapsody. That Mr. Goldmark used the Spirituals much to the form in which concert-singers have been singing them these many years, anyone who can read music or hear a tune will be able to discover. If the doubts are in place anywhere, they have to do with Spirituals in themselves—a much larger question than that of the content of any adaptation. Nevertheless one must call attention to the difference in character between the first five songs (the Spirituals) and the Tennessee River Song.

More to the point is the question of what Mr. Goldmark did with his materials in the fashioning of the rhapsody. Did he use the imagination and the skill of a Kodály upon his folk-stuff? Was he as wise in the choice of his songs? Do the many counter-themes, original with Mr. Goldmark, carry on as fully the temper of the negro music, as did the Hungarian with his Magyar and gypsy tunes? Such questions one may well leave to the hearers of Friday and Saturday, and perhaps more particularly to the reviewers of those concerts. For to tell too much in advance would be to dull appetite.

A. H. M.

ALWIN SCHROEDER, NOTED 'CELLIST, DIES

Was for Many Years in Boston Symphony

Funeral services for Alwin Schroeder, one of the world's most noted 'cellists, who died yesterday afternoon at his home at 94 Perkins street, Jamaica Plain, will be held tomorrow at the Forest Hills crematory, and burial will be at Forest Hills.

Mr. Schroeder, who suffered a shock last Friday night, was born of a musical family in Germany 73 years ago. For many years he played with the Boston symphony orchestra, and he was a member of the formerly renowned Kneisel quartet of Boston. He has played in many sections of this country and abroad.

He came here in 1891 at the request of Maj. Higginson and Arthur Nikisch, conductor of Symphony orchestra. He took the conductor's place as first 'cellist of the orchestra, and also as a member of the Kneisel quartet.

After spending 15 years here and playing all over the country, he returned to Germany to accept the position of 'cellist in Dr. Hoch's conservatory at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the museum quartet, which is the post of highest honor accorded any 'cellist in Germany.

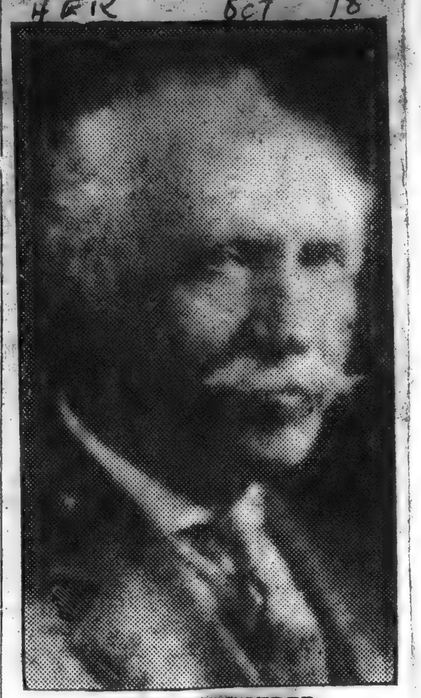
He again returned to Boston, coming back to spend the rest of his life. During the last few years, he has appeared in concerts before the music loving public and he has taught persons of great music renown.

Schroeder never took a lesson on the 'cello. He was taught the violin and the piano, and, as early as the age of 7 showed proficiency in these studies. As he became older, he became enamored of the dulcet tones and wonderful possibilities of the 'cello. During leisure moments, he practiced on an old 'cello and, before anyone knew he could properly draw the 'cello bow, he offered to play in a prominent orchestra as soloist. His services were accepted and from that time on Schroeder played nothing but the 'cello and the music world has listened.

He leaves a son, Rolf A. Schroeder, Boston architect; two daughters, Hedwig Schroeder, teacher at the New England Conservatory of Music, and Mrs. Elfriede Hamblin of Brookline.

Noted Musician Who Died Yesterday

HER OCT 18



ALWIN SCHROEDER

MR KOUSSEVITZKY PLAYS DOUBLE-BASS

M Casadesus With Viola d'Amore Cooperates

GLOBE—OCT 18

At Symphony Hall last evening Sergei Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, appeared before a very large and fashionable audience once again in the role of virtuoso of the double-bass. It is almost exactly a year since his first revelation to a Boston audience of the unexpected potentialities of the double-bass as a solo instrument, and of his own remarkable powers to display them. The size and the plauditory enthusiasm of last evening's throng indicated unmistakably that last year's impression had been a durable as well as a favorable one.

Having already familiarized an audience here with the beauty of the tones which skill may evoke from his chosen instrument, he elected at this recital to introduce to his hearers some very beautiful chamber music of the 18th century. In this Mr Koussevitzky had the cooperation—and probably the counsel—of M Henri Casadesus, eminent performer upon the viola d'amore and authority upon ancient music. M Bernard Zighera of the Boston Symphony assisted excellently at the pianoforte.

A "Symphonie Concertante" by Lorenziti, having three contrasted movements, brought the three artists together upon the platform and inspired a sensitive and spirited ensemble to which Mr Koussevitzky's delicately self-effacing playing contributed notably. The slightly clangorous brightness of the viola d'amore blended happily with the rich but characteristically reedy tones of the double-bass to produce a resonance exquisitely suited to the old world charm of this delightful music, to the sparkling exuberance of its first and last movements and the sweet dignity of the intervening Largo. In Borghi's Third Sonata, whose final Gigue had to be repeated, M Koussevitzky and Casadesus again joined forces, but without the piano's aid. In a "Petite Suite" for viola d'amore, beautiful in itself and providing an interesting vehicle for the instrument, M Casadesus showed himself the accomplished player and sensitive musician.

Mr Koussevitzky took the center of the platform as composer and as virtuoso in his concerto for double-bass, for which the composer himself would probably not claim first rank importance, but which provides for the performer the utmost variety of opportunity to display his almost miraculous gifts of agility, of delicate cantabile—now so soft as to be all but inaudible, now warmly sonorous—and of dramatic effect. A final group of short pieces contributed to the same end. One apparent fault alone stood out, a frequently excessive glissando in progressing from note to note. But this was not enough to blunt the edge of the pleasure which the audience had received from a most exceptional concert.

There were floral tributes to both the principal performers.

MUSIC

KOUSSEVITZKY RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Serge Koussevitzky, double-bass, assisted by Henri Casadesus, viola d'amore; Bernard Zighera, accompanist, gave a concert in Symphony hall last night. The program was as follows: Lorenziti, Symphonie Concertante for viola d'amore and double bass. Koussevitzky, Concerto for double bass. Borghi, Sonata, No. 3, for viola d'amore and double bass. Lorenziti, Petite Suite for viola d'amore. For double bass solo: Eccles, Largo from Sonata in G minor; Beethoven, Minuet; Laska, Berceuse; Koussevitzky, Valse Miniature.

An enthusiastic audience that filled the hall heard old and beautiful music beautifully played. It would be interesting to know how much editors and instrumentalists have done to compositions by Lorenziti and Borghi; whether this music in its original and naked form would have today the same charm; whether the "revision" has been strictly in keeping with the spirit of the 18th century. Hans von Buelow took all manner of impertinent liberties with the sonatas of Scarlatti. Modern music has suffered from editors. Rimsky-Korsakov's sandpapering and polishing of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" is an instance of an editor's willingness to improve a work, to correct original ideas which seemed to him crudities or errors in musical grammar. Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" has been maltreated within recent years.

Whether there were textual emendations in the ancient music performed last night was a question not asked by those who were quick in response to the emotional simplicity of the slow movements; music that was spiritual in its serenity, its purity; music that came as from the air and returned there, as Hazlitt said of melodies by Mozart. The lively pages were not mere chatter, mere notes to test the technical agility of a virtuoso; these pages required a virtuoso to bring forward what was in and behind the printed page, but a virtuoso in the higher and nobler sense.

The fine art of Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Casadesus had already been fully appreciated by the Boston public as by the public in European cities. Last night this art was again recognized: a technical ease that was at times surprising in the conquest of difficulties; an ease that led the layman only to enjoyment of the music itself; phrasing that seemed inevitable; the dash that vitalized quick passages that otherwise might have been regarded as mere padding; above all, the poetic spirit which found expression in ravishing euphony of tone.

These accomplished artists were not fulfilling a set task; they played as if for their own pleasure, realizing that their pleasure would be shared by the rapt hearers. While one marvelled at Mr. Koussevitzky's mastery of the double-bass, the manner in which he sang a melody, the dominant thought was not of the instrument itself but of the music that Mr. Koussevitzky brought from it. His Concerto, written no doubt, to suit his uncommon technic, is more than a parade piece. His little Valse, while it is frankly salon music, has individuality.

Lorenziti's Largo and the Sonata by Borghi will long be remembered, for the music itself and for the perfection of the performance. Did the composers ever think that their names would be gratefully remembered in the 20th century? Could they have dreamed that their music would be so admirably performed?

Rubin Goldmark's "A Negro Rhapsody" will be played by the Boston Symphony orchestra this week. The thematic material is derived from "Spirituals." The rhapsody was composed in 1921-22 and performed for the first time by the Philharmonic Society of New York in 1923. It has been performed by other orchestras in this country and it was played recently in London. HER OCT 18

The other pieces to be conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky are a symphony, "The Surprise," by Haydn and the symphony by Cesar Franck.

The program of next week comprises Prokofieff's Classical Symphony; Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun"; Pick-Mangiagalli's Introduction and Fugue, and Brahms's Symphony No. 2.

Programs to Hand.

From Mr. Koussevitzky for the Symphony Concerts of Oct. 26 and 27, the last before the orchestra's first journey of the season: TRANS OCT 19

Classical Symphony ..... Prokofieff
Prelude to Mallarmé's Eclogue, 'The Afternoon of A Faun' ..... Debussy
Partita ..... Kondracsi
(New: First Times)
Symphony, No. 2, in D major ..... Brahms

From Mr. Horowitz for his concert of piano-pieces in Symphony Hall next Sunday evening with sundry changes from earlier announcements:

T... C major .....

Virtuoso to Conductor

MONITOR OCT 20

By L. A. SLOPER

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY reappeared this week in the rôle of contrabass player as well as orchestral conductor. Interest ran high in his recital, which in a sense might be called his first public appearance in America as doublebass virtuoso; since the occasion which drew him to play at Brown University was quite private, and his concert of last season, which was for a charitable purpose, was open to the public only at very high prices.

In Symphony Hall on the evening of Oct. 17, he was heard at usual recital prices in a program in which he was assisted by Henri Casadésus, performer on the viola d'amore. Together they played a "Symphonie Concertante" by Lorenziti and a Sonata of Borghi. M. Casadésus played a "Little Suite" by Lorenziti for viola d'amore, and Mr. Koussevitzky played his own Double-bass Concerto and a group of short solo numbers.

The impression made at last year's recital by Mr. Koussevitzky was renewed at this one. His astonishing technique was devoted to musical purposes, not to display. In the ensemble pieces, the voice of his instrument was always held to its proportional value. His full-bodied, vibrant tone, his tasteful phrasing, his architectural sense, above all, his poetic imagination, profoundly stirred the large audience whose applause was spontaneous, general and long-continued.

M. Casadésus Appreciated

Nor was M. Casadésus less appreciated. The founder of the Société des Instruments Anciens is no stranger in Boston. His collection of old instruments now rests in Symphony Hall. He appeared as soloist with the orchestra last season, and had previously been heard with his organization in chamber concerts. Not only his virtuosity, but his modesty and his musicianship made him on the present occasion a full member of a partnership whose pleasure in their music was as evident as that of their listeners. Mr. Bernard Zighera, first harpist of the Boston Orchestra, deserves a word for his discreet piano accompaniments.

In fine, this concert afforded one of those opportunities that come not too often of hearing pure music devotedly as well as expertly performed. It is a pity that Mr. Koussevitzky's duties as conductor prevent him from appearing oftener as solo player. In a remarkably viv... interview with Rena Gardner, printe... recently in the Boston Herald, th... conductor was enabled to present the case of the hard-working artist, in sharp contrast to that of the ease-loving critic. "This delicate subject causes Mr. Koussevitzky to quiver. 'The poor artiste work, he work, he work!' clasping his iron-gray head with a gesture of profound fatigue. 'He play!' sawing passionately at an imaginary bass viol —'He practice late at night, he rehearse, he have not sleep!'"

But then the critic! "'It is fine morning. He choose his tie, his handkerchief, he say, "Ha, hum, I must go criticize!" He listen, he has never heard that piece before, he hear it once, and the next day, "This piece was very bad," or, "This piece was so-and-so."'"

The Symphony Concert

That is probably the world's best statement of the ancient complaint of artist against critic. It is touching; it makes one hesitate to say that no doubt it was the extra work of the recital that caused Mr. Koussevitzky to lead off his program for the week's symphony concerts with Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony. But it would be a mistake to conclude that he gave the symphony a perfunctory reading. That would be a feat very difficult for Mr. Koussevitzky to accomplish. He cannot help giving himself to what he does. Although, with this orchestra of drilled experts, in this transparent music, he did not find it necessary to use great physical exertion, the results of his training were evident. Because the music is transparent, it is likely to betray shortcomings. But the performance yesterday was limpid and beautifully balanced. The agreeable little surprise was carefully prepared, and was not over-stressed when it arrived. The Finale was taken briskly and indefectibly.

The position of honor on the program was occupied by Rubin Goldmark's "A Negro Rhapsody," heard for the first time in Boston, with the composer present to acknowledge the applause. This composition, based on tunes of Negro folk character, is vividly and effectively scored for a large orchestra. It contains nothing to distress, in this second quarter of the twentieth century, those who deplore the course taken by music since the third quarter of the nineteenth.

We were made familiar two years ago with Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the Franck Symphony. Some complained at that time that he had deprived it of its grandeur. Fortunately he had. Too long had we sat reverently before this masterpiece. The banality of some of its material was becoming too evident. There was once an exponent of the less reputable press who used to lecture on the subject, "Yellow Versus Colorless Journalism." Without becoming "yellow," Mr. Koussevitzky is never colorless in his readings. This symphony, which was in danger of becoming dull, he has revitalized and dramatized. The audience yesterday rewarded him by lingering to applaud until the men were called to their feet for the third time in the afternoon.

RHAPSODY B GOLDMARK A SYMPHONY

AMER OCT 20

By MOSES SMITH

Serge Koussevitzky pays es homage this season to Ameri music, for the novelty on this wee program of Symphony concerts "A Negro Rhapsody" by Ru Goldmark, New York composer. piece was first played in New Y five years ago, and received its B Boston hearing yesterday aftern at Symphony Hall.

It is a far cry from the ul modernist music to this score of own time and country. Goldm bases his Rhapsody on negro f tunes, after the manner of his mer teacher, Anton Dvorak, more frankly. The harmonic idi is comparatively gentle. Once th things are said, however, the com sition remains a work of original The thematic material, parts which are original, is handled w expert skill, and the orchestratio worthy a master. Goldmark f his own way among the conflict tendencies of music today.

Following a colorful performa the Rhapsody was enthusiastic applauded, the composer being p ent to receive his share of tribute. The balance of the con was equally brilliant, and it something in the nature of a f day for Mr. Koussevitzky and men. The opening number, Hayt "Surprise" Symphony, was given exquisite performance.

Only to the exceedingly s tempo of the adagio introductio the first movement could one t exception. Otherwise the choic tempo, notably in the second m ment, was happy. Mr. Koussevit used the full string sec... for delicate music, but the performa was not thereby thickened.

Cesar Franck's Symphony clo the program. Mr. Koussevitzk dramatic interpretation of masterpiece was already familia listeners of previous seasons, yesterday's rendition went to very limit of drama, perhaps e occasionally descended into atricalism. But on the whole performance in this piece, as in whole concert, was a joy to hearer.

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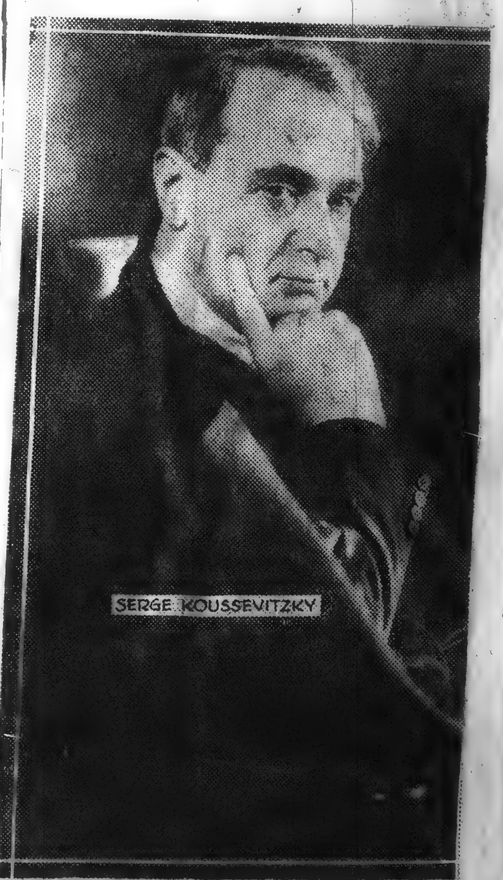

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Bo... 29 to the Eastman Theater, and Guy Mar... concert.

ALWIN SCHROEDER, NOTED 'CELLIST, DIES

Was for Many Years in Boston Symphony

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Mr. Schroeder, who suffered a shock last Friday night, was born of a musical family in Germany 73 years ago. For many years he played with the Boston symphony orchestra, and he was a member of the formerly renowned Kneisel quartet of Boston. He has played in many sections of this country and abroad.

He came here in 1891 at the request of Maj. Higginson and Arthur Nikisch, conductor of Symphony orchestra. He took the conductor's place as first 'cellist of the orchestra, and also as a member of the Kneisel quartet.

After spending 15 years here and playing all over the country, he returned to Germany to accept the position of 'cellist in Dr. Hoch's conservatory at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the Museum quartet, which is the post of highest honor accorded any 'cellist in Germany.

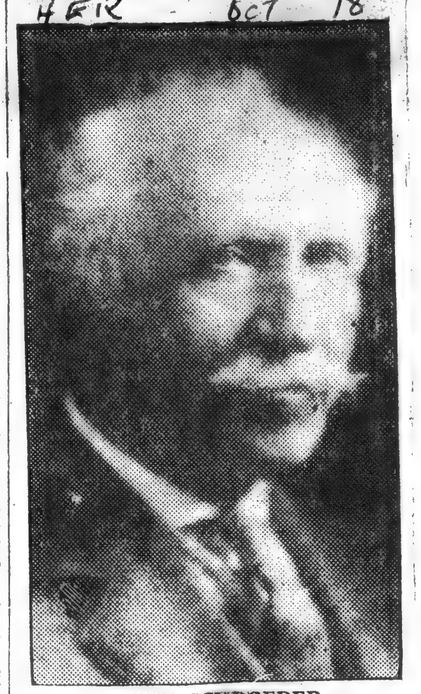
He again returned to Boston, coming back to spend the rest of his life. During the last few years, he has appeared in concerts before the music loving public and he has taught persons of great music renown.

Schroeder never took a lesson on the cello. He was taught the violin and the piano, and, as early as the age of 7 showed proficiency in these studies. As he became older, he became enamored of the dulcet tones and wonderful possibilities of the 'cello. During leisure moments, he practiced on an old 'cello and, before anyone knew he could properly draw the 'cello bow, he offered to play in a prominent orchestra as soloist. His services were accepted and from that time on Schroeder played nothing but the 'cello and the music world has listened.

He leaves a son, Rolf A. Schroeder, Boston architect; two daughters, Hedwig Schroeder, teacher at the New England Conservatory of Music, and Mrs. Elfriede Hamblin of Brookline.

Noted Musician Who Died Yesterday

HER - OCT 18



ALWIN SCHROEDER

MR KOUSSEVITZKY PLAYS DOUBLE-BASS

M Casadesus With Viola d'Amore Cooperates

GLOBE — OCT 18

At Symphony Hall last evening Sergei Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, appeared before a very large and fashionable audience once again in the role of virtuoso of the double-bass. It is almost exactly a year since his first revelation to a Boston audience of the unexpected potentialities of the double-bass as a solo instrument, and of his own remarkable powers to display them. The size and the plauditory enthusiasm of last evening's throng indicated unmistakably that last year's impression had been a durable as well as a favorable one.

Having already familiarized an audience here with the beauty of the tones which skill may evoke from his chosen instrument, he elected at this recital to introduce to his hearers some very beautiful chamber music of the 18th century. In this Mr Koussevitzky had the cooperation—and probably the counsel—of M Henri Casadesus, eminent performer upon the viola d'amore and authority upon ancient music. M Bernard Zighera of the Boston Symphony assisted excellently at the pianoforte.

A "Symphonie Concertante" by Lorenziti, having three contrasted movements, brought the three artists together upon the platform and inspired a sensitive and spirited ensemble to which Mr Koussevitzky's delicately self-effacing playing contributed notably. The slightly clangorous brightness of the viola d'amore blended happily with the rich but characteristically reedy tones of the double-bass to produce a resonance exquisitely suited to the old world charm of this delightful music, to the sparkling exuberance of its first and last movements and the sweet dignity of the intervening Largo. In Borghi's Third Sonata, whose final Gigue had to be repeated, M Koussevitzky and Casadesus again joined forces, but without the piano's aid. In a "Petite Suite" for viola d'amore, beautiful in itself and providing an interesting vehicle for the instrument, M Casadesus showed himself the accomplished player and sensitive musician.

Mr Koussevitzky took the center of the platform as composer and as virtuoso in his concerto for double-bass, for which the composer himself would probably not claim first rank importance, but which provides for the performer the utmost variety of opportunity to display his almost miraculous gifts of agility, of delicate cantabile—now so soft as to be all but inaudible, now warmly sonorous—and of dramatic effect. A final group of short pieces contributed to the same end. One apparent fault alone stood out, a frequently excessive glissando in progressing from note to note. But this was not enough to blunt the edge of the pleasure which the audience had received from a most exceptional concert.

There were floral tributes to both the principal performers.

MUSIC

KOUSSEVITZKY RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Serge Koussevitzky, double-bass, assisted by Henri Casadesus, viola d'amore; Bernard Zighera, accompanist, gave a concert in Symphony hall last night. The program was as follows: Lorenziti, Symphonie Concertante for viola d'amore and double bass. Koussevitzky, Concerto for double bass. Borghi, Sonata, No. 3, for viola d'amore and double bass. Lorenziti, Petite Suite for viola d'amore. For double bass solo: Eccles, Largo from Sonata in G minor; Beethoven, Minuet; Laska, Berceuse; Koussevitzky, Valse Miniature.

An enthusiastic audience that filled the hall heard old and beautiful music beautifully played. It would be interesting to know how much editors and instrumentalists have done to compositions by Lorenziti and Borghi; whether this music in its original and naked form would have today the same charm; whether the "revision" has been strictly in keeping with the spirit of the 18th century. Hans von Buelow took all manner of impertinent liberties with the sonatas of Scarlatti. Modern music has suffered from editors. Rimsky-Korsakov's sandpapering and polishing of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" is an instance of an editor's willingness to improve a work, to correct original ideas which seemed to him crudities or errors in musical grammar. Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" has been maltreated within recent years.

Whether there were textual emendations in the ancient music performed last night was a question not asked by those who were quick in response to the emotional simplicity of the slow movements; music that was spiritual in its serenity, its purity; music that came as from the air and returned there, as Hazlitt said of melodies by Mozart. The lively pages were not mere chatter, mere notes to test the technical agility of a virtuoso; these pages required a virtuoso to bring forward what was in and behind the printed page, but a virtuoso in the higher and nobler sense.

The fine art of Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Casadesus had already been fully appreciated by the Boston public as by the public in European cities. Last night this art was again recognized: a technical ease that was at times surprising in the conquest of difficulties; an ease that led the layman only to enjoyment of the music itself; phrasing that seemed inevitable; the dash that vitalized quick passages that otherwise might have been regarded as mere padding; above all, the poetic spirit which found expression in ravishing euphony of tone.

These accomplished artists were not fulfilling a set task; they played as if for their own pleasure, realizing that their pleasure would be shared by the rapt hearers. While one marvelled at Mr. Koussevitzky's mastery of the double-bass, the manner in which he sang a melody, the dominant thought was not of the instrument itself but of the music that Mr. Koussevitzky brought from it. His Concerto, written no doubt, to suit his uncommon technic, is more than a parade piece. His little Valse, while it is frankly salon music, has individuality.

Lorenziti's Largo and the Sonata by Borghi will long be remembered, for the music itself and for the perfection of the performance. Did the composers ever think that their names would be gratefully remembered in the 20th century? Could they have dreamed that their music would be so admirably performed?

Rubin Goldmark's "A Negro Rhapsody" will be played by the Boston Symphony orchestra this week. The thematic material is derived from "Spirituals." The rhapsody was composed in 1921-22 and performed for the first time by the Philharmonic Society of New York in 1923. It has been performed by other orchestras in this country and it was played recently in London. HER Oct 18

The other pieces to be conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky are a symphony, "The Surprise," by Haydn and the symphony by Cesar Franck.

The program of next week comprises Prokofieff's Classical Symphony; Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun"; Pick-Mangiagalli's Introduction and Fugue, and Brahms's Symphony No. 2.

Programs to Hand

From Mr. Koussevitzky for the Symphony Concerts of Oct. 26 and 27, the last before the orchestra's first journey of the season: TRANS OCT 19

Classical Symphony ..... Prokofiev
Prelude to Mallarmé's Eclogue, 'The Afternoon of A Faun ..... Debussy
Partita ..... Kondraczi
(New: First Times)
Symphony, No. 2, in D major ..... Brahms

From Mr. Horowitz for his concert of piano-pieces in Symphony Hall next Sunday evening with sundry changes from earlier announcements:

T[illegible] C major .....

Virtuoso to Conductor

MONITOR — OCT 20

By L. A. SLOPER

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY reappeared this week in the rôle of contrabass player as well as orchestral conductor. Interest ran high in his recital, which in a sense might be called his first public appearance in America as doublebass virtuoso; since the occasion which drew him to play at Brown University was quite private, and his concert of last season, which was for a charitable purpose, was open to the public only at very high prices.

In Symphony Hall on the evening of Oct. 17, he was heard at usual recital prices in a program in which he was assisted by Henri Casadésus, performer on the viola d'amore. Together they played a "Symphonie Concertante" by Lorenziti and a Sonata of Borghi. M. Casadésus played a "Little Suite" by Lorenziti for viola d'amore, and Mr. Koussevitzky played his own Double-bass Concerto and a group of short solo numbers.

The impression made at last year's recital by Mr. Koussevitzky was renewed at this one. His astonishing technique was devoted to musical purposes, not to display. In the ensemble pieces, the voice of his instrument was always held to its proportional value. His full-bodied, vibrant tone, his tasteful phrasing, his architectural sense, above all, his poetic imagination, profoundly stirred the large audience whose applause was spontaneous, general and long-continued.

M. Casadésus Appreciated

Nor was M. Casadésus less appreciated. The founder of the Société des Instruments Anciens is no stranger in Boston. His collection of old instruments now rests in Symphony Hall. He appeared as soloist with the orchestra last season, and had previously been heard with his organization in chamber concerts. Not only his virtuosity, but his modesty and his musicianship made him on the present occasion a full member of a partnership whose pleasure in their music was as evident as that of their listeners. Mr. Bernard Zighera, first harpist of the Boston Orchestra, deserves a word for his discreet piano accompaniments.

In fine, this concert afforded one of those opportunities that come not too often of hearing pure music devotedly as well as expertly performed. It is a pity that Mr. Koussevitzky's duties as conductor prevent him from appearing oftener as solo player. In a remarkably vivi interview with Rena Gardner, printe recently in the Boston Herald, th conductor was enabled to present the case of the hard-working artist, in sharp contrast to that of the ease-loving critic. "This delicate subject causes Mr. Koussevitzky to quiver. 'The poor artiste work, he work, he work!' clasping his iron-gray head with a gesture of profound fatigue. 'He play!' sawing passionately at an imaginary bass viol —'He practice late at night, he rehearse, he have not sleep!'"

But then the critic! "'It is fine morning. He choose his tie, his handkerchief, he say, "Ha, hum, I must go criticize!" He listen, he has never heard that piece before, he hear it once, and the next day, "This piece was very bad," or, "This piece was so-and-so."'"

The Symphony Concert

That is probably the world's best statement of the ancient complaint of artist against critic. It is touching; it makes one hesitate to say that no doubt it was the extra work of the recital that caused Mr. Koussevitzky to lead off his program for the week's symphony concerts with Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony. But it would be a mistake to conclude that he gave the symphony a perfunctory reading. That would be a feat very difficult for Mr. Koussevitzky to accomplish. He cannot help giving himself to what he does. Although, with this orchestra of drilled experts, in this transparent music, he did not find it necessary to use great physical exertion, the results of his training were evident. Because the music is transparent, it is likely to betray shortcomings. But the performance yesterday was limpid and beautifully balanced. The agreeable little surprise was carefully prepared, and was not over-stressed when it arrived. The Finale was taken briskly and indefectibly.

The position of honor on the program was occupied by Rubin Goldmark's "A Negro Rhapsody," heard for the first time in Boston, with the composer present to acknowledge the applause. This composition, based on tunes of Negro folk character, is vividly and effectively scored for a large orchestra. It contains nothing to distress, in this second quarter of the twentieth century, those who deplore the course taken by music since the third quarter of the nineteenth.

We were made familiar two years ago with Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the Franck Symphony. Some complained at that time that he had deprived it of its grandeur. Fortunately he had. Too long had we sat reverently before this masterpiece. The banality of some of its material was becoming too evident. There was once an exponent of the less reputable press who used to lecture on the subject, "Yellow Versus Colorless Journalism." Without becoming "yellow," Mr. Koussevitzky is never colorless in his readings. This symphony, which was in danger of becoming dull, he has revitalized and dramatized. The audience yesterday rewarded him by lingering to applaud until the men were called to their feet for the third time in the afternoon.

RHAPSODY B GOLDMARK A SYMPHONY

AMER — OCT 20

By MOSES SMITH

Serge Koussevitzky pays es homage this season to Ameri music, for the novelty on this wee program of Symphony concerts "A Negro Rhapsody" by Ru Goldmark, New York composer. piece was first played in New Y five years ago, and received its f Boston hearing yesterday aftern at Symphony Hall.

It is a far cry from the ul modernist music to this score of own time and country. Goldm bases his Rhapsody on negro f tunes, after the manner of his mer teacher, Anton Dvorak, more frankly. The harmonic idi is comparatively gentle. Once th things are said, however, the con sition remains a work of origina The thematic material, parts which are original, is handled w expert skill, and the orchestratio worthy a master. Goldmark his own way among the conflict tendencies of music today.

Following a colorful performa the Rhapsody was enthusiastic applauded, the composer being p ent to receive his share of tribute. The balance of the con was equally brilliant, and it something in the nature of a f day for Mr. Koussevitzky and men. The opening number, Hayd "Surprise" Symphony, was given exquisite performance.

Only to the exceedingly s tempo of the adagio introductior the first movement could one t exception. Otherwise the choic tempo, notably in the second m ment, was happy. Mr. Koussevit used the full string section for delicate music, but the performa was not thereby thickened.

Cesar Franck's Symphony clo the program. Mr. Koussevitz dramatic interpretation of masterpiece was already familia listeners of previous seasons, yesterday's rendition went to very limit of drama, perhaps e occasionally descended into atricalism. But on the whole performance in this piece, as in whole concert, was a joy to hearer.

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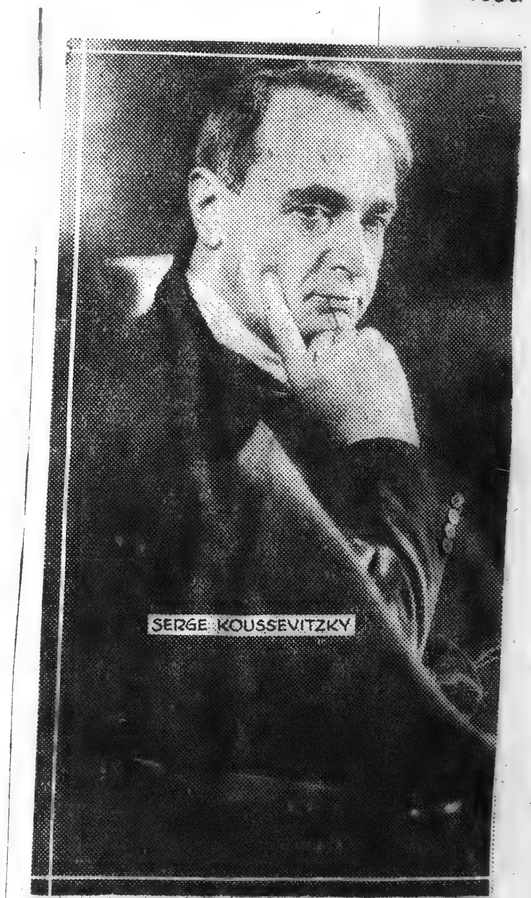

Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Bo 29 to the Eastman Theater, and Guy Mare concert

(First tim[illegible] in Co[illegible]bus)

14

Symphony

Two Symphonies With Spirituals Placed Between

Mr. Koussevitzky Proffers a Native Rhapsodist, Haydn and Franck

1 RANS — Oct 20

SIGNS of the times are evident in Mr. Koussevitzky's programs for the Symphony Concerts. They could be read in the list of pieces yesterday afternoon. They are plain upon the list proposed for next week. The first journey of the orchestra in the current season draws near. Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Pittsburgh are included cities. Numbers pleasing to those communities, displayful also of conductor and band, should be made ready. . . . It is also the outset of the symphonic year nearer home. An "active" repertory must be reconstituted, available not only in Boston, Cambridge and New York, but serviceable likewise for chance occasions. Hence, possibly, Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, and Franck's as well, on yesterday's program. Hence, with equal reason, Prokofiev's Classical Symphony and Brahms's in D major for next Friday and Saturday. All of which is to say that these are the inevitable weeks of preliminary paces, offset, it is true, by so fresh and stimulating a program as that of last week and by the stately list, less the intrusive Hindemith, for autumnal beginning.

These repertory programs—as it is not unfair to call them—serve a further purpose, creditable to the conductor's tact. The larger part of the symphonic public hears gladly these familiar pieces. Yesterday, though the performance was hardly remarkable, it clapped and clapped again over Haydn's agreeable little Symphony. It was as content with Franck's and in far less numbers than usual disposed to regard a symphonic finale as an exit march. Add the middle piece—Mr. Rubin Goldmark's "Negro Rhapsody"—written with dutiful regard for most of the conservatisms, teeming with obvious, familiar melodies—and the delights of the day were full rounded for most that received them. A week on and they will take like pleasure in the light fingers and the quick wit of Prokofiev through his Classical Symphony; while only to churlish reviewers—the outcasts of the occasion—will it occur that the conductor administered Brahms plentifully last season and might reasonably give hearers respite as he then did from Beethoven. Mr. Koussevitzky, however, is wise with the wisdom of the children of light. Before long, he will be leading forth his modernists. He has, it is said, a stable full of them, all "r'aring to go." The incurious and the conservative will give signs of resentment. "But I must balance the programs," the conductor might reply courteously, running a finger down his present lists. "After these classics, the moderns as well."

None the less there are other symphonies of Haydn that would have given equal pleasure with the little "surprise"; that are seldom, or maybe never, heard at Symphony Hall. He wrote abundantly; from his "collected works" custom has chosen this and that; to the upper shelf, where busy conductors seldom look, relegated the rest. By many proofs Mr. Koussevitzky can be delver and discoverer in eighteenth century music. Most creditable "finds" have been his reward. They are also possible among Haydn's Symphonies. Sometimes he wrote them out of his graver moods, with an invention, imagination, device, that drew nearer to his loftier contemporaries and curiously anticipated these latter days. There are slow movements in which he sings as one under reflective emotion; first movements in which he does more than weave skilful, pleasing patterns; pages upon which he is craftsman with "surprises" rather more subtle, certainly more unexpected, than the dividing chords of yesterday's Symphony. Not always was he court-musician to serene Esterházy highnesses, purveyor to fashionable concerts in Paris and London.

Too often for his own good, Papa Haydn—cocked hat under his arm, smile on his face, playful piper in the symphonic choir—patters down the centuries. In the "Surprise" Symphony the play with the theme and variations of the slow movement is neat and amusing, drum-taps, tutti and the rest. The Finale twinkles out a pleasing tune, runs at a gay pace. The Minuet is a Minuet, and there were scores of them, written almost hourly, in Haydn's Vienna. The first movement unfolds and decorates an easy-going design. In short, Haydn fanciful, skilful and merry, ministering comfortably to his public—not the Haydn who spans deeper, bolder, richer, even to this day, to heart and hand joining also a mind. Nor did the performance trip too lightly and gracefully along the pleasant hills and valleys of the music. A sultry summer day, dripping into autumn, does not clarify strings or put conductors to their full mettle.

The times are not too favorable to the once celebrated Symphony of Franck. Nowadays most of us are not so sure as were his devoted followers thirty years ago that he speaks with the tongues of men and of angels. "Father Franck," as they called him—it was rather a paternal conceit—wrote out of an innocent mind and an aspiring heart. Innocence has gone out of the fashion in this third decade of the twentieth century. When we aspire we look around the earth rather than imitate his heavenward glance up from the organloft in the Gothic arches of Saint Clotilda's church. We thrust through rather than grope as did he. When we have found our way and made our affirmations, it is not in us to be so honestly joyous and full-throated. (What is that doubt we are muttering under our breaths?) Besides, the Franckian way of making a symphony—"cyclic" progress and the like—no longer irritates or pleasures us. By this time "Franck in D minor" has become rather an institution.

It is even within belief that the conductors suspect—if they are as ambitious as Mr. Koussevitzky—that something ought to be done. For his part, the Russian releases his own temperament and sets to "le bon père" as though he were half-brother or at least first cousin, to Peter Iltych Chaikovsky. He wrings the last expressive drop from the pervasive and songful theme of the first movement; sends it up-soaring upon proclaiming strings and deepening winds. Over the second division he distributes sentiment, sweetness and light with Russian flavors unmistakable. The Finale ascends in pomps and splendors. Franck is sonorous and Mr. Koussevitzky loves sonorities. Give both the brass choir of the Boston Orchestra—above all, Mr. Böttcher and his fellow-horns—and Rimsky-Korsakov, hearing, would have embraced conductor and composer. The devotées say that Franck was a universal genius. In Symphony Hall, at any rate, he can wear a Chaikovskian mantle and achieve a Korsakovian apotheosis. All things to all men said the Apostle—even Franck à la Russe.

Out of five Negro Spirituals, each, by this time more or less familiar, plus a work-song heard in Tennessee, Mr. Goldmark made his "Negro Rhapsody." He sets forth his basic matter unmistakably. As the piece proceeds it returns as easy to recognize as the neighbor next door. He makes play with sundry counter-subjects and the ear remains quite sure that the Spirituals have the better voice. He leads them along an harmonic and an instrumental course. full-voiced, warmly clad in the orthodox fashion of the nineteen-tens. Intent upon them, the hearer begins to believe them capable, like Voltaire's Habakuk, of all things. The other evening they figured in an American review. Yesterday they furnished forth a symphonic Rhapsody. In three weeks Mr. Hayes will be singing them with a poignant simplicity; a fortnight more and a Negro Choir will give them camp-meeting voice. And through all these migrations they will remain spontaneous song and lay hold upon the white folks' ears and imaginations.

These Spirituals, and nothing else, are the source of the long and wide vogue of Mr. Goldmark's Rhapsody. They have carried it to Europe as well as through these United States—music of the Afro-American soil. Twenty, fifty, composers prevail in these days by their workmanship. Mr. Goldmark prevails by his subject-matter. For he is no Kodály adding another imagination to folk-music, sharpening, intensifying, enriching, even as he assimilates. Transfer and exhibition over a symphonic counter, well arranged and lighted, are Mr. Goldmark's all. . . . The good gray composer rose from his place to acknowledge hearty, honest plaudits. Over his shoulders, to half an imaginative eye, black faces were peering, black lips moving.

H. T. P.

Copley-Plaza, Edith Mason, soprano of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, will be heard in the first of the series of recitals being sponsored by Mme. Amelia Conti. Two operatic arias and songs, chiefly of this and the previous century, makes her programme.

* * * *

This evening at the Boston Public Library Mme. Alice Baschi and assisting artists will present an operatic and ballad recital that is open to the public without charge.

1285 Oct 24

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Yet another composer, and one wholly unknown hereabouts, will be introduced by Mr. Koussevitzky to the audiences of the Symphony Concerts this Friday and Saturday when a Partita by the young Pole Michal Kondraczki receives its first American performance. The "Classical Symphony" of Prokofieff, the Second Symphony of Brahms and Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" are the other pieces announced.

* * * *

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Monday evening at Jordan Hall, Nicholai Kassman, violinist heard here last season, will play, with Samuel

NEW YORK, N. Y.
HERALD-TRIBUNE

Serge Koussevitzky

Who gives his first double-bass recital here Tuesday night in Carnegie Hall

COLUMBUS DISPATCH

Great "Boston" 11 Days Hence

Oct 21

Boston has placed its indelible stamp of approval on Serge Koussevitzky and his Boston Symphony orchestra. This is revealed in press criticisms of the Boston's first concert this season, hardly a fortnight ago, in Symphony hall at Boston.

Koussevitzky and his orchestra will open the Symphony club series in Columbus with a performance in Memorial hall Thursday evening, Nov. 1.

When the famous Russian conductor stepped out upon the stage for the first concert he was greeted with a long ovation from a standing audience and orchestra, according to an account in the Boston Globe.

The Boston music critics described the occasion in the newspapers in the following manner:

Penfield Roberts, in the Boston Globe—"There is no doubt that this season will be among the most brilliant artistically in the orchestra's history. The Boston Symphony remains an orchestra unsurpassed by any other in the world in the number of first-rate players it contains. Not a half a dozen bands can compare with it."

Philip Hale, in the Boston Herald—"The season opened brilliantly. In former years it was the custom to say of the first concert that the players would no doubt soon recover from the enforced rest and a few more rehearsals would restore the euphony, plasticity and technical proficiency which had made the orchestra famous. Yesterday's performance did not call for this time honored observation.

"It is our own belief that if Debussy could have heard his 'Festivals' yesterday he would have gone on the platform and, in the face of the public, embraced Mr. Koussevitzky."

The box office sale of tickets for the Boston concert as well as for the entire series, will open Monday morning at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets. Other symphonies in the series are the Cincinnati, Fritz Reiner directing, Dec. 3; the Cleveland, under Nikolai Sokoloff, Feb. 4, and the Detroit, with Victor Kolar at the helm, on March 4.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Mr Koussevitzky, is to give Beethoven's Ninth Symphony for the benefit of its pension fund Nov 18. The chorus will, as usual, be the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, trained by Dr Davison. The Harvard Glee Club will also assist the Symphony later in the season at the first Boston performances of Bloch's prize-winning symphony, "America," and in a scene from Wagner's "Parsifal." Gossip also speaks of a contemplated performance of Bach's B minor Mass, news especially welcome since that masterpiece has not been heard here within the memory of the younger generation. The Harvard Glee Club is to give its usual annual series at Symphony Hall. Oct 21

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INFORMATION OBSCURED

N.Y. MUSICAL COURIER
OCT 24
By OLIN DOWNES.

Recital by Koussevitzky.

Serge Koussevitzky is evidently one of the musicians and men who would accomplish brilliant things, whatever they set out to do. Until last night the public of New York knew him only as the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He first appeared here in that capacity Nov. 27, 1924—and as one of the most interesting figures among the virtuoso leaders of the day. But long before Mr. Koussevitzky was a conductor he was one of the three greatest players of the double-bass that the world has known. The other two were Dragonetti (1768-1846) and Bottesini (1822-1889). Ad. Hartmann, Anton Mueller (1810-1847), was a well known but secondary figure. To all records, computations, authorities and the evidence of yesterday evening, when Mr. Koussevitzky gave his first New York recital on the **double-bass** in Carnegie Hall, he is fully the equal of his celebrated predecessors, although his phenomenal accomplishments on the bass viol—an instrument that he was obliged to study through lack of circumstances in his youth—have been only **the prelude** to his achievements with the orchestra.

Years before Koussevitzky was spoken of as a conductorial possibility for America there were repeated rumors of his engagement for a tour of the United States as a virtuoso of the bass viol. There came to nothing, although Mr. Koussevitzky had toured Europe and made an international reputation for himself as a solo performer before 1900. Born in 1854, he commenced the study of the double-bass at the age of 14. In a phenomenally short time he had mastered the customary technic of the instrument and looking for fresh fields of technic and interpretation to conquer. He has done more than become one of the brilliant players of his generation, he has apparently added to the acknowledged resources of the double-bass those of the 'cello or even the higher pitched string instruments. Best of all, these technical accomplishments are at the service of the qualities of a great musician.

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V.Y. TELEGRAPH
Full range of tone OCT 24

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TRANS Amusements OCT 26

Paris-Boston

THE STORY of the "novelty" at this week's Symphony Concerts is one of kaleidoscopic change. First an Introduction and Fugue by Pick-Mangiagalli was announced. But publishers sent word that the parts were not to be had in this country. Then a Partita by Kondraczki was substituted. The first reading at Monday's rehearsal proved that the youthful composer, inexperienced in practical matters, had relied too much upon his copyist. Thickets abounded in such numbers in both score and parts that the learned doctors at Symphony Hall whose duty it is to mend such matters found the task too great to be accomplished in the available time during the current week. The last word is that "Féerique," by Jacques Ibert, will fill the gap. Monsieur Ibert is by no means new to Symphony Hall. In seasons past Mr. Koussevitzky has favored him.

"Féerique" was written in 1924, published by Leduc in 1925, received first performance from the Colonne Orchestra under Gabriel Pierné, Dec. 6, 1925. It is slight both in structure and content. The composer describes it as a "choreographic scherzo built on a single theme, in which the title is justified by the general atmosphere." It begins with ethereal chords, high in divided strings. An oboe sings a cantilena of lovely contour, the single theme of the piece. Other instruments in turn take it up. The speed increases, an active rhythmical design enters, the mood becomes agitated. Quiet is restored, a muted violin solo completes with its theme. A short ending of the apotheosis type soon follows. One feature, after the first performance, found the music "too precious." Another, Paul Bertrand, contributed to the Paris Mercure these informative paragraphs:

TRANS OCT 25

M. Jacques Ibert is a musician of great delicacy, considerable finesse, and rare facility. A musician who has shown a singular sureness of touch in his various symphonic works. All this together with a gift toward the precious and toward subtlety as a colorist. "Féerique" confirms this impression, but without displaying as yet that harmonic evolution in this remarkable artist which one had hoped for. The composer informs us that his work has no literary program or commentary, that everything occurs in a purely imaginary realm, the realm of sounds, rhythms, timbres. This purely symphonic work may be classed neither as a symphony, for the symphony even in its freest form is nevertheless subject to certain architectural principles, nor as a symphonic poem, which always rests upon the basis of a program. A theme of pastoral character runs through the entire piece. This theme undergoes such a variety of transformations that its appearances are often rather vague. The work assembles a piquant succession of harmonies in which there is an insistent admixture of polytony. It abounds in studied and singular effects. With an unusual dexterity M. Ibert multiplies matters of detail analogous to those which characterize certain works of M. Ravel, to which "Féerique" is related to the general conception if not by its writing, which is highly personal. But one had hoped for a work from the dexterous composer of "Escales" that would be both ampler and more significant.

H. M.

In Turn New York

15

Enter, Koussevitzky

SHORTLY before an audience of celebrities and a few others crowded streaming down the aisles of Carnegie Hall, Tuesday night, Mr. Serge Koussevitzky, unchaperoned by his Boston Symphony Orchestra, walked a bit nervously across the stage and took his place to windward of an accompanist's grand piano. Behind him came a white-robed attendant, bearing one of those big instruments that had never in our recollection been played in recital within these faint ancient walls. There was no less august a vehicle of music than a double-bass—the double-bass of the greatest living virtuoso upon that gargantuan fiddle. Mr. Koussevitzky was companioned for his opening number (and one other), by Mr. Henri Casadesus, distinguished specialist in old instruments and old music, on this occasion presented as player of the viola d'amore. [Lawrence Gilman, Herald Tribune

The program consisted of A. Lorenzi's "Symphonic Concertante" for viola d'amore and double-bass; Koussevitzky's concerto for double-bass; L. Borghi's Third Sonata for viola d'amore and double-bass; Lorenziti's Petite Suite for viola d'amore, and smaller pieces in arrangement for double-bass—the Largo from H. Eccles's 'cello sonata in G minor; a minuet, arranged from the original piano piece of Beethoven; G. Lasca's "Berceuse and Koussevitzky's "Valse Miniature." [Olin Downes, Times

Tempered Praise TRANS OCT 25

The double bass is not a solo instrument. So, at least, consent an authority as Grove's Dictionary establishes that. The amazing performances of Domenico Dragonetti and Giovanni Bottesini in the last century were merely the exceptions that prove the rule. Besides, Bottesini used the bass as di canera, which is not the full-sized orchestral double bass. Therefore, when Serge Koussevitzky came to Carnegie Hall in the role of recital contrabassist, possessed of an instrument that yielded nothing in bulk to those that provide an undertone for his Boston Symphony, he was presentified to clinch the case for the writer in Greece. He did so, by providing another exception after the fashion of Dragonetti and Bottesini. One was reminded of what Spontini said to Wagner: he had done better than he could do. Without a solo instrument, the Boston conductor supplied the most astonishing solo playing. His double-bass was not for such purposes; it merely achieved them like the violin of Fritz Kreisler or the cello of Pablo Casals. [Oscar Thompson, Post

Mr. Koussevitzky was content with a conventional bass of moderate size and having four strings, of which the upper two did the major portion of the work. He played with a bow such as all our orchestral players formerly used, called the "underhand" bow, and not the cello type adopted by the Parisian bass players about 1830. But his bowing was entirely free from the "ripping" effect observed in old fashioned bass playing. It was suave and elegant and caressed the strings so that they responded with their loveliest tonal secrets. [W. J. Henderson, Sun

He tunes his strings higher than the accepted tuning of the double bass for the sake of clarity and brilliancy of effect. It was probably inevitable, with this special treatment of the double-bass, which has very little solo music in its repertory, that the soloist should eke out his program with some compositions never intended for the double-bass, and bearing too obviously the mark of gratuitous arrangement. It is also true that the further he departed from the double-bass style and literature, the more the audience applauded his efforts. [Olin Downes

STAGE and STUDIO

Columbus Dispatch OCT 25

THE Columbus season of symphonies, that field in which music is most amazing, tremendous in its magnitude and awe-inspiring in its profundity, will open Thursday at 8:15 p. m. in Memorial hall with a concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. TRANS OCT 25

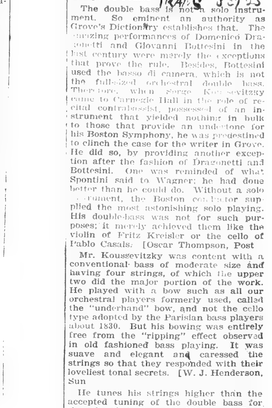
It is not a mere publicity ballyhoo to say that Columbus is mighty fortunate in having as its guests the Boston and its celebrated Koussevitzky. In the first place, Columbus is only one of five cities outside of Boston and New York which will hear the great band this season. And, secondly, it is an orchestra with a conductor selected by such writers as Olin Downes of the New York Times and Arthur M. Abell of the Musical Courier as a symphony and leader without peers.

Another good reason for hearing the Boston is that Koussevitzky has arranged what is without a doubt the most remarkable program of music to be played by an orchestra in central Ohio.

PROKOFIEFF NOVELTY.

Particularly outstanding is the program in that two of the numbers have never been played in Columbus and only a few times in America. These are the "Classical Symphony" by Prokoieff and the orchestral excerpts from the second "Daphnis and Chloe" ballet suite by Ravel.

Brahms' Symphony No. 2 in D major, with its four movements comprising the entire [illegible]



[illegible] ...ensemble of music lovers [illegible] ...TERRIBLE [illegible] ...the Good [illegible] ...defiant [illegible] ...ssian music [illegible] ...level Symphon[illegible] ...time bring hi[illegible] ...symphonies.

Babylonia, now in thirty-seven[illegible] Prokofieff composed this little work in 1916-17. Felix Borowski quotes the composer as saying that his "idea in writing this music was to catch the spirit of Mozart and to put down that which, if he were living now, Mozart might put into his score."

Of the virtuoso performances by the Boston Symphony and Serge Koussevitzky, which are the standing wonder of present day music, nothing has made a more remarkable impression than Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," which is on the Columbus program.

Last season when the distinguished French composer, Ravel, landed in America, he went to Carnegie hall, New York, and sat in a box while Koussevitzky and his orchestra surprised him with the homage of a "Ravel program." After this suite in particular, composer, conductor and orchestra were given a tremendous ovation.

A RAVEL MASTERPIECE.

Maurice Ravel, foremost of the tone-painters in the contemporary French school, is thought by many to have achieved his masterpiece in "Daphnis and Chloe." This score is probably also his largest canvas and never did he use so broad a brush with such overwhelming effect as in the tumultuous dance which closes this suite.

Space will not permit a lengthy discussion of that awe-inspiring Symphony No. 2 by Johannes Brahms. Felix Weingartner, probably the greatest German critic of his time, in discussing it in his pamphlet of symphonies, says that "the stream of invention has never flowed so fresh and spontaneous in other works by Brahms and nowhere else has he colored his orchestration so successfully." And after a eulogy of the various movements he puts the symphony among the very best of the new classic school since the death of Beethoven and "far above all the symphony of Schumann."

NOTE TO LATE-COMERS.

The program will commence promptly at 8:15 p. m. and all patrons are urged to be in their seats at that time. No one will be seated between movements of a symphony.

The single seat sale for the Boston will not be opened at the box office at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets, until Wednesday morning. Until that time season tickets for the entire series, including the Cincinnati, Cleveland and Detroit orchestras, will be sold exclusively.

LECTURE BY TICHLITER.

Rev. Dr. McIlyar H. Lichliter, pastor of the First Congregational church, Sunday evening will deliver a lecture on the composers and their symponies on the Boston orchestra's program. G. G. Grabill, organist, will play movements from several Brahms symphonies. The lecture begins at 7:30 o'clock.

THE BOSTON PROGRAM.

Following is the Boston's program:

Overture to Leonore No. 3 op. 72 Beethoven
Classical Symphony op. 25 Prokofieff
Allegro
Larghetto
Gavotte
Finale
(First time in Columbus)
Orchestral excerpts from Daphnis and Chloe ballet second suite Ravel
Lever du Jour—Pantomime—Danse Generale
(First time in Columbus)

REDUCTION RATIO

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PM-MGP 13″x18″
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INFORMATION OBSCURED

15

N.Y. MUSIC TIMES
Oct 24

By OLIN DOWNES.

Recital by Koussevitzky.

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TRANS Amusements Oct 26

Paris-Boston

THE STORY of the "novelty" at this week's Symphony Concerts is one of kaleidoscopic change. First an Introduction and Fugue by Pick-Mangiagalli was announced. But publishers sent word that the parts were not to be had in this country. Then a Partita by Kondraczki was substituted. The first reading at Monday's rehearsal proved that the youthful composer, inexperienced in practical matters, had relied too much upon his copyist. Mistakes abounded in such numbers in both score and parts that the learned doctors at Symphony Hall whose duty it is to mend such matters found the task too great to be accomplished in the available time during the current week. The last word is that "Féerique," by Jacques Ibert, will fill the gap. Monsieur Ibert is by no means new to Symphony Hall. In seasons past Mr. Koussevitzky has favored him.

"Féerique" was written in 1924, published by Leduc in 1925, received first performance from the Colonne Orchestra under Gabriel Pierné, Dec. 6, 1925. It is slight both in structure and content. The composer describes it is a "choreographic scherzo built on a single theme, in which the title is justified by the general atmosphere." It begins with ethereal chords, high in divided strings. An oboe sings a cantilena of lovely contour—the single theme of the piece. Other instruments in turn take it up. The speed increases, an active rhythmical design enters, the mood becomes agitated. Quiet restored, a muted violin solo continues with the theme. A short ending of the apotheosis type soon follows. One reviewer, after the first performance, found the music "too precious." Another, Paul Bertrand, contributed to the Paris Mènestrei these informative paragraphs:

TRANS OCT 25

M. Jacques Ibert is a musician of great delicacy, considerable finesse, and rare intelligence, a musician who has shown a singular sureness of touch in his various symphonic works. All this together with a gift toward the precious and toward subtlety as a colorist. "Féerique" confirms this impression, but without displaying as yet that harmonic evolution in this remarable artist which one had hoped for. The composer informs us that his work has no literary program or commentary, that everything occurs in a purely imaginary realm the realm of sounds, rhythms, timbres. This purely symphonic work may be classed neither as a symphony, for the symphony even in its freest form is nevertheless subject to certain architectural principles, nor as a symphonic poem, which always rests upon the basis of a program. A theme of pastoral character runs through the entire piece. This theme undergoes such a variety of transformations that its appearances are often rather vague. The work assembles a piquant succession of harmonies in which there is an insistent admixture of polytony. . . . It abounds in studied and singular effects. With an unusual dexterity M. Ibert multiplies matters of detail analogous to those which characterize certain works of M. Ravel, to which "Feerique" is related to the general conception if not by its writing, which is highly personal. But one had hoped for a work from the dexterous composer of "Escales" that would be both ampler and more significant.

A. H. M.

In Turn New York

Enter, Koussevitzky

SHORTLY before an audience of celebrities and a few others ceased streaming down the aisles of Carnegie Hall, Tuesday night, Mr. Serge Koussevitzky, unchaperoned by his Boston Symphony Orchestra, walked a bit nervously across the stage and took his place to windward of an accompanist's grand piano. Behind him came a white-gloved attendant, bearing rather gingerly an instrument that had never in our recollection been played in recital within those fairly ancient walls. This was no less august a vehicle of music than a double-bass—the double-bass of the greatest living virtuoso upon that gargantuan fiddle. Mr. Koussevitzky was companioned for his opening number (and one other), by Mr. Henri Casadesus, distinguished specialist in old instruments and old music, on this occasion presented as player of the viola d'amore. [Lawrence Gilman, Herald Tribune.

The program consisted of A. Lorenzi's "Symphonic Concertante" for viola d'amore and double-bass; Koussevitzky's concerto for double-bass; L. Borghi's Third Sonata for viola d'amore and double-bass; Lorenziti's Petite Suite for viola d'amore, and smaller pieces in arrangement for double-bass—the Largo from H. Eccles's 'cello sonata in G minor; a minuet, arranged from the original piano piece of Beethoven; G. Lasca's Berceuse and Koussevitzky's "Valse Miniature." [Olin Downes, Times

Tempered Praise

TRANS OCT 25

The double bass is not a solo instrument. So eminent an authority as Grove's Dictionary establishes that. The amazing performances of Domenico Dragonetti and Giovanni Bottesini in the last century were merely the exceptions that prove the rule. Besides, Bottesini used the basso di camera, which is not the full-sized orchestral double bass. Therefore, when Serge Koussevitzky came to Carnegie Hall in the role of recital contrabassist, possessed of an instrument that yielded nothing in bulk to those that provide an undertone for his Boston Symphony, he was predestined to clinch the case for the writer in Grove. He did so, by providing another exception after the fashion of Dragonetti and Bottesini. One was reminded of what Spontini said to Wagner; he had done better than he could do. Without a solo instrument, the Boston conductor supplied the most astonishing solo playing. His double-bass was not for such purposes; it merely achieved them like the violin of Fritz Kreisler or the cello of Pablo Casals. [Oscar Thompson, Post

Mr. Koussevitzky was content with a conventional bass of moderate size and having four strings, of which the upper two did the major portion of the work. He played with a bow such as all our orchestral players formerly used, called the "underhand" bow, and not the cello type adopted by the Parisian bass players about 1830. But his bowing was entirely free from the "ripping" effect observed in old fashioned bass playing. It was suave and elegant and caressed the strings so that they responded with their loveliest tonal secrets. [W. J. Henderson, Sun

He tunes his strings higher than the accepted tuning of the double bass for the sake of clarity and brilliancy of effect. It was probably inevitable, with this special treatment of the double-bass, which has very little solo music in its repertory, that the soloist should eke out his program with some compositions never intended for the double-bass, and bearing too obviously the mark of gratuitous arrangement. It is also true that the further he departed from the double-bass style and literature, the more the audience applauded his efforts. [Olin Downes

STAGE and STUDIO

COLUMBUS DISPATCH

THE Columbus season for symphonies, that field in which music is most amazing, tremendous in its magnitude and awe-inspiring in its profundity, will open Thursday at 8:15 p. m. in Memorial hall with a concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky.

Oct 25

It is not a mere publicity ballyhoo to say that Columbus is mighty fortunate in having as its guests the Boston and its celebrated Koussevitzky. In the first place, Columbus is only one of five cities outside of Boston and New York which will hear the great band this season. And, secondly, it is an orchestra with a conductor selected by such writers as Olin Downes of the New York Times and Arthur M. Abell of the Musical Courier as a symphony and leader without peers.

Another good reason for hearing the Boston is that Koussevitzky has arranged what is without a doubt the most remarkable program ever to be played by an orchestra in central Ohio.

PROKOFIEFF NOVELTY.

Particularly outstanding is the program in that two of the numbers have never been played in Columbus and only a few times in America. These are the "Classical Symphony" by Prokofieff and the orchestral extracts from the second "Daphnis and Chloe" ballet suite by Ravel.

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SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY —

'cello sonata in G minor; a minuet, arranged from the original piano piece of Beethoven; G. Lasca's Berceuse and Koussevitzky's "Valse Miniature."

At first, when Lorenziti's Symphonic Concertante was sounded, the dominating impression was of music too slight and an instrumental tone not large enough to fill an immense hall, Mr. Koussevitzky's tone was carefully controlled until he had opportunity, in other music, to reveal its sonorous possibilities. Then it was evident that he had been most carefully adjusting his style to the demands of the old music, which, like everything else on the program, was played with the most gratifying finish, taste and high musicianship. It might not be well to inquire too closely in regard to the absolute authenticity of every note, phrase and expression mark in these old pieces, revived with the cooperation of Mr. Casadesus. Let it be sufficient here to remark that the latter gentleman is a very accomplished performer on the viola d'amore and that he and Mr. Koussevitzky fairly matched tone and styles.

Came Mr. Koussevitzky as soloist and composer. His concerto is well written, very much better written than one might have expected of a piece which is avowedly a virtuoso's vehicle. But this piece has form and coherency and clearly stated ideas. As soon as Mr. Koussevitzky played his opening phrase, he had commanded the attention of the audience. Thereafter the listener surrendered himself to an astonishing exhibition. Everything the double-bass is supposed to do, and many things it was not expected to do, were brought to pass, and this without the suggestion of ostentation or technical gymnastics, but purely as an integral part of the musical expression.

Mr. Koussevitzsky uses an Amati double bass, which is not as large as the instrument customarily used in the orchestra. He also tunes his strings higher than the accepted tuning of the double bass for the sake of clarity and brilliancy of effect.

It was probably inevitable, with this special treatment of the double-bass, which has very little solo music in its repertory, that the soloist should eke out his program with some compositions never intended for the double-bass, and bearing too obviously the mark of gratuitious arrangement. It is also true that the further he departed from the double-bass style and literature, the more the audience applauded his efforts.

The unaccompanied sonata of L. Borghi for viola d'amore and double-bass was the best in point of musical value of the concerted numbers and it was played with the finest art by both performers. It was repeatedly a cause of fresh wonder to observe how Mr. Koussevitzky matched the tone of his immense instrument with that of the delicate old aristocrat of the string family, the viola d'amore. Mr. Casadesus gave a solo performance of Lorenziti's Petite Suite, a performance of excelling finish and expression. A ditty which he played as encore, with occasional banjo effects, enlisted the immense enthusiasm of the audience.

Mr. Koussevitzky was compelled to add to the program. The audience was loath to let him go. Those who have not heard him have probably little conception of what the double-bass can become in the hands of a master. In other hands, of course, it remains an element of instrumental ensembles. A man of genius last night gave it momentarily a great significance.

Pierre Hobosbutz shared in the applause as well he deserved to do.

The program included further, Borghi's Third Sonata for Viola d'Amore, and double bass; and Lozenziti's "Petite Suite" for d'Amore, and a group of little numbers transposed and written for the bass violin.

NOTES and LINES

HEIR By PHILIP HALE OCT 25

There have been two changes in the program of the Boston Symphony concerts of Friday and Saturday this week. An Introduction and Fugue by Pick-Mangiagalli was announced for performance. This was put aside because the orchestral parts did not arrive in time. It was said that a Partita by Kondracki, a young composer born in the Ukraine region, now living in Paris, would be substituted. For some reason or other the performance of this Suite has been postponed. Ibert's "Feerique" for orchestra will be played for the first time in Boston, if not for the first time in this country. The first performance was in Paris three years ago. The other numbers on the program are Prokofieff's pretty little "Classical" symphony; Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and the Symphony in D major (No. 2) by our old and esteemed friend, Johannes Brahms.

The orchestra next week will give concerts in Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus and Pittsburgh. The next concerts in Boston will be on Nov. 9 and 10.

Mr. Sanromá, schooled as pianist in Boston, was heard in a concert of his own at Berlin ten days ago. He played pieces by the eighteenth-century Soler, Beethoven, Schumann, Albeniz, Honegger. In the course of the season he will return to Boston to play the Concerto of Toch—witty and newly risen German—with the Symphony Orchestra.

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Of the virtuoso performances by the Boston Symphony and Serge Koussevitzky, which are the standing wonder of present day music, nothing has made a more remarkable impression than Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," which is on the Columbus program.

Last season when the distinguished French composer, Ravel, landed in America, he went to Carnegie hall, New York, and sat in a box while Koussevitzky and his orchestra surprised him with the homage of a "Ravel program." After this suite in particular, composer, conductor and orchestra were given a tremendous ovation.

A RAVEL MASTERPIECE.

Maurice Ravel, foremost of the tone-painters in the contemporary French school, is thought by many to have achieved his masterpiece in "Daphnis and Chloe." This score is probably also his largest canvas and never did he use so broad a brush with such overwhelming effect as in the tumultuous dance which closes this suite.

Space will not permit a lengthy discussion of that awe-inspiring Symphony No. 2 by Johannes Brahms. Felix Weingartner, probably the greatest German critic of his time, in discussing it in his pamphlet of symphonies, says that "the stream of invention has never flowed so fresh and spontaneous in other works by Brahms and nowhere else has he colored his orchestration so successfully." And after a eulogy of the various movements he puts the symphony among the very best of the new classic school since the death of Beethoven and "far above all the symphony of Schumann."

NOTE TO LATE-COMERS.

The program will commence promptly at 8:15 p. m. and all patrons are urged to be in their seats at that time. No one will be seated between movements of a symphony.

The single seat sale for the Boston will not be opened at the box office at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets, until Wednesday morning. Until that time season tickets for the entire series, including the Cincinnati, Cleveland and Detroit orchestras, will be sold exclusively.

LECTURE BY LICHLITER.

Rev. Dr. McIlyar H. Lichliter, pastor of the First Congregational church, Sunday evening will deliver a lecture on the composers and their symphonies on the Boston orchestra's program. G. G. Grabill, organist, will play movements from several Brahms symphonies. The lecture begins at 7:30 o'clock.

THE BOSTON PROGRAM.

Following is the Boston's program:

Overture to Leonore, No. 3, Op. 72.... Beethoven

Classical Symphony, Op. 25....Prokofieff
- Allegro
- Larghetto
- Gavotte
- Finale

(First time in Columbus)

Orchestral excerpts from Daphnis and Chloe ballet (second suite).....Ravel
- Lever du Jour—Pantomime—Danse Generale

(First time in Columbus)

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY —

Koussevitzky, Boston's Conductor, Finds American Audiences Give Close Sympathy

Columbus Dispatch Oct 26

His Orchestra Opens Symphony Club Season Thursday at Memorial.

FROM a Boston correspondent comes excerpts from an interview with Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who will appear with the world-famous band of musicians in Memorial hall next Thursday evening.

The scribe visited Mr. Koussevitzky at his home at Jamaica Plain, a suburb of Boston.

"There was nothing Slavic about the old colonial house which bore the assigned number, nor about the entry hall, which was hung with a canvas of a Union general, a sword and other Civil war relics," says the Boston writer.

"The conductor entered to extend a courteous welcome. His tweeds and spats bespoke a good tailor, and perhaps a shade more attention to dress than is customary with Americans.

"Asked what he thought of his audiences in America, he spoke with quick enthusiasm.

"'I have come in contact with a number of American audiences,' he said, 'not only in Boston and New York and the cities of our regular visits, but further afield in the orchestra's occasional tours into Canada, New York state and the South. The audiences everywhere I have found particularly responsive, their reactions interesting. The only measure of success in a symphony concert is a close sympathy between orchestra and audience. I usually find there is an intimate contact, a close "rapport".'"

Fourth Program of Boston Orchestra

Monitor Oct 27

One novelty graced the fourth program of the Boston Symphany Orchestra, given Oct. 26 and 27 in Symphony Hall. This was Jacques Ibert's "Féerique," which was played for the first time in Boston. Following as it did the "Prélude à L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," it gave the impression in its opening measures that its composer had rewritten Debussy, trusting to the lapse of 30 years to hide his plagiarism, and that Mr. Koussevitzky, setting the two compositions side by side, was giving the game away. Either that, it seemed, or the conductor had offered a deplorably constructed program.

We were quickly undeceived. Ibert's fairyland presently was demolished by gusty winds from the Mediterranean, and we sailed off to some more Ports of Call, in the last of which we heard another "Chant de Folie." This curious composition came to a close with a crashing chord, which, whatever its musical value, was an effective close to the first half of the program. Thus it is seen that Mr. Koussevitzky knew quite well what he was about.

In order to realize just how well, one must know that the opening number was Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony. Was it not natural for an audience to expect that since the composer of "Sept, Ils Sont Sept" had given us such a pretty piece, the author of the "Chant de Folie" would be as gentle? The rending of the gossamer veil was the little surprise of M. Ibert, and its effect was enhanced by the clever stage management of the conductor.

The concert closed with a fervid performance of Brahms' Second Symphony. Except for one or two minor slips, the orchestra played throughout the afternoon yesterday with amazing precision and flexibility. Mr. Koussevitzky, with reason, is obviously proud of his instrument.

L. A. S.

MUSIC

Her Oct 27

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, 48th season, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday in Symphony Hall: Prokofieff, "Classical" symphony. Debussey, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun." Ibert, "Feerique." Brahms, symphony No. 2, D major.

Ibert's name was not unkonwn in Boston before yesterday. His orchestral pieces, "Escales" and "Les Recontres," his "Chant de Folie" for chorus and orchestra have been played at the Symphony concerts. The flute players club gave a performance of two movements for two flutes, clarinet and bassoon.

"Feerique," brought out in Paris three years ago, was played yesterday for the first time in Boston, probably for the first time in this country. An ingenious Parisian has said that it was Ibert's intention to evoke "a purely imaginary realm of sounds, rhythms and timbres," that the hearers should take their time in searching "either the poetic plan which they have not found there or the scheme and speech of pure music which they also have not found." A profound and Orphic saying, but what is the precise meaning of it? We are told that there is no "literary" program to the music.

"Feerique" not only means pertaining to the fairy kingdom; it also means magical, wonderful, marvellous. If this music is taken by the hearers to portray fairyland, the robust, not to say inexplicable, section suggests that ogres giants, ghouls and vampires are among the dwellers in that imaginary realm. The opening section has poetic feeling, though the solo for the oboe over the whispering strings is not fascinating. This mood is not long sustained. There is an abrupt change into orchestral violence. Here the listener is not tempted to say "Marvellous" to Ibert's musical narrative, after the manner of Dr. Watson punctuating the surprising story in which Sherlock Holmes reveals his shrewdness. Neither the rhythmic play, nor the musical ideas, nor the orchestration leads one to shout "Wonderful." "Feerique" is apparently an amorphous work without marked significance, without exquisite nuances, without glowing color.

Mr. Prokofieff is pleasingly versatile. He can be superbly barbaric, impressive by his wildness, as in his "Scythian Suite" "Seven, They Are Seven" and the "Ballet of Steel"; he can write admirably for the piano with orchestra; in his "Classical" symphony he has shown that he can be delightfully and artistically simple, employing his inventive ability and technical resources to charm the ear and refresh the spirit. They who go in for "thunder and guns and all that" in a musical composition may sniff at this symphony, complain of its small dimensions, its apparent naivete. Ah, how hard it is to write simply and say something in each sentence! As in literature, so in music. Here is a work without superfluity, redundancy, padding. There is no attempt to startle, to thrill the hearer. How the quick movements sparkle and gaily bubble! What old-time, but not affected grace in the middle movements! And when Prokofieff has said his say, he stops. He is not overcome by his ability. He is not unduly enamortd of his speech.

There was a beautiful performance of Debussy's prelude, one of continuous and ravishing euphony. For the unalloyed enjoyment it was not necessary to think of Mollarme's cryptic poem or Edmund Gosse's explanation of it. If the prelude had been entitled "Summer Afternoon" or merely "Music," the effect on an audience would be the same, for the prelude is entrancing without suggestion of a faun remembering sensuously a vision of visiting nymphs—however "divinely tender and indulgent" they may have been to him. The whole orchestra was as a poetically inspired virtuouso, yet one cannot refrain from mentioning the flute of Mr. Laurent, the oboe of Mr. Gillet and the horn of Mr. Boettcher.

Mr. Koussevitzky is not afraid to give dramatic emphasis to the symphonies of Brahms when he detects the drama therein. For this reason, perhaps, his interpretation may disconcert those who, hearing the music of Johannes under preceding conductors, felt comfortably a disposition to sleep, believing that Brahms was a safe man who would do nothing musically indecent while they slumbered. Yet in spite of Mr. Koussevitzky's vivid interpretation, his poetically dramatic reading of details and the whole, his galvanizing the padding into momentary life—for Brahms could pad with the worst of his colleagues, including Bach—the symphony seemed yesterday inferior as a work of art to the first and the third; but when Brahms remembered Hungary, or was melodically and rhythmically piquant as in the third movement, then there was genuine enjoyment, with full appreciation.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week, visiting Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Pittsburgh. The program for Nov. 9-10 will comprise Jacobi's Indian Dances, the Third Symphony of Sibelius and Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy."

TWO SYMPHONIES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Prokofieff's "Classical" and Brahms' Second

Globe Oct 27

Ibert's "Feerique" and Debussy's "Faun" Furnish Romantic Contrast

Mr Koussevitzky again put two symphonies on the program for yesterday's Boston Symphony concert, Prokofieff's "Classical," and Brahms' Second. A new tone poem by Jacques Ibert, entitled "Feerique," and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" furnished romantic contrast. Ibert's piece was chosen after works by Pick-Mangiagalli and Kendraczki had been announced and abandoned for various reasons. Mr Koussevitzky seldom settles on his program far in advance.

Prokofioff's idea in writing his "Classical Symphony," according to Felix Borowski, was "to catch the spirit of Mozart, and put down that which, if he were living now, Mozart might put into his scores."

There is a superficial imitation of Mozart's musical rhetoric in this modern attempt at 18th-century music, but Prokofioff has not been able to invent melodies, or to impart to his fluently-written score anything of the nobility and pathos that in all Mozart's major works stir the listener to the depths of his soul. He cannot even make his music graceful except after the rather wooden fashion of Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite."

"Afternoon of a Faun"

Mr Koussevitzky no doubt had the orchestra repeat Prokofieff's already familiar jeu d'esprit because they can play it with such delightful smoothness and clarity. Seldom has the orchestra sounded better than it did in this number yesterday. But why waste such virtuosity on pseudo-Mozart when so little of the real Mozart has been heard at these concerts under Koussevitzky?

Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" Mr Koussevitzky has always played here, as he did yesterday, much more slowly than other conductors take it, and in the spirit of Massenet, a composer who had very possibly more influence on Debussy than one likes to admit. This version makes the melody of almost cloying sweetness, displaying the virtuosity of the woodwind players in the orchestra and subduing all the other instruments unduly.

The performance was very warmly applauded, and obviously gave many listeners keen delight. But one wonders what Debussy, who had a caustic tongue, would have said about it. The nocturnes for orchestra heard the other day gain greatly by Mr Koussevitzky's brilliantly personal reading, but one feels that "The Afternoon of a Faun" might better be left to speak for itself.

Brahms' Second Symphony

Of Ibert's "Feerique" little need be said. The composer, a Parisian now just under 40, is known here by other works. This tone poem has no story, poem, or picture back of it. The title suggests an intention of evoking the atmosphere of fairyland. The music is fluently written and cleverly scored for orchestra. It says almost nothing but says it well. Mr Koussevitzky strove in vain to impart some of his own emotional fervor to Ibert's score. The audience gave it scant applause.

Paris seems to be full of musicians who can write music cleverly, without pedantry, sporting with sound and with orchestral color, and never resorting to obvious banality. But like Ibert, they invariably fail to put any imaginative intensity into their music.

Brahms, whose Second Symphony ended yesterday's concert, had not a tithe of Ibert's skill in writing for orchestra. He scores everything with the clumsiness of the proverbial Teuton; he is always ponderous, and not seldom a pedant. But he writes from the heart, and his music at its best goes straight to the listener's heart.

This D-major symphony is the lightest and least clumsy of his four. Mr Koussevitzky, who does not appear to believe that the first movement of a symphony can ever be lyric rather than dramatic in character, tried with yesterday's Brahms, as he usually does with Schubert's "Unfinished," to make the first movement heroic and profound. He gave the whole slow movement the character of a songful theme for violoncello, by which it gained in beauty over all previous interpretations.

The performance as a whole was an interesting and moving one, though the orchestra had not been as thoroughly rehearsed, to all appearances, as in the other numbers. The brass, in particular, was more than once at fault.

Next week the orchestra goes on a Western tour.

P. R.

SYMPHONY IN FINEST OF FETTLE

Debussy's "Faun" Is Made Beautiful by Players

Post Oct 27

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Next week the Boston Symphony Orchestra journeys Westward, and until this annual excursion is accomplished the hours of rehearsal must be devoted less to the extension of the repertory than to the polishing and repolishing of pieces already in hand.

Hence a programme yesterday, like that of the week before, with but one fresh and rather inconsiderable piece, Ibert's "Feerique," played for the first time in Boston.

NEW LUSTRE TO TONE

In the main, however, the Symphony subscribers like best of all these programmes of familiar music, while the above mentioned polishing process resulted yesterday, as it did a week ago, in performances of a rare finish. Excelling its previous self is the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season, refining upon refinements, adding new glow and lustre to its tone, acquiring an even greater pliancy, a still more dazzling virtuosity, a vivider brilliance.

Yesterday these qualities were severally displayed in the so-called "Classical" Symphony of Prokofieff, in Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" and in Brahms' Symphony in D major, and an admiring audience was from first to last lavish of its applause.

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Her Oct 27

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Koussevitzky, Boston's Conductor, Finds American Audiences Give Close Sympathy

COLUMBUS DISPATCH OCT 26

His Orchestra Opens Symphony Club Season Thursday at Memorial.

FROM a Boston correspondent comes excerpts from an interview with Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who will appear with the world-famous band of musicians in Memorial hall next Thursday evening.

The scribe visited Mr. Koussevitzky at his home at Jamaica Plain, a suburb of Boston.

"There was nothing Slavic about the old colonial house which bore the assigned number, nor about the entry hall, which was hung with a canvas of a Union general, a sword and other Civil war relics," says the Boston writer.

"The conductor entered to extend a courteous welcome. His tweeds and spats bespoke a good tailor, and perhaps a shade more attention to dress than is customary with Americans.

"Asked what he thought of his audiences in America, he spoke with quick enthusiasm.

"'I have come in contact with a number of American audiences,' he said, 'not only in Boston and New York and the cities of our regular visits, but further afield in the orchestra's occasional tours into Canada, New York state and the South. The audiences everywhere I have found particularly responsive, their reactions interesting. The only measure of success in a symphony concert is a close sympathy between orchestra and audience. I usually find there is an intimate contact, a close "rapport".'"

Fourth Program of Boston Orchestra

MONITOR OCT 27

One novelty graced the fourth program of the Boston Symphany Orchestra, given Oct. 26 and 27 in Symphony Hall. This was Jacques Ibert's "Féerique," which was played for the first time in Boston. Following as it did the "Prélude à L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," it gave the impression in its opening measures that its composer had rewritten Debussy, trusting to the lapse of 30 years to hide his plagiarism, and that Mr. Koussevitzky, setting the two compositions side by side, was giving the game away. Either that, it seemed, or the conductor had offered a deplorably constructed program.

We were quickly undeceived. Ibert's fairyland presently was demolished by gusty winds from the Mediterranean, and we sailed off to some more Ports of Call, in the last of which we heard another "Chant de Folie." This curious composition came to a close with a crashing chord, which, whatever its musical value, was an effective close to the first half of the program. Thus it is seen that Mr. Koussevitzky knew quite well what he was about.

In order to realize just how well, one must know that the opening number was Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony. Was it not natural for an audience to expect that since the composer of "Sept, Ils Sont Sept" had given us such a pretty piece, the author of the "Chant de Folie" would be as gentle? The rending of the gossamer veil was the little surprise of M. Ibert, and its effect was enhanced by the clever stage management of the conductor.

The concert closed with a fervid performance of Brahms' Second Symphony. Except for one or two minor slips, the orchestra played throughout the afternoon yesterday with amazing precision and flexibility. Mr. Koussevitzky, with reason, is obviously proud of his instrument.

L. A. S.

MUSIC

HER OCT 27

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, 48th season, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday in Symphony Hall: Prokofieff, "Classical" symphony. Debussey, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun." Ibert, "Feerique." Brahms, symphony No. 2, D major.

Ibert's name was not unkonwn in Boston before yesterday. His orchestral pieces, "Escales" and "Les Recontres," his "Chant de Folie" for chorus and orchestra have been played at the Symphony concerts. The flute players club gave a performance of two movements for two flutes, clarinet and bassoon.

"Feerique," brought out in Paris three years ago, was played yesterday for the first time in Boston, probably for the first time in this country. An ingenious Parisian has said that it was Ibert's intention to evoke "a purely imaginary realm of sounds, rhythms and timbres," that the hearers should take their time in searching "either the poetic plan which they have not found there or the scheme and speech of pure music which they also have not found." A profound and Orphic saying, but what is the precise meaning of it? We are told that there is no "literary" program for the music.

"Feerique" not only means pertaining to the fairy kingdom; it also means magical, wonderful, marvellous. If this music is taken by the hearers to portray fairyland, the robust, not to say inexplicable, section suggests that ogres giants, ghouls and vampires are among the dwellers in that imaginary realm. The opening section has poetic feeling, though the solo for the oboe over the whispering strings is not fascinating. This mood is not long sustained. There is an abrupt change into orchestral violence. Here the listener is not tempted to say "Marvellous" to Ibert's musical narrative, after the manner of Dr. Watson punctuating the surprising story in which Sherlock Holmes reveals his shrewdness. Neither the rhythmic play, nor the musical ideas, nor the orchestration leads one to shout "Wonderful." "Feerique" is apparently an amorphous work without marked significance, without exquisite nuances, without glowing color.

Mr. Prokofieff is pleasingly versatile. He can be superbly barbaric, impressive by his wildness, as in his "Scythian Suite" "Seven, They Are Seven" and the "Ballet of Steel"; he can write admirably for the piano with orchestra; in his "Classical" symphony he has shown that he can be delightfully and artistically simple, employing his inventive ability and technical resources to charm the ear and refresh the spirit. They who go in for "thunder and guns and all that" in a musical composition may sniff at this symphony, complain of its small dimensions, its apparent naivete. Ah, how hard it is to write simply and say something in each sentence! As in literature, so in music. Here is a work without superfluity, redundancy, padding. There is no attempt to startle, to thrill the hearer. How the quick movements sparkle and gaily bubble! What old-time, but not affected grace in the middle movements! And when Prokofieff has said his say, he stops. He is not overcome by his ability. He is not unduly enamortd of his speech.

There was a beautiful performance of Debussy's prelude, one of continuous and ravishing euphony. For the unalloyed enjoyment it was not necessary to think of Mollarme's cryptic poem or Edmund Gosse's explanation of it. If the prelude had been entitled "Summer Afternoon" or merely "Music," the effect on an audience would be the same, for the prelude is entrancing without suggestion of a faun remembering sensuously a vision of visiting nymphs—however "divinely tender and indulgent" they may have been to him. The whole orchestra was as a poetically inspired virtuouso, yet one cannot refrain from mentioning the flute of Mr. Laurent, the oboe of Mr. Gillet and the horn of Mr. Boettcher.

Mr. Koussevitzky is not afraid to give dramatic emphasis to the symphonies of Brahms when he detects the drama therein. For this reason, perhaps, his interpretation may disconcert those who, hearing the music of Johannes under preceding conductors, felt comfortably a disposition to sleep, believing that Brahms was a safe man who would do nothing musically indecent while they slumbered. Yet in spite of Mr. Koussevitzky's vivid interpretation, his poetically dramatic reading of details and the whole, his galvanizing the padding into momentary life—for Brahms could pad with the worst of his colleagues, including Bach—the symphony seemed yesterday inferior as a work of art to the first and the third; but when Brahms remembered Hungary, or was melodically and rhythmically piquant as in the third movement, then there was genuine enjoyment, with full appreciation.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week, visiting Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Pittsburgh. The program for Nov. 9-10 will comprise Jacobi's Indian Dances, the Third Symphony of Sibelius and Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy."

TWO SYMPHONIES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Prokofieff's "Classical" and Brahms' Second

GLOBE OCT 27

Ibert's "Feerique" and Debussy's "Faun" Furnish Romantic Contrast

Mr Koussevitzky again put two symphonies on the program for yesterday's Boston Symphony concert, Prokofieff's "Classical," and Brahms' Second. A new tone poem by Jacques Ibert, entitled "Feerique," and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" furnished romantic contrast. Ibert's piece was chosen after works by Pick-Mangiagalli and Kendraczki had been announced and abandoned for various reasons. Mr Koussevitzky seldom settles on his program far in advance.

Prokofioff's idea in writing his "Classical Symphony," according to Felix Borowski, was "to catch the spirit of Mozart, and put down that which, if he were living now, Mozart might put into his scores."

There is a superficial imitation of Mozart's musical rhetoric in this modern attempt at 18th-century music, but Prokofioff has not been able to invent melodies, or to impart to his fluently-written score anything of the nobility and pathos that in all Mozart's major works stir the listener to the depths of his soul. He cannot even make his music graceful except after the rather wooden fashion of Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite."

"Afternoon of a Faun"

Mr Koussevitzky no doubt had the orchestra repeat Prokofieff's already familiar jeu d'esprit because they can play it with such delightful smoothness and clarity. Seldom has the orchestra sounded better than it did in this number yesterday. But why waste such virtuosity on pseudo-Mozart when so little of the real Mozart has been heard at these concerts under Koussevitzky?

Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" Mr Koussevitzky has always played here, as he did yesterday, much more slowly than other conductors take it, and in the spirit of Massenet, a composer who had very possibly more influence on Debussy than one likes to admit. This version makes the melody of almost cloying sweetness, displaying the virtuosity of the woodwind players in the orchestra and subduing all the other instruments unduly.

The performance was very warmly applauded, and obviously gave many listeners keen delight. But one wonders what Debussy, who had a caustic tongue, would have said about it. The nocturnes for orchestra heard the other day gain greatly by Mr Koussevitzky's brilliantly personal reading, but one feels that "The Afternoon of a Faun" might better be left to speak for itself.

Brahms' Second Symphony

Of Ibert's "Feerique" little need be said. The composer, a Parisian now just under 40, is known here by other works. This tone poem has no story, poem, or picture back of it. The title suggests an intention of evoking the atmosphere of fairyland. The music is fluently written and cleverly scored for orchestra. It says almost nothing but says it well. Mr Koussevitzky strove in vain to impart some of his own emotional fervor to Ibert's score. The audience gave it scant applause.

Paris seems to be full of musicians who can write music cleverly, without pedantry, sporting with sound and with orchestral color, and never resorting to obvious banality. But like Ibert, they invariably fail to put an imaginative intensity into their music.

Brahms, whose Second Symphony ended yesterday's concert, had not a tithe of Ibert's skill in writing for orchestra. He scores everything with the clumsiness of the proverbial Teuton; he is always ponderous, and not seldom a pedant. But he writes from the heart, and his music at its best goes straight to the listener's heart.

This D-major symphony is the lightest and least clumsy of his four. Mr Koussevitzky, who does not appear to believe that the first movement of a symphony can ever be lyric rather than dramatic in character, tried with yesterday's Brahms, as he usually does with Schubert's "Unfinished," to make the first movement heroic and profound. He gave the whole slow movement the character of a songful theme for violoncello, by which it gained in beauty over all previous interpretations.

The performance as a whole was an interesting and moving one, though the orchestra had not been as thoroughly rehearsed, to all appearances, as in the other numbers. The brass, in particular, was more than once at fault.

Next week the orchestra goes on a Western tour.

P. R.

SYMPHONY IN FINEST OF FETTLE

Debussy's "Faun" Is Made Beautiful by Players

POST OCT 27

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Next week the Boston Symphony Orchestra journeys Westward, and until this annual excursion is accomplished the hours of rehearsal must be devoted less to the extension of the repertory than to the polishing and repolishing of pieces already in hand.

Hence a programme yesterday, like that of the week before, with but one fresh and rather inconsiderable piece, Ibert's "Feerique," played for the first time in Boston.

NEW LUSTRE TO TONE

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Celebrated Orchestra Conductors To Be Here This Season

From left to right above are Henry Verbrugghen of the Minneapolis Orchestra; Frederick Stock of the Chicago Orchestra; Arturo Toscanini of the New York Philharmonic, and Nikolai Sokoloff of the Cleveland Orchestra. Below from left to right are Willem Mengelberg of the New York Philharmonic, and Serge Koussevitzky of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

PITTSBURGH POST GAZETTE
OCT. 27

Music Notes and Comments

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—the Boston Symphony Orchestra—the Passing . . Of Vincent B. Wheeler.

By HARVEY GAUL.

The most important series of our musical year begin this week, and they are the opening concerts of the Pittsburgh Symphony Society and the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association.

Tomorrow night at the Mosque the Pittsburgh Symphony will play to capacity. If you can get in count yourself lucky as many people will be disappointed. The course has been subscribed and enthusiasm according to the officers is running high.

In talking over the concert with the players they said that the organization was greatly improved, new strings and new brasses. The men are in fine fettle and have prepared an excellent program. Elias Breeskin, slave driver, has harried the men until they hardly have to count a tacit. He has polished off phrases, bowed the fiddle sections, and put a metronome under the percussions, and the result was the burning of much midnight oil on his part, and a thorough working out of the various tonal families.

Eugene Goosens, conductor chose the program, and we think it a fascinating one. First of all it introduces Rimsky-Korsakow's overture "Russian Easter," sometimes called "The Bright Overture." This work may have been played here but if it was, no one can remember when, and no one can say where.

Rimsky-Korsakow had a new idea in mind when he wrote his "Russian Easter," and we fancy it must have shocked the Moscow metropolitan when that high-hatted prelate heard it, as Rimsky makes his Easter quite pagan. It opens with ecclesiastical themes and then runs riot in caperings and pranks. This Rimsky says is the origin of Easter, a heathenish holiday marked with peasant merry-making. For further notes on this work we commend you to Rimsky's illuminating "My Musical Life," and the more comprehensive analytical notes of William Benswanger, custodian of the Blickensderfer.

Second in interest will be Dvorak's familiar "New World Symphony" a work which we think justifies its many repetitions. Perhaps Antonin Dvorak did lean heavily upon the Negro idiom, but to our mind it is his Bohemian colorings that mark the work. Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" will give us ample opportunity of judging the wood winds and the whole will close with Georges Enesco's "Rumanian Rhapsody," a brilliant coda.

The guest artist is Cyrena Van Gordon, a contralto much admired here. She will sing Schubert and Wagner and our guess is that she will stop the show.

It is wonderful to think that the blue law have faded into a cerulean haze and that we can have Sunday music without some moralist condeming everybody to Aime Semple Macpherson's favorite climate. It will be a program of great music and Pittsburgh will be the better for it.

* * *

The Boston Symphony To Play This Week.

Serge Koussevitzky brings his brilliant Boston Symphony to open the orchestra association series. It is a tradition that he shall be the first and he is a worthy lead-off man.

Next Friday night the Mosque should be jammed by people who want distinguished music rendered in a distinguished manner. Mr. Koussevitzky has drawn up two of the best programs Pittsburgh has been offered. They are high in contrast and embrace many schools. They are excellent in taste and marvelous in their catholic appeal.

Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete Ballet" begins the concert. At one time Igor Stravinsky was considered an ultra modernist, but in these zig-zag days of cacophony, the ultra part is forgotten. The work will be found to be agreeable and the instrumentation enticing. This will be followed by Debussy's engaging nocturnes, "Nuages," and "Fetes," two

FINE SYMPHONY SEASON BOOKED

Country's Greatest Orchestras Are To Be Heard.

Pittsburgh is to hear the world's greatest symphony orchestras, with their celebrated conductors this season, when the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association enters upon its thirteenth season.

The opening concert will be given by the Boston Symphony orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, on Friday night and Saturday afternoon, November 2 and 3, at Syria Mosque.

The New York Philharmonic comes for three visits. Willem Mengelberg will conduct for the first two visits, and Arturo Toscanini for the third visit. Frederick Stock and the Chicago orchestra will return after an absence of 15 years.

Othe rfavorites to return include the Cleveland orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff, conductor, and the Minneapolis orchestra, with Henri Verbrugghen, conductor.

Three special Friday afternoon concerts will also be given for children.

CALENDAR OF NOVEMBER CONCERTS

November 3—Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mosque.

November 4—Boston Symphony Orchestra, matinee.

November 9—Josef Hoffman, piano, recital, Mosque.

November 12—Bohm Ballet, Carnegie Music Hall.

November 16—New York Philharmonic, Mosque.

November 17—New York Philharmonic, matinee.

November 25—Yost String Quartet, Schenley ballroom.

November 26—Flonzaley Quartet, Carnegie Music Hall.

November 29—Doris Niles Ballet, Carnegie Music Hall.

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Serge Koussevitzky, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is not only a conductor, but a player of the double-bass instrument. His mastery of this instrument brought him fame before his days of conducting. Mr. Koussevitzky is the first of the conductors to come to Pittsburgh this season under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association. His coming is an event of next Friday night and Saturday afternoon, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra opens the symphony season with the following programs:

FRIDAY NIGHT.

Apollon Musagete, Ballet .....Stravinsky
Nocturnes .....Debussy
Prelude to "The Mastersingers"....Wagner
Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major, "Eroica" ..... Beethoven

SATURDAY MATINEE.

"Classical" Symphony, Op. 25....Prokofieff
Prelude a l'Apres-midi d'un Faune (The Afternoon of a Faun).....Debussy
Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloe" .....Ravel
Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73..Brahms

Three Moderns and Brahms on Symphony List

OCT 27

An interesting if not exciting program provides the fourth Symphony concert of the season. For novelty, there is Jacques Ibert's "Feerique:" for solid, substantial matter Brahms' second symphony, while the moderns are fittingly represented by Prokofieff and Debussy.

The Prokoffeffi's "Classical" symphony Koussevitzky brought keen and quickened understanding. The agreeable little piece, wherein the Russian returns to the older ways of music, only to be detected now and then in the act of jeering pleasantly at the audience, sounds still better at a second hearing than it did at a first. This Prokofield is an ingenious fellow, he does all things well and not badly; he can even write a "Classical" symphony with a few little acid touches of his own.

For Debussy, there was the "Prelud- a l'Apres Midi d'un Faune." ballet that caused censorious stir when it was first presented. By now it has sunk into the category of long accustomed things. Years do not dull the glow and glitter of its measures, its notes still talk honeyed on the ear.

M. Ibert's piece begins as calm, mild and cerebral music; then its theme heightens and quickens with ingeniously patterned trumpet work. By all means an agreeable bit of music, though in no sense a great

In the World of Music

THE most interesting musical event of the week here was the recital given by Serge Koussevitzky in Carnegie Hall. Long before this distinguished musician entered the business of orchestral conducting he was known throughout Europe as a virtuoso performer on the double-bass; he was classed as one of the three greatest performers on this instrument the world has ever known.

Mr. Koussevitzky for many years startled the musical world abroad by his artistic playing upon an instrument not usually associated with solo performance, an instrument one thinks of as the backbone of orchestral structure. It is well known, of course, that for some years past Mr. Koussevitzky has been the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In the time he has been associated with this great organization he has brought it back to the high standing it had for many years.

This recent appearance of Mr. Koussevitzky as a solo performer on the double-bass was at once of interest and attracted music lovers in great number to Carnegie Hall. Naturally, there was great curiosity to hear what this eminent musician and conductor could accomplish on this instrument.

USING an Amati double bass, which is smaller than ones seen in the usual orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky astounded his audience with a remarkable performance; it is astonishing the remarkable effects Mr. Koussevitzky extracted from this ungainly instrument. He made of it a solo instrument quite as much as is the cello. Naturally, the literature for the double-bass is very limited.

OLEY SPEAKS.

The player, however, grouped together a program which held the interest of the audience at all times. He had the assistance of Henri Casadeus, player of the Viola d' Amore, and Pierre Luboshutz, pianist. One of the numbers on the program was Koussevitzky's own concerto for double-bass. The recital was one of the most unique musical events heard here in a long time.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony orchestra will be away from this city this week since concerts will be given in Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, and Pittsburgh. The fifth regular pair of concerts in Symphony hall will take place on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Nov. 9 and 10. Third Symphony of Sibelius, which has not yet been heard in Boston, Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" and Frederick Jacobi's "Indian Dances," are on the program.

PENSION FUND

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Allegro non Troppo. Adagio non Troppo. Allegretto Grazioso. Quasi Andantino. Allegro con Spirito.

In the World of Music

THE most interesting musical event of the week here was the recital given by Serge Koussevitzky in Carnegie Hall. Long before this distinguished musician entered the business of orchestral conducting he was known throughout Europe as a virtuoso performer on the double-bass; he was classed as one of the three greatest performers on this instrument the world has ever known.

Mr. Koussevitzky for many years startled the musical world abroad by his artistic playing upon an instrument not usually associated with solo performance, an instrument one thinks of as the backbone of orchestral structure. It is well known, of course, that for some years past Mr. Koussevitzky has been the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In the time he has been associated with this great organization he has brought it back to the high standing it had for many years.

This recent appearance of Mr. Koussevitzky as a solo performer on the double-bass was at once of interest and attracted music lovers in great number to Carnegie Hall. Naturally, there was great curiosity to hear what this eminent musician and conductor could accomplish on this instrument.

USING an Amati double bass, which is smaller than ones seen in the usual orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky astounded his audience with a remarkable performance; it is astonishing the remarkable effects Mr. Koussevitzky extracted from this ungainly instrument. He made of it a solo instrument quite as much as is the cello. Naturally, the literature for the double-bass is very limited.

OLEY SPEAKS.

The player, however, grouped together a program which held the interest of the audience at all times. He had the assistance of Henri Casadeus, player of the Viola d' amore, and Pierre Luboshutz, pianist. One of the numbers on the program was Koussevitzky's own concerto for double-bass. The recital was one of the most unique musical events heard here in a long time.

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REDUCTION RATIO

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PM-MGP 13″x18″
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vocal writing of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The subdivisions of the first movement traverse "The Virgin's Dream," The Appearance of The Angel," "Dialogue of The Angel and Mary" (with a theme in heavy chords in the piano that is frequently heard throughout this and the succeeding movement), "O Sanctissima," "The Passion," "The Angel Tells of Her Glorification," "The Religious Ecstasy of the Virgin," "Disappearance of The Angel." Under "The Miracle" we hear "Mary's Anxiety and Pain," "Comforting Voice From Above," "Mary Remembers the Prophecy," "Her Fears again Gain The Upper Hand," "Again The Heavenly Voice Speaks," "Mary Fortified in Her Faith," "Preparation for the Miracle," "The Voice of the Searching Shepherds," "The Miracle is an Accomplished fact," "Heavenly Lullaby."

The third and fourth movements follow each other without pause. The essence of "The Lament" is a lyric duet between first and second violins over pizzicati-chords in lower strings and piano. "The Grave" is pictured by mournful descending imitative passages in strings over extremely dissonant chords, in the double basses. As an interlude the piano introduces material in repeated dissonant chords, which is soon taken up by strings. Then an ascending figure becomes the subject of many imitations; the rhythm grows more taut; the speed increases; there is a strong climax, by which tokens we have progressed to "The Transfiguration." Only these last two movements are to be played at Symphony Hall. The composer gives information that the inspiration for the work came from a triptych for an altar at Colmar painted by the artist, Grünewald. The Concerto was written in 1925.

From a review in the New York Times, written after the performance of the "Concerto Sacro" in that city by the orchestra of the Juillard Graduate School comes a final informing note: "Professor Josten's harmonic style in the work heard last night, which partakes appropriately of an archaic character, is his own. He has melodic invention, taste, and sincere and communicative feeling. The 'Concerto Sacro' might well have been inspired by some naive religioous painting of the thirteenth century. There is a half dramatic and to the imagination almost a pictorial conception of the music, or at least of much of the music. One sees the tone-picture, as it were, in simple, stiff, almost argus lines, illuminated in certain colors, which are sometimes relieved by a softer harmonic background. . . ."

A. H. M.

Last New Number At Symphony Hall

THE END of the Symphony Concerts draws near. The last "novelty" has been listed upon a program. The coming week-end will hear it—two movements of a "Concerto Sacro," or "Sacred Concerto," by Professor Werner Josten of the Department of Music at Smith College. He was born at Elberfeld in Germany, in 1888. He was destined early for banking, but found his way into music. He studied principally under Rudolf Siegel (composer, conductor, favored pupil of Humperdinck) and Emile Jacques-Dalcroze. Before the war he dwelt in Munich, Paris, and again in Munich. In 1921 he came to New York; in 1923 was appointed professor of composition and fugue at Smith College.

Mr. Josten has won many praises by his production at Smith College of early operas and cantatas—from Monteverdi, the first important composer in that field, but chiefly a name in a book for the music-loving public; from Handel, confidently asserted to be not "stageworthy" under modern conditions; from lesser composers. It is evident that in the ancient styles lies Mr. Josten's chief interest. A list of his ccompositions, which are not inconsiderable, indicates a kindred creative bent. The impending piece in entirety is a "Sacred Concerto" for string orchestra and piano. It runs in four movements which have to do with the birth, the life and death of Jesus: I. The Annunciation; II. The Miracle; III. The Lament; IV. The Grave and Transfiguration.

For the first two movements the composer provides an elaborate program by means of captions placed at frequent intervals along the score. The third and fourth movements have no sub-titles. But the fourth is called an "instrumental motet," which gives clue to its contrapuntal style, with frequent points of imitation, after the manner of the

Concert-Chronicle

New Wind-Choir

A NEW concert-room and a new Woodwind Ensemble are discoveries enough for a single evening in Bos-

The new concert-room is the hall of the American Academy of Arts and ences in Newbury Street. It is readaccessible, seats comfortably a hund or two listeners; seems a veritable nding board for the softest euphony he finest modulation played within it. ether it is available for concerts in t smaller dimensions, deponent saith n certainly it is ideal shelter for them.

. . . The new Ensemble enlists Mr. rent, the master-flutist of the Symny Orchestra; Mr. Gillet, first oboist at band; Mr. Laus, its first bassoon; Valkenier from its octet of horns. hem are joined Mr. Ralph McLane, hful clarinetist, who by the signs of erday can keep such company worthMr. Carl Lamson, the pianist, in the c eye and ear usually sitting beside Kreisler.

need each virtuoso can individualis instrument; at need also, all five fuse their tone, keeping it as well c, sensuous and alight. The level ill is high and equalized; only Mr. on seemed less accustomed than his s to ensemble-playing. Musical inence and feeling, the needful sense e from piece to piece, go warm and ocal. At every turn its beginnings d the sextet; its future beckons romise; it bids fair to fill the place ve the pleasure in our public pernce of chamber music, missed gretted since the dissolution of the Club.

In one respect the program set for this first concert was singular. The ancients held place when Mr. Laurent and Mr. Lamson played a Sonata for flute and piano—edited from the original

Continued on Following Page

TRANS Apr 18

crease in value."

Full Report of Symphony Poll

Continued from Preceding Page

all precedent of the past never will. The full poll then:

SYMPHONIES

Chaikovsky, No. 5	440
Franck	302
Brahms, No. 2	11[illegible]
Schubert, "Unfinished"	9[illegible]
Sibelius, No. 3	7[illegible]
Beethoven, No. 6 "Pastoral"	7[illegible]
Beethoven, No. 3 "Eroica"	6[illegible]
Prokofiev, "Classical"	5[illegible]
Bloch, "America"	[illegible]
Bruckner, No. 8	
Mozart, "Jupiter"	
Schumann, No. 1	
Schubert, No. 7	
Mahler, "Song of the Earth"	
Beethoven, No. 1	
Haydn, "Surprise"	
Hanson, Nordic Symphony	
Schubert, "Tragic"	
Dukelsky	
Hill	
Frederick the Great	
Schubert, No. 5	
Halffter, Sinfonietta	
Miaskovsky, No. 8	

TONE-POEMS

Ravel, "The Waltz," Choreographic Poem	
Strauss, "Zarathustra"	
Debussy, "Afternoon of a Faun"	
Scriabin, "Poem of Ecstasy"	
Carpenter, "Skyscrapers"	
Strauss, "Decthco Transfigùration"	
Debussy, "Iberia"	
Goldmark, "Negro Rhapsody"	
Debussy, "Nocturnes"	
Schelling, "Morocco"	
Honegger, "Horace Victorieux"	
Turina, "La Procession del Rocio"	
Ravel, "Alborada del Grazioso"	
Martinu, "La Symphonie"	
Ibert, "Féeriques"	

MUSIC IN OTHER FORMS

Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers"	3
Sibelius, Concerto for Violin	1
Beethoven, Overture, "Leonore" No. 3	1
Chaikovsky, Overture-Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet"	1
Moussorgsky, Pictures at an Exhibition	1
Stravinsky, "Apollo"	
Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 4	
Strauss, Salome's Dance from "Salomé"	
Handel, Concerto Grosso No. 12	
Foote, Suite in E minor	
Bach, C. P. E., Concerto for Orchestra	
Toch, Concerto for Piano	
Berlioz, Overture, "Roman Carnival"	
Kodaly, Suite "Hary Janos"	
Honegger, 'Pacific 2-3-1'	
Albeniz, Suite, "Iberia"	
De Falla, Dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat"	
Coossens, Rhythmic Dance	
Honegger, "Rugby"	
Hindemith, Concerto for Orchestra	
Jacobi, Indian Dances	
Copland, Two Pieces for Orchestra	
Honegger, "Pastorale d'Eté"	
Janin, 'Symphonic Spirituelle'	
Honegger, "Chant de Nigamon"	

Concert-Chronicle

Continued from Preceding Page

bass—by Marcello of the seventeenth century. The modernists took turn in a Quintet by Hindemith new to most ears. The concert ended with Beethoven's Quintet (Op. 16) for Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon and Piano, wherewith he took leave of chamber-music for wind choir, because it could yield nothing further to expanding invention and imperious will. The first piece had been a Sextet by Thuille, (the composer of the nineties whose early death Munich deplored), that the whole Ensemble might make simultaneous début. Two Germans, an Austrian, an Italian, but no Frenchman. Not that by race or residence a Parisian should take title to place upon the program; but because by common consent the French excell most other composers in artful, fanciful music for wind choir. No doubt succeeding concerts will adjust the reckoning.

As it stood, the program held interest and gave pleasure with little or none of the sense of surfeit and limitation that can haunt such concerts ill-planned. Thuille's Sextet is frankly, honestly, naturally German—over-written on occasional pages, preferring the voices warm, thick and sensuous rather than cool, transparent or piercing. Thuille writes songfully; is no stranger to mood; fills four movements as from young eagerness; in his Gavotte must even trip operatically. He is deft also with his wind choir; avoids the trap of monotonous imitation between the instruments; distributes, contrasts and blends them shrewdly and sensitively.

Hindemith was antidote—and also Hindemith. Hear the humors that can be extracted from a Quintet of Winds; note how pungent may be their voices

[illegible]rgencies. Instantly the calm of their household is shattered; they are both attacked by the frenzies of jealousy, and the quarrels that result are explosive enough to raise the roof of Miss Elliott's sedate theater.

"Having carried his young couple to this point the playwright quite obviously doesn't know what more to do with them. His perplexity is thoroughly understandable and should bring him no chagrin, for it is a problem which has baffled other authorities on marriage like Westermarck and Keyserling before him. Unfortunately, however, this is a play and every play must have a final curtain, so Mr. Burke in desperation brings this one down with a dash of melodrama in which a delirious lover tries to shoot the husband and the wife risks her life to save him. As the safest manner of handling such explosive material he hit upon farce, and as farce it is played by a deft and expert cast. Violet Heming and Minor Watson are the embattled spouses, with Juliette Day and Malcolm Duncan playing another warring couple in a sort of jangled counter duet."

Ziegfeldiana

The Transcript has received the following telegram from Mr. Ziegfeld about the coming of "Show Boat" to Boston on May 6:

Acting upon your advice, although I intended to hold "Show Boat" until next fall, owing to fact that company is so enormously expensive, I have decided to play Boston four weeks at the Colonial, commencing May 6th, with the original cast direct from the Ziegfeld Theater. The small capacity of the Ziegfeld Theater necessitates my playing to absolute capacity to cover my expenditures for this organization, but I feel that Boston always treated my productions with such great consideration and liberal patronage that it should see "Show Boat" exactly as it was given in New York—the same com-

Boston Symphony Orchestra Coming Thursday

COLUMBUS DESPATCH Oct 25

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With the Boston concert, the Symphony club will open its fifth annual series of symphony presentations. The organization is operating on a strictly philanthropical basis, all profits being diverted to an instrument and schclarship fund for Columbus schools and musically talented children.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

At the Eastman Theater

ROCHESTER N.Y. TIMES-UNION - Oct 30

By A. J. WARNER

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"Classical" Symphony, Op. 25 .. .. Prokofieff
Allegro
Larghetto
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Boston Symphony Plays First Concert in Eastman Series B

ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT-CHRONICLE

By STEWART B. SABIN

OCT 30

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitski, gave last evening the first of the Eastman Theater Series B concerts. The program consisted of Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" suite, three movements, and Brahms' Second Symphony.

It was a program that at casual glance looked to be decidedly modern in slant in its first section, with a Brahms finale to tilt it back toward older music—all the more this impression because two of the first three numbers had not previously been played in Rochester. As an experience, it proved a program that had balance and proportion, if it lacked, in one particular, contrast.

Prokofieff is a most versatile personage among the present-day composers; he can be as declamatory and vociferous as any, and is on occasion. But his classical symphony proves that he can be in spirit and expression direct, clear, charming and consistent in mood with the title he chose for this composition. It is not a symphony built on large lines; if its extension of ideas is not great, its ideas are highly interesting, are expressed fully and concisely and not elaborated t[illegible]edom. There is a gay spirit in the quick movements and graceful repose that is charming in the slow movement. There is little clash or clatter in the piece but it gave genuine pleasure to the writer as music and the performance of it was a delight in its clarity, its tonal tints, its brilliance.

There followed a performance of Debussy's "Faun" which was very lovely in the sectional and solo instrument playing. It was a deliberate performance and one in which tonal color was spread with elegance. It had not the rhythmic definition in places which this writer happens to like, but it flowed along with constant joy to the hearer because of the beauty of sound heard.

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The Boston Symphony seemed to the writer to be as worthy of encomium as ever it was. It gave a performance leaving the hearer satisfied with its technical and tonal excellence. The audience of the evening seemed to indicate this satisfaction by its reception of the conductor and players.

It was written above that in one particular the program seemed to lack contrast and this between numbers. Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" which followed the Debussy is music of the same school—that is, it is music which the two composers conceived from viewpoints akin as to method of expression through the orchestra. The Ravel begins with a panorama of hushed sound that was exquisitely produced by the orchestra and up out of this comes slowly form and substance, more solid substance as the suite progressed than is usual with Ravel; by this is not meant climax, but the texture of the music itself. It is music that needs virtuosity in an orchestra like to that of a Hofmann at the piano, and this virtuosity Mr. Koussevitski amply secures from his players. Moreover, whatever the demand for note playing, the quality remains undiminished in worth. The audience recalled the conductor after each program number in the first program section, recalled him so positively that on second returns to his stand he brought the orchestra to its several feet in acknowledgement.

Coming to the Brahms symphony Mr. Koussevitski proved himself consistent. So much in sympathy with modern music is he that when he first came to the Boston Orchestra there was suspicion that his treatment of the older music might be either perfunctory or peculiar. Last night his treatment of Brahms music was what it had been of the music played before. Detail was meticulously searched out and made manifest; the lovely tunes Brahms wrote into this symphony were carefully, almost tenderly, considered; where there was instrumentation to give contrasting color it was made much of; rhythms were distinct to dainty nicety. It was not a performance where the composer was left to take of himself through the literal playing of his music; the composer was examined for his innermost thought and the conduc-ance of a much played symphony

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CHARLES BRIDGES

Wolcott, Oct. 29—Charles Bridges, 59, died at his home here Sunday. He is survived by his widow Martha Gray Bridges, one son, Thomas Bridges, of Akron, Ohio, and one brother, Dr. Edward Bridges, of Maine.

ELIZABETH GIBSON

Carlton, Oct. 29—Edith Eliza Gibson, 12, died here yesterday at Rochester, Oct. 12, 1928.

FRANK J. LINGE.

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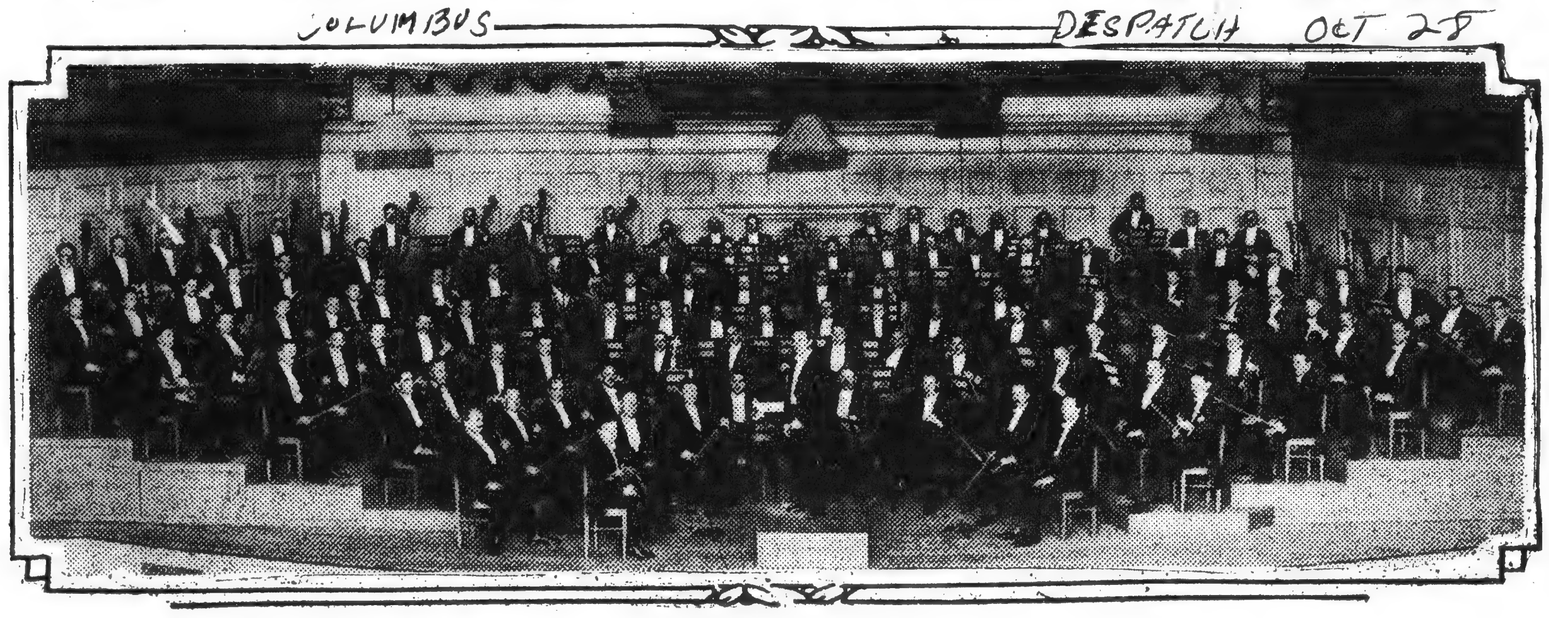

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Boston Symphony Orchestra wins mighty ovations with program here

Superlatives seem indeed vain things when it comes to fittingly describing the concert given by the Boston Symphony orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky as conductor, in Elmwood Music hall last evening. This was the first of the symphony series under auspices of the Buffalo Musical Foundation, with Marian de Forest, local manager, and a brilliant audience assembled, one which voiced its appreciation with repeated ovations both for the distinguished conductor and the members of the orchestra.

Mr. Koussevitzky is a genius at program-making, and a master magician of tonal beauty, effective contrasts and building up of tremendous climaxes. His musicianship is superb, and elegance and aristocracy of style and the intellectual grasp which controls his readings never allows him to deviate from the high standards he preserves in all his interpretations.

The first part of the program was devoted to the modernists, and the opening number, Prokofieff's Classical Symphony, Opus 25, was a performance of intriguing beauty and graceful charm, the larghetto being notably fascinating, and the entire work infused with a vitality and invigorating spirit that won a flattering testimonial from the audience. Next came Debussy's Prelude, The Afternoon of a Faun, as exquisite an example of tonal painting as has been heard here in many seasons. The eerie quality of the music, the radiant enchantment of the theme developed by the wood winds, with the far distant horns and the cloying sweetness of the harps, with the entrance of the flute singing its song of pastoral charm and the further entrance of the oboe and the clarinet were blended into an ensemble of loveliness. Then the gradual dying away of the melody which produced an uncanny effect. All won such approbation that Mr. Koussevitzky was recalled with loud acclaims and generously signaled his orchestra to rise and share the honors.

Other Numbers

In the Ravel number, Daphnis et Chlo's baliet in one act, a tonal poem of love, suggesting wood nymphs, the singing of birds, the pipes of Pan and the beauties of nature are woven into a musical tapestry of soft harmonies and delicate color. This again won great applause for Mr. Koussevitzky and his musicians.

The final offering was the Brahms Symphony No. 2 in D Major in which the tenderness and calm serene beauty of this composer, whom Von Bulow classed as one of the Three B's, with Bach and Beethoven, brought out the finest resources of the orchestra under Mr. Koussevitzky's inspired reading. It glowed with color and poetic imagination and the imposing grandeur of the final movement, which ended in a perfect blaze of orchestral glory, was such a triumphal achievement that the eminent conductor was accorded prolonged applause and recalls.

Chamber Music Recital

Music lovers were given a rare treat yesterday afternoon when nine members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra were heard in one of the most beautiful programs of chamber music ever heard in this city. Robert Gundersen, violin; Carlos Pinfield, violin; Jean Lefranc, viola; Alfred Zighera, 'cello; George Laurent, flute; Fernard Gillet, oboe; Paul Mimart, clarinet; Raymond Allard, bassoon, and Bernard Zighera, piano, were the artists who presented the program of numbers by Gluck, Beethoven, Mozart, Borodine, Bach Schubert and other composers, a full review of which will appear in the Sunday music page.

CHARLES BRIDGES

...ond Sympho...

59, died at his home here Sunday. He is survived by his widow Martha Gray Bridges, one son, Thomas Bridges, of Akron, Ohio, and one brother, Dr. Edward Bridges, of Maine.

Wolcott, Oct. 29—Charles Bridges

ELIZABETH GIBSON

Rochester, Oct. 12, 1928.

FRANK J. LINGE.

Carlton, Oct. 29—Edith Eliza Gibson, 12, died here yesterday at

...seemed to ...written above that in one ...months. Mr. and ...

...may seem right to those who make ...the laws, but to us younger would-be voters, it doesn't seem just.

...produced by the orchestra and up out of this comes slowly form and substance, more solid substance as the suite progressed than is usual with Ravel; by this is not meant climax, but the texture of the music itself. It is music that needs virtuosity in an orchestra like to that of a Hofmann at the piano, and this virtuosity Mr. Koussevitski amply secures from his players. Moreover, whatever the demand for note playing, the quality remains undiminished in worth. The audience recalled the conductor after each program number in the first program section, recalled him so positively that on second returns to his stand he brought the orchestra to its several feet in acknowledgement.

Coming to the Brahms symphony Mr. Koussevitski proved himself consistent. So much in sympathy with modern music is he that when he first came to the Boston Orchestra there was suspicion that his treatment of the older music might be either perfunctory or peculiar. Last night his treatment of Brahms music was what it had been of the music played before. Detail was meticulously searched out and made manifest; the lovely tunes Brahms wrote into this symphony were carefully, almost tenderly, considered; where there was instrumentation to give contrasting color it was made much of; rhythms were distinct to dainty nicety. It was not a performance where the composer was left to take of himself through the literal playing of his music; the composer was examined for his innermost thought and the conductance of a much played symphony

It was a program that ... glance looked to be decidedly modern in slant in its first section, with a Brahms finale to tilt it back toward older music—all the more this impression because two of the first three numbers had not previously been played in Rochester. As an experience, it proved a program that had balance and proportion, if it lacked, in one particular, contrast.

Prokofieff is a most versatile personage among the present-day composers; he can be as declamatory and vociferous as any, and is on occasion. But his classical symphony proves that he can be in spirit and expression direct, clear, charming and consistent in mood with the title he chose for this composition. It is not a symphony built on large lines; if its extension of ideas is not great, its ideas are highly interesting, are expressed fully and concisely and not elaborated t... edom. There is a gay spirit in the quick movements and graceful repose that is charming in the slow movement. There is little clash or clatter in the piece but it gave genuine pleasure to the writer as music and the performance of it was a delight in its clarity, its tonal tints, its brilliance.

There followed a performance of Debussy's "Faun" which was very lovely in the sectional and solo instrument playing. It was a deliberate performance and one in which tonal color was spread with elegance. It had not the rhythmic definition in places which this writer happens to like, but it flowed along with constant joy to the hearer because of the beauty of sound heard.

tor's notion of that thought clearly given. The result was a perform- that was exceedingly lovely much of the time, but which made seem to the writer that Brahms "loafed" in this symphony more than in his others; that there are a goodly number of passages in this score which are plain writing against space, not adding to the musical message.

The Boston Symphony seemed to the writer to be as worthy of encomium as ever it was. It gave a performance leaving the hearer satisfied with its technical and tonal excellence. The audience of the evening seemed to indicate this satisfaction by its reception of the conductor and players.

greatest symphony con- played in Columbus.

20

BOSTON GROUP SCORES WITH RAVEL WORK

Brilliant Conducting and Excellent Playing Marks Daphnis and Chloe

CLEVELAND PRESS NOV 1

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There was eager curiosity on the part of many to witness the performance of the distinguished conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, the impression of whose personality and talents have had such a rejuvenating effect on the orchestra.

In the concert field, there is often an irritating over-stressing of the personality and individual traits of the performer at the expense of the music itself, but occasionally one encounters an artist of such commanding and persuasive gifts, that one must perforce, render tribute in fullest measure; such a one is Mr. Koussevitzky.

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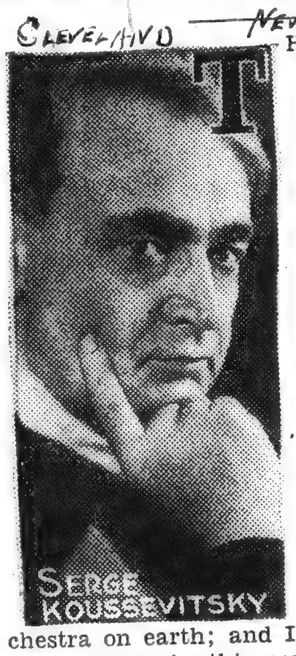
STARS and STARDUST From Theater and Concert Stage

by ARCHIE BELL

Symphony Orchestra, With Koussevitzky, Score Success

CLEVELAND NEWS NOV 1.



THERE'S truth as well as poetry in "music lends enchantment." It is possible for music to be so beautiful that an entire audience feels the spell and falls under the influence. It was demonstrated at Masonic hall Wednesday evening when the Boston Symphony orchestra returned to Cleveland after an absence of ten years and played a program under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. Probably most of us have heard that the Boston orchestra has deteriorated since those ante-bellum days when Karl Muck held the baton. Well, we know now that any such statement is a malicious lie or an error in judgment. Under Koussevitzky, it remains the same marvelous ensemble. To me it is the best symphony orchestra on earth; and I say this, comparing it to most of the famous ones in this country and in Europe. It seems to be one wonderful instrument from which come tones such as no other orchestra seems to produce. Strings superb, but so are the woodwinds and brasses. A sublime aggregation of virtuosity. And when this huge instrument of 110 pieces sits around the platform on which stands a genius of a conductor, like Koussevitzky, the result may be imagined by all who were not present last evening. It was one of those musical events beside which one puts a mark to prompt the memory as the fog of time comes on.

I think I never have heard such an enthusiastic outburst of praise as followed the first and second part of this symphony concert. The lobby fairly echoed from the comments of approval.

And there was a large crowd to hear and to praise. I noticed a few vacant seats, but not many. The auditorium was filled with music lovers who knew that they were hearing music rendered as well as it can be by human powers.

* * *

ONE may agree or disagree with M. Koussevitzky's readings. Some of them seem to be a bit "individual." But one may not doubt that he accomplishes exactly the thing that he wants to accomplish with the instrumentalists.

For example, I though his "Afternoon of a Faune" was rather slow in tempo. I have seen it danced in Paris, heard it played by many conductors; and never so slow before. But the effect was gorgeous in color and very beautiful.

His Prokofieff "Classical" symphony was played here for the first time. A work that might be called pretty, and without any of the "modernisms" that we sometimes expect from this composer. It seemed not a notable composition; but a most comfortable piece to hear, almost like a Mozart symphony, so far as melodies go.

The orchestral excerpts from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" were wonderfully well presented. One rarely hears such a perfect melodic representation of a pagan dance—and of romantic love. Ravel rises in one's estimation, after hearing Koussevitzky reveal his work.

The second part of the program was devoted to Brahms' second symphony—one of the familiar works on its scale of modern musical literature. And with this, the conductor again was penetrating and revealing; both of himself and of Brahms. It was a masterpiece of conducting and of playing.

It is to be hoped that the Bostonians will put us back on the list of "cities visited each year" and keep us there.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY CHARMS AUDIENCE

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER NOV

Orchestra of 110 Swayed by Dynamic Baton of Koussevitzky.

BY JAMES H. ROGERS.

A concert of many thrills and many artistic delights was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Masonic Auditorium. And Serge Koussevitzky, leader of this great company of players—great in more senses than one, for it numbers 110 performers—was the hero of one of the most exhilarating musical evenings that memory recalls.

To begin with, this is a magnificent orchestra, of outstanding excellence in all its sections. In balance and blend of tone, in splendor of volume, in swift and pliant response to the demands of their conductor, in a word, in all orchestral virtues, the Bostonians compel our unstinted admiration. We heard the Boston Orchestra redivivus, after a period of sackcloth and ashes. And that was not an unpleasant thing to think about, either.

Mr. Koussevitzky possesses a marvelous control over his musicians. An autocrat, maybe. But, I believe, a benevolent despot, winning his men by imparting to them his own enthusiasm, which is plainly apparent. A vivid personality. And this imbues his readings. Every piece he sets before his hearers pulses with ardent life. Each one seems newly created. He summons an astonishing dynamic range from his players.

Watches Delicate Phases.

In this the more delicate phases are far from coming off second best. This was exemplified in the opening item of the program, the "Classical" symphony of the Russian, Prokokieff. The quotation marks are the composer's own. I think he wrote them down with the tongue in the cheek, and a twinkle in the eye. New stuff, from the fearsome music workshops of Moscow.

And behold the Bolshevist decked out in the costume of olden days at Versailles, perruque, snuff box and all. Prokokieff has gone back to the French clavecinists, Rameau, Couperin and the rest, for his models. One cannot say that he has beaten them at their own game; but he has not lagged far behind them.

This is delicious music, sparkling with gayety and animation. It was played with an airiness and a crisp and light precision that made it quite enchanting. And at the close of the symphony—which is really a suite of four short pieces—the listeners were all smiling broadly. Which betokens enjoyment convincingly enough.

Lovely Rendition.

To the Prokokieff work succeeded Debussy's familiar "Afternoon of a Faun," which was accorded a lovely and expressive rendition. And after this there were some excerpts from Ravel's ballet, "Daphne and Chloe." An exciting, breath-taking affair this performance was, too. Indeed, a tour de force of overwhelming brilliancy. A tempest of hand-clapping followed it.

The concert closed with the Brahms second symphony, with which, it strikes me, it would have been better to begin the program. However, it was beautifully played, and authoritatively played, too. Not exactly in the manner we are used too, now and then. Mr. Koussevitzky goes his own way. He gives us the composer plus a bit of Koussevitzky, greatly, to my notion, adding to the hearer's interest in the music under way.

The audience was only of moderate size, which, when we consider the attraction offered, was rather discouraging to the friends of music present. It is to be hoped that the extreme cordiality and the manifest pleasure of the listeners caused Mr. Koussevitzky to overlook the relative smallness of their numbers.

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In these days of prattle and also experiment with conductorless orchestras, long memories recall that more than once Dr. Muck let the Boston Orchestra play its own way through the Scherzo of Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony."

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MUSIC THIS WEEK

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Press notices received in Columbus last week, following the first concert of the season in Symphony Hall, give the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Serge Koussevitzky a great acclamation of approval.

Koussevitzky, who began his fifth season with the Boston band, upon entering the stage, was greeted with a long ovation by a standing audience and orchestra, according to an account in one of the Boston newspapers.

This symphony orchestra and conductor will play the first concert of the Symphony Club's series in Memorial Hall, Thursday evening, November 1st.

Columbus is only one of six cities outside of Boston and New York which will

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MUSIC

Boston Symphony-Mosque.

PITTSBURGH POST GAZETTE NOV 3

By HARVEY GAUL.

A large, representatve and appreciative audience greeted Serge Koussevitzky and the admirable Boston Symphony last night at the Mosque, when they appeared to open our Pittsburgh season of visiting orchestras.

Appreciative did we say? After the Debussy composition there was a demonstration that amounted to an ovation. Indeed so vast was the applause that one is tempted to think that Schenley Farms is becoming modernized and really prefers post impressionism to so-called classicism.

The orchestra played better than it ever did before, there was a gorgeous sonority to the strings, and as for the French horns, we thought them superlative. The ensemble, whether it was pianissimo or a rushing forte, had glow and warmth, and speaking of fortissimo, one wonders whether there is any conductor coming here who has a larger range, a greater spread of crescendo than Mr. Koussevitzky?

In many respects it was a marvelous program and while one might have wished for a transposition of numbers, a Beethoven earlier in the evening and a joyous postlude, nevertheless it was an invigorating list. To many in the audience Stravinsky was a distinct disappointment.

It was Igor Fedorvitch forgetting the vow of chromatic celibacy and harking back to Cesar Cui and Borodin. Here was no Bad Boy from Moscow but a rather formal, stilted ballet composer. Whatever may be said for his "Apollon Musagete," at least it was a sec performance. It served as an ample opportunity for a fiddle solo, a set of unexciting episodes and much listless slow-tempoed writing.

If a first performance of this Stravinsky work was unimpressive a tenth-time hearing of the Debussy "Nocturnes" was a revelation. We have always known that Mr. Koussevitzky enjoyed Debussy, but last night he caught new timbres, he gave us new effects and some of us think it was the finest piece of Debussyian interpretation we have heard. There was a ravishing tinting of "Nuages" and a finely regulated pulsation in "Fetes." Shimmering strings, dissolving cadences and that was the first, jagged accents, stunningly suppressed and developed rhythms and that was the second. No wonder the house applauded it to a bravo.

Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude concluded the first half, and that, we think, was an architectonic mistake. It should have served as it often does and that is as an overture. It was brilliantly played, with the indomitable march theme grandly blared, with the lyric moments finely sung, and in all ways was it a commensurate reading, but one wishes it had opened the concert.

A great deal has been said of Beethoven's "Eroica," both by biographers and program annotators, and while we yield to no one in admiration of this colossal genius, nevertheless we wish some monumental editor, says Hans von Bulow, could have re-edited the work. We agree with Czerny, who remembered that some uncouth wight in the gallery yelled, "I'd give another kreuzer if they would stop." Always the tiresome rondo pattern, the boresome sonata form, the countless reiterations, the fatiguing coda. There are marvelous moments in the second movement, the sotto voce strings, the low-voiced fugatto opening to an impressive end, and perhaps it is this movement that gives color to the whole work. Personally we prefer the scherzo with its folk-theme motive and witty dialogue. No one could write a better scherzetto than Beethoven, and by the same token no one could sing a better cantilena, but having heard them both one wishes the work would end.

If last night's program was notable the one to be presented this afternoon at the Mosque is twice as appealing. First there is Serge Prokofieff, followed by Debussy's "L'Apres Midi d'un Faune" (which we heard last Sunday) and then comes Maurice Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" suite, and the whole finishing with Brahms D major symphony. That is a program, and it is one that deserves the largest kind of audience.

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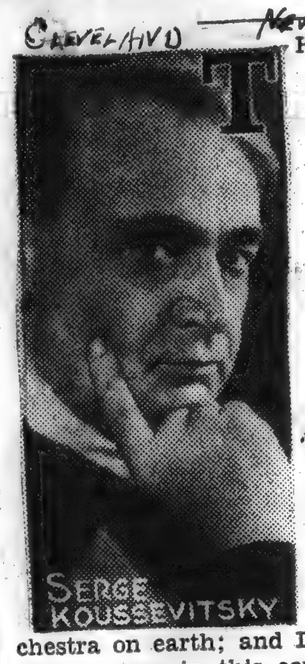

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Heaton's Music Store

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Koussevitzky, who began his fifth season with the Boston band, upon entering the stage, was greeted with a long ovation by a standing audience and orchestra, according to an account in one of the Boston newspapers.

This symphony orchestra and conductor will play the first concert of the Symphony Club's series in Memorial Hall, Thursday evening, November 1st.

Columbus is only one of six cities outside of Boston and New York which will be privileged to hear Koussevitzky and his orchestra this season. Radiocasts of home concerts will not be permitted. In accordance with the great honor bestowed upon central Ohio by this visit, the Symphony Club is making extra preparations and special efforts to fill Memorial Hall. This will be Koussevitzky's debut in Columbus.

Madame Gray-Lhevinne, violinist, who comes to Capital University Conservatory of Music October 30th to initiate Capital's concert-lecture series, is the mother of Laddie Gray, now seven years old.

Little Laddie has inherited the talent of his mother and quite frequently accompanies her at the piano while they play by the fireside. In his repertory are selections of Mozart, Bach, Haydn and Schumann. Here in her California home, with her family, Gray-Lhevinne builds her programs, original and daring.

Seats for this concert are now selling at the conservatory box office and at Heaton's.

On November 15th, the Columbus Kiwanis Club is bringing to this city the famous United States Army Band, known as Pershing's Own. The proceeds from this concert will be used for the annual children's Christmas party for children from institutions. There will be two performances, one for school children at 3:30, and the evening performance at 8

:-: MUSIC :-:

Boston Symphony-Mosque. PITTSBURGH POST GAZETTE

By HARVEY GAUL. Nov 3

A large, representatve and appreciative audience greeted Serge Koussevitzky and the admirable Boston Symphony last night at the Mosque, when they appeared to open our Pittsburgh season of visiting orchestras.

Appreciative did we say? After the Debussy composition there was a demonstration that amounted to an ovation. Indeed so vast was the applause that one is tempted to think that Schenley Farms is becoming modernized and really prefers post impressionism to so-called classicism.

The orchestra played better than it ever did before, there was a gorgeous sonority to the strings, and as for the French horns, we thought them superlative. The ensemble, whether it was pianissimo or a rushing forte, had glow and warmth, and speaking of fortissimo, one wonders whether there is any conductor coming here who has a larger range, a greater spread of crescendo than Mr. Koussevitzky?

In many respects it was a marvelous program and while one might have wished for a transposition of numbers, a Beethoven earlier in the evening and a joyous postlude, nevertheless it was an invigorating list. To many in the audience Stravinsky was a distinct disappointment.

It was Igor Fedorvitch forgetting the vow of chromatic celibacy and harking back to Cesar Cui and Borodin. Here was no Bad Boy from Moscow but a rather formal, stilted ballet composer. Whatever may be said for his "Apollon Musagete," at least it was a sec performance. It served as an ample opportunity for a fiddle solo, a set of unexciting episodes and much listless slow-tempoed writing.

If a first performance of this Stravinsky work was unimpressive a tenth-time hearing of the Debussy "Nocturnes" was a revelation. We have always known that Mr. Koussevitzky enjoyed Debussy, but last night he caught new timbres, he gave us new effects and some of us think it was the finest piece of Debussyian interpretation we have heard. There was a ravishing tinting of "Nuages" and a finely regulated pulsation in "Fetes." Shimmering strings, dissolving cadences and that was the first, jagged accents, stunningly suppressed and developed rhythms and that was the second. No wonder the house applauded it to a bravo.

Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude concluded the first half, and that, we think, was an architectonic mistake. It should have served as it often does and that is as an overture. It was brilliantly played, with the indomitable march theme grandly blared, with the lyric moments finely sung, and in all ways was it a commensurate reading, but one wishes it had opened the concert.

A great deal has been said of Beethoven's "Eroica," both by biographers and program annotators, and while we yield to no one in admiration of this colossal genius, nevertheless we wish some monumental editor, says Hans von Bulow, could have re-edited the work. We agree with Czerny, who remembered that some uncouth wight in the gallery yelled, "I'd give another kreuzer if they would stop." Always the tiresome rondo pattern, the boresome sonata form, the countless reiterations, the fatiguing coda. There are marvelous moments in the second movement, the sotto voce strings, the low-voiced fugatto opening to an impressive end, and perhaps it is this movement that gives color to the whole work. Personally we prefer the scherzo with its folk-theme motive and witty dialogue. No one could write a better scherzetto than Beethoven, and by the same token no one could sing a better cantilena, but having heard them both one wishes the work would end.

If last night's program was notable the one to be presented this afternoon at the Mosque is twice as appealing. First there is Serge Prokofieff, followed by Debussy's "L'Apres Midi d'un Faune" (which we heard last Sunday) and then comes Maurice Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" suite, and the whole finishing with Brahms D major symphony. That is a program, and it is one that deserves the largest kind of audience.

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BY KARL B. PAULY.

For the first time in 16 years Columbus Thursday night heard the Boston Symphony orchestra and thrilled to its performance under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky, who in those intervening years has come out of the east to drench the western world with his musical eloquence.

It was an event of the first magnitude in the city's musical history and Memorial Hall was virtually filled for the occasion. M. Koussevitzky's appearance was the signal for an ovation in which the audience rose and applauded for nearly a minute.

The great conductor, leader of orchestras in Moscow and Petrograd, first conductor of the Russian State orchestra under the soviet regime, and still annually conductor of orchestras in London and Paris, ruled the 110-piece symphony orchestra with vigor and yet with restraint.

Always he seemed to hold the power of the orchestra between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand as he drew from them with the baton in his right that great wealth of tonal color. The orchestra responded as one man to his least gesture.

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The first of these seemed not the complicated thing of which the laity stands in awe but an understandable work of art built up, developed and embellished before one's eyes, so to speak. Indeed, in its playing Thursday night, the audience heard it presented under the direction of one of Prokofieff's particular champions, M. Koussevitzky.

Early in the allegro movement it was easy to see why some critics have said that "the composer's idea in this symphony was to catch the spirit of Mozart and to put down that which, if he were living now, Mozart might put into his scores." There were moments particularly reminiscent of the great composer.

The first violins, predominant in the allegro, recurred again in episodes in the larghetto movement, and were joined in the gavotta by the wood-winds and eventually the violincellos and double basses, working toward the splendid finale.

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It is probable that nothing so tremendously magnificent has ever been heard in Columbus as the tumultuous close of "Daphnis and Chloe" ballet.

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An Orchestra Without a Conductor

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In the 18th century composers like Handel sat at the harpsichord, or at the organ while the small orchestras of those days performed their works. Even choral works were given in the same fashion. The composer conducted the performance as he played his part. All he did was to ask the other performers to follow his lead about tempo and to obey the directions in their parts about dynamics. If necessary he nodded his head, or beat time with one hand for a while.

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From Finnish Symphony To Indian Dances

TRANS Nov 8

Mr. Koussevitzky Unearths Sibelius and Asks In a Young American

FROM ANTIPODES Mr. Koussevitzky draws his novelties for this week's Symphony Concerts: A symphony from Finland, being the third of Jan Sibelius, as yet only unfavorably heard in America; a set of Indian dances based on material gathered in New Mexico by the American, Frederick Jacobi, making his initial bow in Symphony Hall. . . . Sibelius's Third Symphony is by no means new. It was completed in 1907. The London Philharmonic Society agreed with the composer to produce it on May 2, 1907. Production was deferred but the agreement stood, and the symphony was finally launched on Feb. 27, 1908. In this country it was heard in the same year from the Russian Symphony Orchestra of New York under Modest Altschuler. Without exception press comment was condemnatory. The late Henry Krehbiel went so far as to predict that Sibelius would go down into history as a composer of a single significant work (the First Symphony)! Here is a sample of the reviews written at the time:

> It [the Third Symphony] is in three inconsequential movements, in none of which had the composer done more than to dally with certain short phrases chiefly in the way of incessant and wearisome repetition. Nor has he lent these movements the charm of rich and interesting orchestration.

The performance in London fared not much better. A writer in the Pall Mail Gazette delivered himself amusingly:

> It contains the elements which would characterize a young and inexperienced writer's work who has something to say without having advanced very far in the art of saying it with certainty. All three movements suffer from the same fault. They begin well, with well-defined subjects, but as soon as the development starts the thread of continuity is lost, and the music becomes very diffuse and even dull.

In Boston Dr. Muck carefully considered performance but finally refrained. His successor, Mr. Fiedler, was like-minded. In 1921 Mr. Monteux rehearsed the Symphony and the press even announced it for performance in March of that year, but eventually he also laid it aside. Meanwhile, it was accepted and successfully performed in capitals of music in Europe, particularly Eastern Europe. And now Mr. Koussevitzky has announced it for Boston. More: after the first rehearsal, is reported as liking it even better than he had expected. A first casual perusal of the score gives him reason. But there is also a reason for the severe criticism of the past.

Sibelius as a composer was German-trained. Although he made his first studies in composition under the Finnish nationalist, Wegelius, at Helsingfors, he continued them at Berlin and Vienna under Bargiel, Becker, Fuchs and Goldmark. It was inevitable that German methods should prevail in his earlier work. Though in it subjects from Finnish mythology and Finnish folk-lore are frequent, possibly even more frequent than in later years, the treatment follows German methods, even as the handling in many of Chaikovsky's pieces (though the themes and the moods reek of Russia) is essentially German. It is within belief that the rise of the Glinka school in Russia, the growing performance of "The Five," the inreasing esteem for Musorgsky, with the expressed or implied criticism of Chaikovsky as a Germanophile, gave Sibelius cause for thought, and reason to consider his own station as a "nationalist" composer. True, his reputation as such was established. He was an acclaimed leader. The Finnish Diet as early as 1897, voted him a pension ($600 annually for ten years) so that he would be able to devote himself entirely to composition. This pension, by the way, was renewed and increased from time to time; until in 1925, on the composer's sixtieth birthday, it was increased to 100,000 marks or approximately $20,000.

Though Sibelius's position was secure financially as well as musically, the fate of Chaikovsky and, possibly, of the Bohemian, Dvorák, trying vainly to be "American" via folk-song may plausibly have haunted him. In time, in spite of success, and the general acceptance of his First Symphony, he set himself the task of freeing his style from all that was German. There are traces of this process in the Second Symphony. The Third is the first major work in which he addresses himself consistently and inexorably to his new ideal. Not unjustified on every count, then, was the critic who saw in it nothing but inexperience. When he heard this symphony, though it was Opus 82, he was present at the birth of a new style in the career of Jan Sibelius. Not surprising is it, either, that the German-soaked ears of writers on two continents should be confused when they also listened.

The changes in Sibelius's style, the result, probably, of years of self-examination, were deeper than abandonment of German technique. The use of folk-material, or material resembling folk-music, must also have received careful thought. For hencefoward he was to delve deeply into his own soul and bring forth the nationalism that he found there, rather than to depend upon the externals of nationalism round about him.

One may go still farther. The abandonment of the German technique, the revision of the attitude toward folk-material are sufficient ground for the scorn of critics in 1908, perhaps for a rejection by Dr. Muck before the war. But they hardly explain Mr. Monteux's fears in 1921. An examination of the score may also give him reason. For the style which Sibelius here adopts uncompromisingly seems to the eye of 1928 prophetic of much that has become current routine in the last five or six years, but which in 1921 was of the unrevealed future. Here is an economy of means practically unknown before 1923 or 1924. Here is an absence of "development." (In 1907 they were still debating the worth of Rimsky-Korsakov because his music lacked that process.) Two or three lines, independent lines, of sound frequently carry the burden of the entire work. The strings are more conspicuous for their absence than for their presence. The violins are used even less than the lower strings; while almost never do they play in a high register. Occasionally the full string choir rears huge, granitic, immobile blocks of sound upon a single unchanging chord, as background for the play of the melodic winds. Again, the full strings sing sombre phrases in unison against a bleak and sketchy background in the winds; perchance alternate with them antiphonally; or weave a web of melodies along with them. Such procedures, and others of the same brood, even the Stravinskies were not pondering in 1921, let alone the conductors of the works of these Stravinskies.

Sibelius himself may have thought that he was overreaching. For not again did he choose the like gaunt, spare economies. One can hardly avoid the question, "Would Sibelius have gone farther along this line had the Third Symphony been more favorably received? Not all the reviewers, moreover, were unfavorable, even at the London performance. Listen to an unnamed writer in The International Music Journal:

> It is impossible to hear these untold harmonies, this immense breadth of musical outpouring, without realizing that a pioneer stronger and deeper than a Glinka or even a Smetana is here, that this is a twig of Ygdrasil whose roots go down to mid-earth, and that something titanically elemental is hereby forcing its way among sensuousness and decadence. Such movements are instinctive, and it looks as if Nature herself here revolted against what she was producing elsewhere. But such situations also have their drawbacks. Austerity makes slow friends, and extreme reaction may sail too dangerously near uncouthness. As to form, Sibelius is a composer of such power that he is in a position to say, "This is my form, follow me," and few could gainsay him!

This Third Symphony, in C major, is dedicated to Granville Bantock. One can dimly see the traces of sonata-form in the first movement, even though Sibelius never deigns to "develop." A motiv not more than a half-measure in length emerges from the depths of 'cellos and basses. It at once arrests the attention and challenges the listener in its abrupt rhythmic conciseness. After about eighteen measures high woodwinds sound a new motiv, not more than a measure and a half in length, this time, ornate, flowery, bright, dancing. The sharpest of contrasts these two furnish. Low violins answer in a rhythmic counter-theme. Soon the 'cellos sing a curiously sustained but also curiously syncopated song. And after a series of modulations to which one once more applies the adjective curious, the "closing theme" (really a recurrence of the above-mentioned countertheme in the violins) brings a slight heightening of rhythm and of sonority. The section which stands in the place of the "working-out" makes a highly tentative beginning—over a single bass, while one-half of the first violins alternate antiphonally a recitative-like phrase with snatches of the second motiv on a solo flute.

Thereafter the composer plays now with this, or that, or the other of his three motivs, sometimes displaying them singly against a remorseless single contrapuntally figurated line, sometimes combining them, at last gathering up a climax at the head of which the first motiv re-enters for the recapitulation. This recapitulation is much more richly orchestrated than the exposition. The song which is the second theme is sung by all the strings in unison, with the violins playing on their G-string. The closing theme is extended into a coda, and before the close is a vague anticipation of the melody that is to predominate in the second division. The whole movement thus presents a subtle combination of intense seriousness and of a gaiety essentially Finnish.

The second movement has the form and the character of a simple ballad. The theme is a folk-like song, cheerful and unsophisticated in mood, played at first by flutes in thirds. Its broken hesitating rhythmical nature give it individuality. The single theme forms the basis for the entire movement. The orchestral background is at least as interesting as the theme itself. Let an English commentator, Mr. F. Gilbert Webb, describe it:

> The peculiar weird, sombre tone-color of the orchestration in itself provides an atmosphere peculiarly suggestive of the stillness of snow-bound forests and the sunless days that prevail in the Northern provinces from November to January. The theme played . . . above the steadily progressing pizzicato notes of the basses, the peculiar effect secured by muted strings and by unmuting them gradually, combined with the ghost-like scale passages for the wood-wind, all conduce to a vivid picture of Nature's hushed moods. Whistler would have called it a Nocturne in Grey.

The last movement begins Moderato, soon increases to Allegro, and continues in a long line of increasing speed and sonority. At first there is a reminiscence of the song of the second movement. Then themes are scarcely distinguishable. Everything is in a state of flux. Eventually the strings are divided into many parts and each part played with a peculiar wave-like figure, at once imitated by its neighbor. But all this is only introduction. The body of the movement is a stirring war-like march, given first to the lower strings with the 'cellos carrying the melody. It grows softer and softer to the lowest pianissimo, but still with full march accentuation. Again there is a gradual ascent, through many instruments, to a fortissimo of woodwinds. One would expect here a full-voiced climax. Instead, at the crucial moment, the theme breaks off; prolonged tones sound the song which is the second theme of the first movement. There the movement—and the Symphony—unexpectedly end. Was there a hidden programmatic reason? Is such an ending peculiarly in keeping with something in the Finnish consciousness? Perhaps a thoroughly sympathetic performance by Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra will disclose the answer.

Frederick Jacobi, whose Indian Dances begin the impending program, was born in San Francisco in 1891. He studied composition with Rubin Goldmark, Paul Juon and Ernest Bloch; has been active in organizations for the promotion of the general musical good, and especially the cultivation of modern music. He lives at present at Northampton. He has written a symphony and other works for orchestra. A string quartet based on Indian themes was played here in Boston several years ago by the Flonzaley Quartet.

The Indian Dances are a Buffalo Dance, a Butterfly Dance, a War Dance, a Rain Dance and a Corn Dance. Mr. Jacobi furnishes information that the work is in no sense intended to be a "reconstruction" of Indian music, but that it sums up his impressions of the great spectacles still provided by the ritualistic dances of the Pueblos and Navajos of New Mexico and Arizona. He is much impressed by the individuality and the hypnotic charm of Indian music. He finds its moods grim and fervently desperate, or of a tender melancholy, or jubilant, or barbaric. The war-dances, he declares, are jubilant rather than barbaric. Barbarism is reserved for dances of thanksgiving. The dances are, almost all of them, part of religious ritual.

The composer writes: "The Buffalo Dance, danced by the young men, was no doubt originally a prayer for a successful chase. Naked to the waist, their long black hair falling wildly over their blackened faces, buffalo-horns on their heads they imitate the slow, ungainly motions of the grazing buffalo. It must be said though, that with the Indians every gesture is a conventionalization; Indian [illegible] is not realistic but symbolic. The Butterfly Dance is danced by the maidens when they reach maturity. The Rain Dance is the invocation of that, in those arid regions, most desired of natural blessings. The Indians believe in the potency of their prayer; and it is amazing how many of their rain-dances, starting on a scorched and cloudless day (and lasting, as do most of the Indian dances, all day) are overtaken by storms and end in a drenching and beneficent downpour. The Corn Dance is a dance of thanksgiving and rejoicing. All five dances were written during 1927-28. They are based on themes, or fragments of themes, heard by the composer during sojourns among the Indians in New Mexico. The treatment is completely free, for he has felt that the least photographic method would bring him closest to the essence, the spirit he was seeking. A sparing use has been made of Indian instruments of percussion: drums and rattles." A. H. M.

Looking the Race, If Not the Calling

Frederick Jacobi (Stahlberg)

American Composer Entering the Symphony Concerts Tomorrow

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Concert-Chronicle

Jacobi on Trial TRANS NOV 9

THE general disposition in Sanders Theater last evening was to be amiable. Mr. Koussevitzky, for his share, contributed the genialities of Schumann's First Symphony, the whimsicalities of Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony," the glinting pleasures of Debussy's "The Afternoon of a Faun." The players answered with their most graceful responses. The audience, likewise, settled comfortably into their seats, contentedly received the lavish offerings of orchestral perfections and refinements. Prokofiev's re-gilded ancientry drew smiles and murmurs between its brief episodes. It has been heard in Cambridge before; like a returning acquaintance, it was remembered and liked again. For Debussy's Prelude, while it sounded, there was that stillness that bespeaks the receptive ear. Finally, Schumann's unashamed happiness awoke a glad response.

In the midst of these felicitations Jacobi stepped and was welcomed. Mr. Frederick Jacobi. Impressed by the dances of the Pueblo and Navajo Indians in New Mexico and Arizona, the composer has adopted some of their calls, ritualistic melodies and dance rhythms and freely molded and pointed them to his will in musical composition; dressed them in harsh and insistent harmonies of the modern orchestra; linked them in a set of five "Indian Dances." Last evening they were performed for the first time. The audience heard them with interest, finding the music both strange and amusing—odd, angular figures, skillfully shaped, artfully combined. The composer rose happily to receive the applause.

Mr. Koussevitzky, who has more than one way of pacing a piece, according to occasion, pursued a course more easy and congenial than usual with Prokofiev. In the opening measures he took care to define and sharpen the design. In the Larghetto, too, he produced the finest of silvery lines (or encouraged Mr. Burgin and his body of sheenful strings to produce them); drew each gentle curve ever so subtly; pointed each delicate thrust. Out of the Gavotte came unmistakable waggery—tongue in cheek, chuckles barely repressed. Only in the Finale did the musicians skip and zip, speeding their tempo for a brilliant and effervescent display at the close.

From Debussy's music of atmosphere and fleeting thought, the conductor drew as rarefied sounds, exquisitely combined, subtly shaded. The most minute refinements were never too minute for his needs. If the flute and the oboe could produce more wasp-waisted, butterfly-tinted notes than ever before, Mr. Koussevitzky was bound to have them; his musicians eager to elicit them. For a sweeter length of time than usual, we of the audience luxuriated in the half-shadow, half-light of this woodland tone. Mr. Koussevitzky fondly lingered in these fancies, and was loath to leave them. He and the musicians smiled their mutual gratification when the image had faded at last.

Mr. Jacobi's Indian Dances broke somewhat startlingly upon the after-impressions of Debussy's music. Again and again the weird, mournful call of the Buffalo dance spoke from woodwinds and strings, announced often from the violins, echoed faithfully from the violas. Dour and stately, both, the monotonous measures insisted upon a hearing. Undoubtedly, Mr. Jacobi has imprinted a faithful and characteristic impression. Symbolic, perhaps, but certainly most perverse in its pictorial effectiveness is the succeeding Butterfly Dance. Sharp, stringent harmonies, dissonances pinched together, jerky rhythms. More outspoken, more ambitious as a piece for modern orchestra, the War Dance slashes its complicated and contrasting rhythms one against the other. Horns and strings vie in distorted jubilation. Unquestionably the measured and yet shattering assault drives deep under the musical skin, builds up a legitimate and insistent effect—Indian to the core. Syncopated frenzy, ritualist potency Mr. Jacobi has found in the remaining episodes, the Rain Dance and the Corn Dance. All of them, hard and jagged though they sound, possesses an amazing combination of rhythmic and dynamic devices.

To Schumann Mr. Koussevitzky opened his arms. Beginning good-humoredly and without hurry, taking his leisurely time with the slow movement, he finally abandoned his baton and conducted with both hands free.

N. M. J.

Schubert Redivivus

To Mark a Centenary, He Will Have the Next Two Symphony Concerts All to Himself

THERE IS little and infrequent room for Schubert in the ordinary course of the Symphony Concerts. Only two of his Symphonies—"The Unfinished" and the "heavenly lengths" in C major survive into the current repertory. Add the overture and the ballet-music for the play of "Rosamond, Queen of Cyprus" and the routined list is complete. Now and then a conductor, as did Dr. Muck and Mr. Monteux, each in his time, resurrects an earlier Symphony, or strays as far as the Overture to Schubert's opera, "Alphonso and Estrella." Not much more than a good conscience rewards his curiosity and his pains. The musical public, for the most part, expects, and receives, Schubert in the song-recital, the piano-recital, the chamber-concert.

Now, however, the hundredth anniversary of Schubert's death—in Vienna on Nov. 19, 1828—draws near. There is presumed to be public interest; the conductors bestir themselves—not least Mr. Koussevitzky. All to himself, Schubert will have the next pair of Symphony Concerts, on Nov. 16 and 17; while for each there will be a different program. On Friday afternoon conductor and orchestra will disinter "The Tragic Symphony" and repeat "The Unfinished"; for middle item, Mme. Lashanska will sing to piano-accompaniment a sufficient number of Schubert's songs. On Saturday evening, the Fifth Symphony will be the revival; the Symphony in C major the masterpiece; in the same or in other songs Mme. Lashanska will again be heard. Let no subscriber grieve because he must miss either "The Unfinished" or the Symphony in C major. Each will be repeated in the progress of the season.

Later on the same afternoon the Friends of Music, conducted by Mr. Bodanzky, offered in the Town Hall Malipiero's "La Cimarosiana" and Verdi's "Stabat Mater," "Laudi alla Vergine Maria" and "Te Deum." Lloyd Hayden, Max Altglass and Dudley Marwick were the soloists. The chorus of the society, assisted by an orchestra from the Metropolitan Opera House, sang the Verdi items with dramatic [illegible] though Mr. Bodanzky's dynamic contrasts seemed at times needlessly violent.

Koussevitzky Ventures Third Sibelius Symphony

The third Symphony of Jan Sibelius, op. 52, was first performed in 1907 at Helsingfors. It was produced in New York, Jan. 16, 1908, by the Russian Symphony Society, conducted by Modest Altschuler. Not even Mr. Philip Hale, the editor of the program notes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has been able to find record of any other performance in the United States. This symphony was considered for performance, according to report, by Dr. Muck, by Mr. Fiedler, and finally by Mr. Monteux, and in 1921 it was even announced that Mr. Monteux would play it, but he did not. Greatly daring where his predecessors had quailed, Mr. Koussevitzky placed it on the fifth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, scheduled for Nov. 9 and 10, and actually directed its performance at the concert of yesterday afternoon. So far as any indications to the contrary were concerned, it seemed reasonable to expect that he would repeat the performance at the Saturday evening concert.

After hearing this work one must conclude that the former Boston conductors passed it by not because of any extraordinary difficulty involved in performance, nor because of any complexities which might baffle an audience, but rather because of an austerity which surpasses even that of the first, the fifth and the seventh symphonies. No one is more aware than Mr. Koussevitzky of the effectiveness to be found in a piece of music; but neither is there a conductor with more courage in putting forward music in which he believes, without regard to its chances of popular success. He nevertheless had his reward yesterday. The audience applauded until, on his second recall, he beckoned the players to their feet.

Certainly this applause was a tribute to the interpretation, as well as to the music and the musical capacity of the listeners. Beyond any other music of Sibelius known to us, this score is stripped, rugged, uncompromising. It lacks form in the sense that form is usually understood in symphonic music. Nevertheless one feels that the structure of sound conceived by the composer has been logically completed. Its rigor expresses neither poverty nor pose, but restraint. Disdaining both rules and popular appeal, Sibelius seems to have set down his musical thought with utter candor: take it or leave it.

The results of this attitude are apparent in the Andantino, which contains matter very similar to that of the famous, or notorious, "Valse Triste." But the curious thing is that in this instance there is none of the falseness that mars the earlier piece. Here is all the beauty of the material, with no theatricality in the presentation. The same quality of almost forbidding artistic integrity pervades the other movements. They contain a deal of persistent repetition, but this is never carried to the point of satiety; rather, emphasis is thus attained. It is possible no doubt to discover in this work that cold northern landscape which it is customary to find in Sibelius' compositions. One prefers to see in it an expression partly racial perhaps, but intensely individual.

Mr. Koussevitzky chose to close his program with another composition which had been played in America for the first time by the Russian Symphony Society in 1908. But there the resemblance between the works ends. If Mr. Koussevitzky planned to leap from one extreme to another he could have found nothing further removed from Sibelius' Third Symphony than Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy." This synthetic piece of fustian, woven of the least admirable elements of Tchaikovsky and Liszt, may bombinate until the roof falls, but the ecstasy remains only Scriabin's. It did, however, serve to emphasize the glorious capacities of the orchestra, which, except for two or three moments when brass instruments crumpled under the strain, yielded to the conductor amazing tonal riches.

The concert opened with the Indian Dances of Frederick Jacobi, heard for the first time in Boston. The composer supplied notes which explained that the music was intended not as a reconstruction of Indian music, but as impressions of the ritualistic dances of the Indians of the American South-west—"spectacles magnificent and profoundly moving." It must be confessed that in spite of its respectable workmanship Mr. Jacobi's music failed to evoke anything that would justify those characterizations.

L. A. S.

Jacobi Draws A Background To His Dances

From Personal Contacts Came The Pieces Played at Symphony Hall

TRANS —NOV 10

THE transcontinental comes to a stop in the middle of the vast plateau which is western New Mexico. Under the hot sun of early autumn lies Gallup, with its Main street sprawling back from the railroad tracks. The street is alive, swarming with Indians from all parts of the Southwest. They come from far-off Taos, at the foot of the Colorado mountains, dignified in their white robes, their black braids hanging heavily over their shoulders; from the hot brown villages of the Rio Grande valley, from the Mesa villages, the fortified hilltowns of the Zunis and the Hopis. And the Navajos, eternal shepherds, eternal nomads, with raven locks and arrogant moustaches, their blouses hung with silver and turquoise, are riding in from their neighboring grazing lands, high on horse, followed by wives and children, like conquering hordes from the plateaux of Tibet. They have come to take part in the Inter-Tribal Festival. Already impatient groups are singing and dancing. The brass band is playing. It is a Wild West Show, really wild and West, with Madison square far away.

It is not possible to describe what takes place in Gallup for three days and three nights. A sun-dance by the Indians from Zia — the dancers' half-naked bodies gorgeously painted, some golden, some black, (the black ones, Night, with their long hair falling wildly over their faces) is a symbolic orgy—the clash between Night and Day—beside which the most exciting moments of the Russian Ballet seem pale. A Bow-and-Arrow dance by the Indians of Tesuque is of a rhythmic intensity and power unknown to us in our concert-halls. In the charming Basket-dance by the Indians from Santa Clara the men weave beautiful designs around the women, who, scarcely moving from one spot, supply a sort of static element by balancing with gentle rhythm from one foot to the other. The grotesque and lascivious antics of the Hopi Fun-Makers which vastly amuse the onlooking Indians, are a reminder of the joy which we eternally take in beholding the ape in man. There is a thrilling War-dance of the Comanches. There is the eerie and silent Fire-dance of the Navajos, which the men, completely stripped except for loincloths, dance at night, around a colossal bon-fire, seeming to scorch themselves on the flames. All this must be seen and heard if one would know what great artists are the Indians and what a potent thing their music.

The music of the Indians is in some ways simple and crude. Instruments of [illegible] them and they must express themselves completely in the fundamental elements of music, rhythm and melody, the rhythm of their instruments of percussion and the melody of their voices. The contrapuntal cathedrals of Palestrina have come and gone, Harmony has evolved from Monteverdi to Schoenberg. Indian music still stands where it was, in its primeval simplicity and strength.

The simplicity of their music, though is more apparent than real. Their rhythms are remarkably complex. They have an amazing way of swinging abruptly from one to another and then back again to their first—a momentary jolt, a discomfort which makes the comfort of the initial rhythm all the more pleasurable. Their phrases are rhythmically free and not, like ours, constrained by bar-lines and symetrically-shaped periods. In this way their music retains much that we no longer have. With an instinct for sustaining simultaneously two or more rhythms, far more subtle and genuine than ours, they constantly sing in rhythms of three against drum-beats of two, and vice-versa. And they do these things quite naturally, with ease and precision. At the moment of sunrise, in the Hopi Snake-dance, it is said that as many as seven distinct rhythms are kept going simultaneously—a frenzied delirium of rhythm.

Their melodic sense is less striking. Often charming in line, the melodies are expressive of a number of clearly defined moods, a gentle tenderness, a barbaric wildness and fury and a virile full-throated jubilance. They are almost invariably pentatonic, though it is not always the same five notes which are used. We find sometimes wild combinations of chromatics with very clear suggestions of quarter-tones—a gorgeous impurity of sound. The War-songs, strangely enough, are usually of a very open and major character.

Their instruments of percussion are many and varied. They beat on drums, tom-toms of various size and pitch, some more vibrant, more sonorous, some more tight, more incisive. They shake gourds, whose seeds, rattling in the hard shell, symbollically fructify the earth. We have seen men from Jemez with desperate energy beating sticks on bundles of hides, to supply a dull and distant throb for their dancing companions. The dancers themselves are hung with instruments of percussion so that their every move is at once a living sound. Around their necks and around their strong brown legs are strings of little shells, which tinkle softly. From their waists hang ropes of sleigh-bells, which jangle wildly, with a relentless and deafening insistence. The noise is hard and shrill—as brilliant as the painted bodies in the glaring sunlight. They rarely clap their hands as we do, but the sound of their bare feet beating against the hard earth is a very real intensification of the living rhythm.

Indian music is music of today. It is more of Stravinsky than of Brahms. It has a certain objectiveness. Not sentimental, not descriptive or anecdotal, it has clarity and strength of form. As in jazz, the rhythmic element predominates, but here the rhythm is a more integral part of the melody, of the phrase. There is also far more diversity of rhythm than in jazz.

The Indians do not care much for our music. With apparently no direct contact between theirs and ours, as there is between ours and the negroes', their music remains uninfluenced; and we, until now, have not been ready for Indian music. Today we feel kinship with primitive man and respond to it for the first time.

Crude and primitive this music may be, but, throbbing with intense energy, its wild insistent rhythms, its barbaric dynamics fascinate us. One is reverent before its spirit, for the Indians' music is most often a part of their ritualistic dances—Rain-dances, Corn-dances, War-dances—and acquires therefore a religious, or at least a symbolic significance. This is great and unconscious art, which finds its roots deep in the past, in æons of racial unity and race-tradition. In the early-morning atmosphere of the Far West one's senses are reborn. One marvels anew at sunset and sunrise and at those two eternal phenomena—melody and rhythm. And one sees in the simple strength of Indian music, wild, yet ordered, a complete expression of the soul of a great race.

FREDERICK JACOBI

MUSIC

BOSTON SYMPHONY

THEIR By PHILIP HALE NOV 10

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Jacobi, Indian Dances. Sibelius, Symphony No. 3. Scriabin, "The Poem of Ecstacy." The symphony and the Indian Dances were performed for the first time in Boston. The first performance of the latter anywhere was by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Cambridge last Thursday night.

It has been asked why the third symphony of Sibelius did not attract the attention of successive conductors in Boston. The Finnish composer has long been a favorite here. Conductors in other American cities have passed this symphony by. The only performance we have been able to note in this country was by the Russian Symphony Society in New York early in 1908, the year after the symphony was composed. That performance, if the local critics at the time did not err, was wholly inadequate; wretched, as one wrote.

Hearing this noble work yesterday, one was the more surprised at the long delay. There are possibly two reasons, say, rather excuses. The symphony is technically difficult. A conductor, no matter how excellent he was in other respects, lacking imagination, not detecting the fine qualities of the music, might have thought that the labor of rehearsal was not worth while; that the audience would fail to appreciate the symphony, as he had failed, and applause, dear to conductors in every land, would not follow the final movement; that there would be a fourth movement viz: That of bored and disgusted hearers from the hall.

Today the Boston Symphony Orchestra is more euphonious and plastic, more a body of virtuoso musicians than ever before. Its conductor, Mr. Koussevitzky, is richly endowed with imagination. He has the skill, the art of bringing his poetic conception of a work into vivid realization. He found in this symphony what others had failed to find or did not try to find. And what was the reward of his ability and courage? How was the orchestra repaid for its eloquent performance?

The great audience listened to the music as to a revelation of something strangely beautiful in its now sombre, now exciting moods; it recalled the conductor enthusiastically and compelled the players to acknowledge the tribute paid them. Those who in past years knew Silebius, the symphonist, only by his first two symphonies, hearing the third would hardly have recognized the composer: The plan and the carrying of it out are so different. The customary Andante or Adagio and Scherzo are here one movement with music of an elegaic nature; a repetition for the most part of insistent measures adroitly changed from time to time, but with the same idea. This constant repetition does not breed monotony, but holds the hearer fast, hypnotizes him even against his will; nor would he have Sibelius introduce contrasting episodes. This movement is not a mere tour de force: it is a constant impressive reiteration of a tragic mood, not starkly austere, never lachrymose, but heroic with an underlying tenderness.

The opening movement is a masterpiece of conciseness. There are no themes of sugary sensuousness, no themes that bid for immediate popularity, but from the very beginning the virility of the music with its arousing of expectation, with its exciting moments, its sudden changes of thought, all contributing to the sweep and at times the fury of the movement—the avoidance of tiresome overdevelopment and distracting ornamentation—these make this allegro remarkable. There is also now and then a wildness of expression as Nature herself is often wild, but even in these moments Sibelius is himself, as one "master of the spasm of the sky and of the shatter of the sea, master of nature and passion and death." Perhaps the finale does not attain an equal height, but it is a fitting ending for an uncommon work.

Mr. Jacobi, having sojourned with Indians in New Mexico, is greatly interested in their music. His string quartet in which Indian themes are employed has been played here by the Flonzaley and the Lenox quartets. Aubert said of Felicien David, who was influenced by oriental music, as shown in his symphonic ode "The Desert" and his opera "Lalla Roukh": "I wish he would get off his camel"; but Mr. Jacobi does not go so far as to insist that music to be genuinely "Amur-r-rican" must be based on Indian or negro themes. These orchestral dances as a whole have more of ethnological than universal musical interest. We are not told whether the themes are presented in their bald simplicity or have been shaped somewhat for sophisticated ears. Some of the themes in the Five Dances have a primitive charm, as in the Buffalo Dance and the Rain Dance. The orchestration of the Butterfly Dance is ingenious. There is appropriate savagery in the dance of warriors. The suite was warmly applauded. Mr. Jacobi was in the hall and bowed in return.

Mr. Koussevitzky was an intimate friend of Scriabin; they made musical tours together. It is natural that he, as other Russians who loved Scriabin as man, composer and mystic, should hold him in lively admiration and conduct his huge works with a peculiar gusto. Yesterday's performance of "The Poem of Ecstasy," the third conducted here by Mr. Koussevitzy, was extremely brilliant. The reception by the audience was enthusiastic.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the programs have been arranged with a view to the Schubert centenary: Friday afternoon Schubert's "Unfinished" and "Tragic" symphonies with songs to be sung by Hulda Lashanka; Saturday night the Symphony in B flat major, the great symphony in C major and a group of songs, different from those on Friday, to be sung by Mme. Lashanka.

In order that all subscribers may hear both the "Unfinished" and the C major symphonies, these works will be repeated later in the season.

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Concert-Chronicle

Jacobi on Trial TRANS NOV 9

THE general disposition in Sanders Theater last evening was to be amiable. Mr. Koussevitzky, for his share, contributed the genialities of Schumann's First Symphony, the whimsicalities of Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony," the glinting pleasures of Debussy's "The Afternoon of a Faun." The players answered with their most graceful responses. The audience, likewise, settled comfortably into their seats, contentedly received the lavish offerings of orchestral perfections and refinements. Prokofiev's re-gilded ancientry drew smiles and murmurs between its brief episodes. It has been heard in Cambridge before; like a returning acquaintance, it was remembered and liked again. For Debussy's Prelude, while it sounded, there was that stillness that bespeaks the receptive ear. Finally, Schumann's unashamed happiness awoke a glad response.

In the midst of these felicitations stepped and was welcomed Mr. Frederick Jacobi. Impressed by the dances of the Pueblo and Navajo Indians in New Mexico and Arizona, the composer has adopted some of their calls, ritualistic melodies and dance rhythms and freely molded and pointed them to his will in musical composition; dressed them in harsh and insistent harmonies of the modern orchestra; linked them in a set of five "Indian Dances." Last evening they were performed for the first time. The audience heard them with interest, finding the music both strange and amusing—odd, angular figures, skillfully shaped, artfully combined. The composer rose happily to receive the applause.

Mr. Koussevitzky, who has more than one way of pacing a piece, according to occasion, pursued a course more easy and congenial than usual with Prokofiev. In the opening measures he took care to define and sharpen the design. In the Larghetto, too, he produced the finest of silvery lines (or encouraged Mr. Burgin and his body of sheenful strings to produce them); drew each gentle curve ever so subtly; pointed each delicate thrust. Out of the Gavotte came unmistakable waggery—tongue in cheek, chuckles barely repressed. Only in the Finale did the musicians skip and zip, speeding their tempo for a brilliant and effervescent display at the close.

From Debussy's music of atmosphere and fleeting thought, the conductor drew as rarefied sounds, exquisitely combined, subtly shaded. The most minute refinements were never too minute for his needs. If the flute and the oboe could produce more wasp-waisted, butterfly-tinted notes than ever before, Mr. Koussevitzky was bound to have them; his musicians eager to elicit them. For a sweeter length of time than usual, we of the audience luxuriated in the half-shadow, half-light of this woodland in tone. Mr. Koussevitzky fondly lingered in these fancies, and was loath to leave them. He and the musicians smiled their mutual gratification when the image had faded at last.

Mr. Jacobi's Indian Dances broke somewhat startlingly upon the after-impressions of Debussy's music. Again and again the weird, mournful call of the Buffalo dance spoke from woodwinds and strings, announced often from the violins, echoed faithfully from the violas. Dour and stately, both, the monotonous measures insisted upon a hearing. Undoubtedly, Mr. Jacobi has imprinted a faithful and characteristic impression. Symbolic, perhaps, but certainly most perverse in its pictorial effectiveness is the succeeding Butterfly Dance. Sharp, stringent harmonies, dissonances pinched together, jerky rhythms. More outspoken, more ambitious as a piece for modern orchestra, the War Dance slashes its complicated and contrasting rhythms one against the other. Horns and strings vie in distorted jubilation. Unquestionably the measured and yet shattering assault drives deep under the musical skin, builds up a legitimate and insistent effect—Indian to the core. Syncopated frenzy, ritualist potency Mr. Jacobi has found in the remaining episodes, the Rain Dance and the Corn Dance. All of them, hard and jagged though they sound, possesses an amazing combination of rhythmic and dynamic devices.

To Schumann Mr. Koussevitzky opened his arms. Beginning good-humoredly and without hurry, taking his leisurely time with the slow movement, he finally abandoned his baton and conducted with both hands free.

N. M. J.

Schubert Redivivus

To Mark a Centenary, He Will Have the Next Two Symphony Concerts All to Himself

THERE IS little and infrequent room for Schubert in the ordinary course of the Symphony Concerts. Only two of his Symphonies—"The Unfinished" and the "heavenly lengths" in C major survive into the current repertory. Add the overture and the ballet-music for the play of "Rosamond, Queen of Cyprus" and the routined list is complete. Now and then a conductor, as did Dr. Muck and Mr. Monteux, each in his time, resurrects an earlier Symphony, or strays as far as the Overture to Schubert's opera, "Alphonso and Estrella." Not much more than a good conscience rewards his curiosity and his pains. The musical public, for the most part, expects, and receives, Schubert in the song-recital, the piano-recital, the chamber-concert.

Now, however, the hundredth anniversary of Schubert's death—in Vienna on Nov. 19, 1828—draws near. There is presumed to be public interest; the conductors bestir themselves—not least Mr. Koussevitzky. All to himself, Schubert will have the next pair of Symphony Concerts, on Nov. 16 and 17; while for each there will be a different program. On Friday afternoon conductor and orchestra will disinter "The Tragic Symphony" and repeat "The Unfinished"; for middle item, Mme. Lashanska will sing to piano-accompaniment a sufficient number of Schubert's songs. On Saturday evening, the Fifth Symphony will be the revival; the Symphony in C major the masterpiece; in the same or in other songs Mme. Lashanska will again be heard. Let no subscriber grieve because he must miss either "The Unfinished" or the Symphony in C major. Each will be repeated in the progress of the season.

performance.

Later on the same afternoon the Friends of Music, conducted by Mr. Bodanzky, offered in the Town Hall Malipiero's "La Cimarosiana" and Verdi's "Stabat Mater," "Laudi alla Vergine Maria" and "Te Deum." Cloyl Hayden, Max Altglass and Dudley Marwick were the soloists. The chorus of the society, assisted by an orchestra from the Metropolitan Opera House, sang the Verdi items with dramatic [illegible] though Mr. Bodanzky's dynamic contrasts seemed at times needlessly violent.

Koussevitzky Ventures Third Sibelius Symphony

The third Symphony of Jan Sibelius, op. 52, was first performed in 1907 at Helsingfors. It was produced in New York, Jan. 16, 1908, by the Russian Symphony Society, conducted by Modest Altschuler. Not even Mr. Philip Hale, the editor of the program notes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has been able to find record of any other performance in the United States. This symphony was considered for performance, according to report, by Dr. Muck, by Mr. Fiedler, and finally by Mr. Monteux, and in 1921 it was even announced that Mr. Monteux would play it, but he did not. Greatly daring where his predecessors had quailed, Mr. Koussevitzky placed it on the fifth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, scheduled for Nov. 9 and 10, and actually directed its performance at the concert of yesterday afternoon. So far as any indications to the contrary were concerned, it seemed reasonable to expect that he would repeat the performance at the Saturday evening concert.

After hearing this work one must conclude that the former Boston conductors passed it by not because of any extraordinary difficulty involved in performance, nor because of any complexities which might baffle an audience, but rather because of an austerity which surpasses even that of the first, the fifth and the seventh symphonies. No one is more aware than Mr. Koussevitzky of the effectiveness to be found in a piece of music; but neither is there a conductor with more courage in putting forward music in which he believes, without regard to its chances of popular success. He nevertheless had his reward yesterday. The audience applauded until, on his second recall, he beckoned the players to their feet.

Certainly this applause was a tribute to the interpretation, as well as to the music and the musical capacity of the listeners. Beyond any other music of Sibelius known to us, this score is stripped, rugged, uncompromising. It lacks form in the sense that form is usually understood in symphonic music. Nevertheless one feels that the structure of sound conceived by the composer has been logically completed. Its rigor expresses neither poverty nor pose, but restraint. Disdaining both rules and popular appeal, Sibelius seems to have set down his musical thought with utter candor: take it or leave it.

The results of this attitude are apparent in the Andantino, which contains matter very similar to that of the famous, or notorious, "Valse Triste." But the curious thing is that in this instance there is none of the falseness that mars the earlier piece. Here is all the beauty of the material, with no theatricality in the presentation. The same quality of almost forbidding artistic integrity pervades the other movements. They contain a deal of persistent repetition, but this is never carried to the point of satiety; rather, emphasis is thus attained. It is possible no doubt to discover in this work that cold northern landscape which it is customary to find in Sibelius' compositions. One prefers to see in it an expression partly racial perhaps, but intensely individual.

Mr. Koussevitzky chose to close his program with another composition which had been played in America for the first time by the Russian Symphony Society in 1908. But there the resemblance between the works ends. If Mr. Koussevitzky planned to leap from one extreme to another he could have found nothing further removed from Sibelius' Third Symphony than Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy." This synthetic piece of fustian, woven of the least admirable elements of Tchaikovsky and Liszt, may bombinate until the roof falls, but the ecstasy remains only Scriabin's. It did, however, serve to emphasize the glorious capacities of the orchestra, which, except for two or three moments when brass instruments crumpled under the strain, yielded to the conductor amazing tonal riches.

The concert opened with the Indian Dances of Frederick Jacobi, heard for the first time in Boston. The composer supplied notes which explained that the music was intended not as a reconstruction of Indian music, but as impressions of the ritualistic dances of the Indians of the American Southwest—"spectacles magnificent and profoundly moving." It must be confessed that in spite of its respectable workmanship Mr. Jacobi's music failed to evoke anything that would justify those characterizations.

L. A. S.

Jacobi Draws A Background To His Dances

From Personal Contacts Came The Pieces Played at Symphony Hall

TRANS —NOV 10

THE transcontinental comes to a stop in the middle of the vast plateau which is western New Mexico. Under the hot sun of early autumn lies Gallup, with its Main street sprawling back from the railroad tracks. The street is alive, swarming with Indians from all parts of the Southwest. They come from far-off Taos, at the foot of the Colorado mountains, dignified in their white robes, their black braids hanging heavily over their shoulders; from the hot brown villages of the Rio Grande valley, from the Mesa villages, the fortified hilltowns of the Zunis and the Hopis. And the Navajos, eternal shepherds, eternal nomads, with raven locks and arrogant moustaches, their blouses hung with silver and turquoise, are riding in from their neighboring grazing lands, high on horse, followed by wives and children, like conquering hordes from the plateaux of Tibet. They have come to take part in the Inter-Tribal Festival. Already impatient groups are singing and dancing. The brass band is playing. It is a Wild West Show, really wild and West, with Madison square far away.

It is not possible to describe what takes place in Gallup for three days and three nights. A sun-dance by the Indians from Zia — the dancers' half-naked bodies gorgeously painted, some golden, some black, (the black ones, Night, with their long hair falling wildly over their faces) is a symbolic orgy—the clash between Night and Day—beside which the most exciting moments of the Russian Ballet seem pale. A Bow-and-Arrow dance by the Indians of Tesuque is of a rhythmic intensity and power unknown to us in our concert-halls. In the charming Basket-dance by the Indians from Santa Clara the men weave beautiful designs around the women, who, scarcely moving from one spot, supply a sort of static element by balancing with gentle rhythm from one foot to the other. The grotesque and lascivious antics of the Hopi Fun-Makers which vastly amuse the onlooking Indians, are a reminder of the joy which we eternally take in beholding the ape in man. There is a thrilling War-dance of the Comanches. There is the eerie and silent Fire-dance of the Navajos, which the men, completely stripped except for loincloths, dance at night, around a colossal bon-fire, seeming to scorch themselves on the flames. All this must be seen and heard if one would know what great artists are the Indians and what a potent thing their music.

The music of the Indians is in some ways simple and crude. Instruments of exact pitch are practically unknown to them and they must express themselves completely in the fundamental elements of music, rhythm and melody, the rhythm of their instruments of percussion and the melody of their voices. The contrapuntal cathedrals of Palestrina have come and gone, Harmony has evolved from Monteverdi to Schoenberg. Indian music still stands where it was, in its primeval simplicity and strength.

The simplicity of their music, though, is more apparent than real. Their rhythms are remarkably complex. They have an amazing way of swinging abruptly from one to another and then back again to their first—a momentary jolt, a discomfort which makes the comfort of the initial rhythm all the more pleasurable. Their phrases are rhythmically free and not, like ours, constrained by bar-lines and symetrically-shaped periods. In this way their music retains much that we no longer have. With an instinct for sustaining simultaneously two or more rhythms, far more subtle and genuine than ours, they constantly sing in rhythms of three against drum-beats of two, and vice-versa. And they do these things quite naturally, with ease and precision. At the moment of sunrise, in the Hopi Snake-dance, it is said that as many as seven distinct rhythms are kept going simultaneously —a frenzied delirium of rhythm.

Their melodic sense is less striking. Often charming in line, the melodies are expressive of a number of clearly defined moods, a gentle tenderness, a barbaric wildness and fury and a virile full-throated jubilance. They are almost invariably pentatonic, though it is not always the same five notes which are used. We find sometimes wild combinations of chromatics with very clear suggestions of quarter-tones—a gorgeous impurity of sound. The War-songs, strangely enough, are usually of a very open and major character.

Their instruments of percussion are many and varied. They beat on drums, tom-toms of various size and pitch, some more vibrant, more sonorous, some more tight, more incisive. They shake gourds, whose seeds, rattling in the hard shell, symbollically fructify the earth. We have seen men from Jemez with desperate energy beating sticks on bundles of hides, to supply a dull and distant throb for their dancing companions. The dancers themselves are hung with instruments of percussion so that their every move is at once a living sound. Around their necks and around their strong brown legs are strings of little shells, which tinkle softly. From their waists hang ropes of sleigh-bells, which jangle wildly, with a relentless and deafening insistence. The noise is hard and shrill—as brilliant as the painted bodies in the glaring sun-light. They rarely clap their hands as we do, but the sound of their bare feet beating against the hard earth is a very real intensification of the living rhythm.

Indian music is music of today. It is more of Stravinsky than of Brahms. It has a certain objectiveness. Not sentimental, not descriptive or anecdotal, it has clarity and strength of form. As in jazz, the rhythmic element predominates, but here the rhythm is a more integral part of the melody, of the phrase. There is also far more diversity of rhythm than in jazz.

The Indians do not care much for our music. With apparently no direct contact between theirs and ours, as there is between ours and the negroes', their music remains uninfluenced; and we, until now, have not been ready for Indian music. Today we feel kinship with primitive man and respond to it for the first time.

Crude and primitive this music may be, but, throbbing with intense energy, its wild insistent rhythms, its barbaric dynamics fascinate us. One is reverent before its spirit, for the Indians' music is most often, a part of their ritualistic dances—Rain-dances, Corn-dances, War-dances—and acquires therefore a religious, or at least a symbolic significance. This is great and unconscious art, which finds its roots deep in the past, in æons of racial unity and race-tradition. In the early-morning atmosphere of the Far West one's senses are reborn. One marvels anew at sunset and sunrise and at those two eternal phenomena—melody and rhythm. And one sees in the simple strength of Indian music, wild, yet ordered, a complete expression of the soul of a great race.

FREDERICK JACOBI

MUSIC

BOSTON SYMPHONY

HER By PHILIP HALE NOV 10

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Jacobi, Indian Dances. Sibelius, Symphony No. 3. Scriabin, "The Poem of Ecstacy." The symphony and the Indian Dances were performed for the first time in Boston. The first performance of the latter anywhere was by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Cambridge last Thursday night.

It has been asked why the third symphony of Sibelius did not attract the attention of successive conductors in Boston. The Finnish composer has long been a favorite here. Conductors in other American cities have passed this symphony by. The only performance we have been able to note in this country was by the Russian Symphony Society in New York early in 1908, the year after the symphony was composed. That performance, if the local critics at the time did not err, was wholly inadequate; wretched, as one wrote.

Hearing this noble work yesterday, one was the more surprised at the long delay. There are possibly two reasons, say, rather excuses. The symphony is technically difficult. A conductor, no matter how excellent he was in other respects, lacking imagination, not detecting the fine qualities of the music, might have thought that the labor of rehearsal was not worth while; that the audience would fail to appreciate the symphony, as he had failed, and applause, dear to conductors in every land, would not follow the final movement; that there would be a fourth movement viz: That of bored and disgusted hearers from the hall.

Today the Boston Symphony Orchestra is more euphonious and plastic, more a body of virtuoso musicians than ever before. Its conductor, Mr. Koussevitzky, is richly endowed with imagination. He has the skill, the art of bringing his poetic conception of a work into vivid realization. He found in this symphony what others had failed to find or did not try to find. And what was the reward of his ability and courage? How was the orchestra repaid for its eloquent performance?

The great audience listened to the music as to a revelation of something strangely beautiful in its now sombre, now exciting moods; it recalled the conductor enthusiastically and compelled the players to acknowledge the tribute paid them. Those who in past years knew Silebius, the symphonist, only by his first two symphonies, hearing the third would hardly have recognized the composer: The plan and the carrying of it out are so different. The customary Andante or Adagio and Scherzo are here one movement with music of an elegaic nature; a repetition for the most part of insistent measures adroitly changed from time to time, but with the same idea. This constant repetition does not breed monotony, but holds the hearer fast, hypnotizes him even against his will; nor would he have Sibelius introduce contrasting episodes. This movement is not a mere tour de force: it is a constant impressive reiteration of a tragic mood, not starkly austere, never lachrymose, but heroic with an underlying tenderness.

The opening movement is a masterpiece of conciseness. There are no themes of sugary sensuousness, no themes that bid for immediate popularity, but from the very beginning the virility of the music with its arousing of expectation, with its exciting moments, its sudden changes of thought, all contributing to the sweep and at times the fury of the movement—the avoidance of tiresome overdevelopment and distracting ornamentation—these make this allegro remarkable. There is also now and then a wildness of expression as Nature herself is often wild; but even in these moments Sibelius himself, as one "master of the spasm of the sky and of the shatter of the sea, master of nature and passion and death." Perhaps the finale does not attain an equal height, but it is a fitting ending for an uncommon work.

Mr. Jacobi, having sojourned with Indians in New Mexico, is greatly interested in their music. His string quartet in which Indian themes are employed has been played here by the Flonzaley and the Lenox quartets. Aubert said of Felicien David, who was influenced by oriental music, as shown in his symphonic ode "The Desert" and his opera "Lalla Roukh": "I wish he would get off his camel"; but Mr. Jacobi does not go so far as to insist that music to be genuinely "Amur-r-ricar" must be based on Indian or negro themes. These orchestral dances as whole have more of ethnological than universal musical interest. We are not told whether the themes are presented in their bald simplicity or have been shaped somewhat for sophisticated ears. Some of the themes in the Five Dances have a primitive charm, as in the Buffalo Dance and the Rain Dance. The orchestration of the Butterfly Dance is ingenious. There is appropriate savagery in the dance of warriors. The suite was warmly applauded. Mr. Jacobi was in the hall and bowed in return.

Mr. Koussevitzky was an intimate friend of Scriabin; they made musical tours together. It is natural that he, as other Russians who loved Scriabin as man, composer and mystic, should hold him in lively admiration and conduct his huge works with a peculiar gusto. Yesterday's performance of "The Poem of Ecstasy," the third conducted here by Mr. Koussevitzy, was extremely brilliant. The reception by the audience was enthusiastic.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the programs have been arranged with a view to the Schubert centenary: Friday afternoon Schubert's "Unfinished" and "Tragic" symphonies with songs to be sung by Hulda Lashanka; Saturday night the Symphony in B flat major, the great symphony in C major and a group of songs, different from those on Friday, to be sung by Mme. Lashanka.

In order that all subscribers may hear both the "Unfinished" and the C major symphonies, these works will be repeated later in the season.

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The Symphony

Conductor, Composers, Sensations

TRANS — Nov 10

Symphony Concert in Which, for Sibelius and Skriabin, Koussevitzky Excels

UNTIL the end of the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon, applause for Mr. Koussevitzky was tepid; whereas at every turn it should have beaten high. At the close of Mr. Jacobi's Indian Dances the composer, rather than the conductor, occupied the audience. Sibelius's Third Symphony baffled it. As the author hereabouts of its being, the conductor paid the penalty. Only upon the full-mouthed climax of Skriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" came the clapping thick and fast. After any such deluge of sound—the cynics, doubtless, said—any audience will drip with plaudits. The good cause is making progress—the few believers in tonal theosophy may have thought—as they listened to that same response. Here and there on the outskirts were those who hoped and believed that Mr. Koussevitzky was the target of these fervors. For in five seasons at Symphony Hall, seldom, in a single corncert, has he appeared to more advantage.

With the Indian Dances, there again was the conductor finding place for a music that smacked of the soil, signed by a composer still young, American to boot. So far as it asked the resources of the orchestra or the play of his own abilities, upon it he lavished both. He passed to Sibelius's Symphony in C major. Through a whole concert-going generation it has lain on the shelf, because successive conductors misunderstood or mistrusted it. Mr. Koussevitzky examined, admired, believed in it; with his usual faith and courage prepared the performance. In it he surpassed himself. His mind read the music clearly; his hand gained like lucidity from the orchestra. He felt the mood and the purport of the piece, infusing both into the playing. He was in no wise baffled by the singular style in which Sibelius has written. Grasping it himself, he enjoined it upon his forces. The stripped surfaces, rhythmic impetus, tense, terse brevity; the misted song, the naked interplay of separate voices or contrasted choirs, the sense of stillness become sound that haunts the music, were all within his divining and projecting powers. Withal he set to the Symphony the vitalizing fire that purges and concentrates it upon those who hear with imagination. A more discerning, revealing, communicating performance of a given piece were hard to conceive.

Finally, the conductor set to "The Poem of Ecstasy." Believe or disbelieve in the music itself, under his hand, the orchestra became the striding, seething, heaven-scaling mass for which Skriabin wrote. It gave to his passion of sound and senses an apocalyptic voice. Yet through this welter, as many unbelievers will call it, sounded the horns and trumpets that the composer heard from celestial ramparts; while across it, out of higher strings and lighter wood-winds, floated those tatters of vision that upon Skriabin's imagination were gold and purple. Again a performance that was vitalization and intensification not only of the staves but of the mind and heart behind them—a music set free and winged.

Nor was this all. Like most men and women, we Bostonians live in a self-centered community. The daily routine, the domestic, the local, interest press close upon us. Humanly enough, "we count our blessings while we may," tell them over, perhaps, quite as often as need be; tend to be self-content, even smug, as we contemplate them. For us, if we have any imagination at all, Mr. Koussevitzky is ever opening new doors. Yesterday we ranged musically from the Indian tribes of the Southwest and their American spokesman, to the self-searching soul that sits thoughtful by Finnish lakes or strides impetuously over Finnish forests to write measures like no others coming to our ears. Yet again, and we were at the feet of the neurotic, erotic, palpitating Russian, tearing in tones through the haze of his theosophic dreams. Within easy memory, Mr. Koussevitzky bade us listen to Schumann singing on his German hillsides: to Franck earthy-gay or celestially beatific and all from his organ-loft; to Stravinsky, after his fashion, companioning Apollo and the Muses; to Beethoven who would write music of all humanity, to Brahms searching a single heart; to Ibert—to leap to the other end of the scale—who is only one more dextrous and dilettante Parisian.

With his whole mind and heart, Mr. Koussevitzky practices a world-embracing art. With him he bids us roam the universe, traverse the centuries, find interest and pleasure in the good or the less good, wherever we may encounter it, even in our own time. His ambition and curiosity ever whip him forward. He is our apostle of change, our antidote to a narrow content, our monitor of the open and restless mind. By the art he practices, and beyond it, he is perpetual goad and stimulus to a full, far-reaching life that shall break over local bounds. He is not only illustrious conductor of music; he is force for our intellectual good and spiritual salvation. The temperament, as well as the talents, deserve our homage.

Within recollection, various Spaniards, young or middle-aged, said one to another: "Behold and hear, we will write music that shall sound truthfully of our race, land and living." Forthwith they wrote it, but few foreign hearers praised and fewer believed, because most such were accustomed to a prettyfied, a rhetorical, an otherwise conventionalized, Spanish music. (Compare, as the learned say, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice" or the Introduction to the Fourth Act of Carmen.") In similar plight Mr. Jacobi may find himself with his Five Indian Dances. There is reason to believe that he has transfused into a symphonic music of the concert-hall both the tonal characteristics and the embodied moods of the aboriginal music that he heard in the Southwest. Here are abrupt rhythms, irregular phrases, changeful structure; harsh, plain-coated harmonies, monotony, rather than variety, of instrumental color; singleness of feeling, direct, terse, unshaded—for the most part qualities not exactly those with which preceding composers have impregnated their Indian pieces.

There is no questioning Mr. Jacobi's veracity. He heard Indian music at first hand, studiously, receptively. Then, through himself filtered it into the matter, manner and inner content of his present pages. The Indian backgrounds seeped into him. He agreed to the Indian absence of rhetoric, the Indian fixity of mood. He would not overdo, beyond Indian proportion, the choser musical means. Out of all five dances rises a suggestion of ritual—uncouth in the Buffalo Dance; urgent in the Rain Dance; impetuous in the Corn Dance; wearing a barbaric dignity and inflexibility in the War Dance; curiously tinged with melancholy in the Butterfly Dance of the ripened girls. Almost everywhere the voice, motion, color, fall strangely upon the ear. Here, plainly is the truth, plus a modest infusion of the composer, about Indian Dances; but the newness of it confuses the receiving faculties. Recovered from this embarrassment, they eagerly absorb Mr. Jacobi's music; but it is music to be replayed immediately, upon ears first clarified, then sympathetic. This evening, in such hearers as frequent both concerts, should upspring responsive mood.

By repetition, it is said, Theodore Thomas persuaded audiences in the eighteen-eighties to the customary excerpts, as they now seem, from Wagner's music-dramas. By similar process the devoted Koussevitzky is not persuading all the doubters to Skriabin's tone-poems; but he is disclosing to some skeptics qualities in that music undiscerned before. Insist that "The Poem of Ecstasy" is a huge, inchoate welter of Wagnerian procedures without Wagner's imagination and craft to conduct and proportion them. Insist again that not a little of the visioning and the aspiring are but emanations of a half-mystic, half-erotic temperament, neurotic and feverish always. Assert that much too often Skriabin's luxuriance of sound and frenzy no whit lessens the emptiness of his measures. And yet, and yet, there are moments when his horns and trumpets call across the skies; when his strings twine and coil in the play of a voluptuous imagination; when the heart of the composer and the pulse of the music almost cease to beat—as in those stilled measures near the end—before the ecstasy that has wrapt them. Our education in Skriabin should go forward—and, outside Russia, Mr. Koussevitzky is his one surviving apostle.

For some of us, to hear after years of waiting and doubting, Sibelius's Third Symphony, was to sit breathless and possessed before the revelation. It were difficult to imagine a more economical music or a music in which the means so completely and inevitably accomplish the ends. Con the score under the study-lamp, listen with every faculty in stretch and not a note seems unwarranted, much less wasted. Read and reread each measure, hear it spoken and intensified by conductor and orchestra, and in every one all seems said that the composer would say. Here first, in this Symphony in C major, Sibelius is attaining that goal of every conscious artist—the conveyance and the expression become as one body and one spirit with the idea or the mood. Listen to those pages in which the strings whirr like so many voices of the darkling air; while across them the woodwinds, the horns, or both, lead strangely spoken, strangely lighted, melodies, and a music sounds, new of voice and imagination. The impression is affirmed when the sombrer strings fall in successive chords upon the ear, as upon the eye, at a turn in the mountain pass, a line of cliffs marches toward infinity. It recurs again when the woodwinds wander faint and far—the voices of the forest—and the strings give them back the deeper calls of us men.

Consider, again, the matter and the manner of this music. There is room and to spare for such pondering. Did Igor the Great invent the rhythms that set the hands clenching and the blood tingling? They have beaten from 1907 in the first movement of this Third Symphony of Jan Sibelius, biding his time in remotest Helsingfors. The week has brought a new opera by Richard Strauss, rediscovered another of his prime. The old lion's paw still strikes out orchestral colors to stir the listening senses. Yet there is not one, even in the work of his noon, that more seizes the imagination than that blackish-grey which Sibelius conjures into tones from rock-bound lakes under leaden skies. Before him others have drawn from the simplicities of folk-song a beauty of sound which words may only cloud. In the slow movement of this Symphony in C major he gives that beauty a vaporous quality—muted strings gradually unmuted. Brightened, shadowed, by the wood-winds, the melody dissolves into silence. . . .

Of a sudden the musical ideas of the symphony are in turbid motion nowhither; of a sudden a Life Force—Mr. Shaw's phrase in another meaning—orders and rhythms them. Up they sweep, enlarging and ampler voiced; the urge relaxes; they snap, sigh deep and are gone, and Sibelius has written his Finale. A bare, rough music sounding upon too many smooth-soft ears; a dun-colored music woven across a garish time; an utterly individual music to irk those who would always run with the herd! Too often common report is the abomination before the Lord. Year in and year out it has declared Sibelius's Third Symphony a failure; whereas, at Mr. Kussevitzky's hands upon an enkindled orchestra, it sounds very like a masterpiece.

H. T. P.

"INDIAN DANCES" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Frederick Jacobi Hears His Music Played

Sibelius' Third Symphony Given Its First Boston Performance

GLOBE — Nov 10

Frederick Jacobi's "Indian Dances" were played for the first time here at yesterday's Boston Symphony concert. The composer, now a resident of Northampton, Mass, was present to share the applause that greeted his music. Sibelius' Third Symphony, now more than 20 years old, was also played for the first time in Boston, as previous conductors had found it uninteresting. Skriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," music in which Mr Koussevitzky excels as an interpreter, closed the program.

Mr Jacobi explains in a program note that the five dances in his suite are "not intended to be in any sense a reconstruction of Indian music." They represent merely his impressions of the ritual dances which he has witnessed among the Pueblo and Navajo Indians, spectacles which he has found "magnificent and profoundly moving." The themes are borrowed from Indian music heard during a sojourn in New Mexico and Arizona, but the treatment of them is free. It is the spirit, not the letter, of savage music he has sought to convey in this suite. Mr Jacobi disclaims any desire to base American music on Indian music.

The themes in this set of dances are many of them strikingly individual in character. The bare statement of them evokes the atmosphere Mr Jacobi has found so impressive. His sober and rather timid use of this material is, however, a bit disappointing to a listener thinking what dazzling tone poems Prokofieff and Stravinsky in the days when that sort of thing was their forte might have made out of these salient fragments of primitive music. The audience, after it discovered the presence of the composer, applauded with its customary politeness.

Third Symphony Played

Sibelius' Third Symphony is said to have been considered for performance and rejected by Dr Muck, Mr Fiedler and Mr Monteux, each of whom conducted much of the composer's other work here. Mr Koussevitzky, however, succeeded in making the music so attractive that the audience welcomed it with hearty and prolonged applause.

There are only three movements in this symphony, an allegro moderato; an andantino con moto, quasi allegretto; and an allegro. Of these the second, with a chief theme of folk song character, is remarkably ingratiating. The themes in the other movements have the individuality that distinguishes all Sibelius' work. The treatment of them is curiously episodic, recalling Beethoven's way, in his last quartets, of stating his ideas without persistent development.

The first movement opens rather surprisingly with a theme given to double basses, then carried through the other strings. In the finale there is an impressive peroration on a theme of churchly character. Only a sympathetic and eloquent performance could make this Third Symphony appealing. This Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra provided.

One wished at times, however, that accuracy as well as eloquence had been among its musical virtues. There were, throughout yesterday's concert too many attacks that lacked precision and some false entrances that betokened either inexcusable carelessness or insufficient rehearsal. Why does not the present Boston Symphony invariably play with the superb and unerring precision in ensemble that distinguished the orchestra in the days of Dr Muck, and, if report speaks true, in those of Gericke?

Schubert Next Week

Each repeated hearing of Skriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" confirms one's impression that this work is a masterpiece.

Let the hearer forget the curious philosophical verses Skriabin wrote to explain the meaning of his music, verses that only annoy and baffle those of other philosophical faiths; let him listen merely to the music, and, played as it was yesterday, it can scarcely fail to stir his imagination. The style is perhaps excessively individual, the iterations of the chief theme threaten to become wearisome, the scoring for orchestra and organ is at times turgid; yet the intrinsic power of the music is overwhelming to anyone willing to surrender his imagination to it. Mr Koussevitzky by putting this work on the first Boston program he conducted showed his belief in it. He again roused the listener's admiration yesterday by his profound sympathy for Skriabin's style and mood.

Next week's concerts are devoted to the music of Schubert, in honor of the aproachong centenary of his death. Mr Koussevitzky has anrranged different programs for Friday and Saturday. At both concerts Mme Hulda Lashanska is to sing groups of Schubert's songs, and the orchestra is to be heard in two of his symphonies.

P. R.

SIBELIUS' THIRD BY SYMPHONY

POST — Nov 18

Music, Far in Advance of Its Time in 1907, Now Modern

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Rejected by three conductors of the Symphony Orchestra and ignored by a fourth, Sibelius' Symphony in C major, No. 3, came yesterday afternoon at the hands of Mr. Koussevitzky to its initial hearing in Boston.

In the performance the present conductor's faith in this remarkable composition was clearly proclaimed, and in the audience's enthusiastic reception of the piece that faith was accorded vindication and endorsement.

DATES FROM 1907

From 1907 dates this Third Symphony of the Finnish master, and so far in advance of its own day was this singular music that only now can its prophetic qualities be realized; while the composer himself, once the experiment had been tried, thereafter relapsed into somewhat more conventional ways.

Admittedly the chief trends of immediately contemporary music are toward an absence of unnecessary elaboration, a simplification and economy of means and of material, toward an emphasis on rhythm as an element in itself, toward a return to a virile diatonicism and toward an individualizing of the several choirs and single instrumental voices of the orchestra.

Forecasts the Moderns

Hear, then, Sibelius forecasting in this Third Symphony each and every one of these modern procedures, writing a music bare almost to nakedness, yet of an unescapable strength and vigor. Small wonder that the ears of the first and second decades of the present century heard this music for the most part hostilely or uncomprehendingly, or even that Mr. Monteux in the third should have put it in rehearsal only to pronounce it, upon such investigation, unworthy of performance.

The French temper is many leagues removed from the Finnish. Not too nicely on Parisian ears must fall this Northern rudeness, these stark, elemental simplicities.

Creates Favorable Impression

Yet with yesterday's marvellously sympathetic performance to plead its cause this music made upon an audience of 1928 an unmistakable impression. If, outside the brief and hauntingly lovely closing theme of the exposition, the first movement offers little that can be rolled under the musical tongue, the second has the appeal of homely folk-melody, of lilting rhythm and a strangely beautiful orchestration, while the propulsive force of the march-like tune that ends the otherwise unusual Finale might hardly be resisted. Twice returned to the stage at the end, Mr. Koussevitzky finally called upon the players to share in the applause.

For beginning came yesterday, for the first time in Boston, five Indian Dances by Frederick Jacobi, skillfully made, exhaling a subtle rather than an obvious savagery, and withal a trifle monotonous to hear in succession. The composer, who was present, was liberally applauded.

A glowing performance of Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" brought the concert's close, and the rites of commendation that had followed the symphony were here repeated.

From Symphony Hall TRANS NOV. 18

On Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon next, Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra will be heard for the first times this season in New York. Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont," his Fifth Symphony; Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" and Ravel's "Mother Goose" fill the first program. The second traverses Handel's Concerto Grosso, No. 10; Grünberg's tone-poem, "The Enchanted Isle"; Chaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony." Tamer programs than the conductor usually bears to the capital.

Glazunov, the eminent Russian of the old school, now on visit to the United States, will be guest of the Symphony Orchestra as composer and conductor at its concert in Cambridge on Jan. 16, at its concerts in Boston on Jan. 17 and 18.

At the end of Spohr's Nocturne, first number at the Symphony Concerts of last week, the wind and brass choir was so warmly applauded that Dr. Koussevitzky beckoned it to rise. Now and then after some displayful or exacting piece, the first flute or the first oboe receives such "recognition"; but it is rare fortune for horns, trombones and trumpets—to say nothing, in this instance, of players upon the bass-drum and the triangle.

Since the orchestral parts are lacking, Mr. Burgin, as deputy conductor, has dropped the Suite out of Hindemith's ballet, "The Demon," from the program of the Symphony Concerts next week. He substitutes for it the "Symphonic Dance in the Basque Style from the Opera (after Merimée) 'The Basque Venus,'" written by Hans Wetzler, now going the orchestral rounds in both Europe and America. Mr. Gilman heard it last week in New York from Mr. Toscanini and the Philharmonic Society and wrote in The Herald Tribune:

> Mr. Wetzler performs ingenious feats with his Fandangos and Zortzikos and Espatadantzas and Arin-Arins (with some assistance from various contemporaries—Strauss, Debussy, Wolf-Ferrari, for example), and the net result is imposing. If one concludes that the best thing in the piece is the gorgeous tune in 5-8 time that Mr. Wetzler borrowed from the Basques, that is really a tribute to his good taste; and he exploits it magnificently.

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TRANS. NOV. 13

A "Monday" Season, Auspiciously Begun

IT is a season of beginnings. Last evening brought the first of the concerts of the Monday series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The audience that greeted Mr. Koussevitzky was an enthusiastic one, more like to the audience of Saturday evenings than to that of Friday afternoons. Many bows were required of the conductor before he was permitted to address himself to his work, the conducting of Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture. As in the past, the programs of these concerts are made up of works already performed in the Friday and Saturday concerts. So Mr. Koussevitzky chose from the earliest of the season's programs for the fare of the evening. His selection included the overture of Beethoven just mentioned; Stravinsky's new ballet for strings, "Apollo, Leader of the Muses"; from Debussy's triptych "Nocturnes" the two most-played numbers, "Clouds" and "Festivals"; Schumann's Symphony No. 1 in B-flat, known generally as the "Spring" symphony.

It has long been a commonplace to remark that the "Leonore No. 3" is a perfect, self-contained drama in musical tones; that as well as words—possibly better—it tells the story of the faithful Leonore and Florestan, the imprisonment of the latter, and his final release through the efforts and the scheming of the former. Now it happens that Mr. Koussevitzky is nothing if not a master musician in music that characterizes, in the building up of dramatic situations. So last night this music took on in the highest degree the yearnings and the tensions and the interruptions and the glorifications with which this distfiliate of the plot of the opera is charged. It is easy to understand, after hearing such a performance, why Beethoven should have withdrawn this as the overture to his opera on the ground that its climax anticipated too thoroughly (and weakened therefore) the main climax of the opera itself.

Stravinsky's "Apollo" is new to the current season of symphony concerts. Indeed it is far less than a year old. It was written on commission for the Chamber Music Festival at the Library of Congress on April 27 of the present year, and there performed as a ballet. One could not truthfully say that the music is the greatest that Stravinsky has ever written; neither would it be fair to dismiss it casually. Somewhere between such extremes one places the "Leader of the Muses." The adaptable Igor has combined harmonies modal and pseudo-modal (perhaps a stickler for accuracy would coin neo-modal to fit the situation) and old French dance rhythms to produce the archaic flavor intended to suggest the distant mythological past, in terms of the steps of a ballet. Farther he does not go in a decsriptive way. The ballet might have been one to suggest any of a variety of subjects out of the musty past. It is grave for long stretches. Its rhythmic patterns suggest curious steps on the parts of the dancers. Its melodies flow along in their own beautiful, subdued manner. There is much of beauty in the ballet. One cannot easily forget the wonderfully rich and almost fathomless sonorities of the lowerstrings in many a portion. Nevertheless its many divisions make of it a work unduly long for the concert hall. To one hearer, at least, the content of the music does not justify such lengths unless joined to the steps and the gestures of the dancers. One could scarce imagine a better performance than that given by Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Burgin (in various solos which the ballet contains) and the string choir of the orchestra.

Debussy's chief purpose in much of his music is to produce illusion. To such music "Clouds" and "Festivals" belong. To produce illusion, then, was also Mr. Koussevitzky's aim last evening. It is impossible to describe such music, to character such performance. Let the imagination try to become conscious of the impressions received from dwelling on the beauties of clouds variously seen; let it then admit the memory of this music, its nebulous harmonies, the color of the tone of Mr. Speyer's English horn. The one will be perfect counterpart for the other. Equally with the brilliances and the show and the pomp of "Festivals."

Came last Schumann's symphony, "Spring." With it as with the drama of a Beethoven or the impressions of Debussy or the staid studies and researches of a Stravinsky Mr. Koussevitzky was entirely revealing. Much printer's ink has been spilled over the alleged turgidity and muddiness of Schumann's orchestration, over the presence of his "piano style" in his orchestral works. Undoubtedly many a listener, "educated" by such "wisdom," tries to hear these things. Does he ever really hear them? Would a proponent of these ideas, placed on the platform to demonstrate them, be able to raise a finger to point to the exact measure or passage in which the thought was obscured by the orchestration in such a performance as that of last evening? There are those, willing to use their ears rather than memories of what they have read, who have a strong suspicion that such wisdom would be confounded by such a test. As to the "piano idiom "of much of the music, one must confess that the orchestral dress of the music fits admirably the type of the music itself. True it is not written in the contrapuntal manner which was "one hundred per cent" in Schumann's time. But neither is a great deal of other music that has the courage of its convictions. And a music such as the "Spring" symphony sounds exceedingly well even to the jaded modern ear; more, it brings joy to the heart whenever it is heard. Can one reasonably ask for more?

A. H. M.

Schubert Memento for Symphony Men

Before beginning the rehearsal at Symphony Hall yesterday Serge Koussevitzky presented each member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra with a new Austrian Schubert centenary coin as a keepsake of the present season, which is the centennial of Schubert's death, and of the Schubert commemorative concerts which the orchestra is to give on this afternoon and Saturday evening. The coin bears the head of Schubert, who is the first artist to be used in the coinage of the Austrian realm. It is a silver "two schilling" piece.

The orchestra remained standing for a few moments in tribute to Schubert's memory, and then began the rehearsal with the Master's C major Symphony.

Nov 16. POST

BOSTON SYMPHONY OPENS HERE DEC. 4

PROV JOURNAL NOV. 18

Within three weeks the Boston Symphony Orchestra will open its Providence season, the concerts this year coming later and fewer. The first one will be Tuesday night, Dec. 4, with only three to follow, one less in all than Providence has had in the past. The other dates are Jan. 15, Feb. 19 and March 26. The Albee Theatre will again be the auditorium.

Season tickets which have not been re-engaged will be placed on sale at Steinert's a week from tomorrow. Between now and then applications should be addressed to Symphony Hall in Boston. Last year there were very few seats released from the subscription list and tardy subscribers found only the less desirable locations available.

The present season is the 48th of the orchestra and the fifth under Serge Koussevitsky whose leadership has been marked by extraordinary success both from the financial and artistic viewpoint. The season opened in Boston early in October—it was late October last year that it began its series in Providence. Several new scores of notable interest and musical importance have already been heard on its programs.

Last week, in observance of the Schubert centennial, two Schubert programs were given in Boston at which four of the master's symphonies and a number of his songs were performed. At the beginning of this month the organization made its annual western tour including concerts in Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus and Pittsburgh during which it repeated its success of past years. The opening New York concert is scheduled for next Thursday night.

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give their sixth regular pair of concerts in Symphony hall next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Richard Burgin, assistant conductor of the orchestra, will lead this pair of concerts. The soloist will be Jacques Thibaud, eminent French violinist, who will appear with the orchestra in Saine-Saens' Concerto in B Minor. Mr. Burgin will introduce to Boston at these concerts Wetzler's "A Basque Venus," a symphonic dance based on the short story of Merimee. The program will open with a suite of three movements from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'Or," and will also include the Second Symphony of Borodin, in E flat.

TRAV. — NOV. 23

Incidents and Prospects

TRANS. Nov. 27

There is good reason to believe that Mr. Koussevitzky is contemplating the performance, at the Symphony Concerts during the present season, of Mahler's "Song of the Earth"—settings for orchestra, alto and tenor voice, of Chinese poems, both separated and bound together by symphonic interludes. The piece, which stands high among Mahler's work, has never been heard in Boston. Nor since Dr. Muck's time has there been room at Symphony Hall for any example of his maturer music.

FRANZ SCHUBERT TO BE HONORED BY KOUSSEVITZKY

THIS week the Boston Symphony Orchestra will commemorate 100th anniversary of the death of Franz Schubert, at the concerts next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.

Hulda Lashanska

Serge Koussevitzky announces two different programs for the two concerts. At the Friday concert he will perform the "Unfinished" Symphony in B minor, and the "Tragic" Symphony No. 4. Miss Hulda Lashanska will appear as soloist, singing a group of Schubert lieder.

At the Saturday evening concert Mr. Koussevitsky will perform the Fifth Symphony in B major, and the Seventh Symphony in C major. Miss Lashanska will sing a group of lieder at this concert, also.

In order that all of the subscribers may hear both the "Unfinished" Symphony and the great C major Symphony, Mr. Koussevitzky will repeat each of these works at later concerts this season.

MIRER Nov 11

PENSION FUND CONCERT SUNDAY

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony will be performed at the Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Symphony Hall, next Sunday afternoon.

The orchestro will appear with the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. The soloists will be Jeanette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, base.

MONDAY SYMPHONY SERIES OPENING

The Symphony Orchestra will open its series of five Monday evening concerts tomorrow night, in Symphony Hall.

Serge Koussevitzky will then present Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture, Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete," Debussy's "Clouds" and "Festivals," and Schumann's Symphony in B flat major.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Tito Schipa, tenor. See special notice.
Ballroom of the Hotel Statler, 3 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Theophil Wendt, conductor. See special notice.
Boston Art Club, 3:30. Boston Flute Players' Club. Georges Laurent, director. See special notice.
Boston Garden (New North Station), 8:15 P. M. Alfonso D'Avino and his celebrated band, assisted by Tina Paggi, coloratura soprano, and Fernando Bertini, tenor. See special notice.
Lecture hall of the Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. Folk songs in costume. Bertha Hebert, contralto.
Ford hall, 7:30 P. M. Stella Marek Cushing, violinist; Dorothy Clement Evans, accompanist. Folk music from Czechoslovakia.

MONDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Martha Attwood, soprano; Stuart Ross, accompanist. Mozart, L'Amero saro costante from "Il Re Pastore"; Non so piu cosa son from "Le Nozze di Digaro." Kaun, Friendship. Korngold, Staendchen. Blech, Tintenheinz und Platscherlottchen. Mahler, Schneider und Meiden. Jarnach, Arpege. Hahn, Pholoe. Grovlez, Eh! Bonjour; Madame Tastine; Guitares et Mandolines. Grainger, The Sprig of Thyme. Two Kentucky mt. songs, arr. by Brockway—Nightingale and Frog went a-courting. Warren, My Lady Lo-Fu. Townley, Proposal (dedicated to Miss Attwood.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Luella Melius, coloratura soprano. (Her first recital in Boston.) See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Burgin, assistant conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Hotel Statler, 2:30 P. M. Juliette Gaultier de la Verendryz.
Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Howard Goding, pianist. Beethoven, Sonata op. 10, No. 1; Brahms, Romanze op. 118, No. 5; Intermezzo, op. 118, No. 1. Schumann, Carnaval. Griffis, The White Peacock. Albeniz, Triana. Chopin, Nocturne, op. 72, No. 1. Rubinstein, Staccato Etude.
Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra. Repetition of Friday's concert.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Richard Burgin, as conductor of the next pair of Boston Symphony orchestra concerts in Symphony Hall, next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, will introduce to Boston, Nicholas Miaskovsky, whose Eighth Symphony will be performed. Rudolph Ganz, pianist and former conductor of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra, will be the soloist, playing Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto No. 5, in E flat major.

SCHIPA TODAY

Tito Schipa, the celebrated Italian tenor of the Chicago opera company, will visit Boston to give a recital in Symphony hall, this afternoon at 3:30. He will be assisted by Frederick Longas in the following program:

O del mio amato ben.....Donaudy
Spirate, pur spirate.....Donaudy
Luisa Miller.....Verdi
Mr. Schipa
Alt Wien (Waltz).....Godowsky
Tango.....Albeniz
Mr. Longas
Prece (A Prayer).....Schipa
Die Mainacht.....Brahms
Mondnacht.....Schumann
My Jovely Celia.....Monro
A Pastoral.....Carey
Gipsy Song No. 5.....Dvorak
Mr. Schipa
Cordoba.....Albeniz
Mr. Longas
'A Vucchella.....Tosti-D'Annunzio
Sevillana.....Longas
Mignon (Ah! Non credevi tu).....Thomas
Mr. Schipa

LUELLA MELIUS

Luella Melius, coloratura soprano, will give her first recital in Boston next Tuesday evening in Jordan hall at 8:15 o'clock. She will be assisted by George Laurent, flute, and Jean Devergie, oboe. Roy Underwood will be the accompanist.

Et incarnatus est (Minor Mass).....Mozart
(With flute and oboe)
Mondnacht.....Schumann
Die Forelle.....Schubert
Der Juengling au der quelle.....Schubert
Er Ist's.....Wolf
Aria, L'Ombre Chanon, "Dinorah".....Meyerbeer
(With flute)
Mandolines et Guitarres.....Grovlez
Comment disaient-ils.....Hahn
Filles des Cadiz.....Delibes
Vesper Hymn.....Old English
Rain Drops.....Wolfarth-Grill
Symphony in Yellow.....Griffe
The Wren.....arr. by Benedic
(With flute)

Boston Symphony Honors Schubert

MONITOR — NOV. 23

By L. A. SLOPER

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S centenary was observed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the concerts of Nov. 16 and 17 in Symphony Hall, Boston. Instead of offering the same program on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, as is customary, Mr. Koussevitzky had made up two programs, both composed entirely of works of Schubert. The first included the "Tragic" Symphony in C minor, No. 4, and the "Unfinished" in B minor; the other, the symphonies in B flat major, No. 5, and the Great Symphony in C major.

On the ground that Schubert's genius found its most characteristic expression in his songs, Mr. Koussevitzky made a place on each program for a group of them. They were sung by Hulda Lashanska, with Pierre Luboshutz as piano accompanist. Miss Lashanska was not perhaps the ideal priestess to officiate at the Schubertian lyrical altar. She designates herself a soprano, but her voice seems to be actually a mezzo. Her high notes are pinched and shrill, but her low tones are warm and vibrant. Thus she was more successful, for example, in "Der Tod und Das Mädchen" than in "Du Bist die Ruh'." She appeared to have a good intellectual conception of the lieder but hardly the style necessary for their realization.

It was well that we should hear the "Tragic" and the B flat major symphonies, if only to make us cease repining because only the "Unfinished" and the great C major are commonly performed. The earlier efforts, echoes of Haydn or Mozart, while tuneful and pleasing enough in parts, are redundant and, one regrets to say, often dull. Having heard the "Tragic" Symphony at the beginning of Friday's program, one later hailed the "Unfinished" with glee, and felt remorseful for ever having smiled indulgently at its charms.

The performance played its part in this revived interest. When Mr. Koussevitzky first revealed to us his version of this symphony, there was a storm of critical complaint over his tempi, and especially his dragging of the famous theme for cellos in the first movement. Since then the conductor has restored to this theme its fluent line, and to the whole work its due proportions. Thus it has become again a delight to hear.

The C major Symphony concluded the proceedings on Saturday evening. Conductor and orchestra conspired together to make their tribute tell at this climactic point. The result was a breathing, pulsating performance of this symphonic masterpiece. It is needless today to dwell upon the fertility, the inventiveness, the mastery, the inspiration revealed by this score; or upon the arid passages, the garrulous moments, the Teutonic ponderosity of some of its rhythms. The performance served to minimize its shortcomings and to relume its glories.

The following afternoon brought the orchestra's fifty-eighth concert in aid of its pension fund. For the performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the orchestra was joined once more, as in the Beethoven Festival of last year, by the Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Archibald T. Davison, conductor, and the Radcliffe Choral Society, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor. The soloists were Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada van der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass.

Here was a performance that did not make the listener feel it were better to be content with the first three movements of this symphony, only. True, the orchestra played stirringly during those movements; but the chorus and the soloists seemed, more than on previous hearings, to justify the composer's recourse to the voice. So thoroughly had these young singers been trained, so mettlesome was their response to Mr. Koussevitzky's exhortations, that theories and arguments were forgotten before a work of art consummately realized. The quartet of soloists, individually and in ensemble, shared the vocal honors with the choirs.

Mr. Koussevitzky had opened the program with Beethoven's Overture to "Leonore" No. 3. This has been played so often by everybody, and in particular by this conductor, that it might be expected to lose its edge in performance and to become tedious to the listener. It would not be surprising if Mr. Koussevitzky, adding it bountifully to a program sufficiently taxing, should let it pursue routine course. But this is not his way. Into his every performance goes everything he has of musical and interpretive power. We cannot remember having heard before a rendition of this overture so vivid, so eloquent and so dramatic.

TRANS. NOV. 13

A "Monday" Season, Auspiciously Begun

IT is a season of beginnings. Last evening brought the first of the concerts of the Monday series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The audience that greeted Mr. Koussevitzky was an enthusiastic one, more like to the audience of Saturday evenings than to that of Friday afternoons. Many bows were required of the conductor before he was permitted to address himself to his work, the conducting of Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture. As in the past, the programs of these concerts are made up of works already performed in the Friday and Saturday concerts. So Mr. Koussevitzky chose from the earliest of the season's programs for the fare of the evening. His selection included the overture of Beethoven just mentioned; Stravinsky's new ballet for strings, "Apollo, Leader of the Muses"; from Debussy's triptych "Nocturnes" the two most-played numbers, "Clouds" and "Festivals"; Schumann's Symphony No. 1 in B-flat, known generally as the "Spring" symphony.

It has long been a commonplace to remark that the "Leonore No. 3" is a perfect, self-contained drama in musical tones; that as well as words—possibly better—it tells the story of the faithful Leonore and Florestan, the imprisonment of the latter, and his final release through the efforts and the scheming of the former. Now it happens that Mr. Koussevitzky is nothing if not a master musician in music that characterizes, in the building up of dramatic situations. So last night this music took on in the highest degree the yearnings and the tensions and the interruptions and the glorifications with which this distillate of the plot of the opera is charged. It is easy to understand, after hearing such a performance, why Beethoven should have withdrawn this as the overture to his opera on the ground that its climax anticipated too thoroughly (and weakened therefore) the main climax of the opera itself.

Stravinsky's "Apollo" is new to the current season of symphony concerts. Indeed it is far less than a year old. It was written on commission for the Chamber Music Festival at the Library of Congress on April 27 of the present year, and there performed as a ballet. One could not truthfully say that the music is the greatest that Stravinsky has ever written; neither would it be fair to dismiss it casually. Somewhere between such extremes one places the "Leader of the Muses." The adaptable Igor has combined harmonies modal and pseudo-modal (perhaps a stickler for accuracy would coin neo-modal to fit the situation) and old French dance rhythms to produce the archaic flavor intended to suggest the distant mythological past, in terms of the steps of a ballet. Farther he does not go in a decsriptive way. The ballet might have been one to suggest any of a variety of subjects out of the musty past. It is grave for long stretches. Its rhythmic patterns suggest curious steps on the parts of the dancers. Its melodies flow along in their own beautiful, subdued manner. There is much of beauty in the ballet. One cannot easily forget the wonderfully rich and almost fathomless sonorities of the lowerstrings in many a portion. Nevertheless its many divisions make of it a work unduly long for the concert hall. To one hearer, at least, the content of the music does not justify such lengths unless joined to the steps and the gestures of the dancers. One could scarce imagine a better performance than that given by Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Burgin (in various solos which the ballet contains) and the string choir of the orchestra.

Debussy's chief purpose in much of his music is to produce illusion. To such music "Clouds" and "Festivals" belong. To produce illusion, then, was also Mr. Koussevitzky's aim last evening. It is impossible to describe such music, to character such performance. Let the imagination try to become conscious of the impressions received from dwelling on the beauties of clouds variously seen; let it then admit the memory of this music, its nebulous harmonies, the color of the tone of Mr. Speyer's English horn. The one will be perfect counterpart for the other. Equally with the brilliances and the show and the pomp of "Festivals."

Came last Schumann's symphony, "Spring." With it as with the drama of a Beethoven or the impressions of Debussy or the staid studies and researches of a Stravinsky Mr. Koussevitzky was entirely revealing. Much printer's ink has been spilled over the alleged turgidity and muddiness of Schumann's orchestration, over the presence of his "piano style" in his orchestral works. Undoubtedly many a listener, "educated" by such "wisdom," tries to hear these things. Does he ever really hear them? Would a proponent of these ideas, placed on the platform to demonstrate them, be able to raise a finger to point to the exact measure or passage in which the thought was obscured by the orchestration in such a performance as that of last evening? There are those, willing to use their ears rather than memories of what they have read, who have a strong suspicion that such wisdom would be confounded by such a test. As to the "piano idiom "of much of the music, one must confess that the orchestral dress of the music fits admirably the type of the music itself. True it is not written in the contrapuntal manner which was "one hundred per cent" in Schumann's time. But neither is a great deal of other music that has the courage of its convictions. And a music such as the "Spring" symphony sounds exceedingly well even to the jaded modern ear; more, it brings joy to the heart whenever it is heard. Can one reasonably ask for more? A. H. M.

Schubert Memento for Symphony Men

Before beginning the rehearsal at Symphony Hall yesterday Serge Koussevitzky presented each member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra with a new Austrian Schubert centenary coin as a keepsake of the present season, which is the centennial of Schubert's death, and of the Schubert commemorative concerts which the orchestra is to give on this afternoon and Saturday evening. The coin bears the head of Schubert, who is the first artist to be used in the coinage of the Austrian realm. It is a silver "two schilling" piece.

The orchestra remained standing for a few moments in tribute to Schubert's memory, and then began the rehearsal with the Master's C major Symphony.

Nov 16. POST

BOSTON SYMPHONY OPENS HERE DEC. 4 PROV JOURNAL NOV. 18

Within three weeks the Boston Symphony Orchestra will open its Providence season, the concerts this year coming later and fewer. The first one will be Tuesday night, Dec. 4, with only three to follow, one less in all than Providence has had in the past. The other dates are Jan. 15, Feb. 19 and March 26. The Albee Theatre will again be the auditorium.

Season tickets which have not been re-engaged will be placed on sale at Steinert's a week from tomorrow. Between now and then applications should be addressed to Symphony Hall in Boston. Last year there were very few seats released from the subscription list and tardy subscribers found only the less desirable locations available.

The present season is the 48th of the orchestra and the fifth under Serge Koussevitsky whose leadership has been marked by extraordinary success both from the financial and artistic viewpoint. The season opened in Boston early in October—it was late October last year that it began its series in Providence. Several new scores of notable interest and musical importance have already been heard on its programs.

Last week, in observance of the Schubert centennial, two Schubert programs were given in Boston at which four of the master's symphonies and a number of his songs were performed. At the beginning of this month the organization made its annual western tour including concerts in Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus and Pittsburgh during which it repeated its success of past years. The opening New York concert is scheduled for next Thursday night.

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give their sixth regular pair of concerts in Symphony hall next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Richard Burgin, assistant conductor of the orchestra, will lead this pair of concerts. The soloist will be Jacques Thibaud, eminent French violinist, who will appear with the orchestra in Saine-Saens' Concerto in B Minor. Mr. Burgin will introduce to Boston at these concerts Wetzler's "A Basque Venus," a symphonic dance based on the short story of Merimee. The program will open with a suite of three movements from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'Or," and will also include the Second Symphony of Borodin, in E flat.

TRAV. NOV. 23

Incidents and Prospects

TRANS. NOV. 27

There is good reason to believe that Mr. Koussevitzky is contemplating the performance, at the Symphony Concerts during the present season, of Mahler's "Song of the Earth"—settings for orchestra, alto and tenor voice, of Chinese poems, both separated and bound together by symphonic interludes. The piece, which stands high among Mahler's work, has never been heard in Boston. Nor since Dr. Muck's time has there been room at Symphony Hall for any example of his maturer music.

FRANZ SCHUBERT TO BE HONORED BY KOUSSEVITZKY

THIS week the Boston Symphony Orchestra will commemorate 100th anniversary of the death of Franz Schubert, at the concerts next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.

Hulda Lashanska

Serge Koussevitzky announces two different programs for the two concerts. At the Friday concert he will perform the "Unfinished" Symphony in B minor, and the "Tragic" Symphony No. 4. Miss Hulda Lashanska will appear as soloist, singing a group of Schubert lieder.

At the Saturday evening concert Mr. Koussevitsky will perform the Fifth Symphony in B major, and the Seventh Symphony in C major. Miss Lashanska will sing a group of lieder at this concert, also.

In order that all of the subscribers may hear both the "Unfinished" Symphony and the great C major Symphony, Mr. Koussevitzky will repeat each of these works at later concerts this season. LEDGER NOV 11

PENSION FUND CONCERT SUNDAY

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony will be performed at the Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Symphony Hall, next Sunday afternoon.

The orchestro will appear with the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. The soloists will be Jeanette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, base.

MONDAY SYMPHONY SERIES OPENING

The Symphony Orchestra will open its series of five Monday evening concerts tomorrow night, in Symphony Hall.

Serge Koussevitzky will then present Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture, Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete," Debussy's "Clouds" and "Festivals," and Schumann's Symphony in B flat major.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Tito Schipa, tenor. See special notice.

Ballroom of the Hotel Statler, 3 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Theophil Wendt, conductor. See special notice.

Boston Art Club, 3:30. Boston Flute Players' Club. Georges Laurent, director. See special notice.

Boston Garden (New North Station), 8:15 P. M. Alfonso D'Avino and his celebrated band, assisted by Tina Paggi, coloratura soprano, and Fernando Bertini, tenor. See special notice.

Lecture hall of the Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. Folk songs in costume. Bertha Hebert, contralto.

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M. Stella Marck Cushing, violinist; Dorothy Clement Evans, accompanist. Folk music from Czecho-slovakia.

MONDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Martha Attwood, soprano; Stuart Ross, accompanist. Mozart, L'Amero saro constante from "Il Re Pastore"; Non so piu cosa son from "Le Nozze di Digaro." Kaun, Friendship. Korngold, Staendchen. Blech, Tintenheinz und Platscherlottchen. Mahler, Schneider und Meiden. Jarnach, Arpege. Hahn, Pholoe. Grovlez, Eh! Bonjour; Madame Tartine; Guitares et Mandolines. Grainger, The Sprig of Thyme. Two Kentucky mt. songs, arr. by Brockway—Nightingale and Frog went a-courting. Warren, My Lady Lo-Fu. Townley, Proposal (dedicated to Miss Attwood.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Luella Melius, coloratura soprano. (Her first recital in Boston.) See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Burgin, assistant conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Hotel Statler, 2:30 P. M. Juliette Gaultier de la Verendryz.

Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Howard Goding, pianist. Beethoven, Sonata op. 10, No. 1; Brahms, Romanze op. 118, No. 5; Intermezzo, op. 118, No. 1. Schumann, Carnaval. Griffis, The White Peacock. Albeniz, Triana. Chopin, Nocturne, op. 72, No. 1. Rubinstein, Staccato Etude.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra. Repetition of Friday's concert.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Richard Burgin, as conductor of the next pair of Boston Symphony orchestra concerts in Symphony Hall, next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, will introduce to Boston, Nicholas Miaskovsky, whose Eighth Symphony will be performed. Rudolph Ganz, pianist and former conductor of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra, will be the soloist, playing Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto No. 5, in E flat major.

SCHIPA TODAY

Tito Schipa, the celebrated Italian tenor of the Chicago opera company, will visit Boston to give a recital in Symphony hall, this afternoon at 3:30. He will be assisted by Frederick Longas in the following program:

O del mio amato ben.....Donaudy
Spirate, pur spirate.....Donaudy
Luisa Miller.....Verdi
Mr. Schipa
Alt Wien (Waltz).....Godowsky
Tango.....Albeniz
Mr. Longas
Prece (A Prayer).....Schipa
Die Mainacht.....Brahms
Mondnacht.....Schumann
My lovely Celia.....Munro
A Pastoral.....Carey
Gipsy Song No. 5.....Dvorak
Mr. Schipa
Cordoba.....Albeniz
Mr. Longas
'A Vucchella.....Tosti-D'Annunzio
Sevillana.....Longas
Mignon (Ah! Non credevi tu).....Thomas
Mr. Schipa

LUELLA MELIUS

Luella Melius, coloratura soprano, will give her first recital in Boston next Tuesday evening in Jordan hall at 8:15 o'clock. She will be assisted by George Laurent, flute, and Jean Devergie, oboe. Roy Underwood will be the accompanist.

Et incarnatus est (Minor Mass).....Mozart
(With flute and oboe)
Mondnacht.....Schumann
Die Forelle.....Schubert
Der Juengling au der quelle.....Schubert
Er Ist's.....Wolf
Aria, L'Ombre Chanon, "Dinorah".....Meyerbeer
(With flute)
Mandolines et Guitarres.....Grovlez
Comment disaient-ils.....Hahn
Filles des Cadiz.....Delibes
Vesper Hymn.....Old English
Rain Drops.....Wolfarth-Grille
Symphony in Yellow.....Griffe
The Wren.....arr. by Benedic
(With flute)

Boston Symphony Honors Schubert

MONITOR — NOV. 23

By L. A. SLOPER

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S centenary was observed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the concerts of Nov. 16 and 17 in Symphony Hall, Boston. Instead of offering the same program on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, as is customary, Mr. Koussevitzky had made up two programs, both composed entirely of works of Schubert. The first included the "Tragic" Symphony in C minor, No. 4, and the "Unfinished" in B minor; the other, the symphonies in B flat major, No. 5, and the Great Symphony in C major.

On the ground that Schubert's genius found its most characteristic expression in his songs, Mr. Koussevitzky made a place on each program for a group of them. They were sung by Hulda Lashanska, with Pierre Luboshutz as piano accompanist. Miss Lashanska was not perhaps the ideal priestess to officiate at the Schubertian lyrical altar. She designates herself a soprano, but her voice seems to be actually a mezzo. Her high notes are pinched and shrill, but her low tones are warm and vibrant. Thus she was more successful, for example, in "Der Tod und Das Mädchen" than in "Du Bist die Ruh'." She appeared to have a good intellectual conception of the lieder but hardly the style necessary for their realization.

It was well that we should hear the "Tragic" and the B flat major symphonies, if only to make us cease repining because only the "Unfinished" and the great C major are commonly performed. The earlier efforts, echoes of Haydn or Mozart, while tuneful and pleasing enough in parts, are redundant and, one regrets to say, often dull. Having heard the "Tragic" Symphony at the beginning of Friday's program, one later hailed the "Unfinished" with glee, and felt remorseful for ever having smiled indulgently at its charms.

The performance played its part in this revived interest. When Mr. Koussevitzky first revealed to us his version of this symphony, there was a storm of critical complaint over his tempi, and especially his dragging of the famous theme for cellos in the first movement. Since then the conductor has restored to this theme its fluent line, and to the whole work its due proportions. Thus it has become again a delight to hear.

The C major Symphony concluded the proceedings on Saturday evening. Conductor and orchestra conspired together to make their tribute tell at this climactic point. The result was a breathing, pulsating performance of this symphonic masterpiece. It is needless today to dwell upon the fertility, the inventiveness, the mastery, the inspiration revealed by this score; or upon the arid passages, the garrulous moments, the Teutonic ponderosity of some of its rhythms. The performance served to minimize its shortcomings and to relume its glories.

The following afternoon brought the orchestra's fifty-eighth concert in aid of its pension fund. For the performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the orchestra was joined once more, as in the Beethoven Festival of last year, by the Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Archibald T. Davison, conductor, and the Radcliffe Choral Society, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor. The soloists were Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada van der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass.

Here was a performance that did not make the listener feel it were better to be content with the first three movements of this symphony, only. True, the orchestra played stirringly during those movements; but the chorus and the soloists seemed, more than on previous hearings, to justify the composer's recourse to the voice. So thoroughly had these young singers been trained, so mettlesome was their response to Mr. Koussevitzky's exhortations, that theories and arguments were forgotten before a work of art consummately realized. The quartet of soloists, individually and in ensemble, shared the vocal honors with the choirs.

Mr. Koussevitzky had opened the program with Beethoven's Overture to "Leonore" No. 3. This has been played so often by everybody, and in particular by this conductor, that it might be expected to lose its edge in performance and to become tedious to the listener. It would not be surprising if Mr. Koussevitzky, adding it bountifully to a program sufficiently taxing, should let it pursue routine course. But this is not his way. Into his every performance goes everything he has of musical and interpretive power. We cannot remember having heard before a rendition of this overture so vivid, so eloquent and so dramatic.

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No Light Adventurer

Nikola Miaskovsky (Universal-Edition)

An Eminent Russian Composer Comes at Last to the Symphony Concerts

A New Russian, To Be Praised Or Thrust Away

Continued from Preceding Page

first; for Rimsky also nurtured the great Igor, the brilliant Prokofiev—and others. Mr. Belaiev says point blank that Miaskovsky has his roots in Musorgsky. It is generally admitted that both Glazunov and Skriabin have affected his style, Glazunov his formal and orchestral schemes, Skriabin his harmonic idiom.

But one does not "get very far" with discussing Miaskovsky from a purely technical point of view. The key to him is to be found in the something which lies beneath technic, which goes beyond the ordinary "influences" of older or contemporary musicians, and absolutely dictates style. If "style is the man" it is evident that one must know the man in order to explain his style, and conversely, that by knowing well his style one can make a fair picture of the man. And "style" in this sense is something very different from a technical analysis of its component parts.

Miaskovsky has both admirers and detractors among the Russians, who admittedly know him best. Both agree, however, that he is a perfect musical counterpart to Dostoievsky, the novelist. Beneath much of the comment, be it favorable or otherwise, can be read also a corresponding appreciation or depreciation of Dostoievsky. The gloom, the darkness, the pessimism which traverses all the shades and degrees of a neurasthenic morbidity in the great Russian authors are also to be found in this latest Russian composer. Thus it is that Chaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony is the programmatic musical parent of the work of Miaskovsky. Thus his choice of the morbid Edgar Allan Poe's "Silence" as the subject of his first symphonic poem takes on new significance. Thus one understands why it is that through his work runs "a left-motif of death."

Belaiev probably explains best Miaskovsky's preoccupation with these gloomy subjects:

> His music expresses a constant striving after an inaccessible state of disembodied, spiritual existence. This ideal reveals itself in a great variety of ways, but its fundamental otherwordliness remains unchanged. In trying to reconcile his ideal with the meanness of the surrounding world and the instability of human nature, Miaskovsky is forced to study life in all its aspects and his own relations to it, and thus his work reflects infinite breadth of understanding and sympathy, infinite love of nature, and an all-embracing comprehension of the aspirations of the human soul. His work leads the hearer to the greatest problem of human existence—the problem of death, symbolized by the medieval theme of the "Dies Irae," which plays a considerable part in his works as a recurrent motto. From the individuality to the world, and from the world to the riddle of its ultimate fate—this is the line of Miaskovsky's creative thought, freshly explored in every new work he writes.

Belaiev may thus be taken as representative of those who fully believe in the greatness of Miaskovsky. They idolize him in phrases such as "the standard-bearer of the Russian symphony," "the Musorgsky of the symphony." Mr. Lenoid Sabaneyev, in his book on modern Russian composers, represents a point of view somewhat less sympathtic, that attempts greater critical detachment. It is evident that the Dostoievsky-Miaskovsky pessimism or morbidity does not strike a responsive chord in Sabaneyev. Listen to him debating with himself on the subject: "Occasionally it is as though Miaskovsky deliberately wished to strike us with extreme melancholy, with an oppressive poverty of thought, in order that we might feel the more glaringly the void caused by its absence. It be is a great artist then it cannot be otherwise. The composer's sincerity is not subject to doubt." Mr. Sabaneyev, in the course of his article, also questions (although tentatively) the value of many of Miaskovsky's musical ideas, his skill as an orchestral colorist, even at one point his constructive ability. This hostile point of view is also summed up in a phrase, "an inflated Glazunov."

Turning to the Miaskovsky of the impending Eighth symphony, one cannot but find him a constructive musician of high order. Whatever may have been the case in earlier works, in these four movements Miaskovsky has reared four magnificent structures. The ideas are musical, without any of the conscious striving after originality characteristic of much present music. The workmanship is masterful. The harmonic combinations run the gamut of emotion—pleasant and ingratiating, acrid, sinister, gloomy. The harshness of polytonality Miaskovsky assumes and discards at will, slipping into and out of it exactly as if it were any other idiom. The rhythms are now strong, now mellifluously insinuating; the swing of some is akin to that of the waltz.

Miaskovsky belongs to those composers of whom one can speak more readily in negatives than in positives. He is not a great innovator, nor an exponent of new and pregnant theories. He makes no pretense of "advancing" musical progress, he is not a brilliant colorist, nor is he a genius of such electric force as to be able to compel general acceptance of his work. Sabaneyev goes even farther. "No special distinguishing marks," writes he! But even so, Miaskovsky is, in good company. Many, if not most of these negatives can be applied also to Chaikovsky, and to go farther afield, to Brahms. These have won their place by the sheer truth and power of their ideas, by the beauty and force of the proclamation. There is room for newcomers in these ranks. Meanwhile, opponents as well as advocates admit that in Russia, where alone Miaskovsky has been heard enough to be known, his music holds the attention and keeps the admiration of the multitude. In sum, Miaskovsky belongs to those composers whom their contemporaries judge with difficulty: composers who are eclectics, rather than pioneers, but who have a strong individual message. History alone will decide their worth. And it will decide it according to the worth and the permanency of the message.

A. H. M.

Concert-Chronicle

Continued from Preceding Page

of this motif and of the second half of the first theme, abrupt and broken rhythms. This development leads climactically to an expanded statement of the introductory phrase (now five measures) after which there are four consecutive repetitions of the first theme and more development of its second half. Then comes the third theme, "A doppio piu lento (Allegretto commodo e semplice"). The rhythm alternates measures of three plus four with measures of four plus three. The theme is given to violins, a phrase tenderly ingratiating. There is much development, and a slight contrast-section.

Then comes the first suggestion that the symphony is programmatic. So far everything has proceeded along normal formal lines. But here enters a passage in which measures marked "Quieto" alternate several times with measures marked "Allegro tenebroso." (Note the adjective). The whole is transitional and episodical in character, based on the third theme and the second half of the first theme. A slight development leads to another statement of the introductory phrase treated now with powerful surgings and breath-taking diminuendos. Five measures of the second theme, used transitionally, lead to a four-fold statement of the first theme, followed by a development of the second theme. This in turn leads to another five measures of the Introduction followed by four more repetitions of the first theme and a short climax upon its second half for a close.

Oasis

The third movement "Adagio," 4-4, in B minor, is cast in the same form, but with far less complex treatment. The first theme is a sustained English horn solo over lower strings and harp harmonics. The second is sung by strings, followed by flutes, in an ornate, florid line that variously suggests Rimsky-Korsakov. The first theme follows, two measures of muted trumpet introducing the English horn. The third theme begins as an expressive oboe solo, much ornamented by flutes and clarinets. This rises to an impassioned climax at the top of which the first theme is again heard, followed according to regulation by the second theme, first in the oboe then in other winds; again by the English horn over low strings as at first. Then ensues a Coda with weird sonorities—cellos in high harmonics, playing on the bridge, while clarinets quietly repeat the third theme and the fluid second is heard successively from a violin solo, a viola solo, a flute, a muted trumpet, a clarinet. The close is very quiet. Here again, in the very sonorities, is suggestion of some hidden program.

"A-B-A-C-A-D-A-C-A-B-A"

The fourth movement "Allegro deciso" 2-4, A major, is the most complex of all. It is again a rondo, even larger than the rondo used in the second movement. Musicians will recognize the formula A-B-A-C-A-D-A-C-A-B-A. Each letter of course represents a distinct theme. As the movement nears its close there are in addition to the above, parenthetical references to themes from earlier movements, and near the extreme end, to the "D" theme of the fourth movement itself. At the beginning, the six horns, playing in unison, burst forth a vigorously accented passage of five measures (the first four repeat the same motif) which is a variant of the beginning of the introduction to the first movement. The main theme of the movement ("A") "Tempo giusto" is equally vigorous and closely related to it. "B" is a melodious canon for first and second violins. "C" is an ingratiating melody in waltz-rhythm. (One cannot avoid the thought that the Chaikovsky of various waltzes is more a model for the Miaskovsky of this symphony than the Chaikovsky of the gloomy "Pathetic.") "D" is a stately choral-like motif, "molto cantando." There is much interchange of moods. The "A" after the "D" is marked "tenebroso" and is scored for low clarinets and bassoons. The next "A" is scored brilliantly for full orchestra. For ending there are two tremendous crescendos and a curious passage mixing the chorads of C-sharp minor and B-flat major, all over a bass "A" in the final chord. Surely more food for those who would discover a program.

Beauty in Variety

Last evening at Jordan Hall Madame Luella Melius, coloratura soprano of the Chicago Opera Company, sang songs and arias to an audience that filled comfortably the floor and overflowed well into the balcony. The program included florid airs—the "Shadow Song" from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," and an ornate trifle, "The Wren"; an excerpt, also singularly befrilled, from Mozart's Mass in C Minor; German lieder by Schubert, Schumann and Wolf; French songs of lighter matter by Grovlez, Hahn and Delibes; songs in English.

To the modern ear there is an inherent incongruity in finding the words of such a text as the "Et Incarnatus" set to suave Italian melody liberally interspersed with vocalises, even though a Mozart set his name to it. Last evening, to emphasize the more fully the interplay of those melodies, Madame Melius called in from Symphony Hall Messrs. Laurent and Devergie. Flute and oboe and soprano voice—to say nothing of piano, which occasionally rose above mere accompaniental import—provided a most excellent ensemble, with an effect in some passages as if an entire instrumental ensemble were playing. Though Madame Melius assumed a most solemn manner, one did not find himself transported into a religious mood. As music, absolute music if you will, one heard these measures—pleasant, full of charm and beauty.

Madame Melius, in her lieder, differentiated clearly the different moods. "Mondnacht" was most suave and almost atmospheric. "Die Forelle" fairly bubbled over in its glinting activity. One wondered if it did not bubble a trifle too much. And Wolf's "Er ist's" was sung with great ardor and dramatic effect. It is, of course, a pleasure to hear a singer who thus gives individuality to each song. It is a question, however, whether even the individualizing process cannot be carried too far. Madame Melius approached such a danger line, even though she did not actually cross it.

Came next the test of "coloratura" skill, the "Shadow Song"—mistakenly rendered into awkward French in the print of the program to "L'Ombre Chanson." Madame Melius disclosed, here as throughout the evening, a voice of rare smoothness and purity. Beauty of tone seems inherent in it. And as a singer of florid devices, Madame Melius proved herself far more adept than one might have expected from the very smooth singing that had preceded in some of the lieder. A high degree of flexibility she possesses, all under remarkable controls. Of course Mr. Laurent had been retained to give proper support and contrast with his flute.—In common with nine out of ten "coloraturas" (perhaps one might say ninety-nine out of a hundred, if that many could be found the world over) this voice occasionally sings appreciably on the under side of the true pitch.

To the French songs Madame Melius brought a dramatically characterizing melodic line. The urge of strong rhythm is at her command as well as other devices of the singer's art. Thus one found energetic and well-accented singing; one found the propulsion of the measures of the dance enticingly brought forth in the song of the "Girls of Cadiz," according to Delibes. Nor must one neglect to mention the subtlety of her various nuances in Griffes's "Symphony in Yellow."

A. H. M.

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(b**)BT (W) n 24

Films of the Week

Continued from Preceding Page

...r whose chief mission in life is to be shocked.

E. F. M.

Midshipmen—and Maidens

The Navy has the best of it—as might well be expected in a picture with the title of "Annapolis." But it does not have quite the whole show. As a matter of fact, before the first of the midshipmen pokes his head over the celluloid horizon, fully fifteen minutes and only the over-lords of the cinema know how many expensive feet of film are given to a chipper crew of shrill-voiced damsels in "whites," the likes of which were never seen within the eminently proper walls of the Naval Academy. Quite ob-

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The Saturday afternoon concert offered many delightful contrasts and gave Koussevitzky opportunity to conduct in varying styles and moods. The program opened with Prokofieff's "Classic" Symphony written, when the composer was very young, in a style imitating the classical symphony period. Prokofieff was one of the first to go back to the classic style, and whether he did it deliberately as an attempt to "reform" music or was simply practising the form as a young student, we do not know. The work, however, has charm and was played with fascinating simplicity and a sense of humor by Prokofieff's protagonist. Debussy's "L'après-midi d'un faune," Stravinsky's "Petroushka" and Brahms' Second Symphony completed the program.

* * *

28

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NEWS
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THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE
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Music of the Day

By EDWARD CUSHING

Mr. Koussewitsky Conducts Beethoven, Debussy and Prokofiew at the Academy of Music.

WHEN, on Feb. 3, 1927, Mr. Koussowitsky first introduced Prokofiew's Classical Symphony (Op. 25) to New York, it was overshadowed by the greater importance of another novelty appearing on the same program—Aaron Copland's famous jazz Piano Concerto. The critics omitted it in their scholia, which were devoted to Mr. Copland, who happened to be a native New Yorker and therefore News. Since then, the Concerto has not been revived (though many of us would like to hear it again), and the Classical Symphony was, until last evening, likewise neglected. Mr. Koussewitsky, visiting Brooklyn for the first time this season, with the Boston Symphonic Orchestra, brought it once more to light and played it, between Debussy and Beethoven, to an audience at the Academy of Music.

* * *

Prokofiew, who lives now in Bavaria, was born in Russia in 1891, and, so belongs, no doubt, among the "younger" Russian composers. He studied at the St. Petersburg Conservatory under such able masters as Rimsky-Korsakow, Liadow and Tcherepnnin and became a brilliant pianist as well as a talented composer. Perhaps as a composer he is more than talented. His music improves upon acquaintance; it wears well; and so much one cannot say for the work of many men of Prokofiew's generation. Such excerpts as we have heard from his opera, "The Love of Three Oranges," which the Chicago company produced in 1921, show charm and wit and color hardly inferior to that which may be found in Rimsky's music for the stage. The ballet "Chout" is not uninteresting, and the Classical Symphony, as one listens to it at a Boston Symphony concert, has undeniable freshness and originality. Parody it is, but the best sort of parody, sympathetic, not heartless, clever, but not cruel. And Prokofiew, who is not incapable of writing in long and complex forms, knows the value of brevity to wit. He does not pad an epigram, and the Classical Symphony is quickly played, for all of its conventional four movements.

* * *

Mr. Koussowitsky and the Bostonians play Prokofiew with verve and brilliance, with lightness of touch and clarity of balance and emphasis—Mr. Koussowitsky likes this music, and though once we deplored such partiality, we are willing now to retract, and to ask that he play more of it—and more often. The "Scythian Suite," for instance—that cataclasmic evocation of the barbaric nations who overwhelmed the civilization of Rome in remote centuries. [illegible] Debussy more modeling, shade and hue. It was this part of last evening's program that came off best—the Debussy and the Prokofiew. As a classicist, we find Mr. Koussewitsky less stimulating. His "Leonora" overture is a string, well co-ordinated performance, but his "Eroica" is too great and unsubstantiated a challenge to classical traditions to be good. It is overdramatic, weighty, slow and in the end, tedious.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN STANDARD UNION
NOV 24 1928

Boston Symphony Concert at the Academy of Music

The Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its forty-first series of annual concerts in Brooklyn, under Institute auspices, at the Academy of Music last night. Mr. Serge Koussevitzky conducted. The programme was:

"Leonore" No. 3, Overture (Beethoven), "The Afternoon of a Faun" (Debussy), "Classical" Symphony (Prokofieff), "Eroica" Symphony (Beethoven).

The audience was near capacity. A notable addition to the orchestra's personnel this season is Georg Boettcher, illustrious French horn virtuoso of Berlin.

In the Debussy prelude the orchestra attained a tonal coloring that can only approximately be described as ethereal, azural and mystical. Here indeed are heavenly lengths that are only too short, and one might truly wish that Debussy, master magician of instrumentation, had spun out to even greater lengths this delicate net of cobwebby witchery. The playing of the orchestra at times bordered on the unreal and spiritual, so delicate and feathery were many of the tonal balancings and shadings.

Also in the Prokofieff symphony, fashioned after the Mozart manner and style, the orchestra uncovered a brand of virtuosity that has seldom been attained in these concerts.

Mr. Koussevitzky makes a showpiece out of the first movement of the "Eroica," and showmanship in this solid classic seems decidedly out of place and unwarranted. The scherzo lends itself in better grace to this sort of thing. We think it safe to say that not many musicians will agree with the larger portion of such a reading. There is a large measure of distortion of the music and contortion on the part of Mr. Koussevitzky. His reading of this symphony can in no wise be compared either in the scaling of heights or plumbing of depths to the "Eroica" interpretations given by Toscanini, Mengelberg or Damrosch. The orchestra gave everything that was expected of it by Mr. Koussevitzky, but it was not the great and incomparable Beethoven.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
NEWS
HAMILTON, O.
NOV 24 1928

Symphony's Playing Is Captured in Wax

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NOV 24 1928

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
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HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
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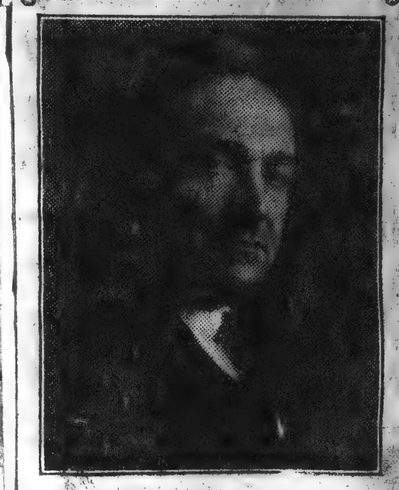

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NEW YORK WORLD
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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
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Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, opus 72, Beethoven; "Prelude a l'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" (Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun), eclogue by S. Mallarme, Debussy; "Classical," Symphony, opus 25, Prokofieff, Allegro, Larghetto, Gavotte, Finale; Symphony No. 2 in D-major, opus 73, Brahms, Allegro non troppo, Adagio non troppo, Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino, Alegro con spirito.

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BROOKLYN EAGLE
NOV 24 1928

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NEWS
HAMILTON, O.
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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
PATRIOT—LEDGER
QUINCY, MASS.
NOV 24 1928

(3)

Smiling Music

"And at the close the listeners were all smiling broadly, which betokens enjoyment convincingly enough." This does not refer to a political rally—not even a Rogers rally. It does not refer to a movie or stage show. One more guess? It was the close of symphony, composed by a Russian modern and played by the Boston Symphony orchestra. Perhaps more people would go to symphony concerts if realized that there is excellent music which can make listeners smile broadly now and then, or perhaps weep a little. As a matter of fact, more people are going to such concerts these days than ever before. Jazz thrives, but so, also, does the more highbrow variety of music. This is a great age for "trying anything once," even to symphony music, art and literature. The best part of it is that, having tried some of these things, of which it used to be afraid, the public is finding unexpected enjoyment.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph
NOV 25 1928

SYMPHONY GIVES UNIQUE CONCERT AT CARNEGIE HALL

Boston Players Intermingle Modern and Classic Spirits in Pleasing Concert.

Are all the modernists gone classic? And is Mr. Koussevitzky determined to prove the point?

Yesterday afternoon, the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall played Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony." Two days before it played Stravinsky's "Apollo."

On this occasion, the blonde composer of many works which have been declared to be so modernistic that they have returned to the savages, went Mozartian.

He is quoted as saying that he wrote as "Mozart would if he were living today." As I remember it, Mr. Atterburg of Sweden tried the same thing in connection with Schubert but collected $10,750 therefore.

Numbers Melodious.

However, whether Mozart would have written as Prokofieff thinks, we can say that the Russian certainly has done the loveliest piece of composition we have heard of in his extensive library of creations.

This classical Symphony was as light as gossamer. It has more melody than five hundred Atterburg Symphonies. It has, moreover, melodies which are more Schubertian than Mozartian. It has, still further, such butterfly-like flutterings of rhythmic delights and graceful singing lines that I now cast my vote for it to become a standard number in the repertoire of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Now if this is truly Prokofieff and he has been masquerading in his other work, let him remain himself; or if this is the masque, please tell him to put it on again.

The interpretation of Koussevitzky, of course, contributed to the lightness and delicacy of the performance. In the hands of another it might fare badly.

Plays Fantasy.

Did I ask if all the moderns had turned classic? Well, to prove to us that they have not Koussevitzky played the fantastic and humorous Stravinsky "Petrouchka" Suite. And there is nobody but Koussevitzky who could have done it with such justice.

The rendition of the Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Fawn" was a fine and clear presentation, much more mystical adn ephemeral, caught with the fairyland tale than ninety-nine out of a hundred performances. But the music of Mr. Monteux is too fresh in the memory for any other to appraise the vision of Debussy's Fawn.

The second half of the program was devoted to a reading of the Brahm's Second Symphony (in D major) in which Mr. Koussevitzky proved his devotion to the German and the orchestra proved anew its all-star personnel. —C. D. I.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
NOV 25 1928

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STUDENT TICKETS
FOR SYMPHONIES

The Rhode Island Federation of Music Clubs, Miss Virginia Boyd Anderson, President, announces that the student cards for the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts are now ready for distribution. Following are the rules governing the use of the tickets:

The holder of the card must be studying at the present time and be vouched for by his or her music teacher. The student using a Federation student card must not have reached his or her 25th birthday before applying to the committee. These cards are redeemable for seats on the day of each concert at the office of Caesar Misch, Inc., 400 Westminster street, from 9 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. The cards may be had by applying to the student seat committee, Miss Evangeline Larry, 17 Conrad building, and Mrs. Agnes Coutanche Burke, 40 Everett avenue.

This privilege is extended to the students of music in Rhode Island by the courtesy of the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Rhode Island Federation of Music Clubs, through whose co-operation it has been made possible for several seasons.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
NOV 25 1928

Boston Symphony Here in February

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has begun its forty-eighth season with successes which augur one of the most brilliant years in the orchestra's history. The season's concerts will include an appearance in Hartford, on Sunday afternoon, February 3.

The orchestra opened its New York concerts on Thursday and Saturday, November 22 and 24. Koussevitzky is introducing to New York Stravinsky's latest score, "Apollo, leader of the Muses," which he gave its first concert performance in Boston in October.

The orchestra's first journey of the season took place in the last week of October, when the following cities were visited: Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus and Pittsburgh. Packed audiences and tumultuous applause, as well as eulogies in the press, were the rule at each one of these concerts.

The ticket sale for the Hartford concert is now in progress, and mail orders are being filled. Frank A. Sedgwick announces that reservations also can be made and tickets will be held until Jan. 15, thereby giving an opportunity to patrons of securing choice locations of seate. Phone 2-2251 or call at McCoy's Inc., 89 Asylum Street.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK WORLD
NOV 25 1928

Other Important Music

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Carnegie Hall, 3 P. M. The program:

"Classical" Symphony, Opus 25 ..... Prokofieff
Prelude a l'Apres Midi d'un Faune ..... Debussy
Orchestral suite from the ballet "Petrouchka" ..... Stravinsky
Symphony No. 2 in D major ..... Brahms

A contrast between old suavities and new distortions was drawn rather sharply yesterday afternoon in the program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky in Carnegie Hall. A few in the audience not hopelessly committed to the modern urge seemed to think Brahms had won the argument with his D Major Symphony.

"L'Apres Midi" was an oasis in the desert of disonnance constituting the first half of the program. Rarely has Debussy's orchestral prelude received such wise and tender treatment. As for "Petrouchka" and the Prokofieff symphony, both have been done before ad infinitum, and both have been subjected to the most minute dissection. Intermission and Brahms came as a great relief. The first allegro of the work gave an impression of unpaste. Perhaps Mr. Koussevitzky at the phrase "non troppo" not be taken seriously.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
NOV 25 1928

BOSTON SYMPHONY
PROGRAM ANNOUNCED

Beethoven, Debussy and Prokofieff will occupy the first part and a Brahms symphony the last part of the concert which the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, will offer for its initial program here this season on Dec. 4. The order is announced as follows:

Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, opus 72, Beethoven; "Prelude a l'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" (Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun), eclogue by S. Mallarme, Debussy; "Classical," Symphony, opus 25, Prokofieff, Allegro, Larghetto, Gavotte, Finale; Symphony No. 2 in D-major, opus 73, Brahms, Allegro non troppo, Adagio non troppo, Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino, Alegro con spirito.

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Boston ...
New Records Under Full Concert Conditions

Music of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, hitherto heard only in Boston and a limited number of other cities in the United States, will be made available soon to listeners everywhere through phonographic recordings which are being made this week in Symphony Hall, the orchestra's home.

Recording instruments have been installed in the famous auditorium by experts from the Victor Talking Machine Company, and will reproduce in wax the performances of several master musical works played by the complete orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, conductor. The recording apparatus is expected to make possible not only performances of the orchestra under concert conditions but also the capturing of the exceptional acoustic qualities of the auditorium.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
N. Y. TIMES
NOV 25 1928

A CONDUCTOR'S MUSICIANSHIP

Baseless Rumors Concerning Koussevitzky's Lack of Technical Knowledge Shown Absurd by Quality of His Performance

By OLIN DOWNES.

STORIES have been industriously circulated, and have persisted ever since Serge Koussevitzky came to America in the Fall of 1924 as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to the effect that this noted and experienced orchestra leader is unable to read a score. When Lincoln was informed that General Ulysses S. Grant was a drunkard, he replied that he wished more of his generals drank Grant's whisky. This writer would say, as regards Mr. Koussevitzky, that if he is unable to decipher and understand an orchestral partition, it is only a pity that there are not more conductors possessed of a similar abysmal ignorance. Mr. Koussevitzky, "unable to read a score," has performed more new music to the square inch in the four seasons he has spent in America than the leaders of any other great symphonic orchestra of the country, and he has brought the Boston orchestra back to its old-time splendor.

It would be interesting to know the methods of a conductor who performs so much new music so frequently, when he is possessed of Mr. Koussevitzky's disabilities. Does he simply watch the players, during the concert, move the stick in a way to synchronize with the rhythms of the players and make the occasional gesture that deceives the gullible audience? Is it sheer quickness and instinct and bluff with him? Sitting in the audience you would really think that you were listening to a man who knew his business.

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As those supposed to have access to much confidential and accurate information, we have been favored with the true explanation of Mr. Koussevitzky's methods and success with the new scores that he produces with so much apparent confidence and aplomb. Long before the rehearsals of the new works begin, according to our informant, he has two bright young men come to his study and play the music for him, over and over again, four hands, on the piano. These young men are very clever. The conductor searched far and wide to secure them, and maintains their services and their discretion at a prodigious cost to himself. They can read scores if Mr. Koussevitzky cannot. It does not matter if he is performing a new work from manuscript. These young phenomenons simply place the manuscript on the piano rack, dividing the burden of the impromptu transcription in such a way as to equalize the parts between the player who plays upper parts and the player who plays the bass. They do this at sight, meanwhile explaining to the attentive and perspicacious conductor, as they go along, the details that he must look out for when he confronts the orchestra. Then, when Koussevitzky is letter-perfect in his knowledge, and not before, he puts the new work into rehearsal. Even then strange and disconcerting things happen. It is known by those close to Mr. Koussevitzky that although he has been for years an internationally famous virtuoso of the double-bass, and although his intonation has never been criticized, he really has no ear. If a false note is sounded, even, say, by such a prominent instrument as a solo horn, he is unaware of it unless some member of the orchestra calls it to his attention. Thereupon, much confused and very humble, Mr. Koussevitzky begs the orchestra to start once more at letter "P" and assures them that he will be more vigilant in the future.

These, then, are the methods by which he keeps up a front and continues to mislead the public and the critics, who wouldn't know an orchestral score from the side of a barn door if they saw one. Those two young men of Mr. Koussevitzky's, as can be seen, work very hard, since they have to do the score-reading that the conductor should be able to do for himself from pages in the composer's scrambled or illegible handwriting, or from the orchestral partitions of new publications, which are very seldom issued simultaneously in orchestral and piano arrangement.

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Even so, it is evident that without a faculty of the most amazing and instantaneous assimilation Mr. Koussevitzky could not keep his important position. Of course, he learns very rapidly as he goes on with the rehearsals. Once his assistants have tactfully acquainted him with the thematic material of his score and pounded the tempi into his head, the orchestra can be relied upon to do most of the real work that remains of preparation. The results secured are amazing. When the concert takes place, lo and behold! the orchestra plays with a sureness, a balance of the choirs, a precision of accent and nicety of shading, a proportion of the inner parts, a variety of color and elasticity of pace that to secure in any like measure most conductors would have to understand every note of the score. But that is Koussevitzky, strange mixture of virtuosity, magnetism and ignorance, whose orchestra performs with such apparent brilliancy and precision and whose concerts are sold out long in advance of his appearance.

It may not be believed that such charges and explanations as those recorded would be made by supposedly serious and intelligent people—people, moreover, who are in many cases acquainted with the outline of Mr. Koussevitzky's career and reputation. But these things have been said time and again by those who should know better, in the writer's hearing. It is not necessary to defend Mr. Koussevitzky by refuting them. They are mentioned rather as an interesting example of the manner in which whispering campaigns may be persistently pursued and statements without logic or fact to sustain them be given circulation. Such rumors and gossip gain ready credence with large numbers of people, wherever human beings congregate, but they are especially rife, and seem to fall upon particularly susceptible ears, in circles that busy themselves with the musical art and its manifestations. The same people who were ready for reasons of their own to pass on amusing and obviously inaccurate misinformation were in most cases fully aware that before he became a conductor Koussevitzky was the greatest of living double-bass players, and one who, in addition to his sensational appearances as a soloist, had himself played for years in orchestras. They knew that in a modest way he was a composer, liable to possess the knowledge of the elements of an orchestral score which is part of the composer's accumulation. They could also have ascertained, if they did not already know, that in his boyhood Mr. Koussevitzky had taken full courses, which included theory and score-reading, and in which he graduated with honors from the Ecole Philharmonique of Moscow, before he had entered his twenties. Every fact of his life, and, to the reasonable and unprejudiced person, every characteristic of his programs and his conducting would contradict the monumentally absurd supposition that in his particularly chosen field the conductor had less knowledge of his business than a musical trifler or dilettante on vacation.

But so it is, in this vale of tears. We can console ourselves with the facts of Mr. Koussevitzky's accomplishment, and the orchestra which now, under his guidance, plays so magnificently. Saying this, and reiterating the absurdity of certain rumors, it is not necessary to agree unqualifiedly with Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretations. This writer finds him a leader of extraordinary temperament, orchestral control and imagination, if also, at times, of unconventional and unpredictable ideas of musical exposition. But Mr. Koussevitzky has a right, and a better right than most, to his conclusions about his interpretations, and the proof of his power is found in the vividness, force and color of his performances with the superb band that he has made the sensitive and almost infallible vehicle of his inspiration.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE
NOV 25 1928

Boston Orchestra Program Scintillant Under Koussevitsky

Prokofieff Symphony Played With Charm and Verve in Matinee at Carnegie

The matinee performance yesterday at Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky offered no novelties, but the program were at least three of the works which the distinguished conductor from New England plays superlatively well. The first of these, Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony, has a unique, ingratiating and scintilant charm which Koussevitzky captures adroitly upon his baton with sympathetic genius. The Debussy Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" followed, played with balance and exceptional tonal beauty, somewhat over sentimentalized and drawn out in tempo. The "Petrouschka" Suite was also brilliantly presented, with wit and masterly assemblage of color and light.

The program concluded with the Second Symphony of Brahms, a less impressive reading, lacking not in sincerity, but in complete understanding and translation.

At Town Hall in the afternoon a young pianist, Ralph Wolfe, Juilliard graduate and lately returned from professional activity abroad, gave his debut recital with works of Haydn, Beethoven (the Appassionata), Brahms, and Chopin. Mr. Wolfe is primarily a poet. His fingers are as sensitive as his mind, and sometimes he permits his feeling to push tradition from the keyboard. Such mannerisms as he has acquired come obviously from complete absorption in his work, and many of the liberties he takes with tempo and phrasing are logical and beautiful in themselves.

Another concert for children by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch drew a houseful of little people to Carnegie Hall yesterday morning, to hear about the trumpet, the flute and the clarinet in particular and to listen with tremendous enthusiasm to the Rienzi Overture by Wagner, the Dance of the Toy Flutes from Tschaikowsky's Nutcracker Suite, Gluck's Dance of the Blessed from "Orpheus" and Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody. As usual the children manifested their pleasure at the conclusion by a snow-storm of programs and paper in the air.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE
NOV 25 1928

Miaskovsky's eighth symphony, not yet heard here, will be played by the Boston Symphony on its Boston programs of next Friday afternoon and Saturday night, with Richard Burgin, concert master of the orchestra, conducting. The other numbers are Glinka's "Russian" overture and Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, with Rudolph Ganz as soloist.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
NOV 26 192

Other Music

Boston Symphony Orchestra

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra's first visit of the season closed Saturday afternoon with a remarkably fine performance in Carnegie Hall.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave the first half of this program to the moderns but sent his audience home with the beauties of Brahms ringing in their heads and hearts. This was the masterpiece of the afternoon, although those who love Debussy were, for once, fully satisfied with the shimmering sunshine, the opalescent coloring, the veiled half-lights and the exquisite wistfulness of the Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun."

In the first number on the program, the young Russian, Prokofieff, set out to play with Mozart in what he called his "Classical" Symphony, but in the end one feels that he failed to capture the "simple" melodies of that great singer of haunting tunes.

Stravinsky was represented by an orchestral suite from the ever popular ballet, "Petrouchka." It was played with the fine attention to detail and The great art of Mr. Koussevitzky and his men, but one kept picturing the dancing figures of this ballet, as the music does not seem quite adequate in itself. The Brahms Second Symphony was unmistakably the "hero" of the afternoon. Surely, the color and eloquence of this score, which has strangely been called "gray," was never more beautifully displayed. Its performance, under the baton of this member of our great triumvirate of conductors, was one long to be remembered for its noble simplicity.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CITIZEN
BROOKLYN
NOV 25 1928

Boston Orchestra Plays in Brooklyn

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the dynamic Serge Koussevit, gave its opening concert in Brooklyn for the season at the Academy of Music Friday night. The excellent body of musicians comprising the orchestra was under remarkable control by their brilliant conductor and the program was rendered with perfect musical unison.

The beautiful melody flowed with facility from the players, while the conductor seemed to contain within him the force that unloosed the music upon the air.

The program contained Beethoven's Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Op. 72; Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony" Op. 25; and Beethoven's "Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major."

The audience greeted the conductor and the audience with warm enthusiasm from the beginning of the evening and after the completion of the performance, they remained to applaud again and again the excellent recital.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK, N. Y.
JOURNAL
NOV 26 1928

Farrar, Heyner and Koussevitzky in Concerts

Geraldine Farrar, in a gown of silver-lace sufficiently waist-lined and long enough to make her look like a charming gray lady of the turn of the century, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The house was packed with the Gerryflappers of another generation, many of them now as gray as the idol herself.

From Miss Farrar's programme, no one could have guessed that she was ever a star of the opera. She sang songs of Schubert and Schumann, Scarlatti and Mozart and a miscellany of other matters, all in her new manner. This implies a new care and a new skill in the handling of her voice, and actually a new placement of the voice itself.

The result, as at her re-emergence last season, was a gentle and winning art in the singing of songs. This year her voice seemed to have gained a little in power and resonance in certain parts of the mezzo range, but her present method precludes much articulation and more often than not therefore, it was difficult to understand the words of her songs. Nor did her interpretative abilities get very far beneath their surface.

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra in Carnegie Hall on Saturday presented half a programme of modern music and the other half of Brahms—the Second Symphony. The first half consisted of Serge Prokofieff's "classical" symphony, a self-conscious exercise in older forms, well played by the conductor; Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," baldly distorted, and Igor Stravinsky's "Petroushka," also over-dramatized.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
TRIBUNE
NOV 25 1928

Boston Symphony Sale Opens To-morrow

In all liklihood, all seats for the Boston Symphony concerts in Providence will be subscribed by the season, when the subscription sale begins to-morrow morning at Steinert's. A few desirable seats were released at the time of the subscription renewals last spring, but for these there have been numerous applications.

Serge Koussevitzky will open the Providence season a week from next Tuesday, Dec. 4, in the Albee Theatre. The remaining dates are Jan. 15, Feb. 19 and March 26.

In the two months now past of the orchestra's 48th season, there have been a succession of brilliant performances which promise that this ,the fifth season of Koussevitzky in America, will be the finest of them all. The Boston Symphony Orchestra has a very limited travelling schedule, since most of its time is taken in rehearsal and since the concerts in Boston have been increased by public demand to 67. In fact the only series outside of Greater Boston are those in New York, Brooklyn and Providence. In New York, all seats are re-engaged and there is a long waiting list from season to season.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVENING WORLD
NOV 26 19

BOSTON ORCHESTRA

In the decade since it was first heard here, Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony" was found to have lost none of its cameo-like charm when performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction at Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon. The Mozartean spirit of the work was admirably captured, and there could hardly have been an improvement in rhythmic infectousness, spontaniety or precision.

A sluggardly rendition of Debussy's "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" was peculiarly lacking in atmosphere and quite primly Bostonian. If Mr. Koussevitzky's handling of Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" paled beside Toscanini's memorable interpretation, it was none the less filled with many graphically vivid and picturesque details. The "Nurses' Dance" was especially delectable for its clever treatment of rich sonorities and happily chosen tempo. And the section named after the hero is seldom so brilliantly given, due in large measure to the exceptionally fine playing of the orchestra's pianist. The second symphony of Brahms completed the program.

N. S.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
TIMES

NOV 25 1928

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NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE

NOV 25 1928

Boston Orchestra Program Scintillant Under Koussevitsky

Prokofieff Symphony Played With Charm and Verve in Matinee at Carnegie

The matinee performance yesterday at Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky offered no novelties, but the program were at least three of the works which the distinguished conductor from New England plays superlatively well. The first of these, Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony has a unique, ingratiating and scintilant charm which Koussevitzky captures adroitly upon his baton with sympathetic genius. The Debussy Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" followed, played with balance and exceptional tonal beauty, somewhat over sentimentalized and drawn out in tempo. The "Petrouschka" Suite was also brilliantly presented, with wit and masterly assemblage of color and light.

The program concluded with the Second Symphony of Brahms, a less impressive reading, lacking not in sincerity, but in complete understanding and translation.

At Town Hall in the afternoon a young pianist, Ralph Wolfe, Juilliard graduate and lately returned from professional activity abroad, gave his debut recital with works of Haydn, Beethoven (the Appassionata), Brahms, and Chopin. Mr. Wolfe is primarily a poet. His fingers are as sensitive as his mind, and sometimes he permits his feeling to push tradition from the keyboard. Such mannerisms as he has acquired come obviously from complete absorption in his work, and many of the liberties he takes with tempo and phrasing are logical and beautiful in themselves.

Another concert for children by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch drew a houseful of little people to Carnegie Hall yesterday morning, to hear about the trumpet, the flute and the clarinet in particular and to listen with tremendous enthusiasm to the Rienzi Overture by Wagner, the Dance of the Toy Flutes from Tschaikowsky's Nutcracker Suite, Gluck's Dance of the Blessed from "Orpheus" and Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody. As usual the children manifested their pleasure at the conclusion by a snow-storm of programs and paper in the air.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CITIZEN
BROOKLYN

NOV 25 1928

Boston Orchestra Plays in Brooklyn

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the dynamic Serge Koussevit, gave its opening concert in Brooklyn for the season at the Academy of Music Friday night. The excellent body of musicians comprising the orchestra was under remarkable control by their brilliant conductor and the program was rendered with perfect musical unison.

The beautiful melody flowed with facility from the players, while the conductor seemed to contain within him the force that unloosed the music upon the air.

The program contained Beethoven's Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Op. 72; Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony" Op. 25; and Beethoven's "Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major."

The audience greeted the conductor and the audience with warm enthusiasm from the beginning of the evening and after the completion of the performance, they remained to applaud again and again the excellent recital.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
TRIBUNE

NOV 25 1928

Boston Symphony Sale Opens To-morrow

In all liklihood, all seats for the Boston Symphony concerts in Providence will be subscribed by the season, when the subscription sale begins to-morrow morning at Steinert's. A few desirable seats were released at the time of the subscription renewals last spring, but for these there have been numerous applications.

Serge Koussevitzky will open the Providence season a week from next Tuesday, Dec. 4, in the Albee Theatre. The remaining dates are Jan. 15, Feb. 19 and March 26.

In the two months now past of the orchestra's 48th season, there have been a succession of brilliant performances which promise that this ,the fifth season of Koussevitzky in America, will be the finest of them all. The Boston Symphony Orchestra has a very limited travelling schedule, since most of its time is taken in rehearsal and since the concerts in Boston have been increased by public demand to 67. In fact the only series outside of Greater Boston are those in New York, Brooklyn and Providence. In New York, all seats are re-engaged and there is a long waiting list from season to season.

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NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE

NOV 25 1928

Miaskovsky's eighth symphony, not yet heard here, will be played by the Boston Symphony on its Boston programs of next Friday afternoon and Saturday night, with Richard Burgin, concert master of the orchestra, conducting. The other numbers are Glinka's "Russian" overture and Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, with Rudolph Ganz as soloist.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK, N. Y.
JOURNAL

NOV 25 1928

Farrar, Heyner and Koussevitzky in Concerts

Geraldine Farrar, in a gown of silver-lace sufficiently waist-lined and long enough to make her look like a charming gray lady of the turn of the century, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The house was packed with the Garryflappers of another generation, many of them now as gray as the idol herself.

From Miss Farrar's programme, no one could have guessed that she was ever a star of the opera. She sang songs of Schubert and Schumann, Scarlatti and Mozart and a miscellany of other matters, all in her new manner. This implies a new care and a new skill in the handling of her voice, and actually a new placement of the voice itself.

The result, as at her re-emergence last season, was a gentle and winning art in the singing of songs. This year her voice seemed to have gained a little in power and resonance in certain parts of the mezzo range, but her present method precludes much articulation and more often than not, therefore, it was difficult to understand the words of her songs. Nor did her interpretative abilities get very far beneath their surface.

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra in Carnegie Hall on Saturday presented half a programme of modern music and the other half of Brahms—the Second Symphony. The first half consisted of Serge Prokofieff's "classical" symphony, a self-conscious exercise in older forms, well played by the conductor; Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," baldly distorted, and Igor Stravinsky's "Petroushka," also over-dramatized.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST

NOV 26 192

Other Music

Boston Symphony Orchestra

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra's first visit of the season closed Saturday afternoon with a remarkably fine performance in Carnegie Hall.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave the first half of this program to the moderns but sent his audience home with the beauties of Brahms ringing in their heads and hearts. This was the masterpiece of the afternoon, although those who love Debussy were, for once, fully satisfied with the shimmering sunshine, the opalescent coloring, the veiled half-lights and the exquisite wistfulness of the Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun."

In the first number on the program, the young Russian, Prokofieff, set out to play with Mozart in what he called his "Classical" Symphony, but in the end one feels that he failed to capture the "simple" melodies of that great singer of haunting tunes.

Stravinsky was represented by an orchestral suite from the ever popular ballet, "Petrouchka." It was played with the fine attention to detail and The great art of Mr. Koussevitzky and his men, but one kept picturing the dancing figures of this ballet, as the music does not seem quite adequate in itself. The Brahms Second Symphony was unmistakably the "hero" of the afternoon. Surely, the color and eloquence of this score, which has strangely been called "gray," was never more beautifully displayed. Its performance, under the baton of this member of our great triumvirate of conductors, was one long to be remembered for its noble simplicity.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVENING WORLD

NOV 26 19

BOSTON ORCHESTRA

In the decade since it was first heard here, Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony" was found to have lost none of its cameo-like charm when performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction at Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon. The Mozartean spirit of the work was admirably captured, and there could hardly have been an improvement in rhythmic infectousness, spontaniety or precision.

A sluggardly rendition of Debussy's "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" was peculiarly lacking in atmosphere and quite primly Bostonian. If Mr. Koussevitzky's handling of Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" paled beside Toscanini's memorable interpretation, it was none the less filled with many graphically vivid and picturesque details. The "Nurses' Dance" was especially delectable for its clever treatment of rich sonorities and happily chosen tempo. And the section named after the hero is seldom so brilliantly given, due in large measure to the exceptionally fine playing of the orchestra's pianist. The second symphony of Brahms completed the program.

N. S.

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JOURNAL
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Just why Beethoven wrote three overtures to his one and only opera he alone can tell. Critics have advanced various reasons, one as bad as another; but since we know that the music is good, we should not mind the ravings of the sophists.

Of No. 2, someone in Beethoven's day wrote: "The most grotesque modulations, in truly ghastly harmony, follow one another throughout the piece; and the few trivial ideas that there are—which, however, are carefully guarded from anything like nobility, as, for instance, a post horn solo, doubtless referring to the arrival of the governor—complete the disagreeable and deafening impression."

The most censorious of present day scribes would hardly express himself so harshly, and, if he did, no music lover would pay any attention to him.

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Of it Edmund Gosse has written: "A faun—a simple, sensuous, passionate being—wakens in the forest at daybreak and tries to recall his experience of the previous afternoon. Was he the fortunate recipient of an actual visit from nymphs, white and golden goddesses, divinely tender and indulgent? Or is the memory he seems to retain nothing but the shadow of a vision, no more substantial than the 'arid rain' of notes from his own flute? He cannot tell.

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"But, no; the delicious hour grows vaguer; experience or dream, he will never known which it was. The sun is warm, the grass is yielding; and he curls himself up again, after worshiping the efficacious star of wine, that he may pursue the dubious ecstacy into the more hopeful boskages of sleep."

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"The chief feature of his music, especially up to Opus 20 or so, is that it asserts a firm will; no passion, but a uniform terseness, continuos and almost mechanical. No shadows, no vagueness, but definite lines, sharp contours, clearly defined plans. The rhythms are always well marked. Prokofieff invents no new rhythmic formulae, but proceeds by constant repetition of a figure. The themes are usually short, but pregnant and plastic. The harmonies are crude and at times brutal; he uses polytonality systematically. His form is clear and logical. In many respects his musical temperament comes near to that of the classics—especially of Scarlatti. Of late his style has become more mellow, his melodies are more abundant and broader."

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NEWS
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each, and [illegible]

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TIMES
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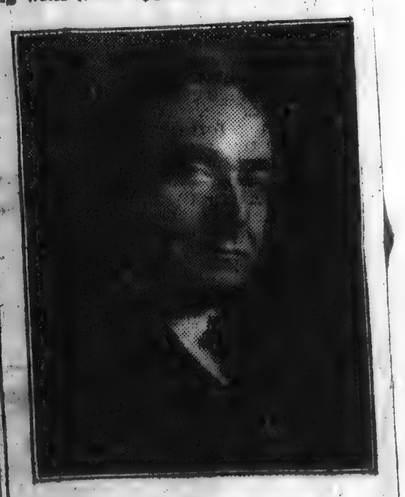

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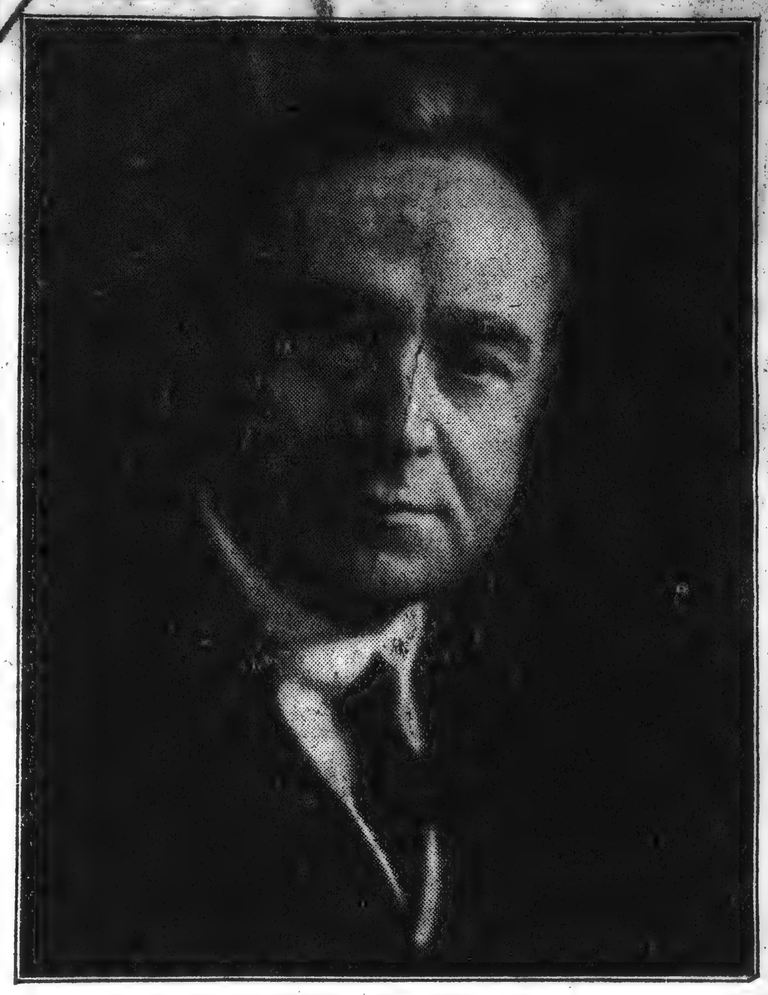

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Inc
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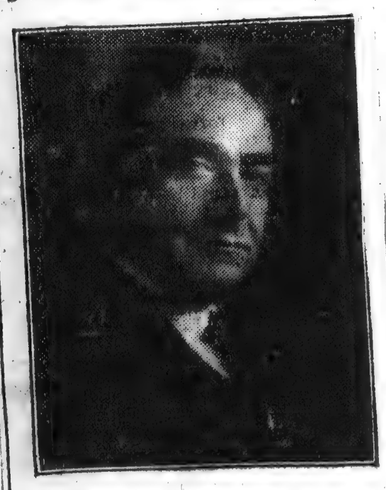

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Boston Symphony Coming To Hartford

The Boston Symphony orchestra begins its forty-eight season with successes which indicate one of the most brilliant years in the orchestra's history. The season's concerts include an appearance in Hartford on Sunday afternoon, February 3.

The orchestra opened its New York concerts Thursday and Saturday last week. Serge Koussevitzky is introducing with these appearances Stravinsky's latest score, "Appolo, Leader of the Muses," which he gave its first concert performance in Boston in October.

The ticket sale for the Hartford concert is now in progress, and mail orders are being filled. Frank A. Sedgwick announces that reservations also can be made, and the tickets will be held until January 15, thereby giving an opportunity to patrons of securing choice locations of seats. Reservations may be made by telephoning 2-2251 or calling at McCoy's music store, No. 89 Asylum street.

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NEWS

NOV 3 0

Student Cards Ready For Music Clubs Federation

The Rhode Island Federation of Music Clubs, Miss Virginia Boyd Anderson, president, announces that the student cards for the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts are now ready for distribution. Following are the rules which govern the use of the cards: The holder must be studying at the present time and be vouched for by his or her music teacher. The student using a Federation card must not have reached his or her 25th birthday before applying to the committee.

These cards are redeemable on for seats on the day of each concert at the offices of the Caesar Misch, Inc., 400 Westminster st., from 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. The cards may be had by applying to the Student Seat Committee — Miss Evangeline Larry, 17 Conrad building, and Mrs. Agnes Coutanche Burke, 40 Everett avenue.

This privilege is extended to the students of music through the courtesy of the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Rhode Island Federation of Music Clubs through whose cooperation it has been made possible for several seasons.

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S. DECEMBER 1, ny

New Symphony, Fresh Classics, And Mr. Burgin

TRANSCRIPT.

Concert Without Koussevitzky, Safeties, Sanities and Russian Intruder

EASTWARD the course of dullness takes its way. Time was when Germany was the birthplace of symphonies of large dimensions, thick texture, clouded contours, involved, semi-articulate speech. In homesick moments even Dr. Muck proffered them; they are to be found among Mr. Fiedler's "novelties"; may be detected in the earlier records of the Symphony Concerts. Nowadays the younger Germans have sloughed away such accumulations of adipose tonal tissue. Hindemith, Toch, Jarnach, write as stripped and lean music as the most convinced modernist could desire. Their elders have learned lucidity from Strauss, obviousness from Puccini. Thick-woven as are Schrecker's scores, more than a little "comes through." To Russia has passed the vanished German practice, and in Moscow or Leningrad middle-aged composers still fatten symphonies. Glazunov set them the fashion, taught and encouraged it. Rakhmaninov, with many a German predilection, is not guiltless. Skriabin, though of different mettle from the other two, wrote no stripped scores. While we foreigners admired the bald Musorgsky, the next composing generation in Russia had no mind to walk in his ways. For it the bare Balakirev and the luminous Rimsky are no better than old masters in the history-books. Only Chaikovsky is tolerable—less for substance or procedure than for morbid, dolorous mood.

Instead, there is, for one, Miaskovsky, whose Eighth Symphony and whose only Symphony known to Boston, was played yesterday at the Symphony Concert. It is longish, filling three-quarters of an hour, putting aside nothing in the four movements of convention. It is scored abundantly—woodwinds in threes, six horns, complementary brass and percussion, proportionate strings. Miaskovsky is prolific in the invention and the division of themes. The listener may even fancy that a catalogue, from this Eighth Symphony, would be nearly as long as the list of motivs in "Die Walküre." Miaskovsky develops his "subjects" tirelessly; knows every device of the schools; cultivates procedures of his own; smothers at birth the rejecting or the self-critical impulse. His harmonic web runs in thick strands; he prefers grouped instruments to single, sharpened voices. He clouds sonorities; chokes moods or else obscures them in a perpetual restlessness. Through the thick wood it is hard to discover the thematic tree, much less to watch it sprouting; while upon the leafage blows hardly a wind of imagination or even fancy. As the hearer receives it in the concert-hall, he can hardly recall so eventless a Symphony, save here and there at the beginning or the end of a movement. It is as monotonous—to compare it with something equally close-woven—as the under side of a Brussels carpet.

A reason is not far to seek. Miaskovsky, the books say, is studious, solitary, self-absorbed. His is the composing temperament that writes paper-music. Scrutinize the score at leisure of this Eighth Symphony, and there is reason to praise it. The principal themes are significant and of musical worth. Miaskovsky develops, contrasts, interlaces them with no little fertility, in significant detail, by happy strokes. The dullest score-reader perceives the architectural faculty that rears large and intricate tonal structures, convolution upon convolution. He descries as well a composer who has thoroughly assimilated the orchestral medium. There are hints of bleak mood, occasional vistas down dimly lighted corridors of imagination.

In the instant commerce of the concert-hall these merits are nearly undiscoverable. The mind sits confused before such intricate patterns as those of the second and fourth movements; while the ear struggles in vain to pierce through these thick, tight surfaces to what may be the living heart of the music. The listener is baffled, bewildered, repulsed; soon wearies of the effort to understand; waits for the moment that may enlighten or stir; almost never finds it; rejects Miaskovsky of the Eighth as dull and of none effect, ponderous, plodding, obscure. By the evidence of the score, he has written a significant and individual music; but the imparting faculty is not in him. The absence of it denies his music revelation, character, event, life. He is not complacently platitudinous like the later Glazunov; he is not content with reverberation after the manner of Rakhmaninov. To music-paper he sets his thoughts and moods; and on paper they remain, notes and signs in black and white like the print of a book. The fault, the misfortune, is inaudibility, multiply, thicken, assort them as he may. There are adepts who say that most symphonies are better read than heard. Ten volumes of Miaskovsky await them.

It is easy to say that a more expert conductor than the substituting Burgin would have pulled apart and pointed up Miaskovsky's score, clarifying and intensifying it, as did Mr. Koussevitzky, the other day, with Sibelius's Third Symphony. Possibly, even probably, so far as sympathy with the Russian's half-veiled, half-articulate moods may go. Usually, however, Mr. Burgin's conducting suffers from no lack of understanding. He studies scores; penetrates them; is ready to transmit all that he finds within; while a willing orchestra awaits his bidding and a sympathetic audience lends him ear. He was as clear as the day with the intricate, changeful Dance of Salome out of Strauss's opera, missing no significant mood, overlooking no essential accent. He balanced adroitly the orchestral voices in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto; gave Mr. Ganz's piano-part just place and proportion; kept well the character of the whole as a full-wrought, free-spoken, ardent music.

Rather, Mr. Burgin's shortcoming is lack of energy in transmission. His beat misses tension and zest. To the orchestra it is polite invitation rather than urgent command. Mr. Burgin grasps the music before him, but fails to stimulate the men who are to be its voices. He sets it forth admirably; but he neither enlarges, enriches nor intensifies it upon the hearing ear and imagination. When he has such a masterful composer to aid as Beethoven or Strauss of yesterday, he succeeds well enough. When [illegible] or pull together the smears of Schrecker of last year, the task is beyond his powers.

Thus it was that the second part of the concert saved the day. After Miaskovsky, the first measures of Beethoven's Concerto sounded like an imperious call. The tense rhythms, the vigorous progress, the firm, candid matter beat home. Here were largeness and scope, freedom, plenty and power. Mr. Ganz's tone was not too dry. Clearly and boldly he struck out Beethoven's patterns; caught his improvising warmths; to the variations set a lighter, gentler hand. Orchestra and pianist wove their arabesques about the full-voiced melody of the slow movement; persuaded it from largeness to loftiness, from fervor to exaltation. At the transition into the Finale Mr. Ganz achieved a stirring instant of suspense; then caught and held the improvising vein through all the turns, twists and returns of the motivs. It is possible, even frequent, to play this "Emperor Concerto" as a grave and graven classic. Mr. Burgin and Mr. Ganz agreed to a rhapsodic and improvising voice. Beethoven gives them warrant.

In the Dance of Salome, there are erotic, even lascivious, measures. The whole is a conjuring of languorous or pulsing flesh, of wild or seductive motion, of carnal enticements and excitements, into the flashing and bejewelled tones, the whipping rhythms, the penetrating song of the modern orchestra in the hands of a master at prime. In any concert-hall of this broad land Salome's Dance may be heard and not a voice will demur. Rather the austerest livers, the sternest moralists, will clap the hands of pleasure. Like "Till Eulenspiegel," "Don Juan" or "Heldenleben," it is one of the Straussian classics, perdurable and hallowed. But set the Dance upon the stage as a part of the performance of the whole opera; entrust it to a dancer whose presence and movements wreck nearly every illusion of the music—and loud is the outcry. Then is Salome and the Dance of Salome the unspeakable, the forbidden thing. Some day, someone, with a smile about his lips and a twinkle in his eye, will catalogue our dear paradoxes of prohibitions. Why upon the French only should the good God have bestowed logical minds?

H. T. P.

Return of Mahler

Mr. Koussevitzky to Restore a Neglected Composer to the Symphony Concerts

AS report goes, Mr. Koussevitzky would restore both Mahler and Bruckner to the active repertory of the Symphony Concerts. Neither the one nor the other composer has been heard here since Dr. Muck's time because of the seated notion that though their Symphonies interest and impress half Europe, they make no appeal to American ears. Mr. Koussevitzky chooses to believe the contrary and to risk the test.

For beginning, a full hour of the Symphony Concerts next week will fall to "The Song of the Earth," symphony, as Mahler chose to call it, placed high among his work. Actually it is a setting for tenor, contralto and full orchestra of six songs from "The Chinese Flute," book of poems by the German Bethges. Three fall to each of the two voices. A symphonic prelude introduces them; symphonic interludes continue and join them; a symphonic postlude ends them. They diffuse an introspective, melancholy view of life, yet do not lack a biting humor. By common consent and many tests of performance the music is written with fine perception, keen sensibility, Latin lightness of hand. Mr. Meader of the Metropolitan Opera House and Mrs. Charles Cahier, both long practised in the piece, will be the singers.

BURGIN CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe

Rudolph Ganz Soloist in Beethoven Concerto

Dec. 1

Miaskovsky's Eighth Symphony Played for First Time Here

Richard Burgin, concert master of the Boston Symphony, conducted yesterday's Symphony concert. Mr Koussevitzky is taking a week's holiday to recuperate from the strain of the recent Pension Fund concert and the making of phonograph records, added to the schedule of concerts here and in New York. Rudolph Ganz was heard as soloist in Beethoven's Concerto in E flat for pianoforte. The Eighth Symphony of a prominent living composer, Nicolas Miaskovsky, was played for the first time in Boston. The familiar dance from Richard Strauss' "Salome" rounded out a curiously assorted program. There was very cordial applause for Mr Burgin and Mr Ganz.

Miaskovsky has been known here only by name. In Russia he is regarded as a composer of genius. His music has been played occasionally in recent seasons at orchestral concerts the world over. His Eighth Symphony, written in 1924, is a long and elaborate composition. If Tchaikovsky were living today, and a man of talent rather than of genius, he would probably write much as Miaskovsky has here done. There is a great deal of restless reiteration of themes not in themselves salient or stirring, and very little development of musical ideas.

The music sounds as though written to tell a story, paint a picture, or point a moral, not as though Miaskovsky's imagination had conceived far-flung, mounting musical patterns.

It is said that he has had a program in mind for each of his 10 symphonies, but that he has resolutely refused to tell anyone what.

The most interesting passages in each of the rapid movements occur by way of coda at the end. The third movement, an adagio, uses a pseudo-Oriental theme which does not recall Rimsky Korsakoff but sounds monotonous enough to be genuinely primitive. This for a time is appealing.

The performance was painstaking and not devoid of eloquence. Mr Burgin has now become a conductor with authority and experience to supplement a not inconsiderable musical gift. Yet he failed to make Miaskovsky's music attractive or significant. It recalled such Russian composers as Medtner and Glazunoff rather than Stravinsky or Prokofieff.

Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, to give it the common nickname he never authorized, sounded after Miaskovsky's long and dreary symphony like an even greater masterpiece than it is. Mr Burgin made the rhythms of the orchestral accompaniment more strong than subtle. Mr Ganz erred in the opposite direction in the first two movements, putting more sentiment, more glamor, into his interpretation than Beethoven probably intended. The finale was not very clearly played. It became at times a jumble of flying notes that the listening ear could scarce disentangle. Mr Ganz, an excellent pianist and a good musician, has been heard here to greater advantage on other occasions. Yet despite all drawbacks of performance the genius of the composer triumphed. The music seemed superb, triumphant.

Salome's dance has long been a favorite operatic excerpt on the programs of orchestral concerts. It is brilliantly scored, with languorous rhythms and melody, full of color and of a somewhat artificial intensity. Mr Burgin and the orchestra gave a good routine performance.

One wondered just what the verdict of posterity on the music of Richard Strauss is likely to be. His recent works, as for instance the opera "Helen in Egypt" and the "Alpine Symphony," seem destined to a prompt oblivion. But some of the early tone poems, such as "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel," have what appears to be enduring vitality. So have a few of his many songs. So, perhaps, have the operas, "Salome" and "Rosenkavalier." In these works his creative power has not yet been paralyzed by his overwhelming musical craftsmanship and erudition. But even in Salome's dance the manner, the style in which it is written is more notable than its musical substance.

Next week Mr Koussevitzky will conduct the first Boston performance of Mahler's monumental "Lied von der Erde," to be preceded by a Handel concerto grosso.

P. R.

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TRANS. DEC. 1 -

Widening the Field

New Arrangements for the Young People's Concerts of The Symphony Orchestra

THE program-book of yesterday and today at the Symphony Concerts contained this "Special Notice":

The Trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have modified the plan of distribution of tickets for these concerts by reserving three hundred desirable seats on the floor, which will be sold directly to individuals for their children.

These special reserved tickets are available to Symphony subscribers at the Symphony Hall box-office at $1 each. No adult will be admitted unless accompanied by one or more children.

The balance of the seats will, as before, be offered through the schools of Greater Boston at thirty-five cents each.

At the concerts on Dec. 18 and 19 at 4 P. M., Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Burgin will conduct. Short explanatory remarks will be made by Mr. A. H. Meyer, and a few of the instruments and composers will be illustrated by stereopticon slides.

The program for those concerts traverses: Two movements—Andante and Finale—from Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony; the Slow Movement from Mendelssohn's Concerto for Violin with Mr. Burgin as violinist; sharp-rhythmed numbers from Stravinsky's ballet, "Petrushka"; the Slow Movement from a Concerto for Horn by Mozart with Mr. Boettcher to play the solo-part; Dance of Sylphs and Hungarian March from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

Mr. Burgin Takes the Baton

MONITOR DEC. 1

By L. A. SLOPER

AFTER the first New York trip of the season, which is reported to have been very successful, Serge Koussevitzky withdrew for a week from the dictatorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, turning the baton over to Richard Burgin, concertmaster and assistant conductor. For the ferial feast of Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, the regent was not content to proffer merely warmed-over fare. Instead, greatly daring, he ventured to introduce to the audiences of these concerts the Russian composer Nicolas Miaskovsky, using his Eighth Symphony for the purpose.

Since Miaskovsky has divided musical Russia into two camps, it should not be surprising if his acceptance abroad is not immediately unanimous. After listening for the first time to symphonic music from his pen, it seems clear that he is in the German-Russian line of descent from Tchaikovsky, and that he learned very little, while a student in the Petrograd Conservatory, from Rimsky-Korsakoff. It is difficult to agree with his supporters, who contend that there is originality in his use of the classic symphonic structure. There is the old lyricism—though the melodic ideas are not strikingly beautiful—and the familiar Russian melancholy, but the only new thing seems to be a moderate use of dissonant harmonies. It all strikes us as merely Tchaikovsky gone Red.

Without doubt it takes a Russian to appreciate this form of highly personal self-expression. The difficulty is to discover just what the composer is so unhappy about. Is his mental state the result of living in Soviet Russia? For he seems more gloomy even than Tchaikovsky himself, who in the midst of his self-pity could pause to sing a pretty dance tune. Miaskovsky's desolation appears to be continuous, and not particularly interesting.

This Eighth Symphony recalls many works of Russian literature, and especially Tchekhov's play, "The Three Sisters." There, it will be recalled, the persistent theme is the longing of the sisters to go to Moscow. Now there was no reason whatever why they should not have gone to Moscow at any time. They had the necessary means, and nothing to hold them where they were, especially after the garrison had departed. But they seemed unable to overcome their inertia. This kind of sorrow is very difficult for the Western mentality to comprehend. What would be thought of three young women in Leavenworth, Kan., whose ambition it was to go to New York to live, whom there was nothing to detain in Leavenworth, but who merely sat about on their front porch bewailing that they were not in New York? Yet we must believe that that is the way people behave in Russia, because all their artists tell us so. This Miaskovsky undoubtedly is the brother of those Tchekhovian sisters.

Mr. Burgin, as concertmaster, as solo violinist and as leader of the Burgin String Quartet, is a shining figure in Boston's musical life. As conductor he has grown much in the last few years. He satisfied us yesterday that he had brought to light all that there was to be seen in this symphony. Whether the music appeals to us or not, Mr. Burgin is to be thanked for giving us the opportunity to hear it. For closing number, he offered Salome's Dance, from Strauss' opera. This difficult score he conducted with precision and energy, but could not quite bring it to the boiling point.

It was a keen pleasure to listen again to the playing of Mr. Rudolph Ganz, whose performance of the Fifth Beethoven Piano Concerto filled the middle portion of the program. A scholar who never becomes dull nor pedantic, a virtuoso who does not attempt to dazzle his hearers, an artist who employs power, delicacy and taste for purely musical ends, Mr. Ganz is always welcome.

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Boston Herald Dec 1

1928

MUSIC

By PHILIP HALE

Symphony Concert

Miaskovsky's Eighth Symphony was played yesterday for the first time in Boston; probably for the first time in this country. Rudolph Ganz played with the orchestra Beethoven's fifth piano concerto. The program also included Salome's dance from Richard Strauss's opera. Mr. Burgin, the concertmaster, conducted in the absence of Mr. Koussevitzky.

The Russian Miaskovsky, a man of ten symphonies, is now professor of composition at the Moscow Conservatory. Born in 1881, having been educated for a military career, he turned musician. He served in the world war; was kept in the army until 1920. He seemed at first as a composer to be of a romantic nature—witness his symphonic poems "Silence" (after Poe) and "Alastor" (after Shelley; yet his first symphony and his second were composed before these pieces. Even in the eighth, which as a whole cannot be called poetically imaginative, there are traces of romanticism, detected in his thematic material rather than in symphonic treatment of it. The themes more suave, especially the second of the first movement and that of the trio in the scherzo, are of Russian folk-song nature; and the livelier and more sturdy motives may have the same origin. The theme of the adagio is, as we are told, a Turkestan melody. It is very beautiful. The measures before its announcement have a singular charm and provoke anticipation of what is to come. Sir Richard F. Barton said that Englishmen have the finest women in the world but do not know what to do with them. Here is Miaskovsky fortunate in having found this song from Turkestan, but how does he use it?

He gives it a rocking, cradle-like accompaniment which by its persistence becomes monotonous and finally annoys. That which is exotic in music quickly becomes tiresome unless the composer has the comprehension and the ability to be concisely exotic in his turn. Here is where Rubinstein had the advantage by putting his oriental themes, or imitations of them, into his Persian songs. Yet this adagio is the most interesting movement of the symphony. The others are for the most part of a scholastic nature, dry from lack of harmonic and orchestral color, and sharply defined contrasting moods. There is spirit; it does not seem spontaneous, but as if the music were flogged into animation. Nor is there any truly dramatic, tragic, or even idyllic mood; nothing imposing, emotional, noble; nothing of arresting beauty except the Turkestan theme and the first measures of its distribution among the instruments. In its naked form for the English horn it was poetically played by Mr. Speyer. It has been said that there is a "program" for each one of Miaskovsky's symphonies, though he is unwilling to divulge them. It would be interesting to know what was in his mind, when he wrote the eighth; probably the purpose to write a symphony.

Mr. Ganz, who has hitherto been known to the audiences of the Boston symphony orchestra as a brilliant player of concertos by Liszt and Saint-Saens, gave an admirable performance of Beethoven's music, technically and aesthetically. He was content with Beethoven as he is, not as some think he should be. He did not allow the first movement to be wearisome; nor did he, as some pianists, emphasize the kangaroo jumps of the chief motive in the finale.

Strauss's gorgeous music for the head-hunting Salome, disporting herself voluptuously, brought a sensuous end to preceding musical sobriety.

Mr. Burgin's task, introducing the new symphony—it was produced at Moscow in 1926—was not an easy one, but he gave the audience a satisfactory idea of the merits and feelings of the work, though Mr. Victor Belaiev of Moscow makes bold to say that Miaskovsky as yet has no interpreter of his symphonies who can show "all the depths of their contents." Is this the fault of the now prominent conductors or of the composer thinking too deeply?

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, No. 4 for strings; also Mahler's "Song of the Earth," a symphony in six parts for tenor (George Maeder) and contralto (Mrs. Charles Cahier). The text is taken from Hans Bethges's translation of verses by old Chinese poets. This symphony will be performed in Boston for the first time.

Post Dec 1

BURGIN AT HELM WITH SYMPHONY

Miaskovsky's Eighth Fails to Impress Audience

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Three things served to distinguish the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. First, not Mr. Koussevitzky, but Mr. Burgin, concert master and assistant conductor of the orchestra, was at the helm; second, there was a soloist in the person of the pianist, Rudolph Ganz, and third, Boston heard for the first time a composition, the Symphony in A major, No. 8, by Nicolas Miaskovsky, outstanding figure among the composers of Soviet Russia.

SOVIET MUSIC DREARY

Like another Mahler, but without Mahler's gifts, Miaskovsky seems possessed by a sort of musical megalomania. He must fill large canvases and many of them. While others approach the composition of a symphony with some hesitation, Miaskovsky in his 48th year has written no less than ten, to say nothing of other orchestral pieces, piano sonatas, a 'cello sonata and string quartets. A very passion for setting notes on paper besets him. And if the Symphony of yesterday may be accepted as a criterion, the man has more urge toward expression than he has matter to express.

Setting aside the chief theme of the first movement, a melody of the Oriental flavor, to which Russian composers have long accustomed us, the rhythmic ingenuity of the Scherzo in 7—4 time, the effective if eventually monotonous employment in the slow movement of a haunting melody from Turkestan and the rhythmic and dynamic excitements of the closing pages, this Eighth Symphony is little more than a dreary waste. Nowhere is there visible sign of a significant personality.

Little Color in Welter

The musical idiom is distinctly eclectic, more reminiscent of older ways than typical of new or prophetic of ways to come. A vast orchestra is used, but little that is striking in the matter of color effects emerges from the tonal welter. And while the composer's powers of construction may not be denied, the wisdom of fashioning so imposing an edifice of mere lath and plaster may well be questioned.

Devotedly and with as much enthusiasm as might be, Mr. Burgin read this ponderous score. The performance was an admirable one, and the audience, no doubt in recognition of this fact, applauded until the players had been brought to their feet.

The chosen piece of Mr. Ganz at this seventh pair of concerts is the Fifth Concerto of Beethoven. Between them he and Mr. Burgin yesterday took the first movement, except for an episode or two, at a pace unprecedentedly fast, and while there was a gain in spiritedness, there was a corresponding loss in breadth and dignity, in the majesty that has brought to the piece the title of "Emperor." By pianist and conductor the Adagio was interpreted with taste, with a fine musical sense, but with no great show of feeling.

Ganz Loudly Applauded

Only in the last movement, which was played by all concerned with extraordinary verve, did the performance attain true distinction. Mr. Ganz is an admirable pianist, but there are other pieces in which one would prefer to hear him. He was warmly applauded.

A brilliant performance of the Dance of Salome, from the opera of Richard Strauss, brought the concert's end.

SYMPHONY IS CONDUCTED BY BURGIN

By MOSES SMITH

There is apparently little danger that audiences at the symphony concerts will fall into an attitude of complacence, of stand-patism. For here is Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, acting as substitute conductor for his chief, Mr. Koussevitsky; and for the opening half of his program he has a new work hitherto unheard in Boston, the eigth symphony of Miaskovsky, present-day Russian composer.

The times do move. Miaskovsky has already written 10 symphonies, but he is a newcomer to the symphony concerts for all that. Perhaps it is just as well. He is highly touted by certain musicians, yet unless our ears are unreliable, the eighth symphony offers no justification for a great reputation. What beautiful themes there are seem to be taken from folk-lore. The development of these themes, as well as of the original ones, is labored and ineffective.

The symphony reverts, on the purely formal side, to classical models. But as is true of so many of his contemporaries, Miaskovsky can enliven his score with interesting rhythmic patterns. Also he can turn his hand neatly at an orchestrial trick. The most impressive part of the symphony is the opening of the slow movement, when a lovely Turkestan melody is sung with peculiarly beautiful orchestration. After that is vain striving, empty measures of boredom or bombast.

Mr. Burgin seemed to be doing a splendid job in conducting this unfamiliar work. There was no doubt that he made the closing number, Salome's Dance by Strauss, sound for all it was worth. The performance was not only well-rounded it was exciting and inspired. The conductor handled his orchestral forces with the skill of a veteran.

Rudolph Ganz, the first soloist of the year, played the piano part of Beethoven's fifth concerto in E-flat. Our impression was that Mr. Ganz was doing his best to play faster than the orchestra under Mr. Burgin. We may be doing him an injustice, but the orchestra was apparently doing its share well. At any rate the performance was not a great one.

DEC 1- EVE. AMER

RDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1928

BOSTON TRAVELER, SATU

SYMPHONY IN 7TH CONCERT

Orchestra Led by Richard Burgin, Assistant Conductor

Yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall, the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Richard Burgin, regular assistant conductor, gave the following program: Symphony No. 8, Op. 26, Miaskovsky; Concerto for Pianoforte No. 5 in E-flat major, Op. 73, Beethoven; Salome's Dance from the opera "Salome," Strauss.

In Miaskovsky's Symphony is found a definite flavor of the new Russian school of composition. Woven through its fabric are the national tunes of Russia and the East, deftly, beautifully done. There are moments of brilliant color, riotous abandon, desolation. There are broad dissonances which at last resolve themselves into the exquisite poignancy of a deathless song. Mr. Burgin's reading was warm and sincere. It pleased the large audience immensely.

Of this Beethoven Concerto for Pianoforte, it is difficult to speak moderately, for the reading that was given it by Mr. Burgin and Rudolph Ganz, soloist, lifted the hearers to the clouds. Beethoven achieved nothing finer in this medium than the E-flat concerto. It is striking in phrasing and style, magnificent in effect. Some have criticised the unusual length of the piece and have complained that it suffered in effect as a result. Yet it stands today a peer among pianoforte concertos. Rudolph Ganz gave an interpretation that was little less than perfect.

A virile, colorful pianist, his pianissimo was a whisper, his fortissimo like thunder of the gods. One marveled most at his restraint when restraint was demanded. He was received heartily, and recalled repeatedly. Apart from his great talent as a pianist, Mr. Ganz is a composer of merit, and was at one time conductor of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra.

So vividly, so beautifully did Mr. Burgin and his orchestra present Salome's Dance, that it almost seemed one could visualize the dark, cruel beauty as she moved through the measures; one could almost see the langorous throb of chiffon as her veils floated about her—the quick, white feet, the sinuous body.

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The second concert of the orchestra's Monday evening series will be given Dec. 10. Koussevitzky will then conduct Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 "Eroica," Prokofieff's "Classical" symphony, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," and Strauss's "Dance of Salome."

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HERALD DEC. 2

TRANS. DEC 3.

Programs to Hand

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Classical Symphony ..... Prokofiev
Prelude to Mallarmé's Ecologue, "The Afternon of A Faun" ..... Debussy
Salome's Dance from the Music-Drama, "Salome" ..... Strauss
Symphony, No. 3, in E-flat major ("Eroica"). Beethoven

From Mr. Koussevitzky for the concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Sanders Theater at Cambridge on Thursday evening, Dec. 13:

Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, No. 12, in B minor ..... Handel
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1, in E minor ..... Chopin
(Pianist: Leon Vartanian)
Symphony in D minor ..... Franck

From Mme. Susan Metcalfe Casals for her concert of old airs and songs in Jordan Hall on Saturday afternoon next

O del mio dolce ardor.....
Le violette ..... Scarlatti
Come raggio di sol..... Caldara
In questa tomba oscura..... Beethoven
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Soir—Clair de lune—Neil..... Fauré
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For the first time in nearly two years Mr. Copland has handed Mr. Koussevitzky a new manuscript—Three Pieces for String Orchestra, to be played at the Symphony Concerts of next week. There is good reason for curiosity and expectation.

The English Singers, returning to Symphony Hall for a "Christmas ...cert" on Sunday evening, Dec. 23, set for it this program:

Boar's Head Carol

Motets:
Hosanna to the Son of David..... Gibbons
Justorum Animae ..... di Lasso
This Glad Day ..... Byrd
Madrigals and Ballet:
To shorten winter's sadness..... Weelkes
Dainty fine bird ..... Gibbons
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Carols:
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Corpus Christi..... Arranged by Warlock
Folk-Songs:
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Wassail-Song..... Arranged by Williams
Carols:
The Holly and the Ivy.. Arranged by Boughton
Midwinter ..... Holst
Patapan ..... Arranged by Shaw
Noël ..... Arranged by Davies

Boston Herald Dec 1

1928

MUSIC

By PHILIP HALE

Symphony Concert

Miaskovsky's Eighth Symphony was played yesterday for the first time in Boston; probably for the first time in this country. Rudolph Ganz played with the orchestra Beethoven's fifth piano concerto. The program also included Salome's dance from Richard Strauss's opera. Mr. Burgin, the concertmaster, conducted in the absence of Mr. Koussevitzky.

The Russian Miaskovsky, a man of ten symphonies, is now professor of composition at the Moscow Conservatory. Born in 1881, having been educated for a military career, he turned musician. He served in the world war; was kept in the army until 1920. He seemed at first as a composer to be of a romantic nature—witness his symphonic poems "Silence" (after Poe) and "Alastor" (after Shelley; yet his first symphony and his second were composed before these pieces. Even in the eighth, which as a whole cannot be called poetically imaginative, there are traces of romanticism, detected in his thematic material rather than in symphonic treatment of it. The themes more suave, especially the second of the first movement and that of the trio in the scherzo, are of Russian folk-song nature; and the livelier and more sturdy motives may have the same origin. The theme of the adagio is, as we are told, a Turkestan melody. It is very beautiful. The measures before its announcement have a singular charm and provoke anticipation of what is to come. Sir Richard F. Barton said that Englishmen have the finest women in the world but do not know what to do with them. Here is Miaskovsky fortunate in having found this song from Turkestan, but how does he use it?

He gives it a rocking, cradle-like accompaniment which by its persistence becomes monotonous and finally annoys. That which is exotic in music quickly becomes tiresome unless the composer has the comprehension and the ability to be concisely exotic in his turn. Here is where Rubinstein had the advantage by putting his oriental themes, or imitations of them, into his Persian songs. Yet this adagio is the most interesting movement of the symphony. The others are for the most part of a scholastic nature, dry from lack of harmonic and orchestral color, and sharply defined contrasting moods. There is spirit; it does not seem spontaneous, but as if the music were flogged into animation. Nor is there any truly dramatic, tragic, or even idyllic mood; nothing imposing, emotional, noble; nothing of arresting beauty except the Turkestan theme and the first measures of its distribution among the instruments. In its naked form for the English horn it was poetically played by Mr. Speyer. It has been said that there is a "program" for each one of Miaskovsky's symphonies, though he is unwilling to divulge them. It would be interesting to know what was in his mind, when he wrote the eighth: probably the purpose to write a symphony.

Mr. Ganz, who has hitherto been known to the audiences of the Boston symphony orchestra as a brilliant player of concertos by Liszt and Saint-Saens, gave an admirable performance of Beethoven's music, technically and aesthetically. He was content with Beethoven as he is, not as some think he should be. He did not allow the first movement to be wearisome; nor did he, as some pianists, emphasize the kangaroo jumps of the chief motive in the finale.

Strauss's gorgeous music for the head-hunting Salome, disporting herself voluptuously, brought a sensuous end to preceding musical sobriety.

Mr. Burgin's task, introducing the new symphony—it was produced at Moscow in 1926—was not an easy one, but he gave the audience a satisfactory idea of the merits and feelings of the work, though Mr. Victor Belaiev of Moscow makes bold to say that Miaskovsky as yet has no interpreter of his symphonies who can show "all the depths of their contents." Is this the fault of the now prominent conductors or of the composer thinking too deeply?

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, No. 4 for strings; also Mahler's "Song of the Earth," a symphony in six parts for tenor (George Maeder) and contralto (Mrs. Charles Cahier). The text is taken from Hans Bethges's translation of verses by old Chinese poets. This symphony will be performed in Boston for the first time.

Post Dec 1

BURGIN AT HELM WITH SYMPHONY

Miaskovsky's Eighth Fails to Impress Audience

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Three things served to distinguish the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. First, not Mr. Koussevitzky, but Mr. Burgin, concert master and assistant conductor of the orchestra, was at the helm; second, there was a soloist in the person of the pianist, Rudolph Ganz, and third, Boston heard for the first time a composition, the Symphony in A major, No. 8, by Nicolas Miaskovsky, outstanding figure among the composers of Soviet Russia.

SOVIET MUSIC DREARY

Like another Mahler, but without Mahler's gifts, Miaskovsky seems possessed by a sort of musical megalomania. He must fill large canvases and many of them. While others approach the composition of a symphony with some hesitation, Miaskovsky in his 48th year has written no less than ten, to say nothing of other orchestral pieces, piano sonatas, a 'cello sonata and string quartets. A very passion for setting notes on paper besets him. And if the Symphony of yesterday may be accepted as a criterion, the man has more urge toward expression than he has matter to express.

Setting aside the chief theme of the first movement, a melody of the Oriental flavor, to which Russian composers have long accustomed us, the rhythmic ingenuity of the Scherzo in 7—4 time, the effective if eventually monotonous employment in the slow movement of a haunting melody from Turkestan and the rhythmic and dynamic excitements of the closing pages, this Eighth Symphony is little more than a dreary waste. Nowhere is there visible sign of a significant personality.

Little Color in Welter

The musical idiom is distinctly eclectic, more reminiscent of older ways than typical of new or prophetic of ways to come. A vast orchestra is used, but little that is striking in the matter of color effects emerges from the tonal welter. And while the composer's powers of construction may not be denied, the wisdom of fashioning so imposing an edifice of mere lath and plaster may well be questioned.

Devotedly and with as much enthusiasm as might be, Mr. Burgin read this ponderous score. The performance was an admirable one, and the audience, no doubt in recognition of this fact, applauded until the players had been brought to their feet.

The chosen piece of Mr. Ganz at this seventh pair of concerts is the Fifth Concerto of Beethoven. Between them he and Mr. Burgin yesterday took the first movement, except for an episode or two, at a pace unprecedentedly fast, and while there was a gain in spiritedness, there was a corresponding loss in breadth and dignity, in the majesty that has brought to the piece the title of "Emperor." By pianist and conductor the Adagio was interpreted with taste, with a fine musical sense, but with no great show of feeling.

Ganz Loudly Applauded

Only in the last movement, which was played by all concerned with extraordinary verve, did the performance attain true distinction. Mr. Ganz is an admirable pianist, but there are other pieces in which one would prefer to hear him. He was warmly applauded.

A brilliant performance of the Dance of Salome, from the opera of Richard Strauss, brought the concert's end.

SYMPHONY IS CONDUCTED BY BURGIN

By MOSES SMITH

There is apparently little danger that audiences at the symphony concerts will fall into an attitude of complacence, of stand-patism. For here is Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, acting as substitute conductor for his chief, Mr. Koussevitsky; and for the opening half of his program he has a new work hitherto unheard in Boston, the eigth symphony of Miaskovsky, present-day Russian composer.

The times do move. Miaskovsky has already written 10 symphonies, but he is a newcomer to the symphony concerts for all that. Perhaps it is just as well. He is highly touted by certain musicians, yet unless our ears are unreliable, the eighth symphony offers no justification for a great reputation. What beautiful themes there are seem to be taken from folk-lore. The development of these themes, as well as of the original ones, is labored and ineffective.

The symphony reverts, on the purely formal side,, to classical models. But as is true of so many of his contemporaries, Miaskovsky can enliven his score with interesting rhythmic patterns. Also he can turn his hand neatly at an orchestrial trick. The most impressive part of the symphony is the opening of the slow movement, when a lovely Turkestan melody is sung with peculiarly beautiful orchestration. After that is vain striving, empty measures of boredom or bombast.

Mr. Burgin seemed to be doing a splendid job in conducting this unfamiliar work. There was no doubt that he made the closing number, Salome's Dance by Strauss, sound for all it was worth. The performance was not only well-rounded it was exciting and inspired. The conductor handled his orchestral forces with the skill of a veteran.

Rudolph Ganz, the first soloist of the year, played the piano part of Beethoven's fifth concerto in E-flat. Our impression was that Mr. Ganz was doing his best to play faster than the orchestra under Mr. Burgin. We may be doing him an injustice, but the orchestra was apparently doing its share well. At any rate the performance was not a great one.

DEC 1- EVE. AMER

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Erinnerung—Botschaft ..... Brahms

BOSTON TRAVELER, SATU[illegible]

RDAY, DE[illegible]EMBER 1, 1928

SYMPHONY IN 7TH CONCERT

Orchestra Led by Richard Burgin, Assistant Conductor

Yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall, the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Richard Burgin, regular assistant conductor, gave the following program: Symphony No. 8, Op. 26, Miaskovsky; Concerto for Pianoforte No. 5 in E-flat major, Op. 73, Beethoven; Salome's Dance from the opera "Salome," Strauss.

In Miaskovsky's Symphony is found a definite flavor of the new Russian school of composition. Woven through its fabric are the national tunes of Russia and the East, deftly, beautifully done. There are moments of brilliant color, riotous abandon, desolation. There are broad dissonances which at last resolve themselves into the exquisite poignancy of a deathless song. Mr. Burgin's reading was warm and sincere. It pleased the large audience immensely.

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[illegible] softer virtues. N. M. J.

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Patapan ..... Arranged by Shaw
Noël ..... Arranged by Davies

Music Notes

Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky, Opens Providence Season Tuesday Night. University Glee Club and Symphony Society Announcements

Within these seven days the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Providence Symphony Society and the University Glee Club open their Providence seasons, events which even in a busier musical year than this has been would make the week seem fairly crowded. The Boston players come Tuesday night to the E. F. Albee Theatre; Providence's own symphony group plays next Sunday afternoon in Elks Auditorium, and the University singers are to be heard next Friday night in Memorial Hall. And with these, a festival of grand opera opens, the details of which are noted in another department.

◈ ◈ ◈

Walter Williams's program for this morning at St. Stephen's Church at 10:40 o'clock is as follows: Kyrie Eleison ("Cathedral Windows," opus 106, No. 1), Sigfrid Karg-Elert; chorale-prelude, "Adorn Thyself, Dear Soul," opus 122, No. 5, Johannes Brahms; chorale-prelude, "Through Adam's Fall, Debased" (Little Organ Book, No. 37), J. S. Bach; Intermezzo (Sonata in A-minor), Josef Rheinberger. In the morning service the choir will sing a Kyrie from the Mass in A-major, by Josef Rheinberger (arranged by Walter Williams), numbers from the Mass in D, by Dr. Edward C. Bairstow, choirmaster of York Minster, England, and an unaccompanied "Ave Maria," by Nicolas Gombert, a Canon of Cambrai Cathedral about 1440. In the afternoon at 5 o'clock a Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis with fauxbourdons by Fr. Vicente Ripolles will be sung for the first time in this country together with the "Cherubim Song" of Rachmaninoff. Fr. Ripolles is Canon of the Cathedral at Valencia in Spain and Professor of Gregorian Music at the Royal College of Corpus Christi in the same city.

◈ ◈ ◈

Three selections for piano and organ will comprise the musical program at the Beneficent Congregational Church this morning at 10:45 o'clock with Herbert Chandler Thrasher at the organ and Mrs. Flora R. Arnold at the piano. Their selections are the "Intermezzo" from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," Massenet's "Meditation," from "Thais," and Handel's "Largo."

◈ ◈ ◈

At the vesper service in the Central Congregational Church this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, excerpts from Handel's "The Messiah" will be rendered by the quartet and chorus. The quartet consists of Marguerite W. Shaftoe, Julia S. Gould, George Tinker and Harry A.

Janet R. Armour

Coloratura Soprano Sings With Providence Symphony Society Next Sunday Afternoon in Elks Auditorium.

Kathryne Ross

Soprano is Soloist at University Glee Club Concert Friday Night in Memorial Hall.

"Noel," Gounod, Bertil O. Larson. Organ, "Where Dusk Gathers Deep," Stebbins; Gavotte, from "Mignon," Thomas; Prelude to "La Traviata," Verdi-Biggs; introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin," Wagner. Soprano, "O Divine Redeemer," Gounod, Edith Woodhead Marshall. Organ and piano, Nocturne, Ernest [illegible] Kroeger; "Grand Aria," Dearest, Marion L. Arnold at the piano.

◈ ◈ ◈

With very few seats unsubscribed at this writing, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is practically assured of a full house when it begins its season here next Tuesday night at the E. F. Albee Theatre. In other cities besides Providence where the orchestra has played so far, there has been a similar evidence of the Symphony's great popularity and that of its famous conductor. In Boston its series was sold out far in advance of the beginning of the season.

The program through which Serge Koussevitzky will lead his men was announced in this department last week. It contains numbers familiar to concertgoers and is of a spacious order. The first part will be devoted to Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture, Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun" and Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony. Brahms's Second Symphony in D-major will take up the second half.

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[illegible]ular meeting of the MacDowell Club will be held at the home of the President, Mrs. Edward L. Singsen, 100 Greenwood avenue, Rumford, tomorrow night at 8 o'clock.

Two Symphonies on Program of Boston Orchestra

Serge Koussevitzky

[illegible]ductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra Which Opens Providence Series of Concerts Tuesday Night in E. F. Albee Theatre.

BY WALTER STOREY SMITH

That two symphonies stand on the program which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will offer, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, at the Albee Theatre next Tuesday evening, might seem to indicate that the concert will be more than usually formidable. In this instance, however, appearances are deceptive. Of these symphonies only that in the latter half of the program, Brahm's Symphony in D-major, No. 2, is likely to tax the attention of any listener in Tuesday evening's audience. The other, the so-called "Classical" Symphony, by Serge Prokofieff, is indeed a symphony in so far as its formal outlines are concerned, but its musical content is so far from weighty that at times only the composer's cleverly concealed scholarship saves his work from the reproach of obviousness.

Those who know Prokofieff through the music that is genuinely characteristic of his own tendencies and tonal faiths would never suspect him as the author of these measures—measures in which, as Felix Borowski has suggested, his intention was to "catch the spirit of Mozart and put down that which, if he were living now, Mozart might put into his scores." An ingenious fancy, if one does not inquire too closely into its accuracy. But it seems altogether probable that if Mozart was, in 1790, a child of his time, he would have been equally a child of his time in 1917 and would thus have written in an idiom at least superficially related to Prokofieff's own.

Be that as it may, it was an amusing caprice that prompted the composer of the Scythian Suite to forget his dissonances and his glaring orchestral colors and to write for the moment simply, artlessly, tunefully, seeking suavity of melody, limpidity of part-writing, harmonic blandness and orchestral euphonies. And thanks to his exuberant imagination and his easy command of all the resources of composition he could carry off successfully an undertaking which, if assumed by a lesser man, might easily have yielded only academic inanities.

The usual four movements suffice for Prokofieff in his adventure into classicism, but unconventionally he substitutes for the Minuet or Scherzo a Gavotte, a procédure for which there is no symphonic precedent. Otherwise his music will be found by those sentient in such matters to be orthodox in pattern, and by all and sundry it will be found music engagingly melodious, enticingly rhythmed and deftly scored for orchestra.

After many performances of this symphony at home and afield the Boston Orchestra now makes of it an exhilarating exercise in virtuosity, especially in the last movement where Mr. Koussevitsky is wont to push speed to the very limits of clarity.

Not before has Providence heard this music, which has been performed in Boston three times within two seasons. The remainder of the program, on the other hand, is familiar enough. For those interested in such details it may be recalled that Beethoven's Overture to Leonore No. 3 was last played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Providence under Mr. Monteux in November, 1920; that Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" was heard from this organization in Infantry Hall in November, 1925; and that Brahms's Second Symphony was conducted in Providence by Mr. Koussevitsky no longer ago than season-before-last, in February, 1927. Yet inasmuch as every piece is new to some member of every audience, a few words concerning these other works, each a masterpiece of its kind, will not be amiss.

In all, Beethoven wrote four overtures to his one and only opera, first called "Leonore" and finally known as "Fidelio." Of these the one numbered three was actually the second in order of composition, and it was discarded by its composer in favor of a simpler, more straightforward, less difficult introduction for operatic performances. But Number Three is the one that is heard as a concert-piece.

Sir George Grove called it the greatest single piece in the domain of instrumental music, and it was made the subject of a rhapsodical essay by Wagner who saw in it a vindication of his own theory that the overture to an opera should be a sort of musical synthesis of the drama to come.

In his Prelude to Mallarme's poem of the faun whose muddled brain cannot distinguish between dream and experience Debussy turned one of the pages in the book of art. With the first performance of this Prelude, at Paris, on Dec. 23, 1894, there was born, to change the metaphor, what has been called musical impressionism, an influence from which no modern composer has completely escaped, however strongly the present tendencies in composition may run counter to those of Debussy and his school.

Finally the Symphony of Brahms, although not in any sense an epoch-making work, is among the choicest flowerings of the tonal art. Less epic than the First Symphony of its composer, less moving than the Third, less profound than the Fourth, it has a peculiar charm, an especial appeal of its own. Only in the brooding, introspective, deeply-felt Adagio does this Symphony sound a sombre or a solemn note. The rest is serenity, lyric charm, innocent gaiety, and an exuberance that eloquently voices the deep joy of living.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, 1928-29

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

Purdy's Boston

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(Furgy)

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character. TRANS.

Incidents and Prospects DEC. 7

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TRAV. DEC. 8

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HAYES HERBERT

MAHLER NOVELTY AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

"Das Lied von der Erde" in First Boston Performance

Globe Dec 8

Mme Charles Cahier and George Meader Heard in Vocal Solo Parts

At last, after an interval of a decade, the Boston Symphony audience yesterday was given an opportunity to hear music by Gustav Mahler, a composer who is regarded by some as one of the greatest of the past 50 years and by others as a voluminous writer with no genius. Mr Koussevitzky devoted almost the whole of yesterday's Symphony concert to Mahler's posthumous "Das Lied von der Erde," written in 1908 and first performed at Munich in 1911.

The exacting vocal solos were sung yesterday by Mme Charles Cahier, contralto, and George Meader, tenor. The concert began with Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, unheard here since 1905, in which the strings in the orchestra regained the tonal beauty and suavity which was once their constant glory. Owing to the unusual arrangement of the program, the customary intermission was omitted.

Mahler's work, never before given in Boston, is unique in structure. It is a curious experiment at combining the song cycle and the symphony. There are six parts, each with a vocal solo by either tenor or contralto interwoven with an elaborate orchestral background. Only in the last part is there a lengthy orchestral interlude. The texts are German adaptations of Chinese lyrics.

Mahler is said to have revised the translations he chose from a collection made by Hans Bethge so as to stress the underlying idea of his work, that youth, beauty and love are fleeting and illusory, yet perennial. "Das Lied von der Erde" is the valedictory of a man to whom life had not been kind. It comes from Mahler's inmost soul.

Those whose vague memories of Mahler's Second and Fifth Symphonies heard here under Dr Muck, led them to expect that "Das Lied von der Erde" would be ponderous, intricate, baffling music, were agreeably disappointed.

This score is not really simple, but it sounds so. There is a constant flow of beautiful melody and ingratiating rythm, always with a half mocking note, always with an undercurrent of hopeless melancholy, which wells up and overflows poignantly in the end of the final part.

Despair has never been more movingly expressed in music than here. The hysterics and histrionics of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony" are not to be compared with it. Future historians are likely to note that the romantic movement in the arts ended in 1914. "Das Lied von der Erde" belongs to the era of Strauss' "Tod und Verklaerung" and Schoenberg's "Verklaerte Nacht." Its imaginative affinities are with Brahms and Wagner, not with Stravinsky or Hindemith, from whose work it is far removed as is a Schubert song from a Mozart air.

Mahler, judged by this work, was certainly a genius, but not a faultless one. His craftsmanship is that of a master, but he shares the worst fault of Wagner, needless prolixity. He might have said what he wanted to say in half the space with 10 times the effect on the average listener.

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Mme Cahier, who sasg at the original performance in Munich in 1911, brought to her solos the experience and authority without which it is impossible to convey the meaning of such music. Her singing was not flawless technically, but its imaginative insight was profound. She had memorized her part, in itself no mean feat of skill.

Mr Meader's singing, though technically good, lacked the insight and authority that distinguished Mme Cahier's admirable performance.

The Handel concerto, a particularly lovely one, was exceptionally well played. Mr Koussevitzky here also refrained from allowing his temperament to run away with him.

Next week's program is to include new works by Martinu and Aaron Copland, Prokofieff's violin concerto, in which the soloist will be Lea Luboshutz, and Beethoven's Sixth Symphony.

P. R.

MAHLER WORK NOVELTY AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

Enter Gustav Mahler at the symphony concerts of this week—Gustav Mahler, composer, much-maligned early in the century, until the ultra-modern revolt of the French and Russian schools made people forget him entirely. This man, whose sojourn in New York as conductor is said to have killed him, is represented on this week's program by "Das Lied von der Erde" (Song of the Earth), a huge symphony in six parts, with tenor and contralto solos voices singing alternately German translations of six Chinese lyrics.

Only a half-dozen times previously has Mahler been played at concerts of the Symphony Orchestra, mostly by the grace of Karl Muck. The ultra-moderns jeer at him as "old-hat," writing for a swollen orchestra instead of employing what they call economy of means. Well, there is more music in this one symphony, which was played here for the first time, than in nine-tenths of the modernists' output. Too often economy of means becomes synonymous with paucity of ideas.

Mahler's music goes to the very heart of the poems, which are pessimistic, sometimes in the manner of "Omar Khayam." The orchestra is a large one, but there is no abuse of the instruments. Two instruments are not used where one could suffice. At times the ensmble is treated like a chamber orchestra. At other times there are great orchestral climaxes. There is remarkable use of tone color; the individual instruments are admirably selected to serve the required purpose.

Madame Charles Cahier sang the contralto solo part beautifully. Once in a while her high tones seemed thin, but otherwise her voice was luscious, her interpretative skill exceptional. The tenor solo was for the most part inaudible. Whether this was due to the soloist, George Meader, to the composer, or to Mr. Koussevitsky in overdriving the orchestra we cannot say. Very likely a composer could write such beautiful music and be so adept at orchestration was not at fault in writing for the voice.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise: Martinu's "La Symphonie"; Copland's Two Pieces for orchestra; Prokofieff's Violin concerto (Lea Luboshutz violinist) and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony.

1928 Herald

MUSIC

By PHILIP HALE

"Song of the Earth" Dec 8

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the eighth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program comprised Handel's Concerto Grosso for strings and Gustav Mahler's "Song of the Earth," which was performed for the first time, with Madame Charles Cahier, contralto, and George Maeder, tenor.

Mahler's "Lied von der Erde," composed in 1908, was produced at Munich in November, 1911. He had died in May of that year. Madame Cahier, who first came to Boston as Mrs. Morris Black, sang the contralto music at Munich. The first performance in the United Stjaes was at Philadelphia in 1916.

The work is a symphony in six parts for tenor and contralto (alternating), and orchestra. The text is taken from Hans Bethge's "The Chinese Flute," a collection of verses said to be written by Chinese poets of the 8th and 9th centuries. Whether Bethge's translations into German are not really paraphrases; whether he dealt with these poets as Fitzgerald treated Omar Khayyam is not known to us. It is said that Mahler changed the Chinese poems somewhat "to express one predominating idea, withdrawal from the world." As a young man he studied diligently German philosophical works, and in his later years of trials and disappointments, his philosophy was that of the pessimist. The sixth poem of the symphony is considered as the farewell to his artistic career, authough he wrote two symphonic works after "The Song of the Earth." He is alone; he awaits death, yet the earth will still bloom, the sky will still be blue, when he has at last found rest.

Those who without undue prejudice judge Mahler, the composer, admitting his faults, discussing them at length, dwelling on undeniably fine qualities, regard "The Song of the Earth" as his most complete, his highest achievement, though they assert that his artistic life was greater than his own musical works, which greatly planned, did not attain fulfilment and were often imitative. The sincerity of the composer was never doubted; the failure to secure that for which he strove, is therefore the more pathetic.

He was of an intensely nervous nature. His life as a conductor—and he was a great conductor— the feverish atmosphere of the opera house—his going from city to city until his ability was recognized in Vienna and later at the Metropolitan, the death of a dearly loved child, the fact that he was a Jew who had turned Catholic—these with musical intrigues and controversies from which he suffered, gave him no mental or aesthetic poise. It was his ambition to continue the work of men he revered, Beethoven and Wagner. In spite of his indisputable talent he was not the man to do this. In the nearer approaches to the ideal that was in his mind he was simply an imitator; not a convincing, not even a plausible one.

Boston has heard Mahler's second and fifth symphonies—huge "machines." What was found in them was found yesterday in "The Song of the Earth." Restlessness that at times became hysterical; reminders of Wagner, Berlioz, Strauss; melodies in folk-song vein, often naive, at times beautiful, but introduced as at random and quickly thrown aside; an over-employment of the wood-wind, used too often as solo instruments; passages for the brass which recall the fact that as a child Mahler delighted in military bands. Sudden changes from screaming outbursts to thin and inconsequential instrumentation; trivial moments when the hearer anticipated the movement of a country dance; diffuseness, prolixity that became boresome; an unwillingness to bring speech to an end; seldom genuine power or eloquence; yet here and there measures that linger in the memory. There is appropriate lightness and fantastic instrumentation in the sections "Of Youth" and "The Drunkard in Spring-time." The mood of the final section, gray and sad, would be impressive if it were not sustained beyond endurance. It was of this Finale that Adolf Weissman, who puts a high value on "The Song of the Earth," wrote: "It is an unforgettable experience to hear that 'Ewig' rendered by such a singer as Mme. Cahier in that mysterious, almost supernatural landscape . . . the farewell of a lonely spirit to a world in which it has dwelt as an alien."

What Weissman wrote of Mme. Cahier in Germany, may be said of her singing yesterday in Symphony Hall. It is seldom one hears in Boston a true contralto of so rich a voice, of so musical a nature, so alive to the spirit and significance of text and music. Mahler was more gracious in this work to the contralto than to the tenor; respecting more her voice in the orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Maeder, when Mahler allowed him, sang intelligently. Too often the part was not a grateful one. Mr. Koussevitzky spared no pains in the performance; gave the music its due importance, when it was important; the individual solos and the various orchestral ensembles great or only in sections of the orchestra would have pleased Mahler himself, who as a conductor was not easily satisfied.

After it is all over what is now in the memory: the concerto of Handel with that nobly serene and beautiful slow movement that only the superb Handel could have written; the singing of Mme. Cahier, with or without one's thought of Mahler; and the orchestra led by Mr. Koussevitzky.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise: Martinu's "La Symphonie"; Copland's Two Pieces for orchestra; Prokofieff's Violin concerto (Lea Luboshutz violinist) and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony.

37

"Song of the Earth" in Boston

MONITOR DEC. 8

By L. A. SLOPER

A CERTAIN dejection seems to have dominated of late in the music offered to its subscribers by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Within a few weeks we have heard the Third Symphony of Sibelius, the Eighth of Miaskovsky and the "Poem of Ecstasy" by Scriabin. ("Ecstasy," the noun, perhaps does not connote depression. But Miaskovsky at his gloomiest is a more cheerful fellow than the ecstatic Scriabin.) And on the eighth program, given this week, Serge Koussevitzky set Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde."

Mahler, the composer, is not without honor save outside his own country. Mahler, the conductor, was generally praised from Vienna to New York; but when he set down notes on ruled paper, the results divided the world into two sections, one of which was Central Europe. And even there, Germany is said to be far more restrained than Austria in its enthusiasm over Mahler's compositions. Until this week, Boston had known little of these works beyond the Second and the Fifth Symphonies, and some songs. Mr. Koussevitzky, back from his week's respite, proffered the first Boston performance of "The Song of the Earth," enlisting the services of Mme. Charles Cahier, the original singer of the contralto part, and Mr. George Meader, tenor.

A Wise Choice

Mr. Koussevitzky was well advised to select this work in preference to one of the earlier and more copious symphonies. He could not expect to impress Boston with the "Symphony of the Thousand." For was not Boston, half a century ago, the scene of a performance which employed 1000 instruments and 10,000 voices? Clearly the conductor was acting wisely when he chose this less exuberant work.

Clearly, too, Mahler's melancholy gained in effect by being set in succession to an example of the Russian variety. How could a Viennese —though an adopted one—take anything, even his own sorrow, too seriously? Tchaikovsky, Scriabin, Miaskovsky—they must lie on their backs, like naughty children, and scream their displeasure. Let us not blame them; it is their nature. But neither can we sympathize with them. Their grief lacks dignity. Their ululations end by boring us.

But the Mahler of this symphony for two voices and orchestra commands our respect, as a musician and as a man. For as a musician, although he has perhaps added nothing to the symphonic art, and even owes a rather patent debt to some of his predecessors, in particular Wagner, he nevertheless displays a vigorous melodic gift, a superior craftsmanship, a keen harmonic sense, a mastery of orchestral means. Here is an enormous orchestra, used for the most part as if for chamber music. Reliance is placed not on turgidity but on expressiveness. The musical material, like the emotion, is controlled. The man is revealed by his score. He suffers, but with fortitude; he grieves, but he is not too sorry for himself.

A Good Performance

The performance in most respects did justice to the music. It appeared in the first movement that either the composer or the conductor did not like tenors; perhaps it was that Mahler wrote for a German tenor. For every time that Mr. Meader started to sing, Mr. Koussevitzky gave his players a signal, and they scraped and blew as hard as they could. As Mr. Meader's voice, to begin with, was hardly adequate to the occasion, this successful exercise of superior force obliterated it, and we had the effect of a singer in the motion pictures in the days before the sound film was bestowed upon us. In his two other contributions Mr. Meader was more audible, but he left us wondering whether he understood the meaning of the words he was singing.

With Mme. Cahier it was quite another story. She sang without the aid of notes or lines, which is bound to add to the effectiveness of any interpretation. More than that, she sang with superb artistry and with rare musical intelligence. But even her singing could not make us overlook the exquisite beauty of the orchestral background, with its endlessly varied instrumentation. Of the instrumentalists, Mr. Laurent, the solo flute, deserves a special word for the charm of his playing in the last movement.

Mr. Koussevitzky opened the concert with Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, No. 12. It was a performance distinguished by its sonority and balance. There was some sensitive solo work by Messrs. Burgin and Theodorowicz, violinists, and Bedetti, cellist. Nevertheless there is still room for betterment in the string ensemble. We should like not to be able to hear the concertmaster enter ahead of his colleagues. And we have a notion that if the conductor's beat were a little more definite this improvement would be achieved.

Dec. 8

ON POST, SATURD

MAHLER'S WORK BY SYMPHONY

"Song of the Earth" Given With Voices, First Time Here

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Already deeply in Mr. Koussevitzky's debt, the public of the Symphony Concerts has now been placed under further obligation to him for the performance yesterday afternoon and this evening of Gustav Mahler's "Song of the Earth," a masterpiece of modern music written 10 years ago but until yesterday unheard in Boston.

SIX CHINESE POEMS

Composed between the gigantic Eighth and the uncompleted Ninth symphonies, this "Song of the Earth" is itself styled a symphony for tenor, contralto and orchestra, and may therefore be considered the ninth of the monumental series of which Boston had thus far heard only the First, the Second and Fifth.

Although Mahler lived three years after composing this setting of six Chinese poems of the eighth and ninth centuries, he was fated never to hear the work that is now generally held to be the crown of his career. Not until six months after his death, in November of 1911, was this "Lied von der Erde" brought to performance. Alternately the six sections of the piece are assigned to the tenor and the contralto, and these voices in the current performances at Symphony Hall fall to George Meader and Mme. Charles Cahier respectively. No mere accompaniment, the orchestral portion, truly symphonic in caracter and scored with an imaginative ingenuity altogether remarkable, is for much of the time sufficient unto itself. There are lengthy preludes, interludes and postludes, and often the voice-part, as in the Wagnerian music-drama, is important only for its delivery of the text.

Marvelously Beautiful Finale

Like many another work of acknowledged greatness, this "Song of the Earth" is not throughout its length of even worth and interest. There are passages wherein Mahler seems to have written a music intellectually calculated, and passages in which the musical thought is so reticent and so restrained as to be almost inarticulate. But at its best, as in the ineffably sad yet marvellously beautiful final section, the "Farewell of a Friend," it calls to mind certain of the supreme things in music—the last quartets of Beethoven, the third act of Wagner's "Tristan." But little below this nobly sorrowful page is the second song, "Autumn Solitude," music of rare poignancy and haunting loveliness.

And oddly enough for Mahler, who had just finished his Symphony of the Thousand, this beauty is often evoked by the simplest musical and orchestral means. Despite the literal sentiments of the poem, the fifth son, the "Drunkard in Springtime" rises here and there to heights of beauty, as though the text were a sort of symbolism. And if the third song, "Of Youth" and the fourth "Of Beauty," seem by comparison rather light and superficial, they are fashioned exquisitely, and they bring the needed element of contrast into a work predominantly sombre in tone.

Mme. Cahier a Singer

The effect of the first song, the "Drinking Song of Earthy Woe," might have been better realized yesterday had a tenor of ampler voice than Mr. Meader been pitted against the sonorities of Mahler and the zeal of Mr. Koussevitzky. Elsewhere Mr. Meader could be better understood, while for Mme. Cahier there can be nothing but unqualified praise. As though transfigured by the music she, and conductor and orchestra with her, attained in the final movement to a memorable and moving eloquence.

Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 12, in B minor, began a concert in which, exceptionally, there was no intermission. The audience may be said to have received the Symphony of Mahler with warmth. After each movement Mr. Koussevitzky was forced to restrain by an admonishing hand the applause that broke forth, and at the end it found full vent.

character. TRANS. DEC. 7

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HAYES WEBBER

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Mahler, judged by this work, was certainly a genius, but not a faultless one. His craftsmanship is that of a master, but he shares the worst fault of Wagner, needless prolixity. He might have said what he wanted to say in half the space with 10 times the effect on the average listener.

The performance was a sympathetic and eloquent one. Mr Koussevitzky may not always have respected the letter of Mahler's music, but he caught and rendered its spirit. Restraint, not usually one of Koussevitzky's qualities, here heightened the eloquence of an unusually satisfying reading.

Mme Cahier, who sasg at the original performance in Munich in 1911, brought to her solos the experience and authority without which it is impossible to convey the meaning of such music. Her singing was not flawless technically, but its imaginative insight was profound. She had memorized her part, in itself no mean feat of skill.

Mr Meader's singing, though technically good, lacked the insight and authority that distinguished Mme Cahier's admirable performance.

The Handel concerto, a particularly lovely one, was exceptionally well played. Mr Koussevitzky here also refrained from allowing his temperament to run away with him.

Next week's program is to include new works by Martinu and Aaron Copland, Prokofieff's violin concerto, in which the soloist will be Lea Luboshutz, and Beethoven's Sixth Symphony.

P. R.

MAHLER WORK NOVELTY AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

Enter Gustav Mahler at the symphony concerts of this week—Gustav Mahler, composer, much-maligned early in the century, until the ultra-modern revolt of the French and Russian schools made people forget him entirely. This man, whose sojourn in New York as conductor is said to have killed him, is represented on this week's program by "Das Lied von der Erde" (Song of the Earth), a huge symphony in six parts, with tenor and contralto solos voices singing alternately German translations of six Chinese lyrics.

Only a half-dozen times previously has Mahler been played at concerts of the Symphony Orchestra, mostly by the grace of Karl Muck. The ultra-moderns jeer at him as "old-hat," writing for a swollen orchestra instead of employing what they call economy of means. Well, there is more music in this one symphony, which was played here for the first time, than in nine-tenths of the modernists' output. Too often economy of means becomes synonymous with paucity of ideas.

Mahler's music goes to the very heart of the poems, which are pessimistic, sometimes in the manner of "Omar Khayam." The orchestra is a large one, but there is no abuse of the instruments. Two instruments are not used where one could suffice. At times the ensmble is treated like a chamber orchestra. At other times there are great orchestral climaxes. There is remarkable use of tone color; the individual instruments are admirably selected to serve the required purpose.

Madame Charles Cahier sang the contralto solo part beautifully. Once in a while her high tones seemed thin, but otherwise her voice was luscious, her interpretative skill exceptional. The tenor solo was for the most part inaudible. Whether this was due to the soloist, George Meader, to the composer, or to Mr. Koussevitsky in overdriving the orchestra we cannot say. Very likely a composer could write such beautiful music and be so adept at orchestration was not at fault in writing for the voice.

1928 Herald

MUSIC

By PHILIP HALE

"Song of the Earth"

Dec 7

Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the eighth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program comprised Handel's Concerto Grosso for strings and Gustav Mahler's "Song of the Earth," which was performed for the first time, with Madame Charles Cahier, contralto, and George Maeder, tenor.

Mahler's "Lied von der Erde," composed in 1908, was produced at Munich in November, 1911. He had died in May of that year. Madame Cahier, who first came to Boston as Mrs. Morris Black, sang the contralto music at Munich. The first performance in the United Sttaes was at Philadelphia in 1916.

The work is a symphony in six parts for tenor and contralto (alternating), and orchestra. The text is taken from Hans Bethge's "The Chinese Flute," a collection of verses said to be written by Chinese poets of the 8th and 9th centuries. Whether Bethge's translations into German are not really paraphrases; whether he dealt with these poets as Fitzgerald treated Omar Khayyam is not known to us. It is said that Mahler changed the Chinese poems somewhat "to express one predominating idea, withdrawal from the world." As a young man he studied diligently German philosophical works, and in his later years of trials and disappointments, his philosophy was that of the pessimist. The sixth poem of the symphony is considered as the farewell to his artistic career, authough he wrote two symphonic works after "The Song of the Earth." He is alone; he awaits death, yet the earth will still bloom, the sky will still be blue, when he has at last found rest.

Those who without undue prejudice judge Mahler, the composer, admitting his faults, discussing them at length, dwelling on undeniably fine qualities, regard "The Song of the Earth" as his most complete, his highest achievement, though they assert that his artistic life was greater than his own musical works, which greatly planned, did not attain fulfilment and were often imitative. The sincerity of the composer was never doubted; the failure to secure that for which he strove, is therefore the more pathetic.

He was of an intensely nervous nature. His life as a conductor—and he was a great conductor— the feverish atmosphere of the opera house—his going from city to city until his ability was recognized in Vienna and later at the Metropolitan, the death of a dearly loved child, the fact that he was a Jew who had turned Catholic—these with musical intrigues and controversies from which he suffered, gave him no mental or aesthetic poise. It was his ambition to continue the work of men he revered, Beethoven and Wagner. In spite of his indisputable talent he was not the man to do this. In the nearer approaches to the ideal that was in his mind he was simply an imitator; not a convincing, not even a plausible one.

Boston has heard Mahler's second and fifth symphonies—huge "machines." What was found in them was found yesterday in "The Song of the Earth." Restlessness that at times became hysterical; reminders of Wagner, Berlioz, Strauss; melodies in folk-song vein, often naive, at times beautiful, but introduced as at random and quickly thrown aside; an over-employment of the wood-wind, used too often as solo instruments; passages for the brass which recall the fact that as a child Mahler delighted in military bands. Sudden changes from screaming outbursts to thin and inconsequential instrumentation; trivial moments when the hearer anticipated the movement of a country dance; diffuseness, prolixity that became boresome; an unwillingness to bring speech to an end; seldom genuine power or eloquence; yet here and there measures that linger in the memory. There is appropriate lightness and fantastic instrumentation in the sections "Of Youth" and "The Drunkard in Spring-time." The mood of the final section, gray and sad, would be impressive if it were not sustained beyond endurance. It was of this Finale that Adolf Weissman, who puts a high value on "The Song of the Earth," wrote: "It is an unforgettable experience to hear that 'Ewig' rendered by such a singer as Mme. Cahier in that mysterious, almost supernatural landscape . . . the farewell of a lonely spirit to a world in which it has dwelt as an alien."

What Weissman wrote of Mme. Cahier in Germany, may be said of her singing yesterday in Symphony Hall. It is seldom one hears in Boston a true contralto of so rich a voice, of so musical a nature, so alive to the spirit and significance of text and music. Mahler was more gracious in this work to the contralto than to the tenor; respecting more her voice in the orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Maeder, when Mahler allowed him, sang intelligently. Too often the part was not a grateful one. Mr. Koussevitzky spared no pains in the performance; gave the music its due importance, when it was important; the individual solos and the various orchestral ensembles great or only in sections of the orchestra would have pleased Mahler himself, who as a conductor was not easily satisfied.

After it is all over what is now in the memory: the concerto of Handel with that nobly serene and beautiful slow movement that only the superb Handel could have written; the singing of Mme. Cahier, with or without one's thought of Mahler; and the orchestra, led by Mr. Koussevitzky.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise: Martinu's "La Symphonie"; Copland's Two Pieces for orchestra; Prokofieff's Violin concerto (Lea Luboshutz, violinist) and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony.

"Song of the Earth" in Boston

MONITOR DEC. 8

By L. A. SLOPER

A CERTAIN dejection seems to have dominated of late in the music offered to its subscribers by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Within a few weeks we have heard the Third Symphony of Sibelius, the Eighth of Miaskovsky and the "Poem of Ecstasy" by Scriabin. ("Ecstasy," the noun, perhaps does not connote depression. But Miaskovsky at his gloomiest is a more cheerful fellow than the ecstatic Scriabin.) And on the eighth program, given this week, Serge Koussevitzky set Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde."

Mahler, the composer, is not without honor save outside his own country. Mahler, the conductor, was generally praised from Vienna to New York; but when he set down notes on ruled paper, the results divided the world into two sections, one of which was Central Europe. And even there. Germany is said to be far more restrained than Austria in its enthusiasm over Mahler's compositions. Until this week, Boston had known little of these works beyond the Second and the Fifth Symphonies, and some songs. Mr. Koussevitzky, back from his week's respite, proffered the first Boston performance of "The Song of the Earth," enlisting the services of Mme. Charles Cahier, the original singer of the contralto part, and Mr. George Meader, tenor.

A Wise Choice

Mr. Koussevitzky was well advised to select this work in preference to one of the earlier and more copious symphonies. He could not expect to impress Boston with the "Symphony of the Thousand." For was not Boston, half a century ago, the scene of a performance which employed 1000 instruments and 10,000 voices? Clearly the conductor was acting wisely when he chose this less exuberant work.

Clearly, too, Mahler's melancholy gained in effect by being set in succession to an example of the Russian variety. How could a Viennese —though an adopted one—take anything, even his own sorrow, too seriously? Tchaikovsky, Scriabin, Miaskovsky—they must lie on their backs, like naughty children, and scream their displeasure. Let us not blame them; it is their nature. But neither can we sympathize with them. Their grief lacks dignity. Their ululations end by boring us.

But the Mahler of this symphony for two voices and orchestra commands our respect, as a musician and as a man. For as a musician, although he has perhaps added nothing to the symphonic art, and even owes a rather patent debt to some of his predecessors, in particular Wagner, he nevertheless displays a vigorous melodic gift, a superior craftsmanship, a keen harmonic sense, a mastery of orchestral means. Here is an enormous orchestra, used for the most part as if for chamber music. Reliance is placed not on turgidity but on expressiveness. The musical material, like the emotion, is controlled. The man is revealed by his score. He suffers, but with fortitude; he grieves, but he is not too sorry for himself.

A Good Performance

The performance in most respects did justice to the music. It appeared in the first movement that either the composer or the conductor did not like tenors; perhaps it was that Mahler wrote for a German tenor. For every time that Mr. Meader started to sing, Mr. Koussevitzky gave his players a signal, and they scraped and blew as hard as they could. As Mr. Meader's voice, to begin with, was hardly adequate to the occasion, this successful exercise of superior force obliterated it, and we had the effect of a singer in the motion pictures in the days before the sound film was bestowed upon us. In his two other contributions Mr. Meader was more audible, but he left us wondering whether he understood the meaning of the words he was singing.

With Mme. Cahier it was quite another story. She sang without the aid of notes or lines, which is bound to add to the effectiveness of any interpretation. More than that, she sang with superb artistry and with rare musical intelligence. But even her singing could not make us overlook the exquisite beauty of the orchestral background, with its endlessly varied instrumentation. Of the instrumentalists, Mr. Laurent, the solo flute, deserves a special word for the charm of his playing in the last movement.

Mr. Koussevitzky opened the concert with Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, No. 12. It was a performance distinguished by its sonority and balance. There was some sensitive solo work by Messrs. Burgin and Theodorowicz, violinists, and Bedetti, cellist. Nevertheless there is still room for betterment in the string ensemble. We should like not to be able to hear the concertmaster enter ahead of his colleagues. And we have a notion that if the conductor's beat were a little more definite this improvement would be achieved.

Dec. 8

ON POST, SATURD

MAHLER'S WORK BY SYMPHONY

"Song of the Earth" Given With Voices, First Time Here

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Already deeply in Mr. Koussevitzky's debt, the public of the Symphony Concerts has now been placed under further obligation to him for the performance yesterday afternoon and this evening of Gustav Mahler's "Song of the Earth," a masterpiece of modern music written 10 years ago but until yesterday unheard in Boston.

SIX CHINESE POEMS

Composed between the gigantic Eighth and the uncompleted Ninth symphonies, this "Song of the Earth" is itself styled a symphony for tenor, contralto and orchestra, and may therefore be considered the ninth of the monumental series of which Boston had thus far heard only the First, the Second and Fifth.

Although Mahler lived three years after composing this setting of six Chinese poems of the eighth and ninth centuries, he was fated never to hear the work that is now generally held to be the crown of his career. Not until six months after his death, in November of 1911, was this "Lied von der Erde" brought to performance. Alternately the six sections of the piece are assigned to the tenor and the contralto, and these voices in the current performances at Symphony Hall fall to George Meader and Mme. Charles Cahier respectively. No mere accompaniment, the orchestral portion, truly symphonic in caracter and scored with an imaginative ingenuity altogether remarkable, is for much of the time sufficient unto itself. There are lengthy preludes, interludes and postludes, and often the voice-part, as in the Wagnerian music-drama, is important only for its delivery of the text.

Marvelously Beautiful Finale

Like many another work of acknowledged greatness, this "Song of the Earth" is not throughout its length of even worth and interest. There are passages wherein Mahler seems to have written a music intellectually calculated, and passages in which the musical thought is so reticent and so restrained as to be almost inarticulate. But at its best, as in the ineffably sad yet marvellously beautiful final section, the "Farewell of a Friend," it calls to mind certain of the supreme things in music—the last quartets of Beethoven, the third act of Wagner's "Tristan." But little below this nobly sorrowful page is the second song, "Autumn Solitude," music of rare poignancy and haunting loveliness.

And oddly enough for Mahler, who had just finished his Symphony of the Thousand, this beauty is often evoked by the simplest musical and orchestral means. Despite the literal sentiments of the poem, the fifth son, the "Drunkard in Springtime" rises here and there to heights of beauty, as though the text were a sort of symbolism. And if the third song, "Of Youth" and the fourth "Of Beauty," seem by comparison rather light and superficial, they are fashioned exquisitely, and they bring the needed element of contrast into a work predominantly sombre in tone.

Mme. Cahier a Singer

The effect of the first song, the "Drinking Song of Earthy Woe," might have been better realized yesterday had a tenor of ampler voice than Mr. Meader been pitted against the sonorities of Mahler and the zeal of Mr. Koussevitzky. Elsewhere Mr. Meader could be better understood, while for Mme. Cahier there can be nothing but unqualified praise. As though transfigured by the music she, and conductor and orchestra with her, attained in the final movement to a memorable and moving eloquence.

Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 12, in B minor, began a concert in which, exceptionally, there was no intermission. The audience may be said to have received the Symphony of Mahler with warmth. After each movement Mr. Koussevitzky was forced to restrain by an admonishing hand the applause that broke forth, and at the end it found full vent.

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Symphony

Rare Music, Rarely Sung, And Played

DEC 8 — TRANS.

In "The Song of The Earth" Mahler Returns Signally To Symphony Hall

BETWEEN three and four o'clock yesterday afternoon, the return of Mahler to the Symphony Concerts was successfully accomplished. He had been absent for eleven years, since Mr. Monteux's resurrection of his First Symphony was little more than disinterment of uncharacteristic work. In our changeful concert-halls few memories bridge such an interval with any surety; while those that vaguely recalled the performance of Mahler's Second Symphony and the repetitions of his Fifth under Dr. Muck were scantily prepared for Mr. Koussevitzky's choice, "The Song of the Earth." The Second is a huge machine for orchestra, chorus, solo-singers. The Fifth taxes the resources of a full modern orchestra; whereas the Ninth, as some choose to number the piece of Friday, is written for two singing voices and an orchestra, as the conductor chose to constitute it, of no unusual dimensions.

In one respect, all three are kin: for an hour and upward they ask an attentive ear. There is, indeed, no pause in "The Song of The Earth," though one might reasonably be made after the music of the springtime spree, before the tone-poem—for it is nothing less—with which Mahler continues to climax and close. Mr. Koussevitzky preferred no halt and through an hour and ten minutes kept the audience intent. Nor above the usual were the disturbances of Friday afternoon. Those who seemingly seek a concert only for the pleasure of leaving it, slipped out after this or that song; one incomer forced herself through doors ostensibly barred; in spite of the conductor's vigorous signalling, two women in the upper balcony clapped loud and often solitary at the end of each division. All this, however, is relative peace at a symphonic matinée, by which sign Mahler may still hold an audience.

No doubt the voices of Mme. Cahier and Mr. Meader, though now and again the orchestra overclouded him, helped to lay this spell. Not often in this Koussevitzkian day do the Symphony Concerts proffer an hour of alternate song, single-voiced. Mme. Cahier's alto-tones are still firm, warm, vibrant, many-hued. The Mahlerian intricacies and exactions nothing daunt her. To her share of "The Song of the Earth," especially through the obbligato to the final symphonic poem, she has long brought understanding and sympathy. With voice, mind and heart she sings it, deepening. Mr. Meader was more detachedly intelligent, more obviously studious with the tenor numbers. His tones were also dryer.

Though the apostles call "The Song of The Earth" a symphony, it is in fact a cycle of six songs for tenor or alto voice with orchestra, the last of which expands into nearly half the whole as self-contained tone-poem twenty-five minutes long. The analogue is none of Mahler's symphonies, but the "Songs of a Wandering Journeyman," possibly by a few remembered likewise from Dr. Muck's time. Because "The Song of The Earth" happened to be the last music that Mahler wrote—in declining health and toil-weary spirit; because the last of the songs happens to bear title, "Farewell of a Friend," taking leave of the active world as well as of his companion, one and another commentator expatiates at length upon it and upon the other five, as embodiment of the composer's state of mind in his final years toward all men and things. They quote him as implying as much in occasional words to friends about the new piece. The speculation is interesting, when it does not run to superfluous length and conjecture; but the quality of the music and the verses depends little upon it. That music is diversified in form, substance and style; it escapes many of the shortcomings familiarly attributed to Mahler's symphonies; it illustrates variously his command of his medium. Often it touches beauty; occasionally a mournful, brooding, power; seldom does it lack interest or stimulus; while the quasi-exotic verse that it bears and clothes yields its own suggestion.

The first song—"The Drinking Song of Earthly Woe"—is appreciably Omaresque without the Persian poet's relieving irony of mood. Lament, thrice repeated, haunts it—"Darksome is life and death as darksome"—lament over the woe and waste, the tawdriness and the paltriness of human desires and human attainment. Between, the poet bids to wine and song and pleasure. Even so, gruesome images haunt him and apes sit ghostly and mocking on the tombs of men. The second piece—"Autumn Solitude"—broods upon the mists and frosts and winds corroding the dead earth; the weariness and melancholy as sleep and chill upon [illegible] human spirit.

Then swift change of mood and intent. "Of Youth" is the third poem in which the poet pictures the companions of many a willow-patterned plate at play with love, verses and friendly pastime, in their bridged summer-house, while beneath, the tranquil waters reflect the sheen of the colors that clothe them or the face of a crescent moon. The fourth poem, "Of Beauty," is picturing again—of maidens watchfully dawdling by the edge of the stream that they may look upon the young cavaliers in martial play across it, the careering horses, the racing masterful men. As they gaze love quickens their hearts, speaks from their eyes. The fifth poem continues this sportive and pictorial intent, but now a touch of humor broadens it. The verse celebrates "The Springtime Spree." Sun shines, birds sing, earth blossoms; the joy of living stirs: yet cups are cups, and maybe the best means to vernal rejoicing. From morn to eve the toper spares them not. . . . The sixth and final poem—"Farewell"—returns to the weary disillusion of the spent spirit in a barren world, expands and intensifies it. Nightfall, stillness and solitude descend upon an empty place. There stands friend waiting friend in mournfully expectant revery. The companion comes, but for wistful, dolorous, mystical leave-taking. . . .

Symphony, it may have pleased Mahler to call these songs of the earth, while some esoteric design may have given his acute and imaginative mind reason for the designation; but in the music there is no hint of symphonic structure. Tonally each of the six songs is a self-contained entity with no motivs or allusions to motivs to bind it to those that have preceded or will follow. The unity of design, such as it is, is a unity of matter, style and mood rather than of form and symbol. All the verses are verses of Chinese poets; often in the music, especially in the lighter middle pieces, the modulations and progressions, the instrumental and harmonic color, bear Chinese suggestion or what passes for it in the West. The first of the songs mourns the burden and the disillusion of living and doing; the vanity and the hollowness of terrestrial things; bids man turn to pleasure as solace for himself and bane of the ghosts that haunt him. The second song refines upon this weary and wo-

ful brooding. The third and fourth refine upon the pleasures that may for the time dispel it; the fifth turns them in another and homelier face. The sixth concentrates and consummates the woe of weariness, the disenchantment of striving, the longing for rest and parting from a world of the unfulfilled, yesterday, today, forever, time without end.

Ever-present in words and music is the age-old earth. In the first and the final songs it renews itself in bloom and strength while man wastes and passes. Or it is chill; empty and silent as in the second and, again, the last, of the soliloquies. Through the middle numbers it is seat of youth and sensuous desires, zestful, joyous, light-bathed. In such quality and course, within as well as without, not in any ordered symphonic structure, lies the unified design and the unified impression of this song-book—Mahler's. Ecclesiastes or the Preacher in tones: "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever."

Contrary to Mahler's usual predilection for long-breathed, far-flung themes, the several songs spring from short motivs—one, two or three to each piece; in the final number many times repeated in more and more fragmentary iteration. These motivs are developed, transformed, interwoven, colored and harmonically enriched by the orchestra, while the tenor or the alto voice—in alternation through the six pieces—unfolds the verses in unsparing declamation. Sometimes Mahler uses a full orchestra in the modern sense of the word but never heavily or obscuringly. From four-score instruments and more, he can draw surprisingly light and glittering tone. Again, he prefers a fragment of his forces as when, more than once, he confides mournful melodies to violas, oboes, clarinets, horns, as though he would give them a single piercing voice. Seldom has he been more resourceful and versatile of hand, lighter of stroke and fancy, more sensitive and imaginative with harmonic and instrumental means than in the Chinese coloring that fills the songs of youth and beauty.

Often the music is intricate no less to eye than to ear; yet complex as are the means, it eventuates, page after page, in rare simplicity and directness of impression. Only with the setting of the final song—a veritable symphonic poem to which the alto voice is intermittent obbligato—comes suggestion of music overworked until it is stripped bare and dry. Even there, intensity of mood, the unescapable personal note, save the day. Mahler is emptying his spirit of the stuff that haunted and harried it, stirring his hearers to sympathy and relief. He is writing his tone-poem of the unfulfilled for testament and memory. He has earned his lengths. Forgive him his repetitions.

Nowhere has Mahler written with more lightness than in the Song of Youth, a willow-pattern in Chinese tones, piquant with rhythm, bright with color, plastic of motion, delicate of suggestion, simple always—the silken sheen of exotic music. Beside it goes the Song of Beauty when it pictures the maidens plucking the lotus flowers by the stream, eyes raised and shining toward the swains at their sport beyond the bank. They afford the contrasting passage—of the racing steeds—in which Mahler churns the orchestra into fiery motion flinging off as fiery colors. In the song of the springtime spree he summons the homeliness of voice that often sings out of the journeyman's songs; for like many a Viennese composer from Beethoven to Bruckner and beyond, Mahler knows peasant humor.

In this song of the toper, moreover, when the bird sings down to him, when from sky to earth the world blooms around him, Mahler paints in his brightest tonal colors. At the other end of his palette are the tints that blend into an illusory tone-picture of the chill and dead autumnal earth in the second song and of the empty and toil-worn earth wrapped in the solace of the sleep that is forgetting. Perhaps the final measures of this song of farewell are the last that Mahler set to paper—drooping horns, wistful oboe, mourning strings, the sighing and visioning voice. If they are so, then at the end he gained for an instant his goal of a music that into beauty should open dreams and secrets. . . . Such a piece was bound to kindle Mr. Koussevitzky. To Mahler's orchestral mastery he joined his own. The exotic touches his fancy and quickens his hand—and here through the middle pieces ran a Chinoiserie. And what Russian has thought more darkly of the world and the soul, stretched himself upon a sharper rack of disillusion than this Bohemian-Austrian Jew; out of such obsession vanished into ghostly shadows. The conductor, re-creating, matched the temperament that had created—and better shunned excess.

H. T. P.

BOSTON HERALD, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1928

Mr. Koussevitzky will bring out on Dec. 21 Ernest Bloch's rhapsody "America" which won the $3000 prize sponsored by Musical America. The rhapsody will be performed simultaneously by Boston Symphony orchestra, the N. Y. Philharmonic Society of New York, and the Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco Symphony orchestras (Mascagni's opera "Le Maschere" was performed simultaneously in seven Italian theatres on the evening of Jan. 1901).

The title page of the rhapsody bears as a motto Walt Whitman's "O America, because you build for mankind, I build for you" and there is this dedication: "This symphony has been written in love for this country. In reverence to its past, in faith in its future, it is dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, whose vision upheld its inspiration."

The rhapsody is in three movements. I. 1620—the soil, the Indians, England, the Mayflower, the landing of the Pilgrims. II. An old southern song opens the movement. There are old reels, hornpipes, Stephen Foster's melodies—a tragic end; Whitman's "Captain." III. "Jazz, materialism, rush and nervous desperation are the keynotes of the beginning of the finale. There follow more idealistic and prophetic strains, and at last the anthem proclaiming with all the power of the orchestra: 'America! America!'"

Mr. Bloch hopes that "this anthem will become known and beloved, that the audience will rise to sing it, becoming thus an active and enthusiastic part of the work and its message of faith and hope."

The huge orchestra will include besides various drums, a gong, wood box, two anvils (one higher than the other, struck with a hammer), one steel plate (deep, struck with a heavy hammer), and one automobile horn (ad lib.). "Ad lib"! Let us surely have this horn.

Music Notes and Comment

GLOBE Dec 9

Mr Koussevitzky has chosen for the regular concerts this week an attractive program with Beethoven's Sixth Symphony and novelties by the young American composer, Copland, and the Czech Martinu. Copland seems to the Globe reviewer the most notable talent yet discovered among Americans under 40. The last work of his heard here was a jazz concerto which roused much discussion. Martinu has been but once before represented on Boston programs, by a tone poem, "The Tumult," which did not strike the Globe reviewer as interesting or important. Both novelties are likely to be in the modernist style so obnoxious to musical conservatives.

There will be innovations in the pair of Young People's concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon, Dec 18 and 19, at 4 o'clock. Serge Koussevitzky will conduct the first three numbers, and Richard Burgin the last two. Introductory remarks will be made before each number by Alfred Meyer, with stereopticon slides. The program will include the slow movement and finale of Haydn's "Surprise" symphony; the Andante from Mendelssohn's violin concerto, with Richard Burgin as soloist; Stravinsky's suite from the Ballet, "Petrouchka"; Larghetto from Mozart's horn concerto, with Georg Boettcher as soloist, and Dance of the Sylphs, and Rakoczy March by Berlioz.

A block of seats is on sale at Symphony Hall, and the remainder will be distributed through the schools of Greater Boston, in the usual fashion.

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Two numbers by contemporary composers of importance will have their first public performances at the next regular pair of Boston Symphony concerts in Symphony hall, next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. They will be the latest score of Martinu, the Czech composer, entitled "La Symphonie," and two pieces for orchestra, by Aaron Copland. Serge Koussevitzky will also conduct Prokofieff's violin concerto, with Miss Lea Luboshutz, as soloist. The program will close with Beethoven's "Pastorale" symphony.

MONDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

Tomorrow evening in Symphony hall, at 8:15, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Koussevitzky, will give the second concert of the regular Monday evening series. The program will include: Prokofieff's "Classical" symphony; Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun"; Strauss's dance of Salome, from the opera, "Salome"; Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

There will be innovations in the pair of Young People's concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony orchestra, in Symphony hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, Dec. 18 and 19, at 4 o'clock. Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct the first three numbers, Mr. Burgin the last two. Introductory remarks will be made before each number by Alfred Meyer, with stereopticon slides. The program will include the slow movement and finale of Haydn's "Surprise" symphony, the Andante from Mendelssohn's violin concerto, Mr. Burgin, soloist; Stravinsky's Suite from "Petrouchka"; Larghetto from Mozart's horn concerto, Mr. Boettcher, soloist, and Dance of the Sylphs, and Rakoczy march by Berlioz.

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Incidents and Prospects

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TRANS. 8

38

ymphony

Rare Music, Rarely Sung, And Played

DEC 8 — TRANS.

In "The Song of The Earth" Mahler Returns Signally To Symphony Hall

BETWEEN three and four o'clock yesterday afternoon, the return of Mahler to the Symphony Concerts was successfully accomplished. He had been absent for eleven years, since Mr. Monteux's resurrection of his First Symphony was little more than disinterment of uncharacteristic work. In our changeful concert-halls few memories bridge such an interval with any surety; while those that vaguely recalled the performance of Mahler's Second Symphony and the repetitions of his Fifth under Dr. Muck were scantily prepared for Mr. Koussevitzky's choice, "The Song of the Earth." The Second is a huge machine for orchestra, chorus, solo-singers. The Fifth taxes the resources of a full modern orchestra; whereas the Ninth, as some choose to number the piece of Friday, is written for two singing voices and an orchestra, as the conductor chose to constitute it, of no unusual dimensions.

In one respect, all three are kin: for an hour and upward they ask an attentive ear. There is, indeed, no pause in "The Song of The Earth," though one might reasonably be made after the music of the springtime spree, before the tone-poem—for it is nothing less—with which Mahler continues to climax and close. Mr. Koussevitzky preferred no halt and through an hour and ten minutes kept the audience intent. Nor above the usual were the disturbances of Friday afternoon. Those who seemingly seek a concert only for the pleasure of leaving it, slipped out after this or that song; one incomer forced herself through doors ostensibly barred; in spite of the conductor's vigorous signalling, two women in the upper balcony clapped loud and often solitary at the end of each division. All this, however, is relative peace at a symphonic matinée, by which sign Mahler may still hold an audience.

No doubt the voices of Mme. Cahier and Mr. Meader, though now and again the orchestra overclouded him, helped to lay this spell. Not often in this Koussevitzkian day do the Symphony Concerts proffer an hour of alternate song, single-voiced. Mme. Cahier's alto-tones are still firm, warm, vibrant, many-hued. The Mahlerian intricacies and exactions nothing daunt her. To her share of "The Song of the Earth," especially through the obbligato to the final symphonic poem, she has long brought understanding and sympathy. With voice, mind and heart she sings it, deepening. Mr. Meader was more detachedly intelligent, more obviously studious with the tenor numbers. His tones were also dryer.

Though the apostles call "The Song of The Earth" a symphony, it is in fact a cycle of six songs for tenor or alto voice with orchestra, the last of which expands into nearly half the whole as self-contained tone-poem twenty-five minutes long. The analogue is none of Mahler's symphonies, but the "Songs of a Wandering Journeyman," possibly by a few remembered likewise from Dr. Muck's time. Because "The Song of The Earth" happened to be the last music that Mahler wrote—in declining health and toil-weary spirit; because the last of the songs happens to bear title, "Farewell of a Friend," taking leave of the active world as well as of his companion, one and another commentator expatiates at length upon it and upon the other five, as embodiment of the composer's state of mind in his final years toward all men and things. They quote him as implying as much in occasional words to friends about the new piece. The speculation is interesting, when it does not run to superfluous length and conjecture; but the quality of the music and the verses depends little upon it. That music is diversified in form, substance and style; it escapes many of the shortcomings familiarly attributed to Mahler's symphonies; it illustrates variously his command of his medium. Often it touches beauty; occasionally a mournful, brooding, power; seldom does it lack interest or stimulus; while the quasi-exotic verse that it bears and clothes yields its own suggestion.

The first song—"The Drinking Song of Earthly Woe"—is appreciably Omaresque without the Persian poet's relieving irony of mood. Lament, thrice repeated, haunts it—"Darksome is life and death as darksome"—lament over the woe and waste, the tawdriness and the paltriness of human desires and human attainment. Between, the poet bids to wine and song and pleasure. Even so, gruesome images haunt him and apes sit ghostly and mocking on the tombs of men. The second piece—"Autumn Solitude"—broods upon the mists and frosts and winds corroding the dead earth; the weariness and melancholy as deep and chill upon spent human spirit.

Then swift change of mood and intent. "Of Youth" is the third poem in which the poet pictures the companions of many a willow-patterned plate at play with love, verses and friendly pastime, in their bridged summer-house, while beneath, the tranquil waters reflect the sheen of the colors that clothe them or the face of a crescent moon. The fourth poem, "Of Beauty," is picturing again—of maidens watchfully dawdling by the edge of the stream that they may look upon the young cavaliers in martial play across it, the careering horses, the racing masterful men. As they gaze love quickens their hearts, speaks from their eyes. The fifth poem continues this sportive and pictorial intent, but now a touch of humor broadens it. The verse celebrates "The Springtime Spree." Sun shines, birds sing, earth blossoms; the joy of living stirs; yet cups are cups, and maybe the best means to vernal rejoicing. From morn to eve the toper spares them not. . . . The sixth and final poem—"Farewell"—returns to the weary disillusion of the spent spirit in a barren world, expands and intensifies it. Nightfall, stillness and solitude descend upon an empty place. There stands friend waiting friend in mournfully expectant revery. The companion comes, but for wistful, dolorous, mystical leave-taking. . . .

Symphony, it may have pleased Mahler to call these songs of the earth, while some esoteric design may have given his acute and imaginative mind reason for the designation; but in the music there is no hint of symphonic structure. Tonally each of the six songs is a self-contained entity with no motivs or allusions to motivs to bind it to those that have preceded or will follow. The unity of design, such as it is, is a unity of matter, style and mood rather than of form and symbol. All the verses are verses of Chinese poets; often in the music, especially in the lighter middle pieces, the modulations and progressions, the instrumental and harmonic color, bear Chinese suggestion or what passes for it in the West. The first of the songs mourns the burden and the disillusion of living and doing; the vanity and the hollowness of terrestrial things; bids man turn to pleasure as solace for himself and bane to the ghosts that haunt him. The second song refines upon this weary and woful brooding. The third and fourth refine upon the pleasures that may for the time dispel it; the fifth turns them in another and homelier face. The sixth concentrates and consummates the woe of weariness, the disenchantment of striving, the longing for rest and parting from a world of the unfulfilled, yesterday, today, forever, time without end.

Ever-present in words and music is the age-old earth. In the first and the final songs it renews itself in bloom and strength while man wastes and passes. Or it is chill; empty and silent as in the second and, again, the last, of the soliloquies. Through the middle numbers it is seat of youth and sensuous desires, zestful, joyous, light-bathed. In such quality and course, within as well as without, not in any ordered symphonic structure, lies the unified design and the unified impression of this song-book—Mahler's Ecclesiastes or the Preacher in tones: "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever."

Contrary to Mahler's usual predilection for long-breathed, far-flung themes, the several songs spring from short motivs—one, two or three to each piece; in the final number many times repeated in more and more fragmentary iteration. These motivs are developed, transformed, interwoven, colored and harmonically enriched by the orchestra, while the tenor or the alto voice—in alternation through the six pieces—unfolds the verses in unsparing declamation. Sometimes Mahler uses a full orchestra in the modern sense of the word but never heavily or obscuringly. From four-score instruments and more, he can draw surprisingly light and glittering tone. Again, he prefers a fragment of his forces as when, more than once, he confides mournful melodies to violas, oboes, clarinets, horns, as though he would give them a single piercing voice. Seldom has he been more resourceful and versatile of hand, lighter of stroke and fancy, more sensitive and imaginative with harmonic and instrumental means than in the Chinese coloring that fills the songs of youth and beauty.

Often the music is intricate no less to eye than to ear; yet complex as are the means, it eventuates, page after page, in rare simplicity and directness of impression. Only with the setting of the final song—a veritable symphonic poem to which the alto voice is intermittent obbligato—comes suggestion of music overworked until it is stripped bare and dry. Even there, intensity of mood, the unescapable personal note, save the day. Mahler is emptying his spirit of the stuff that haunted and harried it, stirring his hearers to sympathy and relief. He is writing his tone-poem of the unfulfilled for testament and memory. He has earned his lengths. Forgive him his repetitions.

Nowhere has Mahler written with more lightness than in the Song of Youth, a willow-pattern in Chinese tones, piquant with rhythm, bright with color, plastic of motion, delicate of suggestion, simple always—the silken sheen of exotic music. Beside it goes the Song of Beauty when it pictures the maidens plucking the lotus flowers by the stream, eyes raised and shining toward the swains at their sport beyond the bank. They afford the contrasting passage—of the racing steeds—in which Mahler churns the orchestra into fiery motion flinging off as fiery colors. In the song of the springtime spree he summons the homeliness of voice that often sings out of the journeyman's songs; for like many a Viennese composer from Beethoven to Bruckner and beyond, Mahler knows peasant humor.

In this song of the toper, moreover, when the bird sings down to him, when from sky to earth the world blooms around him, Mahler paints in his brightest tonal colors. At the other end of his palette are the tints that blend into as illusory tone-picture of the chill and dead autumnal earth in the second song and of the empty and toil-worn earth wrapped in the solace of the sleep that is forgetting. Perhaps the final measures of this song of farewell are the last that Mahler set to paper—drooping horns, wistful oboe, mourning strings, the sighing and visioning voice. If they are so, then at the end he gained for an instant his goal of a music that into beauty should open dreams and secrets. . . . Such a piece was bound to kindle Mr. Koussevitzky. To Mahler's orchestral mastery he joined his own. The exotic touches his fancy and quickens his hand—and here through the middle pieces ran a Chinoiserie. And what Russian has thought more darkly of the world and the soul, stretched himself upon a sharper rack of disillusion than this Bohemian-Austrian Jew; out of such obsession vanished into ghostly shadows. The conductor, re-creating, matched the temperament that had created—and better shunned excess.

H. T. P.

Mr. Koussevitzky will bring out on Dec. 21 Ernest Bloch's rhapsody "America" which won the $3000 prize sponsored by Musical America. The rhapsody will be performed simultaneously by Boston Symphony orchestra, the N. Y. Philharmonic Society of New York, and the Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco Symphony orchestras (Mascagni's opera "Le Maschere" was performed simultaneously in seven Italian theatres on the evening of Jan. 1, 1901).

The title page of the rhapsody bears as a motto Walt Whitman's "O America, because you build for mankind, I build for you" and there is this dedication: "This symphony has been written in love for this country. In reverence to its past, in faith in its future, it is dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, whose vision upheld its inspiration."

The rhapsody is in three movements. I. 1620—the soil, the Indians, England, the Mayflower, the landing of the Pilgrims. II. An old southern song opens the movement. There are old reels, hornpipes, Stephen Foster's melodies—a tragic end; Whitman's "Captain." III. "Jazz, materialism, rush and nervous desperation are the keynotes of the beginning of the finale. There follow more idealistic and prophetic strains, and at last the anthem proclaiming with all the power of the orchestra: 'America! America!'"

Mr. Bloch hopes that "this anthem will become known and beloved, that the audience will rise to sing it, becoming thus an active and enthusiastic part of the work and its message of faith and hope."

The huge orchestra will include besides various drums, a gong, wood box, two anvils (one higher than the other, struck with a hammer), one steel plate (deep, struck with a heavy hammer), and one automobile horn (ad lib.). "Ad lib"! Let us surely have this horn.

Music Notes and Comment

GLOBE DEC 9

Mr Koussevitzky has chosen for the regular concerts this week an attractive program with Beethoven's Sixth Symphony and novelties by the young American composer, Copland, and the Czech Martinu. Copland seems to the Globe reviewer the most notable talent yet discovered among Americans under 40. The last work of his heard here was a jazz concerto which roused much discussion. Martinu has been but once before represented on Boston programs, by a tone poem, "The Tumult," which did not strike the Globe reviewer as interesting or important. Both novelties are likely to be in the modernist style so obnoxious to musical conservatives.

There will be innovations in the pair of Young People's concerts to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon, Dec 18 and 19, at 4 o'clock. Serge Koussevitzky will conduct the first three numbers, and Richard Burgin the last two. Introductory remarks will be made before each number by Alfred Meyer, with stereopticon slides. The program will include the slow movement and finale of Haydn's "Surprise" symphony; the Andante from Mendelssohn's violin concerto, with Richard Burgin as soloist; Stravinsky's suite from the Ballet, "Petrouchka"; Larghetto from Mozart's horn concerto, with Georg Boettcher as soloist, and Dance of the Sylphs, and Rakoczy March by Berlioz.

A block of seats is on sale at Symphony Hall, and the remainder will be distributed through the schools of Greater Boston, in the usual fashion.

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Two numbers by contemporary composers of importance will have their first public performances at the next regular pair of Boston Symphony concerts in Symphony hall, next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. They will be the latest score of Martinu, the Czech composer, entitled "La Symphonie," and two pieces for orchestra, by Aaron Copland. Serge Koussevitzky will also conduct Prokofieffe's violin concerto, with Miss Lea Luboshutz, as soloist. The program will close with Beethoven's "Pastorale" symphony.

MONDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

Tomorrow evening in Symphony hall, at 8:15, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Koussevitzky, will give the second concert of the regular Monday evening series. The program will include: Prokofieff's "Classical" symphony; Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun"; Strauss's dance of Salome, from the opera, "Salome"; Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony.

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PRECISION℠ RESOLUTION TARGETS

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NEWS AND COMMENT OF THE CURRENT WEEK IN MUSIC

STRAVINSKY AGAIN TO THE FORE

Last Score to Be Heard in America Wins Approval and Causes Debate—Composer's Nationalism Tested and Questioned

By OLIN DOWNES.

AND now it is "Apollon Musagète"! Whatever the debatable future of the latest compositions of Igor Stravinsky, he can certainly point with pride to one thing which has almost invariably characterized the evolution of a musical master ahead of his time. This is, that whatever Stravinsky writes, great or small, continues to stir up discussion and give marked concern, pro and con, to the critics. Much of this "réclame," of course, is due primarily to the sudden and immense reputation that Stravinsky made for himself, within a short six years, with his three acknowledged works of genius: "Oiseau de feu," "Petrouchka" and "Sacre du printemps." After the "Sacre du printemps," or soon after it, came the famous volte-face, when the elemental, sardonic, primordial Stravinsky, cultivating a style which became always simpler and more "classic," produced the "Symphony for Wind Instruments," the "Octuor" and the succession of works in the various old forms which his disciples claim as new light and revelation, and others, either less fanatical in their admiration or slower witted, regard as marked decadence, following the profoundly racial and revolutionary "Sacre."

The musical fortunes of Stravinsky, since its appearance, have been variously estimated. He essayed a grand form and the expression of a profoundly tragic theme in the "Oedipus Rex," produced here last season by Mr. Koussevitzky and given its première the preceding Spring in Paris. This work reassured some who had begun to doubt the later Stravinsky, and won him some new adherents. "Oedipus" is now followed by the ballet "Apollon Musagète," first produced at Mrs. Coolidge's chamber music festival in Washington and recently played in New York by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This composition met in many quarters with fresh favor. It is couched in the musical terms of the French classic ballet. It achieves at least the surface quality of the music of masques and ballets that amused the courts of the great monarchs. The flavor of the piece was summarized by Mr. Hale's citation in the Boston Symphony program book, to the effect that this score had two ancestral homes: Parnassus and Versailles.

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For the writer, Stravinsky does not nearly equal in his later period the sincerity, the force, the originality of his famous earlier works, for the reason that he seems to have forsaken the fruitful nationalism and racial idiom of his more youthful music, and to have followed strange gods which are not those of his own people. He prates of a new classicism, abjures the charming romantic poetry of his least original but still very lovely score, "Oiseau de feu," and the bite and humanity of his "Petrouchka," and the cataclysmic energy of the "Sacre du printemps." Stravinsky's Russianism, which appears to have been the true and potent source of his former greatness, dwindles. It finds a temporary renaissance in what is actually the overhauling of an earlier score, "Noces." It becomes more miniature in form, though not yet extinct or impotent, in the sardonic and fantastical "L'Histoire du soldat," and humorous in the folk-vein of "Renard." Thereafter the spring runs into the ground or is dissipated in the sands, and we have the formerly gigantic Stravinsky aping now Bach, now Handel (according to his own statements, which ignore the fact that certain of the best pages of "Oedipus Rex" stem unmistakably from Moussorgsky) and now early French composers and their formulas; accomplishing this with a superb technic and unwonted finesse and sophistication of style; devoting himself, as his adverse critics believe, to manner instead of matter, and experiments rather than convictions; betraying the technical certainty of the composer of experience and the artistic uncertainty of a genius who has wandered from his path.

All this has been noted before. It is summed up here in connection with a very interesting and able essay upon Stravinsky, published in the October issue of The Dial, which, translated by Ezra Pound from the French of Boris de Schloezer, is one of the ablest and clearest defenses of the later tendencies of this composer that has appeared.

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Highly significant words of Stravinsky, when he was asked his opinion of Scriabine, his compatriot, are quoted. Stravinsky described Scriabine to a Russian journalist as "a being devoid of all national character. He hasn't a passport. One must have a passport."

This is not a remark of many years ago, when Stravinsky was patently a nationalist in his art, but of much more recent date, corresponding with the period of the Stravinsky classicism. Stravinsky himself, then, believes in nationalism as the necessary basis for a truly creative art. How does he explain his own course since 1918 to the present time, when he seems to have definitely turned his back on everything that connotes racial expression or feeling? It is evident, in the words of Mr. de Schloezer, that "the author of the 'Octuor' and of so many other compositions into which there enters not one ounce of Russian material (Russian, that is, in the sense of Rimsky's 'Sadko' is Russian) . . . considers himself, even today, an essentially national artist. Before deciding whether his pretension is justified, we must try to solve a question of more general order: How can we determine the national character of any musical composition?"

There follows a pretty argument, brilliantly conducted. Mr. de Schloezer remarks, very truly, that the mere presence of melodic, rhythmic or harmonic formulae characteristic of the folk-music of a given nation does not necessarily constitute nationalism at all. "This hypothesis won't work." If it did, Beethoven's String Quartet, op. 59, quoting a Russian theme, would be a Russian composition, while Moussorgsky's marvelous "Children's Songs" would not. Composers, whatever their race or nationality, could "swap passports when the whim took them; to gain Greek nationality, for instance, one could simply reach into the Bourgauld-Ducoudray grab-bag; and Rimsky's collection (of Russian folk-songs) would permit any one of us to write Russian music. . . . We must, evidently, seek for other formulae.

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"Admitting that each nation has what you might call its genius, something peculiar to it, and manifest particularly in its musical feeling, and even in its very conception of the sonorous art, and of musical beauty, how are we to compute the specific characteristics of this 'genius'? We can't get at them directly; the thing is offered us only in the series of productions which constitute the art of a people or of a country. France, certainly, possesses its musical traditions; we know them from the compositions of the masters, which seem to display among themselves a certain consanguinity, but this is very indefinite and undefinable. And who, moreover, guarantees us against the insurgence of some great composer who will turn the lot of these traditions bottom side up? One may be sure that, in such a contingency, people will not fail to object to this 'new movement,' and against this 'revolutionary' stuff they will set the 'true French tradition'; but . . . since the musician of genius will, in spite of all this, impose himself . . . they will end by annexing him, and by discovering that although he innovates, it is 'nevertheless undeniable that he' connects with the above-mentioned 'tradition' and that he is only developing and enriching it. Such, in short, was the story of Debussy, at first rejected as 'against clear ideas,' 'contrary to the Latin genius,' and so forth, and today (quite rightly) considered the *French* musician *par excellence*.

Mr. de Schloezer then sets out to find Stravinsky's passport.

The beginning of Russian music, as he observes, dates from Glinka, whom the writer wittily dubs the Peter the Great of Russian musical art. Glinka struck the national note in his "Life for the Czar," "Russlann and Ludmilla," and certain other works. "But here one should observe an interesting fact, gravid with consequence: Glinka's operas (and naturally his romances in higher degree), out of which all Russian music has emerged, generally seem to the foreigner insufficiently Russian. The Italian .cic-ments that one can easily notice in them annoy the European, who imagines that the art of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodine and Moussorgsky constitutes a progress from that of Glinka in that it is purer and more national. Yet the Russian opinion differs entirely from this, and it might seem to have some sort of value. Russians recognize themselves in this music full of Italian, French and German influence. One must not forget that the Five [the so-called "Neo-Russians" of the later nineteenth century] never denied Glinka, they considered themselves as his heirs, and saw 'Russlann' as the masterwork of Russian music."

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The mistaken impression that the Westerner entertains of Russian music, continues Mr. de Schloezer, is perfectly explicable. He seeks in this art the points of difference with his own. The "Asiatic visage" is for the European the earmark of true Russian music. For him the deorientalized Russian is not the real one. But "Russlann and Ludmilla" is based on the "contrast between the Russian world and the Asiatic. This contrast is no less apparent, intentional and systematic in Borodine's 'Prince Igor.' . . . Ultimately one finds this contrast even in the 'Oiseau de feu,' the only work in which Stravinsky has offered sacrifice to musical Orientalism. Everywhere and always, in Russian music since Glinka, the Orient is treated as a picturesque element, its characteristics serve to underline still more heavily the specific characteristics of Russian song. The complete opposite is true of the Occidental elements audible in the works of Glinka and his successors, especially of Tchaikovsky." The works of Glinka, then, "bear witness to the profound affinity existing between Russian musical sensibility and European musical culture."

This is the basis of the argument that Mr. de Schloezer presents in support of the authenticity of Stravinsky's "passport." "Stravinsky's case seemed incomprehensible . . . to those who repeat the old gag about 'scratch the Russian and you find the Tartar.' They think Russian art ought, and of necessity, to be violent, medizened, nostalgic. . . . But any one knowing the good period of Russian history, from the reign of Alexander I through the first years of Nicholas I, will grasp the true affiliation of Stravinsky." And not only this, but "if we go back still further, beyond the Mongol invasions that modified the visage of antique Russia, we will find the same care for a harmony, the same formalist research, the same so-called 'classic' spirit, in both the Russian painting and building, that had drunk in the Byzantine traditions, which, being Byzantine, were, in consequence, Hellenistic; these were absorbed, and created admirable works, greatly superior to the debased Orientalistic product of the Muscovite era.

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"One must hammer yet again on the fact that: If Occidental traditions had been really alien to Russian mentality and sensibility, the churches of Pskov and Novgorod, their frescoes, their ikons; and later in St. Petersburg, under Alexander I, the apparition of artists like Glinka and Pushkin, or today a work like Stravinsky's 'Oedipe,' that is to say, this art of equilibrium and luminosity, truly Apollonian, would be absolutely inexplicable. If, on the other hand, perfectly explainable if one admits that the Russians are not aliens to the family of Occidental races, bred on Graeco-Roman tradition; and that these artists, going for their schooling to European culture, find themselves in their normal habitat, and out take up something rightly their own."

These arguments are ingenious and plausible, and perhaps more than that. Certain flaws in them, certain fallacies, might be pointed out, as Mr. de Schloezer's assumption that the predominating spirit of Russian national art—folk-art, which was the only truly national art possessed by the people before the nineteenth century—because it was strongly influenced by Byzantine formulas, rises essentially from the spring of "Graeco-Roman tradition," and the fact that however Glinka may stand historically and culturally in relation to Russian music, the Russian music which has found its way over the borders is that of Tchaikovsky and the great five who followed him, who carried the banner of nationalism so proudly, and who founded on the clear and unmistakable basis of nationalism a new school of music which not only proved itself but exerted in turn an immense and vitalizing influence on the development of European music, especially in France. But we are not concerned here with counter-arguments. We are citing brilliant and suggestive critical comment by Mr. de Schloezer, who concludes by saying that, "If Stravinsky seems to us today the most notable representative of the European spirit in music, it is not because he is international but because he is essentially national. His universality comes from his genius, or, paraphrasing his own formula, 'the passport takes him over the frontiers.'"

George Gershwin, Whose "An American in Paris" Has First Performance Next Thursday by Philharmonic.

A TOSCANINI FOUNDATION.

Reports from Milan printed in the Italian press tell of a decision of a committee headed by the Podestà of that city and embracing many prominent citizens, formed for the purpose of honoring Maestro Toscanini upon the completion of his thirtieth year as director at La Scala, to establish a Toscanini Foundation. This foundation, which will have substantial financial backing and will be administered by the the organization of La Scala, will be devoted to welfare work among the children of the opera company's musicians.

HENRY HADLEY'S "SAFIE."

To the Editor of The New York Times:

My friend, Arthur Nevin, has just told me that Henry Hadley's one-act opera, "Safie," presented in Mainz in 1909, was in fact the first American opera to be produced in Germany. Mr. Nevin said that he never claimed to be the composer of the first American opera to be produced in Germany, but the first to be performed in a Royal German Opera House. ERNEST T. CARTER.

New York.

AN ATTERBERG AFTERMATH

THE original article in The London Sunday Times by Ernest Newman which precipitated the controversy over the Kurt Atterberg prize symphony (concluded to everybody's satisfaction by the composer's cabled denial of deliberate plagiarism designed to "fool the critics") has just been received in its entirety. Reviewing the first London performance of the work, Mr. Newman says:

"Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Symphony Orchestra gave us on Monday evening the first London performance of Kurt Atterberg's symphony that won the £2,000 prize offered by the Columbia Graphophone Company in connection with the Schubert centenary celebrations. The company seems to me to have received value for its money. Two thousand pounds is far too much to pay for a very bad symphony, and far too little to pay for a very good one. It is a fair price for a fair symphony, which is what Atterberg has delivered, f. o. b., as per esteemed order of yesterday's date and hoping for a continuation of valued custom. The Columbia Company has issued the work in four excellent records, so the world will be able to sample it for itself.

"The symphony, however, raises some curious questions for the curious mind. A work of this kind can hardly expect to get a perfectly fair hearing; the average man comes to it prepared for the worst, is disappointed if he does not get something as bad as he expected, and lays himself out to see all the faults of the work and be blind to whatever virtues it may possess.

"The symphony compares favorably enough with the majority of the new works one hears nowadays. We have to remember that the composer was bound by the conditions of the competition to deliver an article made according to specifications. The symphony was to be 'melodic' and it was not to be 'modernistic.' Considering how hampered he must have been in writing with one eye on the music and the other on the judges, I consider that Atterberg has turned out a very decent job of work.

"Every one on Monday was busy spotting reminiscences in the symphony; and it cannot be denied that they are plentiful and obvious. There may be two possible explanations of these. Atterberg may have looked down the list of judges, seen that they hailed from ten or eleven countries, and slyly made up his mind that he would put in a bit of something that would appeal to each of them in turn—a bit of 'Schehera zade' for the Russian Glazounov, a bit of 'Cockaigne' for Mr. Tovey, a bit of the 'New World Symphony' for Mr. Damrosch a bit of 'Petrouchka' for the modernist Alfano, a bit of Granados for Salazar, and so on. But I wonder if there may not be another explanation that, in their glee at the spotting of all these reminiscences, my respected colleagues have missed. I wonder!

"Atterberg (a Swede, by the way) is not merely a composer. He is a musical critic. That means that he is a very intelligent fellow, not likely to take either music or musicians too seriously. Suppose he looked round with the cynical smile that, as all the world knows, all critics wear, and decided to pull the world's leg? Competition judges are mostly innocent people, easily taken in. There was a beautiful case in America some years ago: if I remember rightly, a committee was just saved from awarding the prize to a particular work when, by the grace of God, some one discovered that it was a copy, sent in by some wicked joker, of Berlioz's 'Corsair' overture. But a subtler method than this would be to sow a symphony with themes that suggested well-known works to the experienced hearer and then instantaneously switch him off them. Are we quite sure that this is not what Atterberg has done? The tribute paid to certain other works in this symphony is so obvious that it would indeed be a strange thing if, while the most casual hearer is conscious of the quotations, the composer himself (who, I repeat, is also a critic) should be the one man in the world of music to be unaware of them. Look at this theme, for example, from the finale. * * *"

Mr. Newman then quotes a theme from the finale of Atterberg's symphony and asks, "What is this but a gay rearrangement of the main theme of the fourth movement of Berlioz's 'Symphonie Fantastique'?" He then quotes the Berlioz theme, and continues:

"I should be very surprised indeed to learn that Atterberg was not fully aware of the sources of this and others of his themes. And if my theory is correct, the laugh is Atterberg's today. He has had the satisfaction not only of pulling off the £2,000 prize, but of pulling, almost to the pulling-off point, the legs of all his fellow-critics. While they have been pluming themselves on their smartness in detecting his plagiarisms, he has probably been laughing in his sleeve at them. Atterberg, Atterberg!"

PRIZES AND PROPAGANDA.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

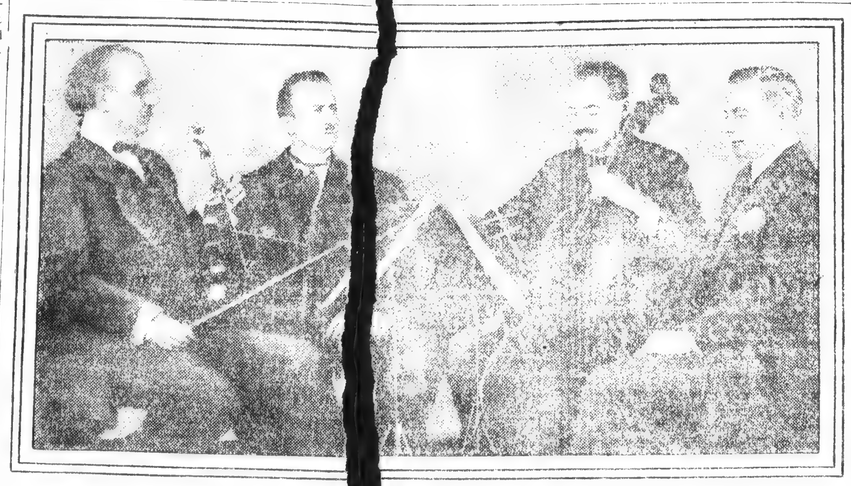
Mr. Kurt Atterberg, the winner of the $10,000 prize offered by the Columbia Phonograph Company for a symphony in the style of Schubert, is now reported to have confessed writing his prize symphony as a joke, plagiarizing other composers in order to bemuse the critics. Whether or not the confession is genuine, the humor of the situation has the poetic truth that is higher than mere fact. When the commercial company offered the prize, whatever its motives, it did a stupid and anti-artistic thing. It put an imposing array of dollars behind two implied propositions, both misleading: First, that a composer writes not for love of music but for love of money. Second, that he may therefore be induced by money to forego that arduous pursuit of his own style, which is the only concern of every real artist, and imitate any other that happens to be in financial demand.

The Columbia Phonograph Company abandoned its crude initial suggestion that composers should finish Schubert's Unfinished Symphony after several musicians, of whom the present writer had the honor to be one, had pointed out the absurdity of such a proposal. It substituted the almost equally demoralizing suggestion that composers write "in the style of Schubert," or "hommage à Schubert."

The outcome is a fiasco of which the poetic justice seems almost too good to be true. Whether Mr. Atterberg really turns out to have his tongue in his cheek or not, such an ironic response is the only appropriate one for the artist to make to the commercial propagandist.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON.

New York, Nov. 29, 1928.



The Flonzaley Quartet, Recently Closing Next Saturday Afternoon at the Town Hall.

Photo Copyright by Fernand de Gueldre.

GERMAN FOLK-OPERA

Native Types Among Recent Productions —Some Prime Novelties Yet in Reserve

By ALFRED EINSTEIN.

BERLIN, Nov. 22.

GRADUALLY, as the season progresses, the German operatic stages are beginning to put on their more important premières, though the most important ones are still being held in reserve.

In Dresden the one-act offering of the American musician Theodore Stearns, a lyric episode entitled "Snow Bird," was given, but I am obliged to confess regretfully that I was not present at the performance. It seems, however, that all trace of it has already disappeared.

At the Städische Oper in Berlin, Bruno Walter was instrumental in making an outstanding success of the three-act opera "Mondnacht," by Julius Bittner. This Viennese dramatist, whose principal occupation is (or was) that of an Austrian judge, is an old protégé of Walter. In fact, in a certain sense he is even his pupil, despite the fact that he is several years older than Walter. At any rate, it is said that the master hand of Walter touched up many spots in the score of "Mondnacht."

Bittner is what we in Germany and Austria call a truly native type of composer. He practices "home art"; he travels, though on a higher level, along the same path which Wilhelm Kienzl once trod with his sentimental, tear-producing "Evangelimann." One of Bittner's early successes was "Der Musikant" ("The Musician"), which showed a great deal of the Kienzl influence. Then came a one-act composition of the woodcut type entitled "Das Höllische Gold" ("The Infernal Gold"), in which he comes very close to the ideal of the folk-opera. After that he never had very much luck. He always wrote his own texts.

It is a funny thing about folk-opera—like walking on the blade of a knife or like a moonstruck person on the edge of a roof. The minute one becomes conscious of reality and loses one's somnambulistic sure-footedness, one crashes, just as the heroine of this latest of Bittner's operas falls to her death at the end of the third act, for such is the cruel fate of this dear, one might almost say sweet, Viennese girl, who paints porcelain plates in the daytime and wanders about on the roofs of Vienna at night.

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She has the misfortune to meet on the street her attic room neighbor, First Lieutenant Josef von Altrichter ("assigned to the General Staff"). She happens to be carrying a few of her plates, which she drops, and of course there are shards. But, according to a German proverb, shards bring luck and our Lieutenant is very much in need of luck. He has gambling debts which he cannot pay, but which he must pay as a matter of honor if he does not want to force his creditor to put a bullet through his own head. Thus new hope is kindled; he will play again and maybe he will win, but to do that he must have not only luck but money; and behold! the tempter appears, the black devil, more black even than Kaspar in the "Freischütz." He is the false friend, Nicola Spaicic, merchant of Zara, who promises to provide money if the officer will guide the plans of Verona into his hands for the Italians (the action is in the year 1865).

After a violent battle with his conscience, our hero agrees to the proposal. Spaicic brings the money, but luck must be provided by the sweet girl who, standing behind the gambler's chair, draws down magic forces from the moon. And behold! it works; our friend empties his companions' pockets, whereupon he turns pious and vows to his guardian and get a transfer to a quiet garrison. The love night falls between the second and third act, just as it falls between the first and second in the case of Mr. Pinkerton and Madame Butterfly.

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But then the shadows fall. Spaicic either cannot or will not return the plans, and in the third act, when the lovers have returned home, a Colonel, a General and several secret service men, more terrifying than feudal judges, await the hero. Spaicic has betrayed him. A grace period of one hour is given him in which to end his life; the necessary shooting iron is handed to him. Marie, sweet girl, wandering about in her sleep, hears the shot and falls to her death.

That is a strong yet simple plot, the kind that appeals to simple souls who like to go to the movies to have their hearts gladdened by the beloved films of golden Vienna with their mixture of humor, pathos and tragedy. It is important to remember, however, that this "film" is the work of a real honest-to-goodness Viennese. He speaks the language unmistakably, and though his figures, from the principal characters down to the wings of the scenery, never rise above the typical and conventional, they are nevertheless thoroughly Viennese and Austrian.

The music, too, is Austrian, at least to the extent that Bittner has provided ample local color; the military flavor is provided through the use of old Austrian bugle calls, which at times seem to clash a bit with the harmony. For the strictly Viennese effects of the second act all kinds of ingredients are used, local melodies in four-quarter time, declamatory turns from the "Rosenkavalier," touches of dialect from all parts of old Austria, waltz rhythms, and, to give the feeling of the time in which the action is laid, the cancan from the "Schöne Helena" is used as one of the leitmotivs.

But alas! if only the whole were more sturdy musically! The motif for the moon spell is thin; there is a thin three-quarter theme for the love duet (thin, but not smooth). In the dramatic scenes a hand that strikes with strength but also with brevity is revealed. The motivation and the interplay of the themes are poor; the way Bittner dresses up his homophonous style with series of fourths and sevenths is poor indeed. Bittner is certainly not a "modern" composer, but in one respect he is in the same class with the most up-to-date—his work contains too little music; and certainly a popular opera must have lots of music in it.

At all three of the Berlin opera houses there have been several other important new presentations of older operas. At the Städtische Oper, "Tannhäuser," under Walter Bruno, has been given with the obvious purpose of making of it the naïve, theatrical and romantic piece that our great-grandfathers knew; Under den Linden, a renovated "Walküre," under Leo Blech, is interpreted in a big way, both scenically and musically, and in the Platz der Republik there is a very lively, colorful, realistic presentation of "Carmen."

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In the concert hall we were able, after a lapse of many years, to greet Serge W. Rachmaninoff again, both as pianist and as composer. As a pianist he immediately recaptured us all with his ingenious, simple and yet polished playing—in other words, his genuine musicianship. As a composer, however (he played his D minor concerto under Furtwängler), he belongs to that bygone period whose ideals were rather salonesque.

Another guest, who was considerably fêted socially, was the Rumanian composer, Georges Enesco. We heard one of his orchestra suites and a few Rumanian rhapsodies in which was revealed an elementary musician lacking a true feeling for style.

The greatest impression was made through Otto Klemperer, who presented the two latest works of Stravinsky and Ernst Krenek in one of his symphony concerts. The Stravinsky offering was "Apollon Musagète," an echo of "Oedipus Rex," while Krenek's "Little Symphony" served as a preliminary to three one-act offerings that had previously been given in Wiesbaden.

Different as these two works are, in one respect they are alike: both are intended as parodies. In the case of Stravinsky it is serious parody. He indulges in classicism, writing a series of ten ballet pieces for a glorified string orchestra. He becomes archaic. No longer do we find adaptations of the Bachian style or the free play with the gay muse of Pergolesi. Instead, there is an imitation of the severe cast of antiquity, or rather the plaster cast of the empire or of Biedermeyer. And when Lully or Rameau are introduced, they are seen from the empire point of view and their patron saints are Clementi or Kuhlau.

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This strange relationship is actually in evidence, just as we find in the realm of pictorial art, for example, a relationship between Picasso and the drawings of Prud'hon or David.

Everything is tonal again; certainly occasional adulterations through the use of tones that fail to harmonize, as well as jumping the modulatory tracks every once in a while, do not constitute a new style synthesis. Some things can only be understood with the aid of the scenic presentation, as, for example, the violin solo like appearance of a violin playing Apollo.

Yet the whole thing grips because of its peculiar rigidity and coldness, because of the significance of the experiment. This significance is as great here as in "Oedipus Rex," no matter how much more alive and strong and pulsating the operatic oratorio was than the later ballet.

Krenek is less monumental and much more lively. His "Little Symphony" is a parody of the classic symphony. The parodying process begins with the very instrumentation; the strings consist only of violins and contrabasses, the hole in the middle register being plugged up with a chorus of pick instruments, beside which stands the "band" of winds and traps that sometimes becomes conscious of its up-to-dateness and starts to act like a jazz orchestra.

The symphonic form as well as the spirit of the symphony are treated rather roughly in this little work; and so are certain composers, for instance Brahms, who has to provide the second theme of the first movement. The entire slow movement is a rare piece of sanctimoniousness, in which hymn-like flights à la Pfitzner are carried ad absurdum. There are a thousand jests in melody and instrumentation, and yet the boldness of the whole thing is so charmingly amiable that all one can do is laugh and feel like shaking the composer's hand.

Alberto Franchetti, the composer of "Germania," has recently completed another opera, entitled "The Gonfaloniere." The libretto is by Gioacchino Forzano.

Karl Goepfart's choral work, "Roms Fall," was recently presented in Zutsen and Hengeloo, Holland, Ernst Wettig conducted.

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NEWS AND COM

STRAVINSKY AGAIN TO T

Last Score to Be Heard in America Wins App Debate—Composer's Nationalism Tested ar

By OLIN DOWNES.

AND now it is "Apollon Musagète"! Whatever the debatable future of the latest compositions of Igor Stravinsky, he can certainly point with pride to one thing which has almost invariably characterized the evolution of a musical master ahead of his time. This is, that whatever Stravinsky writes, great or small, continues to stir up discussion and give marked concern, pro and con, to the critics. Much of this "réclame," of course, is due primarily to the sudden and immense reputation that Stravinsky made for himself, within a short six years, with his three acknowledged works of genius: "Oiseau de feu," "Petrouchka" and "Sacre du printemps." After the "Sacre du printemps," or soon after it, came the famous volte-face, when the elemental, sardonic, primordial Stravinsky, cultivating a style which became always simpler and more "classic," produced the "Symphony for Wind Instruments," the "Octuor" and the succession of works in the various old forms which his disciples claim as new light and revelation, and others, either less fanatical in their admiration or slower witted, regard as marked decadence, following the profoundly racial and revolutionary "Sacre."

The musical fortunes of Stravinsky, since its appearance, have been variously estimated. He essayed a grand form and the expression of a profoundly tragic theme in the "Oedipus Rex," produced here last season by Mr. Koussevitzky and given its première the preceding Spring in Paris. This work reassured some who had begun to doubt the later Stravinsky, and won him some new adherents. "Oedipus" is now followed by the ballet "Apollon Musagète," first produced at Mrs. Coolidge's chamber music festival in Washington and recently played in New York by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This composition met in many quarters with fresh favor. It is couched in the musical terms of the French classic ballet. It achieves at least the surface quality of the music of masques and ballets that amused the courts of the great monarchs. The flavor of the piece was summarized by Mr. Hale's citation in the Boston Symphony program book, to the effect that this score had two ancestral homes: Parnassus and Versailles.

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For the writer, Stravinsky does not nearly equal in his later period the sincerity, the force, the originality of his famous earlier works, for the reason that he seems to have forsaken the fruitful nationalism and racial idiom of his more youthful music, and to have followed strange gods which are not those of his own people. He prates of a new classicism, abjures the charming romantic poetry of his least original but still very lovely score, "Oiseau de feu," and the bite and humanity of his "Petrouchka," and the cataclysmic energy of the "Sacre du printemps." Stravinsky's Russianism, which appears to have been the true and potent source of his former greatness, dwindles. It finds a temporary renaissance in what is actually the overhauling of an earlier score, "Noces." It becomes more miniature in form, though not yet extinct or impotent, in the sardonic and fantastical "L'Histoire du soldat," and humorous in the folk-vein of "Renard." Thereafter the spring runs into the ground or is dissipated in the sands, and we have the formerly gigantic Stravinsky aping now Bach, now Handel (according to his own statements, which ignore the fact that certain of the best pages of "Oedipus Rex" stem unmistakably from Moussorgsky) and now early French composers and their formulas; accomplishing this with a superb technic and unwonted finesse and sophistication of style; devoting himself, as his adverse critics believe, to manner instead of matter, and experiments rather than convictions; betraying the technical certainty of the composer of experience and the artistic uncertainty of a genius who has wandered from his path.

All this has been noted before. It is summed up here in connection with a very interesting and able essay upon Stravinsky, published in the October issue of The Dial, which, translated by Ezra Pound from the French of Boris de Schloezer, is one of the ablest and clearest defenses of the later tendencies of this composer that has appeared.

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Highly significant words of Stravinsky, when he was asked his opinion of Scriabine, his compatriot, are quoted. Stravinsky described Scriabine to a Russian journalist as "a being devoid of all national character. He hasn't a passport. One must have a passport."

This is not a remark of many years ago, when Stravinsky was patently a nationalist in his art, but of much more recent date, corresponding with the period of the Stravinsky classicism. Stravinsky himself, then, believes in nationalism as the necessary basis for a is Russian) . . . considers himself, even today, an essentially national artist. Before deciding whether his pretension is justified, we must try to solve a question of more general order: How can we determine the national character of any musical composition?"

There follows a pretty argument, brilliantly conducted. Mr. de Schloezer remarks, very truly, that the mere presence of melodic, rhythmic or harmonic formulae characteristic of the folk-music of a given nation does not necessarily constitute nationalism at all. "This hypothesis won't work." If it did, Beethoven's String Quartet, op. 59, quoting a Russian theme, would be a Russian composition, while Moussorgsky's marvelous "Children's Songs" would not. Composers, whatever their race or nationality, could "swap passports when the whim took them; to gain Greek nationality, for instance, one could simply reach into the Bourgauld-Ducoudray grab-bag; and Rimsky's collection (of Russian folk-songs) would permit any one of us to write Russian music. . . . We must, evidently, seek for other formulae.

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"Admitting that each nation has what you might call its genius, something peculiar to it, and manifest particularly in its musical feeling, and even in its very conception of the sonorous art, and of musical beauty, how are we to compute the specific characteristics of this 'genius'? We can't get at them directly; the thing is offered us only in the series of productions which constitute the art of a people or of a country. France, certainly, possesses its musical traditions; we know them from the compositions of the masters, which seem to display among themselves a certain consanguinity, but this is very indefinite and undefinable. And who, moreover, guarantees us against the insurgence of some great composer who will turn the lot of these traditions bottom side up? One may be sure that, in such a contingency, people will not fail to object to this 'new movement,' and against this 'revolutionary' stuff they will set the 'true French tradition'; but . . . since the musician of genius will, in spite of all this, impose himself . . . they will end by annexing him, and by discovering that although he innovates, it is 'nevertheless undeniable that he' connects with the above-mentioned 'tradition' and that he is only developing and enriching it. Such, in short, was the story of Debussy, at first rejected as 'against clear ideas,' 'contrary to the Latin genius,' and so forth, and today (quite rightly) considered the *French* musician *par excellence*.

Mr. de Schloezer then sets out to find Stravinsky's passport.

The beginning of Russian music, as he observes, dates from Glinka, whom the writer wittily dubs the Peter the Great of Russian musical art. Glinka struck the national note in his "Life for the Czar," "Russlann and Ludmilla," and certain other works. "But here one should observe an interesting fact, gravid with consequence: Glinka's operas (and naturally his romances in higher degree), out of which all Russian music has emerged, generaliy seem to the foreigner insufficiently Russian. The Italian elements that one can easily notice in them annoy the European, who imagines that the art of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodine and Moussorgsky constitutes a progress from that of Glinka in that it is purer and more national. Yet the Russian opinion differs entirely from this, and it might seem to have some sort of value. Russians recognize themselves in this music full of Italian, French and German influence. One must not forget that the Five [the so-called "Neo-Russians" of the later nineteenth century] never denied Glinka, they considered themselves as his heirs, and saw 'Russlann' as the masterwork of Russian music."

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The mistaken impression that the Westerner entertains of Russian music, continues Mr. de Schloezer, is perfectly explicable. He seeks in this art the points of difference with his own. The "Asiatic visage" is for the European the earmark of true Russian music. For him the deorientalized Russian is not the real one. But "Russlann and Ludmilla" is based on the "contrast between the Russian world and the Asiatic. This contrast is no less apparent, intentional and systematic in Borodine's 'Prince Igor.' . . . Ultimately one finds this contrast even in the 'Oiseau de feu,' the only work in which Stravinsky has offered sacrifice to musical Orientalism. Everywhere and always, in Russian music since Glinka, the Orient is treated as a picturesque element, its characteristics serve to underline still more heavily the specific characteristics of Russian song. The complete opposite is true of the Occidental elements audible in the works of Glinka and his

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These arguments are ingenious and plausible, and perhaps more than that. Certain flaws in them, certain fallacies, might be pointed out, as Mr. de Schloezer's assumption that the predominating spirit of Russian national art—folk-art, which was the only truly national art possessed by the people before the nineteenth century—because it was strongly influenced by Byzantine formulas, rises essentially from the spring of "Graeco-Roman tradition," and the fact that however Glinka may stand historically and culturally in relation to Russian music, the Russian music which has found its way over the borders is that of Tchaikovsky and the great five who followed him, who carried the banner of nationalism so proudly, and who founded on the clear and unmistakable basis of nationalism a new school of music which not only proved itself but exerted in turn an immense and vitalizing influence on the development of European music, especially in France. But we are not concerned here with counter-arguments. We are citing brilliant and suggestive critical comment by Mr. de Schloezer, who concludes by saying that, "If Stravinsky seems to us today the most notable representative of the European spirit in music, it is not because he is international but because he is essentially national. His universality comes from his genius, or, paraphrasing his own formula, 'the passport takes him over the frontiers.'"

A TOSCANINI FOUNDATION.

Reports from Milan printed in the Italian press tell of a decision of a committee headed by the Podestà of that city and embracing many prominent citizens, formed for the purpose of honoring Maestro Toscanini upon the completion of his thirtieth year as director at La Scala, to establish a Toscanini Foundation. This foundation, which will have substantial financial backing and will be administered by the the organization of La Scala, will be devoted to welfare work among the children of the opera company's musicians.

HENRY HADLEY'S "SAFIE."

To the Editor of The New York Times:

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Russian) . . . considers himself, n today, an essentially national ist. Before deciding whether his tension is justified, we must try olve a question of more general r: How can we determine the onal character of any musical position?"

ere follows a pretty argument, antly conducted. Mr. de Schloe- remarks, very truly, that the presence of melodic, rhythmic rmonic formulae characteristic e folk-music of a given nation not necessarily constitute na- ism at all. "This hypothesis work." If it did, Beethoven's Quartet, op. 59, quoting a an theme, would be a Russian sition, while Moussorgsky's lous "Children's Songs" would Composers, whatever their race ionality, could "swap passports the whim took them; to gain nationality, for instance, one simply reach into the Bour- Ducoudray grab-bag; and Rim- collection (of Russian folk- would permit any one of us e Russian music. . . . We evidently, seek for other e.

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"On the fac had h menta church their i in St. the ap and P Stravi this ar ity, tru lutely hand, p mits th to the bred o and th their sc find the tat, and ly their

These arguments are ingenious and plausible, and perhaps more than that. Certain flaws in them, certain fallacies, might be pointed out, as Mr. de Schloezer's assumption that the predominating spirit of Russian national art—folk-art, which was the only truly national art possessed by the people before the nineteenth century—because it was strongly influenced by Byzantine formulas, rises essentially from the spring of "Graeco-Roman tradition," and the fact that however Glinka may stand historically and culturally in relation to Russian music, the Russian music which has found its way over the borders is that of Tchaikovsky and the great five who followed him, who carried the banner of nationalism so proudly, and who founded on the clear and unmistakable basis of nationalism a new school of music which not only proved itself but exerted in turn an immense and vitalizing influence on the development of European music, especially in France. But we are not concerned here with counter-arguments. We are citing brilliant and suggestive critical comment by Mr. de Schloezer, who concludes by saying that, "If Stravinsky seems to us today the most notable representative of the European spirit in music, it is not because he is international but because he is essentially national. His universality comes from his genius, or, paraphrasing his own formula, 'the passport takes him over the frontiers.'"

A TOSCANINI FOUNDATION.

Reports from Milan printed in the Italian press tell of a decision of a committee headed by the Podestà of that city and embracing many prominent citizens, formed for the purpose of honoring Maestro Toscanini upon the completion of his thirtieth year as director at La Scala, to establish a Toscanini Foundation. This foundation, which will have substantial financial backing and will be administered by the the organization of La Scala, will be devoted to welfare work among the children of the opera company's musicians.

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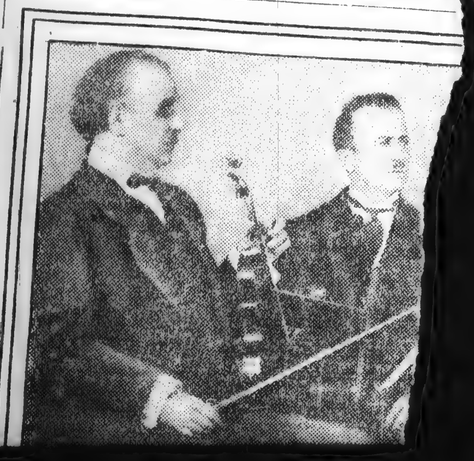

ENT WEEK IN MUSIC

GERMAN FOLK-OPERA

Native Types Among Recent Productions —Some Prime Novelties Yet in Reserve

By ALFRED EINSTEIN.

BERLIN, Nov. 22.

GRADUALLY, as the season progresses, the German operatic stages are beginning to put on their more important premières, though the most important ones are still being held in reserve.

In Dresden the one-act offering of the American musician Theodore Stearns, a lyric episode entitled "Snow Bird," was given, but I am obliged to confess regretfully that I was not present at the performance. It seems, however, that all trace of it has already disappeared.

At the Städische Oper in Berlin, Bruno Walter was instrumental in making an outstanding success of the three-act opera "Mondnacht," by Julius Bittner. This Viennese dramatist, whose principal occupation is (or was) that of an Austrian judge, is an old protégé of Walter. In fact, in a certain sense he is even his pupil, despite the fact that he is several years older than Walter. At any rate, it is said that the master hand of Walter touched up many spots in the score of "Mondnacht."

Bittner is what we in Germany and Austria call a truly native type of composer. He practices "home art"; he travels, though on a higher level, along the same path which Wilhelm Kienzl once trod with his sentimental, tear-producing "Evangelimann." One of Bittner's early successes was "Der Musikant" ("The Musician"), which showed a great deal of the Kienzl influence. Then came a one-act composition of the woodcut type entitled "Das Höllische Gold" ("The Infernal Gold"), in which he comes very close to the ideal of the folk-opera. After that he never had very much luck. He always wrote his own texts.

It is a funny thing about folk-opera—like walking on the blade of a knife or like a moonstruck person on the edge of a roof. The minute one becomes conscious of reality and loses one's somnambulistic sure-footedness, one crashes, just as the heroine of this latest of Bittner's operas falls to her death at the end of the third act, for such is the cruel fate of this dear, one might almost say sweet, Viennese girl, who paints porcelain plates in the daytime and wanders about on the roofs of Vienna at night.

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She has the misfortune to meet on the street her attic room neighbor, First Lieutenant Josef von Altrichter ("assigned to the General Staff"). She happens to be carrying a few of her plates, which she drops, and of course there are shards. But, according to a German proverb, shards bring luck and our Lieutenant is very much in need of luck. He has gambling debts which he cannot pay, but which he must pay as a matter of honor if he does not want to force his creditor to put a bullet through his own head. Thus new hope is kindled; he will play again and maybe he will win, but to do that he must have not only luck but money; and behold! the tempter appears, the black devil, more black even than Kaspar in the "Freischütz." He is the false friend, Nicola Spaicic, merchant of Zara, who promises to provide money if the officer will guide the plans of Verona into his hands for the Italians (the action is in the year 1865).

After a violent battle with his conscience, our hero agrees to the proposal. Spaicic brings the money, but luck must be provided by the sweet girl who, standing behind the gambler's chair, draws down magic forces from the moon. And behold! it works; our friend empties his companions' pockets, whereupon he turns pious and vows to his guardian angel, Marie, that he will gamble no more, and promises to marry her and get a transfer to a quiet garrison. The love night falls between the second and third act, just as it falls between the first and second in the case of Mr. Pinkerton and Madame Butterfly.

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But then the shadows fall. Spaicic either cannot or will not return the plans, and in the third act, when the lovers have returned home, a Colonel, a General and several secret service men, more terrifying than feudal judges, await the hero. Spaicic has betrayed him. A grace period of one hour is given him in which to end his life; the necessary shooting iron is handed to him. Marie, sweet girl, wandering about in her sleep, hears the shot and falls to her death.

That is a strong yet simple plot, the kind that appeals to simple souls who like to go to the movies to have their hearts gladdened by the beloved films of golden Vienna with their mixture of humor, pathos and tragedy. It is important to remember, however, that this "film" is the work of a real honest-to-goodness Viennese. He speaks the language unmistakably, and though his figures, from the principal characters down to the wings of the scenery, never rise above the typical and conventional, they are nevertheless thoroughly Viennese and Austrian.

The music, too, is Austrian, at least give the feeling of the time in which the action is laid, the cancan from the "Schöne Helena" is used as one of the leitmotivs.

But alas! if only the whole were more sturdy musically! The motif for the moon spell is thin; there is a thin three-quarter theme for the love duet (thin, but not smooth). In the dramatic scenes a hand that strikes with strength but also with brevity is revealed. The motivation and the interplay of the themes are poor; the way Bittner dresses up his homophonous style with series of fourths and sevenths is poor indeed. Bittner is certainly not a "modern" composer, but in one respect he is in the same class with the most up-to-date—his work contains too little music; and certainly a popular opera must have lots of music in it.

At all three of the Berlin opera houses there have been several other important new presentations of older operas. At the Städtische Oper, "Tannhäuser," under Walter Bruno, has been given with the obvious purpose of making of it the naïve, theatrical and romantic piece that our great-grandfathers knew; Under den Linden, a renovated "Walküre," under Leo Blech, is interpreted in a big way, both scenically and musically, and in the Platz der Republik there is a very lively, colorful, realistic presentation of "Carmen."

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In the concert hall we were able, after a lapse of many years, to greet Serge W. Rachmaninoff again, both as pianist and as composer. As a pianist he immediately recaptured us all with his ingenious, simple and yet polished playing—in other words, his genuine musicianship. As a composer, however (he played his D minor concerto under Furtwängler), he belongs to that bygone period whose ideals were rather salonesque.

Another guest, who was considerably fêted socially, was the Rumanian composer, Georges Enesco. We heard one of his orchestra suites and a few Rumanian rhapsodies in which was revealed an elementary musician lacking a true feeling for style.

The greatest impression was made through Otto Klemperer, who presented the two latest works of Stravinsky and Ernst Krenek in one of his symphony concerts. The Stravinsky offering was "Apollon Musagète," an echo of "Oedipus Rex," while Krenek's "Little Symphony" served as a preliminary to three one-act offerings that had previously been given in Wiesbaden.

Different as these two works are, in one respect they are alike: both are intended as parodies. In the case of Stravinsky it is serious parody. He indulges in classicism, writing a series of ten ballet pieces for a glorified string orchestra. He becomes archaic. No longer do we find adaptations of the Bachian style or the free play with the gay muse of Pergolesi. Instead, there is an imitation of the severe cast of antiquity, or rather the plaster cast of the empire or of Biedermeyer. And when Lully or Rameau are introduced, they are seen from the empire point of view and their patron saints are Clementi or Kuhlau.

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This strange relationship is actually in evidence, just as we find in the realm of pictorial art, for example, a relationship between Picasso and the drawings of Prud'hon or David.

Everything is tonal again; certainly occasional adulterations through the use of tones that fail to harmonize, as well as jumping the modulatory tracks every once in a while, do not constitute a new style synthesis. Some things can only be understood with the aid of the scenic presentation; so, for example, the violin solo is explained through the Renaissance-like appearance of a violin-playing Apollo.

Yet the whole thing grips because of its peculiar rigidity and coldness, because of the significance of the experiment. This significance is as great here as in "Oedipus Rex," no matter how much more alive and strong and pulsating the operatic oratorio was than the later ballet.

Krenek is less monumental and much more lively. His "Little Symphony" is a parody of the classic symphony. The parodying process begins with the very instrumentation; the strings consist only of violins and contrabasses, the hole in the middle register being plugged up with a chorus of pick instruments, beside which stands the "band" of winds and traps that sometimes becomes conscious of its up-to-dateness and starts to act like a jazz orchestra.

The symphonic form as well as the spirit of the symphony are treated rather roughly in this little work; and so are certain composers, for instance Brahms, who has to provide the second theme of the first movement. The entire slow movement is a rare piece of sanctimoniousness, in which hymn-like flights à la Pfitzner are carried ad absurdum. There are a thousand jests in melody and instrumentation, and yet the boldness of the whole thing is so charmingly amiable that all one can do is laugh

the famous volte-face, when the elemental, sardonic, primordial Stravinsky, cultivating a style which became always simpler and more "classic," produced the "Symphony for Wind Instruments," the "Octuor" and the succession of works in the various old forms which his disciples claim as new light and revelation, and others, either less fanatical in their admiration or slower witted, regard as marked decadence, following the profoundly racial and revolutionary "Sacre."

The musical fortunes of Stravinsky, since its appearance, have been variously estimated. He essayed a grand form and the expression of a profoundly tragic theme in the "Oedipus Rex," produced here last season by Mr. Koussevitzky and given its première the preceding Spring in Paris. This work reassured some who had begun to doubt the later Stravinsky, and won him some new adherents. "Oedipus" is now followed by the ballet "Apollon Musagète," first produced at Mrs. Coolidge's chamber music festival in Washington and recently played in New York by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This composition met in many quarters with fresh favor. It is couched in the musical terms of the French classic ballet. It achieves at least the surface quality of the music of masques and ballets that amused the courts of the great monarchs. The flavor of the piece was summarized by Mr. Hale's citation in the Boston Symphony program book, to the effect that this score had two ancestral homes: Parnassus and Versailles.

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For the writer, Stravinsky does not nearly equal in his later period the sincerity, the force, the originality of his famous earlier works, for the reason that he seems to have forsaken the fruitful nationalism and racial idiom of his more youthful music, and to have followed strange gods which are not those of his own people. He prates of a new classicism, abjures the charming romantic poetry of his least original but still very lovely score, "Oiseau de feu," and the bite and humanity of his "Petrouchka," and the cataclysmic energy of the "Sacre du printemps." Stravinsky's Russianism, which appears to have been the true and potent source of his former greatness, dwindles. It finds a temporary renaissance in what is actually the overhauling of an earlier score, "Noces." It becomes more miniature in form, though not yet extinct or impotent, in the sardonic and fantastical "L'Histoire du soldat," and humorous in the folk-vein of "Renard." Thereafter the spring runs into the ground or is dissipated in the sands, and we have the formerly gigantic Stravinsky aping now Bach, now Handel (according to his own statements, which ignore the fact that certain of the best pages of "Oedipus Rex" stem unmistakably from Moussorgsky) and now early French composers and their formulas; accomplishing this with a superb technic and unwonted finesse and sophistication of style; devoting himself, as his adverse critics believe, to manner instead of matter, and experiments rather than convictions; betraying the technical certainty of the composer of experience and the artistic uncertainty of a genius who has wandered from his path.

All this has been noted before. It is summed up here in connection with a very interesting and able essay upon Stravinsky, published in the October issue of The Dial, which, translated by Ezra Pound from the French of Boris de Schloezer, is one of the ablest and clearest defenses of the later tendencies of this composer that has appeared.

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Highly significant words of Stravinsky, when he was asked his opinion of Scriabine, his compatriot, are quoted. Stravinsky described Scriabine to a Russian journalist as "a being devoid of all national character. He hasn't a passport. One must have a passport."

This is not a remark of many years ago, when Stravinsky was patently a nationalist in his art, but of much more recent date, corresponding with the period of the Stravinsky classicism. Stravinsky himself, then, believes in nationalism as the necessary basis for a truly creative art. How does he explain his own course since 1918 to the present time, when he seems to have definitely turned his back on everything that connotes racial expression or feeling? It is evident, in the words of Mr. de Schloezer, that "the author of the 'Octuor' and of so many other compositions into which there enters not one ounce of Russian material (Russian, that is, in the sense of Rimsky's 'Sadko' not. Composers, whatever their race or nationality, could "swap passports when the whim took them; to gain Greek nationality, for instance, one could simply reach into the Bourgauld-Ducoudray grab-bag; and Rimsky's collection (of Russian folk-songs) would permit any one of us to write Russian music. . . . We must, evidently, seek for other formulae.

***

"Admitting that each nation has what you might call its genius, something peculiar to it, and manifest particularly in its musical feeling, and even in its very conception of the sonorous art, and of musical beauty, how are we to compute the specific characteristics of this 'genius'? We can't get at them directly; the thing is offered us only in the series of productions which constitute the art of a people or of a country. France, certainly, possesses its musical traditions; we know them from the compositions of the masters, which seem to display among themselves a certain consanguinity, but this is very indefinite and undefinable. And who, moreover, guarantees us against the insurgence of some great composer who will turn the lot of these traditions bottom side up? One may be sure that, in such a contingency, people will not fail to object to this 'new movement,' and against this 'revolutionary' stuff they will set the 'true French tradition'; but . . . since the musician of genius will, in spite of all this, impose himself . . . they will end by annexing him, and by discovering that although he innovates, it is 'nevertheless undeniable that he' connects with the above-mentioned 'tradition' and that he is only developing and enriching it. Such, in short, was the story of Debussy, at first rejected as 'against clear ideas,' 'contrary to the Latin genius,' and so forth, and today (quite rightly) considered the *French* musician *par excellence*.

Mr. de Schloezer then sets out to find Stravinsky's passport.

The beginning of Russian music, as he observes, dates from Glinka, whom the writer wittily dubs the Peter the Great of Russian musical art. Glinka struck the national note in his "Life for the Czar," "Russlann and Ludmilla," and certain other works. "But here one should observe an interesting fact, gravid with consequence: Glinka's operas (and naturally his romances in higher degree), out of which all Russian music has emerged, generally seem to the foreigner insufficiently Russian. The Italian elements that one can easily notice in them annoy the European, who imagines that the art of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodine and Moussorgsky constitutes a progress from that of Glinka in that it is purer and more national. Yet the Russian opinion differs entirely from this, and it might seem to have some sort of value. Russians recognize themselves in this music full of Italian, French and German influence. One must not forget that the Five [the so-called "Neo-Russians" of the later nineteenth century] never denied Glinka, they considered themselves as his heirs, and saw 'Russlann' as the masterwork of Russian music."

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The mistaken impression that the Westerner entertains of Russian music, continues Mr. de Schloezer, is perfectly explicable. He seeks in this art the points of difference with his own. The "Asiatic visage" is for the European the earmark of true Russian music. For him the deorientalized Russian is not the real one. But "Russlann and Ludmilla" is based on the "contrast between the Russian world and the Asiatic. This contrast is no less apparent, intentional and systematic in Borodine's 'Prince Igor.' . . . Ultimately one finds this contrast even in the 'Oiseau de feu,' the only work in which Stravinsky has offered sacrifice to musical Orientalism. Everywhere and always, in Russian music since Glinka, the Orient is treated as a picturesque element, its characteristics serve to underline still more heavily the specific characteristics of Russian song. The complete opposite is true of the Occidental elements audible in the works of Glinka and his successors, especially of Tchaikovsky." The works of Glinka, then, "bear witness to the profound affinity existing between Russian musical sensibility and European musical culture."

This is the basis of the argument that Mr. de Schloezer presents in support of the authenticity of Stravinsky's "passport." "Stravinsky's case seemed incomprehensible . . . to those who repeat the old gag about 'scratch the Russian and you find the perior[illegible] to the d[illegible]ased Orientalistic produc[illegible] of the Muscovite era.

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"One [illegible]ust hammer yet again on the fac[illegible]hat: If Occidental traditions had [illegible]n really alien to Russian menta[illegible] and sensibility, the church[illegible] of Pskov and Novgorod, their f[illegible]coes, their ikons; and later in St. [illegible]tersburg, under Alexander I, the ap[illegible]rition of artists like Glinka and P[illegible]shkin, or today a work like Stravi[illegible]xy's 'Oedipe,' that is to say, this ar[illegible]f equilibrium and luminosity, tru[illegible]Apollonian, would be [illegible]. It is, on the other hand, p[illegible]fectly explainable if one admits th[illegible]the Russians are not aliens to the [illegible]mily of Occidental races, bred o[illegible]y Graeco-Roman tradition; and tha[illegible] these artists, going for their sch[illegible]oling to European culture, find then[illegible]selves in their normal habitat, and [illegible]ut take up something rightly their [illegible]wn."

These arguments are ingenious and plausible, and perhaps more than that. Certain flaws in them, certain fallacies, might be pointed out, as Mr. de Schloezer's assumption that the predominating spirit of Russian national art—folk-art, which was the only truly national art possessed by the people before the nineteenth century—because it was strongly influenced by Byzantine formulas, rises essentially from the spring of "Graeco-Roman tradition," and the fact that however Glinka may stand historically and culturally in relation to Russian music, the Russian music which has found its way over the borders is that of Tchaikovsky and the great five who followed him, who carried the banner of nationalism so proudly, and who founded on the clear and unmistakable basis of nationalism a new school of music which not only proved itself but exerted in turn an immense and vitalizing influence on the development of European music, especially in France. But we are not concerned here with counter-arguments. We are citing brilliant and suggestive critical comment by Mr. de Schloezer, who concludes by saying that, "If Stravinsky seems to us today the most notable representative of the European spirit in music, it is not because he is international but because he is essentially national. His universality comes from his genius, or, paraphrasing his own formula, 'the passport takes him over the frontiers.'"

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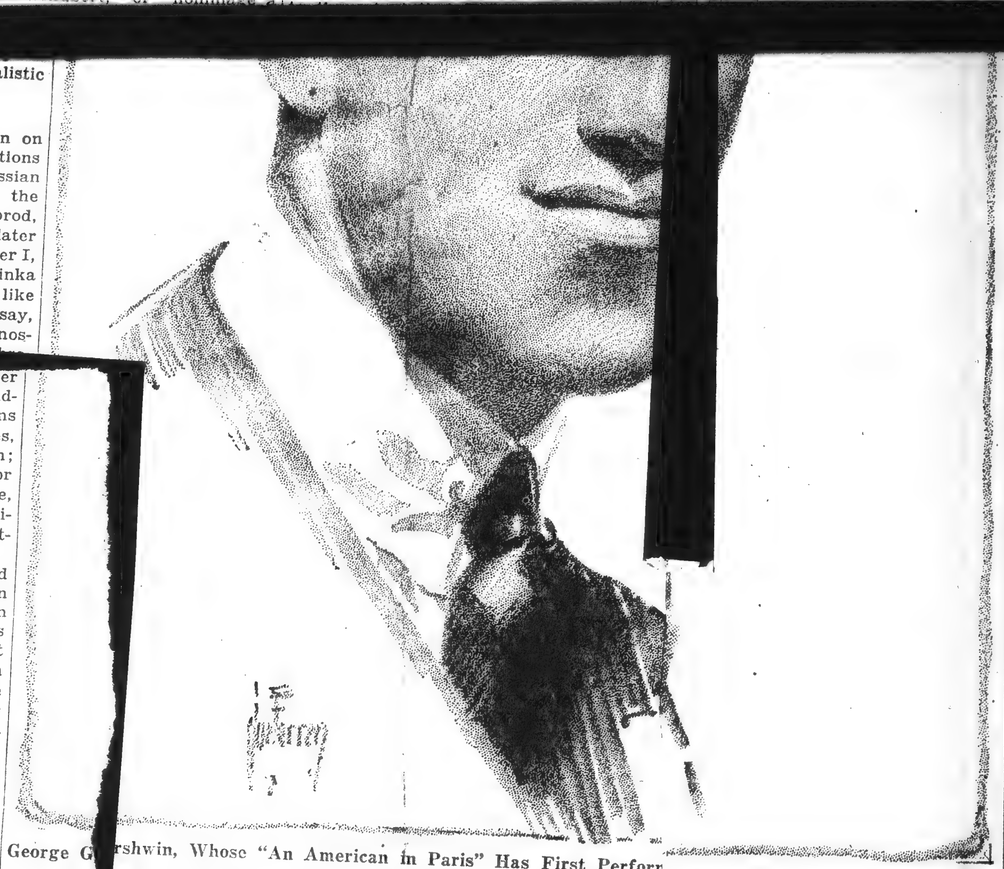
ERNEST T. CARTER.

New York.



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AN ATTERBERG AFTERMATH

THE o[illegible]iginal article in The London Sunday Times by Ernest Newm[illegible]an which precipitated the controvers[illegible]y over the Kurt Atterberg prize sym[illegible]hony (concluded to everybody's sa[illegible]isfaction by the composer's cabled de[illegible]ial of deliberate plagiarism designed [illegible]o "fool the critics") has just been[illegible] received in its entirety. Reviewing [illegible]he first London performance of th[illegible] work, Mr. Newman says:

"Sir Th[illegible]mas Beecham and the London Symp[illegible]hony Orchestra gave us on Monday [illegible]vening the first London performan[illegible]ce of Kurt Atterberg's symphony t[illegible]hat won the £2,000 prize offered by [illegible] the Columbia Graphophone Comp[illegible] any in connection with the Schuber[illegible]t centenary celebrations. The compa[illegible]ny seems to me to have received v[illegible]lue for its money. Two thousand p[illegible]ounds is far too much to pay for a [illegible]very bad symphony, and far too litt[illegible]e to pay for a very good one. It is[illegible] a fair price for a fair symphony, [illegible] which is what Atterberg has delive[illegible]red, f. o. b., as per esteemed ord[illegible]er of yesterday's date and hoping for[illegible] a continuation of valued custom. T[illegible]he Columbia Company has issued the [illegible]work in four excellent records, so t[illegible]he world will be able to sample it f[illegible]or itself.

"The sy[illegible]mphony, however, raises some curio[illegible]us questions for the curious mind[illegible]d. A work of this kind can hardly [illegible] expect to get a perfectly fair hearing[illegible]; the average man comes to it prepa[illegible]red for the worst, is disappointed [illegible]if he does not get something as ba[illegible]d as he expected, and lays himself ou[illegible]t to see all the faults of the work [illegible]and be blind to whatever virtues it m[illegible]ay possess.

"The sy[illegible]mphony compares favorably enoug[illegible]h with the majority of the new works [illegible]one hears nowadays. We have to re[illegible]member that the composer was bound[illegible] by the conditions of the competitio[illegible]n to deliver an article made acco[illegible]rding to specifications. The symphony [illegible]was to be 'melodic' and it was not to [illegible]be 'modernistic.' Considering how hampered he must have been in writing with one eye on the muse and the other on the judges, consider that Atterberg has turned out a very decent job of work.

"Every one on Monday was busy spotting reminiscences in the symphony; and it cannot be denied that they are plentiful and obvious. There may be two possible explanations of these. Atterberg may have looked down the list of judges, seen that they hailed from ten or eleven countries, and slyly made up his mind that he would put in a bit of something that would appeal to each of them in turn—a bit of 'Schehera-zade' for the Russian Glazounov, a bit of 'Cockaigne' for Mr. Tovey, a bit of the 'New World Symphony' for Mr. Damrosch a bit of 'Petrouchka' for the modernist Alfano, a bit of Granados for Salazar, and so on. But I wonder if there may not be another explanation that, in their glee at the spotting of all these reminiscences, my respected colleagues have missed. I wonder!

"Atterberg (a Swede, by the way) is not merely a composer. He is a musical critic. That means that he is a very intelligent fellow, not likely to take either music or musicians too seriously. Suppose he looked round with the cynical smile that, as all the world knows, all critics wear, and decided to pull the world's leg? Competition judges are mostly innocent people, easily taken in. There was a beautiful case in America some years ago: if I remember rightly, a committee was just saved from awarding the prize to a particular work when, by the grace of God, some one discovered that it was a copy, sent in by some wicked joker, of Berlioz's 'Corsair' overture. But a subtler method than this would be to sow a symphony with themes that suggested well-known works to the experienced hearer and then instantaneously switch him off them. Are we quite sure that this is not what Atterberg has done? The tribute paid to certain other works in this symphony is so obvious that it would indeed be a strange thing if, while the most casual hearer is conscious of the quotations, the composer himself (who, I repeat, is also a critic) should be the one man in the world of music to be unaware of them. Look at this theme, for example, from the finale. * * *"

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"I should be very surprised indeed to learn that Atterberg was not fully aware of the sources of this and others of his themes. And if my theory is correct, the laugh is Atterberg's today. He has had the satisfaction not only of pulling off the £2,000 prize, but of pulling, almost to the pulling-off point, the legs of all his fellow-critics. While they have been pluming themselves on their smartness in detecting his plagiarisms, he has probably been laughing in his sleeve at them. Attaboy, Atterberg!"

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The Columbia Phonograph Company abandoned its crude initial suggestion that composers should finish Schubert's Unfinished Symphony after several musicians, of whom the present writer had the honor to be one, had pointed out the absurdity of such a proposal. It substituted the almost equally demoralizing suggestion that composers write "in the style of Schubert," or "hommage à Schubert."

The outcome is a fiasco of which the poetic justice seems almost too good to be true. Whether Mr. Atterberg really turns out to have his tongue in his cheek or not, such an ironic response is the only appropriate one for the artist to make to the commercial propagandist.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON.

New York, Nov. 29, 1928.

The Flonzaley Quartet, Reappea[illegible]ing Next Saturday Afternoon at the Town Hall.

Photo Cop[illegible]yright by Fernand de Gueldre.

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To the Editor of The New York Times:

Mr. Kurt Atterberg, the winner of the $10,000 prize offered by the Columbia Phonograph Company for a symphony in the style of Schubert, is now reported to have confessed writing his prize symphony as a joke, plagiarizing other composers in order to bemuse the critics. Whether or not the confession is genuine, the humor of the situation has the poetic truth that is higher than mere fact. When the commercial company offered the prize, whatever its motives, it did a stupid and anti-artistic thing. It put an imposing array of dollars behind two implied propositions, both misleading: First, that a composer writes not for love of music but for love of money. Second, that he may therefore be induced by money to forego that arduous pursuit of his own style, which is the only concern of every real artist, and imitate any other that happens to be in financial demand.

The Columbia Phonograph Company abandoned its crude initial suggestion that composers should finish Schubert's Unfinished Symphony after several musicians, of whom the present writer had the honor to be one, had pointed out the absurdity of such a proposal. It substituted the almost equally demoralizing suggestion that composers write "in the style of Schubert," or "hommage à Schubert."

The outcome is a fiasco of which the poetic justice seems almost too good to be true. Whether Mr. Atterberg really turns out to have his tongue in his cheek or not, such an ironic response is the only appropriate one for the artist to make to the commercial propagandist.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON.

New York, Nov. 29, 1928.

The Flonzaley Quartet, Reappea ing Next Saturday Afternoon at the Town Hall.

Photo Cop yright by Fernand de Gueldre.

Oper in Berlin, Bruno Walter was instrumental in making an outstanding success of the three-act opera "Mondnacht," by Julius Bittner. This Viennese dramatist, whose principal occupation is (or was) that of an Austrian judge, is an old protégé of Walter. In fact, in a certain sense he is even his pupil, despite the fact that he is several years older than Walter. At any rate, it is said that the master hand of Walter touched up many spots in the score of "Mondnacht."

Bittner is what we in Germany and Austria call a truly native type of composer. He practices "home art"; he travels, though on a higher level, along the same path which Wilhelm Kienzl once trod with his sentimental, tear-producing "Evangelimann." One of Bittner's early successes was "Der Musikant" ("The Musician"), which showed a great deal of the Kienzl influence. Then came a one-act composition of the woodcut type entitled "Das Höllische Gold" ("The Infernal Gold"), in which he comes very close to the ideal of the folk-opera. After that he never had very much luck. He always wrote his own texts.

It is a funny thing about folk-opera—like walking on the blade of a knife or like a moonstruck person on the edge of a roof. The minute one becomes conscious of reality and loses one's somnambulistic sure-footedness, one crashes, just as the heroine of this latest of Bittner's operas falls to her death at the end of the third act, for such is the cruel fate of this dear, one might almost say sweet, Viennese girl, who paints porcelain plates in the daytime and wanders about on the roofs of Vienna at night.

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She has the misfortune to meet on the street her attic room neighbor, First Lieutenant Josef von Altrichter ("assigned to the General Staff"). She happens to be carrying a few of her plates, which she drops, and of course there are shards. But, according to a German proverb, shards bring luck and our Lieutenant is very much in need of luck. He has gambling debts which he cannot pay, but which he must pay as a matter of honor if he does not want to force his creditor to put a bullet through his own head. Thus new hope is kindled; he will play again and maybe he will win, but to do that he must have not only luck but money; and behold! the tempter appears, the black devil, more black even than Kaspar in the "Freischütz." He is the false friend, Nicola Spaicic, merchant of Zara, who promises to provide money if the officer will guide the plans of Verona into his hands for the Italians (the action is in the year 1865).

After a violent battle with his conscience, our hero agrees to the proposal. Spaicic brings the money, but luck must be provided by the sweet girl who, standing behind the gambler's chair, draws down magic forces from the moon. And behold! it works; our friend empties his companions' pockets, whereupon he turns pious and vows to his guardian angel, Marie, that he will gamble no more, and promises to marry her and get a transfer to a quiet garrison. The love night falls between the second and third act, just as it falls between the first and second in the case of Mr. Pinkerton and Madame Butterfly.

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But then the shadows fall. Spaicic either cannot or will not return the plans, and in the third act, when the lovers have returned home, a Colonel, a General and several secret service men, more terrifying than feudal judges, await the hero. Spaicic has betrayed him. A grace period of one hour is given him in which to end his life; the necessary shooting iron is handed to him. Marie, sweet girl, wandering about in her sleep, hears the shot and falls to her death.

That is a strong yet simple plot, the kind that appeals to simple souls who like to go to the movies to have their hearts gladdened by the beloved films of golden Vienna with their mixture of humor, pathos and tragedy. It is important to remember, however, that this "film" is the work of a real honest-to-goodness Viennese. He speaks the language unmistakably, and though his figures, from the principal characters down to the wings of the scenery, never rise above the typical and conventional, they are nevertheless thoroughly Viennese and Austrian.

The music, too, is Austrian, at least to the extent that Bittner has provided ample local color: the military flavor is provided through the use of old Austrian bugle calls, which at times seem to clash a bit with the harmony. For the strictly Viennese effects of the second act all kinds of ingredients are used, local melodies in four-quarter time, declamatory turns from the "Rosenkavalier," touches of dialect from all parts of old Austria, waltz rhythms, and, to

is certainly not a "modern" composer, but in one respect he is in the same class with the most up-to-date—his work contains too little music; and certainly a popular opera must have lots of music in it.

At all three of the Berlin opera houses there have been several other important new presentations of older operas. At the Städtische Oper, "Tannhäuser," under Walter Bruno, has been given with the obvious purpose of making of it the naïve, theatrical and romantic piece that our great-grandfathers knew; Under den Linden, a renovated "Walküre," under Leo Blech, is interpreted in a big way, both scenically and musically, and in the Platz der Republik there is a very lively, colorful, realistic presentation of "Carmen."

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In the concert hall we were able, after a lapse of many years, to greet Serge W. Rachmaninoff again, both as pianist and as composer. As a pianist he immediately recaptured us all with his ingenious, simple and yet polished playing—in other words, his genuine musicianship. As a composer, however (he played his D minor concerto under Furtwängler), he belongs to that bygone period whose ideals were rather salonesque.

Another guest, who was considerably fêted socially, was the Rumanian composer, Georges Enesco. We heard one of his orchestra suites and a few Rumanian rhapsodies in which was revealed an elementary musician lacking a true feeling for style.

The greatest impression was made through Otto Klemperer, who presented the two latest works of Stravinsky and Ernst Krenek in one of his symphony concerts. The Stravinsky offering was "Apollon Musagète," an echo of "Oedipus Rex," while Krenek's "Little Symphony" served as a preliminary to three one-act offerings that had previously been given in Wiesbaden.

Different as these two works are, in one respect they are alike: both are intended as parodies. In the case of Stravinsky it is serious parody. He indulges in classicism, writing a series of ten ballet pieces for a glorified string orchestra. He becomes archaic. No longer do we find adaptations of the Bachian style or the free play with the gay muse of Pergolesi. Instead, there is an imitation of the severe cast of antiquity, or rather the plaster cast of the empire or of Biedermeyer. And when Lully or Rameau are introduced, they are seen from the empire point of view and their patron saints are Clementi or Kuhlau.

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This strange relationship is actually in evidence, just as we find in the realm of pictorial art, for example, a relationship between Picasso and the drawings of Prud'hon or David.

Everything is tonal again; certainly occasional adulterations through the use of tones that fail to harmonize, as well as jumping the modulatory tracks every once in a while, do not constitute a new style synthesis. Some things can only be understood with the aid of the scenic presentation; so, for example, the violin solo is explained through the Renaissance-like appearance of a violin-playing Apollo.

Yet the whole thing grips because of its peculiar rigidity and coldness, because of the significance of the experiment. This significance is as great here as in "Oedipus Rex," no matter how much more alive and strong and pulsating the operatic oratorio was than the later ballet.

Krenek is less monumental and much more lively. His "Little Symphony" is a parody of the classic symphony. The parodying process begins with the very instrumentation; the strings consist only of violins and contrabasses, the hole in the middle register being plugged up with a chorus of pick instruments, beside which stands the "band" of winds and traps that sometimes becomes conscious of its up-to-dateness and starts to act like a jazz orchestra.

The symphonic form as well as the spirit of the symphony are treated rather roughly in this little work; and so are certain composers, for instance Brahms, who has to provide the second theme of the first movement. The entire slow movement is a rare piece of sanctimoniousness, in which hymn-like flights à la Pfitzner are carried ad absurdum. There are a thousand jests in melody and instrumentation, and yet the boldness of the whole thing is so charmingly amiable that all one can do is laugh and feel like shaking the composer's hand.

Alberto Franchetti, the composer of "Germania," has recently completed another opera, entitled "The Gonfaloniere." The libretto is by Gioacchino Forzano.

Karl Goepfart's choral work, "Roms Fall," was recently presented in Zutsen and Hengeloo, Holland. Ernst Wettig conducted.

TRANS. DEC. 10

Music and M

Second Time, And to Larger, Deeper Residue

"The Song of The Earth" and a Clear Case for Mahler, Composer and Poet

WOULD that it had been a fair evening, instead of one bringing into these parts the first welcome touch of winter! Then, on Saturday, the onlooker could have assigned cause more confidently for the unusual number of empty seats in Symphony Hall. Was Mahler the deterrent or was it merely inclement weather? Or did any excuse serve, in a busy time, for rest and relaxation elsewhere? Mahler does demand hard listening; thinking only of the design he would accomplish, exacts it for upward of an hour. (The chances are that he never knew the word "concentration"; merely took for granted that useful function of the mind.) Besides, there is the anti-Mahler fetich, curiously developed in our capitals of music within the last ten years. In Dr. Muck's day, here in Boston, audiences flocked to hear his Fifth or his Second Symphony; clapped hands loudly. Reviewers joined their plaudits. All and sundry agreed to repetitions "by general request." Now, when Mr. Mengelberg proposes Mahler to the patrons of the Philharmonic Society in New York, or Mr. Koussevitzky leads him back, after ten years, into Symphony Hall, murmurs rise of distaste, dissent, dread. There is even an anti-Mahler formula that old men mumble, whether or not it applies to the music before them. Enough that it bears for signature the boresome name. The bystander might believe him co-mate in tedium with the great and good d'Indy.

The irritated Mahlerites also bestir themselves. There are more of them among musicians than many believe; while not all are conductors. Hearing his music, they use the superlative degree in comment, when a milder emphasis might be more persuasive. Between these interchanges, after seventy minutes of "The Song of the Earth," the plain man sits bewildered. With self-respect as an intelligent listener, can he take away only the memory of Mme. Cahier's singing and of Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting? Must he poultice even that with recollection of a workaday Concerto of Handel transfigured by the sonority and plasticity of the string choir? Many a page of Bach, as the Handelites like to say, is routine and stencil. By the same token so also is many a page of Handel—among them this Twelfth Concerto Grosso, in B minor.

Yet there is a case for Mahler and for "The Song of the Earth." When it is put to him the plain man finds, with a shrug of relief, that it accords with more than one of his own impressions. Through the length and breadth of Central Europe from Oslo and Stockholm on the north to Munich and Vienna on the south, from the eastern border of France to the western border of Russia, Mahler persists as an eminent composer to be heard again and again with interest and satisfaction. These lands and folk are not unmusical. Holland sounds his praises: Mr. Newman and the late Mr. Langford of The Manchester Guardian were his champions in England. Paris hears him, not too reluctantly. With or without reason, he is presumed to continue the illustrious German line, the perdurable German tradition. By such titles he has a right to occasional entrance into the far-spreading concerts of the Boston Orchestra.

For better and for worse Mahler wrote a singular, individual, "very personal" music. It is like none other in the world; it has given birth to no progeny. For strangeness, as expression of a composer and a conductor through thirty years no mean figure from Vienna to New York, it deserves place on the catholic programs, ordained by long and honorable precedent upon Symphony Hall. Mr. Koussevitzky has restored the Symphony Orchestra to high quality and rank; given it new titles to distinction; upon no more sensitive instrument does a conductor play. He himself is a master of instrumental color, manipulation, suggestion. In all three Mahler, composing, excelled. Few conductors, unless they be wholly Latin or obstinately opinionated, may turn a score of Mahler without spontaneous wish to "try" it.

These are extraneous reflections. The plain man will prefer to give judgment by what he has heard, in the concert-hall, out of "The Song of the Earth." He will be dull-witted, indeed, if the texts of these seven songs, even after they have been milled through Chinese, German and English, do not interest him. Whether they are gay, as in three, or sombre as in four, in substance and quality they are well above most "literature" that has given occasion to music. To read them is to be curious how they will fare in tones. The plain man listens—dull-eared beyond remedy, if the rhythmic vigor, the whole propulsive ardor, of the first division do not stir him. He will lack imagination if the wan tone-picturing, the descent of spent, weary, solitary mood, do not lay hold upon him through the second. Through the third and the fourth, he listens to as light, graceful, fanciful, transparent music as though a Latin pen had written it. The fifth—and the music-maker of these adroit miniatures is singing out homely, frank and lusty. The sixth, the seventh, the tone-poem in which they are vocal obbligati or interludes—and lo! fatigue is forgotten in the strange and piercing beauty, the brooding haunted power of these final pages. Yes: "The Song of the Earth" is Mahler's least blemished "Symphony," the music in which he most fulfilled himself.

Talk to the plain man of Mahler's strivings and shortcomings, by and large, or as they peer here and there out of "The Song of the Earth" and he will fend you away—all this is actual experience at a supper party—as a reviewer by formula or as a school-room pedant. His emotions, by the new Symphony excited, have conquered him—for Mahler. He returns thanks and praise to Mr. Koussevitzky; though he know not a page of them, bids the conductor go on in future seasons to the Fifth or the Seventh Symphony, that they also may stir him. Mahler, he remarks bluntly, had faults but as yet needs no apologists. Meanwhile, the host goes to the bookshelves, pulls down a volume of Ernest Newman and reads out:

> It is at least arguable that Mahler's nine Symphonies represent on the whole the most significant body of work done in the symphonic form since Brahms; while even people who are not yet on the intellectual or the musical level of the Symphonies are as a rule sensitive to the beauty and the power of his songs. . . . One can hardly imagine a composer more sure of himself in latitudes not accessible to ordinary feet and this combined impression of bigness and certainly is one of the rarest impressions in the concert-room and the surest sign of the presence of a master. . . . But behind all this certainty of style and of technique is an imagination of a very unusual kind, vivid, ardent and vast, with the power of turning everything that passes through it into natural music. To minds that can enter into his with imaginative sympathy, Mahler is one of the subtlest forces in modern music.

The plain man was right: Mahler needs no apologists; for he has champions. And "The Song of The Earth is the end that crowned his work.

H. T. P.

last of the soli... aft

MUSIC

HERALD DEC 11

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The second program of the Monday evening series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky, conductor, was given last night at Symphony hall. It included Prokofief's "Classical" Symphony, Debussy's "Prelude a L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune," "The Dance of Salome," from Strauss's opera and Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony.

This was a program admirably designed to exhibit the peculiar gifts of the conductor, and the remarkable skill of the excellent body of musicians under him. One might complain that the arrangement of the program could have been improved. "Salome's Dance," with its furiously excited ending, seemed a little out of place just before the Beethoven Symphony, even though an intermission separated them. And disregarded was Beethoven's plaintive note about the "Eroica": "If it be performed too late, there is danger that it will not produce on the audience, whose attention will be already wearied by preceding pieces, the effect which the composer purposed in his own mind to attain."

Mr. Koussevitsky risked the weariness of the audience, but it must be admitted that the effects he strives for, while not always according to tradition, seldom allow the audience to lose interest in what is happening. His reading of the "Eroica," is not free from exaggeration, but it is stirring and majestic.

The polished ensemble which Symphony audiences have been taught to expect from the strings, was again apparent in Prokofief's charming "Classical" Symphony (which suggests a kinship to Stravinsky's excursion into classic ballet in "Apollon Musagete),—though momentary lack of precision marred the first movement.

Koussevitsky's interpretation of "L'-Apres-Midi d'un Faune," despite its finely wrought detail, was lacking in rhythmic life and impulse, and hence missed some of the fantastic spirit of Mallarme's poem.

"The Dance of Salome," with its hypnotic rhythm, was excellently worked up to its frenzied climax.

There was long applause for the conductor and the players. E. B.

A Second Monday for Symphonic Pleasures

HIGHLY favored among the audiences that listen to symphonic music was the one that heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky in Symphony Hall last evening. It was the second of the Monday evening series, and a program fit for the gods had been assembled. That little gem called Prokofiev's "Classical" symphony began it. Debussy's prelude, "To the Afternoon of a Faun," and the dance of Salome from Strauss's "Salome" continued it. Beethoven's monumental third symphony brought conclusion.

One need not quarrel with those who hold that Prokofiev's symphony is not many meanings. The application, of "Mozartean." That adjective may have course, comes out of Felix Borowski's remark that Prokofiev had tried to catch the spirit of Mozart and to write as Mozart would if he were now living. The composer himself, however, contented himself with calling the symphony "classical." Of course the themes are not the themes which a Mozart would have written, even a Mozart of the twentieth century. They are the themes of a Russian writing a certain type of "universal" music. It is doubtful whether Mozart would ever have used a Gavotte in a symphony. It is doubtful whether Mozart would have written a "Larghetto' 'with so much rhythmic activity as the present one. But certain modulations are typically those of Mozart. And the style, in matters more spiritual than technical (if indeed there can be such separation)—its refined and polished gayety, its shining elegance, its aristocratic sophistication, in these and many others—has definite affinities to that of Mozart. Probably further one should not go in comparison. Like unto a precious diamond, lustrously polished, glittering and sparkling in the suulight, was the performance of Mr. Koussevitzky and his men.

In like degree these forces displayed ...e many and various beauties of De...issy's so-called prelude. A delicious ...elange it is in the music as with ...allarmé, of fauns and forests, of Naiads and nymphs, of dreaming and of forgetful remembrance, of drowsy warmths, and finally of sleep. As fresh is this pioneer of "impressionism" today as it was when it first startled Paris a full generation ago. To Mr. Laurent and Mr. Gillet and Mr. Koussevitzky and a hundred others we of Boston owe its present beauties no less than to Claude Achille Debussy.

Excellent companion piece was the Strauss dance music. Again a music sensuous and languid. Again a music of wondrous color. Straussian energies thrust themselves upon one only at the very beginning and the very end. Between ...e the calm surfaces of a voluptuous ...ance. Artfully molded are they. Fused ...y a master's hand they run into each ...ther. Illusion of the gently swaying ...notion of the figure of the dancer, and ...ndeed toward the end, of her ardors, do ...hey bring. For a moment in closing the ...white heats of passion spring from ...massed strings. Mr. Koussevitzky gave ...voice to it all—the langurous movements, ...the postering and posing, scarce with ...motion at all, the inexhaustible interchange of subtle coloring, the flecks of momentary agitation, the gradual ascent, the final passion.

And again a hall filled with people was witness that Beethoven's "Eroica" is music of the gods. Never was music more grandly conceived. Seldom does it cut more deeply. Through heroic, energetic, tumultuous beginnings, it passes to a noble funeral march, a scherzo of rare lightness, to the final variations of huge dimensions. Above all it is a music of heroisms. So Mr. Koussevitzky played it. Of heroic proportions were the tumults of the first movement. The momentary lulls served but to fan the flames anew. Both the heights and the depths it sounded as these hundred men played it. The noble tragedy, the restrained gloom of the march is of a piece with such beginnings. For the orchestra of last evening the scherzo was play of virtuosity as well as poetic movement. No greater precision or lightness can one humanly expect from strings. For horns to match them is no less than marvel. It was accomplished last evening. And through the variations, in climax, the heroisms again mounted. Beethoven in his third is indeed a hero of heroes. And Koussevitzky with him.

A. H. M.

TRANS. DEC. 11 -

CLASSIC MUSIC AT SYMPHONY

8:45 A.M. Dec 11

By MOSES SMITH

No novelty stood on the second program of the Monday evening series of Symphony concerts, no hair-raising composition of a brazen ultra-modern to disturb the tranquility of the concert-goer who worships the familiar. This is very likely as it should be, for the listeners at these extra concerts, most of them new to symphonic music, should be led, not driven.

Prokofieff's "classical" symphony was written only a little more than ten years ago. But it is intentionally written in a simple idiom; it troubles no one's slumbers. With tongue in cheek, Prokofieff is said to be writing as a modern Mozart would. The music sounds much more like dressed up French and Russian ballet. Only the form is Mozart.

Debussy's masterpiece, "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," and the more debatable Dance of Salome from Strauss' "Salome" were the middle numbers on the program. The Prelude was beautifully played. The Strauss was not so imaginatively interpreted by Mr. Koussevitzky, it seemed to us, as it was by his assistant, Richard Burgin, when he conducted a pair of concerts recently. This later reading was too strained, too affected to impress the listener with its sincerity. Furthermore, the instrumental balance was not always good.

The closing piece was Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, which displayed Mr. Koussevitzky once more in his role of masterly interpreter of standard classics.

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN MONDAY CONCERT

GLOBE

Brilliant Performance of Familiar Music Pleases

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave last night the second of its five Monday concerts. Mr Koussevitzky chose, as usual, familiar numbers already heard this season in the Friday and Saturday series. Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," Salome's dance from Richard Strauss' opera, and Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony," all brilliantly performed, greatly pleased an audience which completely filled Symphony Hall. Every seat for this series has been sold.

Prokofieff's little symphony again proved the virtuosity of conductor and players. The music, though not intrinsically interesting, is very deftly written by a clever modern with no reverence and little real understanding of the 18th century. In it, the orchestra sounded particularly well.

Mr Koussevitzky's somewhat sentimentalized version of Debussy's "Faun" was last night chiefly notable for its display of the fine quality of the wood-wind players in the Boston Symphony. For Salome's dance, the conductor succeeded in evoking the alternating languor and frenzy the situation in Wilde's play demands.

The "Eroica" was eloquently interpreted, but in this number there were less precision of detail. Some of the attacks were not clean cut, some of the players were merely reeling off the notes without paying close attention to entrances and nuances. It is not so easy to make Beethoven sound well as it is to secure a virtuoso performance of Prokofieff's little symphony. The slow movement dragged, owing to an unduly slow pace.

Great familiar classics like the "Eroica" too often receive such routine, and rather slipshod performances as last night's, which only Mr Koussevitzky's interpretive talent saved from dullness. His sense of climax and feeling for emotional melody never desert him.

The next concert in this series will be given Jan 21. P. R.

PLAY SECOND O... MONDAY SERIE...

Symphony at Top Spee... Under Mr. Koussevitzk...

Pst Dec. 11

Music in which Mr. Koussevitzky a... hence the Symphony Orchestra excel... made the concert at Symphony Ha... last evening, the second of the c... rent Monday series. In many a p... formance at home and abroad condu... tor and players have tossed off be... lightly and surely as they did last e... ning, graceful measures of Prokofie... "Classical Symphony," with which t... programme began, have whipped up t... pace of the final movement almo... but not quite, to the point where... speed becomes confusion.

On a recent Friday afternoon an... Saturday evening at Symphony Ha... and at a subsequent concert in Ca... negie Hall Mr. Koussevitzky's and th... orchestra's performance of Debussy'... Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun,... repeated last evening, was lauded to th... skies. In the Dance of Salome fro... Richard Strauss' opera of the daughte... of Herodias and her lust for John th... Baptist, which made the third numbe... on this list of last evening, Mr. Kous... sevitzky once more showed his abilit... to endow this music with the exotic... sensual quality that all have not bee... able to draw from it, though by toke... of his performance it is latent in th... score.

And finally, for ending of the co... cert, came the "Eroica" Symphony o... Beethoven, in which on every repeti... tion Mr. Koussevitzky has showed tha... in this symphony at least he can b... eloquent, impassioned, sufficiently ro... mantic, and yet do no violence to th... composer's expressed intentions. Upo... this and upon the other pieces of th... evening, especially Strauss' dance, th... audience lavished its applause.

Concert-Chronicle

TRANS. — DEC 14

Presenting a Prize-Winner

LAST evening in Sanders Theater ...curred the third of the Cambri... concerts of the Boston Sympho... Orchestra. In the life of at least ... person it was an event. That per... was Leon Vartanian, pianist. His ... pearance marks the beginning of a ... policy on the part of the Boston S... phony Orchestra. Mr. Vartanian is ... pianist who last spring at the New E... land Conservatory of Music, in o... competition with his fellow students, ... the annual prize which consists of ... pianoforte. Now the Boston Sympho... Orchestra steps in and makes the w... ning of this competition even m... significant and attractive. For beg... ning with this year, the winner of ... prize is also assured an appearance ... soloist with the orchestra at one of ... regular concerts. Mr. Vartanian ... the first recipient of the honor. He h... chosen to play Chopin's Concerto in ... minor in proof of his pianistic sk... This is probably not the occasion ... comment on Chopin's concerto. Suff... it to say that like many another wo... from the Romanticists it does not br... the thrill to modern ears that it p... vided for an earlier generation. ... this Mr. Vartanian is in no wise ... blame. It was probably chosen for h... by his teachers. It is a work much us... and exceedingly useful in the schools, a... it did serve to give Mr. Vartanian ... excellent introduction to his larger au... ence. One noted first in Mr. Vartania... playing an exceedingly beautiful to... Limpid, bright, crystal clear it was ... all times. Unaided by other qualities ... would have made his playing a joy ... the listener. Aided by his other pianis... and musicianly accomplishments, ... served to increase and heighten pleasu... for Mr. Vartanian's technic is by ... means inconsiderable.

Preceding the concerto the orchest... played Handel's Concerto Grosso in ... minor for string orchestra, with the ... accustomed warmth and fullness of to... Largos and larghettos brought sustain... phrase, broadly songful line. Allegr... added work of decorative design, and t... contrasts between "concertino" a... "ripieno" which are the life-blood ... these concertos. Again and again, ... one hears these Koussevitzkian perfor... ances of the earlier classics, one wo... ders what would be the look of mar... and astonishment on the faces of t... Handels and the Bachs could they he... the ample and sonorous voice which th... music today is able to command.

Came for final number Cesar Franc... Symphony in D minor. That it ga... pleasure there can be no doubt. For t... audience clapped loud and long, till c... ductor bade the men rise in acknowle... ment. Even then the applause was sl... to subside. One may believe that ... was not entirely the electrifying climax ... which brought this applause, for wis... and beautifully Mr. Koussevitzky prop... tioned his work. A tempo slacker... here, a rhythm relaxed there, a sonor... softened elsewhere, and one caught ... gleam of the mystical Franck peeri... over the conductor's shoulder. Mast... ful are his advances in this symphon... as they march on and on to thrilli... climax. Of rare beauty always has be... the song of the second movement, ... equal lightness the scherzo which ... added to it. And when one adds to th... the feeling of ineffable light which ... seen only in the music of Franck, o... must conclude, small wonder that a... audience in Cambridge could not expre... itself highly enough in approval of sy... phony and performance. A. H. M.

TRANS. DEC. 10

Music and M

Second Time, And to Larger, Deeper Residue

"The Song of The Earth" and a Clear Case for Mahler, Composer and Poet

WOULD that it had been a fair evening, instead of one bringing into these parts the first welcome touch of winter! Then, on Saturday, the onlooker could have assigned cause more confidently for the unusual number of empty seats in Symphony Hall. Was Mahler the deterrent or was it merely inclement weather? Or did any excuse serve, in a busy time, for rest and relaxation elsewhere? Mahler does demand hard listening; thinking only of the design he would accomplish, exacts it for upward of an hour. (The chances are that he never knew the word "concentration"; merely took for granted that useful function of the mind.) Besides, there is the anti-Mahler fetich, curiously developed in our capitals of music within the last ten years. In Dr. Muck's day, here in Boston, audiences flocked to hear his Fifth or his Second Symphony; clapped hands loudly. Reviewers joined their plaudits. All and sundry agreed to repetitions "by general request." Now, when Mr. Mengelberg proposes Mahler to the patrons of the Philharmonic Society in New York, or Mr. Koussevitzky leads him back, after ten years, into Symphony Hall, murmurs rise of distaste, dissent, dread. There is even an anti-Mahler formula that old men mumble, whether or not it applies to the music before them. Enough that it bears for signature the boresome name. The bystander might believe him co-mate in tedium with the great and good d'Indy.

The irritated Mahlerites also bestir themselves. There are more of them among musicians than many believe; while not all are conductors. Hearing his music, they use the superlative degree in comment, when a milder emphasis might be more persuasive. Between these interchanges, after seventy minutes of "The Song of the Earth," the plain man sits bewildered. With self-respect as an intelligent listener, can he take away only the memory of Mme. Cahier's singing and of Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting? Must he poultice even that with recollection of a workaday Concerto of Handel transfigured by the sonority and plasticity of the string choir? Many a page of Bach, as the Handelites like to say, is routine and stencil. By the same token so also is many a page of Handel—among them this Twelfth Concerto Grosso, in B minor.

Yet there is a case for Mahler and for "The Song of the Earth." When it is put to him the plain man finds, with a shrug of relief, that it accords with more than one of his own impressions. Through the length and breadth of Central Europe from Oslo and Stockholm on the north to Munich and Vienna on the south, from the eastern border of France to the western border of Russia, Mahler persists as an eminent composer to be heard again and again with interest and satisfaction. These lands and folk are not unmusical. Holland sounds his praises: Mr. Newman and the late Mr. Langford of The Manchester Guardian were his champions in England. Paris hears him, not too reluctantly. With or without reason, he is presumed to continue the illustrious German line, the perdurable German tradition. By such titles he has a right to occasional entrance into the far-spreading concerts of the Boston Orchestra.

For better and for worse Mahler wrote a singular, individual, "very personal" music. It is like none other in the world; it has given birth to no progeny. For strangeness, as expression of a composer and a conductor through thirty years no mean figure from Vienna to New York, it deserves place on the catholic programs, ordained by long and honorable precedent upon Symphony Hall. Mr. Koussevitzky has restored the Symphony Orchestra to high quality and rank; given it new titles to distinction; upon no more sensitive instrument does a conductor play. He himself is a master of instrumental color, manipulation, suggestion. In all three Mahler, composing, excelled. Few conductors, unless they be wholly Latin or obstinately opinionated, may turn a score of Mahler without spontaneous wish to "try" it.

These are extraneous reflections. The plain man will prefer to give judgment by what he has heard, in the concert-hall, out of "The Song of the Earth." He will be dull-witted, indeed, if the texts of these seven songs, even after they have been milled through Chinese, German and English, do not interest him. Whether they are gay, as in three, or sombre as in four, in substance and quality they are well above most "literature" that has given occasion to music. To read them is to be curious how they will fare in tones. The plain man listens—dull-eared beyond remedy, if the rhythmic vigor, the whole propulsive ardor, of the first division do not stir him. He will lack imagination if the wan tone-picturing, the descent of spent, weary, solitary mood, do not lay hold upon him through the second. Through the third and the fourth, he listens to as light, graceful, fanciful, transparent music as though a Latin pen had written it. The fifth—and the music-maker of these adroit miniatures is singing out homely, frank and lusty. The sixth, the seventh, the tone-poem in which they are vocal obbligati or interludes—and lo! fatigue is forgotten in the strange and piercing beauty, the brooding haunted power of these final pages. Yes: "The Song of the Earth" is Mahler's least blemished "Symphony," the music in which he most fulfilled himself.

Talk to the plain man of Mahler's strivings and shortcomings, by and large, or as they peer here and there out of "The Song of the Earth" and he will fend you away—all this is actual experience at a supper party—as a reviewer by formula or as a school-room pedant. His emotions, by the new Symphony excited, have conquered him—for Mahler. He returns thanks and praise to Mr. Koussevitzky; though he know not a page of them, bids the conductor go on in future seasons to the Fifth or the Seventh Symphony, that they also may stir him. Mahler, he remarks bluntly, had faults but as yet needs no apologists. Meanwhile, the host goes to the bookshelves, pulls down a volume of Ernest Newman and reads out:

> It is at least arguable that Mahler's nine Symphonies represent on the whole the most significant body of work done in the symphonic form since Brahms; while even people who are not yet on the intellectual or the musical level of the Symphonies are as a rule sensitive to the beauty and the power of his songs. . . . One can hardly imagine a composer more sure of himself in latitudes not accessible to ordinary feet and this combined impression of bigness and certainly is one of the rarest impressions in the concert-room and the surest sign of the presence of a master. . . . But behind all this certainty of style and of technique is an imagination of a very unusual kind, vivid, ardent and vast, with the power of turning everything that passes through it into natural music. To minds that can enter into his with imaginative sympathy, Mahler is one of the subtlest forces in modern music.

The plain man was right: Mahler needs no apologists; for he has champions. And "The Song of The Earth" is the end that crowned his work.

H. T. P.

MUSIC

TRANS. DEC 11

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The second program of the Monday evening series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky, conductor, was given last night at Symphony hall. It included Prokofief's "Classical" Symphony, Debussy's "Prelude a L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune," "The Dance of Salome," from Strauss's opera and Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony.

This was a program admirably designed to exhibit the peculiar gifts of the conductor, and the remarkable skill of the excellent body of musicians under him. One might complain that the arrangement of the program could have been improved. "Salome's Dance," with its furiously excited ending, seemed a little out of place just before the Beethoven Symphony, even though an intermission separated them. And disregarded was Beethoven's plaintive note about the "Eroica": "If it be performed too late, there is danger that it will not produce on the audience, whose attention will be already wearied by preceding pieces, the effect which the composer purposed in his own mind to attain."

Mr. Koussevitsky risked the weariness of the audience, but it must be admitted that the effects he strives for, while not always according to tradition, seldom allow the audience to lose interest in what is happening. His reading of the "Eroica," is not free from exaggeration, but it is stirring and majestic.

The polished ensemble which Symphony audiences have been taught to expect from the strings, was again apparent in Prokofief's charming "Classical" Symphony (which suggests a kinship to Stravinsky's excursion into classic ballet in "Apollon Musagete),—though momentary lack of precision marred the first movement.

Koussevitsky's interpretation of "L'-Apres-Midi d'un Faune," despite its finely wrought detail, was lacking in rhythmic life and impulse, and hence missed some of the fantastic spirit of Mallarme's poem.

"The Dance of Salome," with its hypnotic rhythm, was excellently worked up to its frenzied climax.

There was long applause for the conductor and the players. E. B.

A Second Monday for Symphonic Pleasures

HIGHLY favored among the audiences that listen to symphonic music was the one that heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky in Symphony Hall last evening. It was the second of the Monday evening series, and a program fit for the gods had been assembled. That little gem called Prokofiev's "Classical" symphony began it. Debussy's prelude, "To the Afternoon of a Faun," and the dance of Salome from Strauss's "Salome" continued it. Beethoven's monumental third symphony brought conclusion.

One need not quarrel with those who hold that Prokofiev's symphony is not many meanings. The application, of "Mozartean." That adjective may have course, comes out of Felix Borowski's remark that Prokofiev had tried to catch the spirit of Mozart and to write as Mozart would if he were now living. The composer himself, however, contented himself with calling the symphony "classical." Of course the themes are not the themes which a Mozart would have written, even a Mozart of the twentieth century. They are the themes of a Russian writing a certain type of "universal" music. It is doubtful whether Mozart would ever have used a Gavotte in a symphony. It is doubtful whether Mozart would have written a "Larghetto' 'with so much rhythmic activity as the present one. But certain modulations are typically those of Mozart. And the style, in matters more spiritual than technical (if indeed there can be such separation)—its refined and polished gayety, its shining elegance, its aristocratic sophistication, in these and many others—has definite affinities to that of Mozart. Probably further one should not go in comparison. Like unto a precious diamond, lustrously polished, glittering and sparkling in the suulight, was the performance of Mr. Koussevitzky and his men.

In like degree these forces displayed the many and various beauties of Debussy's so-called prelude. A delicious melange it is in the music as with Mallarmé, of fauns and forests, of Naiads and nymphs, of dreaming and of forgetful remembrance, of drowsy warmths, and finally of sleep. As fresh is this pioneer of "impressionism" today as it was when it first startled Paris a full generation ago. To Mr. Laurent and Mr. Gillet and Mr. Koussevitzky and a hundred others we of Boston owe its present beauties no less than to Claude Achille Debussy.

Excellent companion piece was the Strauss dance music. Again a music sensuous and languid. Again a music of wondrous color. Straussian energies thrust themselves upon one only at the very beginning and the very end. Between are the calm surfaces of a voluptuous dance. Artfully molded are they. Fused by a master's hand they run into each other. illusion of the gently swaying motion of the figure of the dancer, and indeed toward the end, of her ardors, do they bring. For a moment in closing the white heats of passion spring from massed strings. Mr. Koussevitzky gave voice to it all—the languorous movements, the postering and posing, scarce with motion at all, the inexhaustible interchange of subtle coloring, the flecks of momentary agitation, the gradual ascent, the final passion.

And again a hall filled with people was witness that Beethoven's "Eroica" is music of the gods. Never was music more grandly conceived. Seldom does it cut more deeply. Through heroic, energetic, tumultuous beginnings, it passes to a noble funeral march, a scherzo of rare lightness, to the final variations of huge dimensions. Above all it is a music of heroisms. So Mr. Koussevitzky played it. Of heroic proportions were the tumults of the first movement. The momentary lulls served but to fan the flames anew. Both the heights and the depths it sounded as these hundred men played it. The noble tragedy, the restrained gloom of the march is of a piece with such beginnings. For the orchestra of last evening the scherzo was play of virtuosity as well as poetic movement. No greater precision or lightness can one humanly expect from strings. For horns to match them is no less than marvel. It was accomplished last evening. And through the variations, in climax, the heroisms again mounted. Beethoven in his third is indeed a hero of heroes. And Koussevitzky with him.

A. H. M.

TRANS. Dec. 11

Bos AM. Dec 11

CLASSIC MUSIC AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

No novelty stood on the second program of the Monday evening series of Symphony concerts, no hair-raising composition of a brazen ultra-modern to disturb the tranquility of the concert-goer who worships the familiar. This is very likely as it should be, for the listeners at these extra concerts, most of them new to symphonic music, should be led, not driven.

Prokofieff's "classical" symphony was written only a little more than ten years ago. But it is intentionally written in a simple idiom; it troubles no one's slumbers. With tongue in cheek, Prokofieff is said to be writing as a modern Mozart would. The music sounds much more like dressed up French and Russian ballet. Only the form is Mozart.

Debussy's masterpiece, "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," and the more debatable Dance of Salome from Strauss' "Salome" were the middle numbers on the program. The Prelude was beautifully played. The Strauss was not so imaginatively interpreted by Mr. Koussevitzky, it seemed to us, as it was by his assistant, Richard Burgin, when he conducted a pair of concerts recently. This later reading was too strained, too affected to impress the listener with its sincerity. Furthermore, the instrumental balance was not always good.

The closing piece was Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, which displayed Mr. Koussevitzky once more in his role of masterly interpreter of standard classics.

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN MONDAY CONCERT

Brilliant Performance of Familiar Music Pleases

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave last night the second of its five Monday concerts. Mr Koussevitzky chose, as usual, familiar numbers already heard this season in the Friday and Saturday series. Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," Salome's dance from Richard Strauss' opera, and Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony," all brilliantly performed, greatly pleased an audience which completely filled Symphony Hall. Every seat for this series has been sold.

Prokofieff's little symphony again proved the virtuosity of conductor and players. The music, though not intrinsically interesting, is very deftly written by a clever modern with no reverence and little real understanding of the 18th century. In it, the orchestra sounded particularly well.

Mr Koussevitzky's somewhat sentimentalized version of Debussy's "Faun" was last night chiefly notable for its display of the fine quality of the wood-wind players in the Boston Symphony. For Salome's dance, the conductor succeeded in evoking the alternating languor and frenzy the situation in Wilde's play demands.

The "Eroica" was eloquently interpreted, but in this number there were less precision of detail. Some of the attacks were not clean cut, some of the players were merely reeling off the notes without paying close attention to entrances and nuances. It is not so easy to make Beethoven sound well as it is to secure a virtuoso performance of Prokofieff's little symphony. The slow movement dragged, owing to an unduly slow pace.

Great familiar classics like the "Eroica" too often receive such routine, and rather slipshod performances as last night's, which only Mr Koussevitzky's interpretive talent saved from dullness. His sense of climax and feeling for emotional melody never desert him.

The next concert in this series will be given Jan 21. P. R.

PLAY SECOND O MONDAY SERIE

Symphony at Top Spee Under Mr. Koussevitzk

Post Dec. 11

Music in which Mr. Koussevitzky ar hence the Symphony Orchestra excel made the concert at Symphony Ha last evening, the second of the cu rent Monday series. In many a pe formance at home and abroad condu tor and players have tossed off bo lightly and surely as they did last ev ning, graceful measures of Prokofie "Classical Symphony," with which t programme began, have whipped up t pace of the final movement almos but not quite, to the point where speed becomes confusion.

On a recent Friday afternoon an Saturday evening at Symphony Ha and at a subsequent concert in Ca negie Hall Mr. Koussevitzky's and th orchestra's performance of Debussy' Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun, repeated last evening, was lauded to th skies. In the Dance of Salome fro Richard Strauss' opera of the daughte of Herodias and her lust for John th Baptist, which made the third numbe on this list of last evening, Mr. Kous sevitzky once more showed his abilit to endow this music with the exoti sensual quality that all have not bee able to draw from it, though by toke of his performance it is latent in th score.

And finally, for ending of the con cert, came the "Eroica" Symphony o Beethoven, in which on every repeti tion Mr. Koussevitzky has showed tha in this symphony at least he can b eloquent, impassioned, sufficiently ro mantic, and yet do no violence to th composer's expressed intentions. Upo this and upon the other pieces of th evening, especially Strauss' dance, th audience lavished its applause.

Concert-Chronicle

TRANS. — DEC 14

Presenting a Prize-Winner

LAST evening in Sanders Theater curred the third of the Cambri concerts of the Boston Symph Orchestra. In the life of at least person it was an event. That per was Leon Vartanian, pianist. His pearance marks the beginning of a policy on the part of the Boston S phony Orchestra. Mr. Vartanian is pianist who last spring at the New E land Conservatory of Music, in o competition with his fellow students, the annual prize which consists of pianoforte. Now the Boston Symph Orchestra steps in and makes the w ning of this competition even m significant and attractive. For beg ning with this year, the winner of prize is also assured an appearance soloist with the orchestra at one of regular concerts. Mr. Vartanian w the first recipient of the honor. He chosen to play Chopin's Concerto in minor in proof of his pianistic sk This is probably not the occasion comment on Chopin's concerto. Suff it to say that like many another w from the Romanticists it does not bri the thrill to modern ears that it vided for an earlier generation. this Mr. Vartanian is in no wise blame. It was probably chosen for by his teachers. It is a work much u and exceedingly useful in the schools, a it did serve to give Mr. Vartanian excellent introduction to his larger au ence. One noted first in Mr. Vartania playing an exceedingly beautiful to Limpid, bright, crystal clear it was all times. Unaided by other qualities would have made his playing a joy the listener. Aided by his other pianis and musicianly accomplishments, served to increase and heighten pleasu for Mr. Vartanian's technic is by means inconsiderable.

Preceding the concerto the orchest played Handel's Concerto Grosso in minor for string orchestra, with the accustomed warmth and fullness of to Largos and larghettos brought sustain phrase, broadly songful line. Allegr added work of decorative design, and t contrasts between "concertino" a "ripieno" which are the life-blood these concertos. Again and again, one hears these Koussevitzkian perfor ances of the earlier classics, one wo ders what would be the look of mar and astonishment on the faces of t Handels and the Bachs could they h the ample and sonorous voice which th music today is able to command.

Came for final number Cesar Franc Symphony in D minor. That it ga pleasure there can be no doubt. For audience clapped loud and long, till c ductor bade the men rise in acknowle ment. Even then the applause was s to subside. One may believe that was not entirely the electrifying clima which brought this applause, for wis and beautifully Mr. Koussevitzky prop tioned his work. A tempo slacke here, a rhythm relaxed there, a sonor softened elsewhere, and one caught gleam of the mystical Franck peeri over the conductor's shoulder. Mast ful are his advances in this symphon as they march on and on to thrilli climax. Of rare beauty always has be the song of the second movement, equal lightness the scherzo which added to it. And when one adds to th the feeling of ineffable light which seen only in the music of Franck, o must conclude, small wonder that audience in Cambridge could not expre itself highly enough in approval of sy phony and performance. A. H. M.

PLAY SECOND OF MONDAY SERIES

Symphony at Top Speed Under Mr. Koussevitzky

Post Dec. 11

Music in which Mr. Koussevitzky and hence the Symphony Orchestra excels, made the concert at Symphony Hall last evening, the second of the current Monday series. In many a performance at home and abroad conductor and players have tossed off both lightly and surely as they did last evening, graceful measures of Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony," with which the programme began, have whipped up the pace of the final movement almost, but not quite, to the point whereat speed becomes confusion.

On a recent Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at Symphony Hall and at a subsequent concert in Carnegie Hall Mr. Koussevitzky's and the orchestra's performance of Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," repeated last evening, was lauded to the skies. In the Dance of Salome from Richard Strauss' opera of the daughter of Herodias and her lust for John the Baptist, which made the third number on this list of last evening, Mr. Koussevitzky once more showed his ability to endow this music with the exotic, sensual quality that all have not been able to draw from it, though by token of his performance it is latent in the score.

And finally, for ending of the concert, came the "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven, in which on every repetition Mr. Koussevitzky has showed that in this symphony at least he can be eloquent, impassioned, sufficiently romantic, and yet do no violence to the composer's expressed intentions. Upon this and upon the other pieces of the evening, especially Strauss' dance, the audience lavished its applause.

Concert-Chronicle

TRANS. — DEC 14

Presenting a Prize-Winner

LAST evening in Sanders Theater occurred the third of the Cambridge concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In the life of at least one person it was an event. That person was Leon Vartanian, pianist. His appearance marks the beginning of a new policy on the part of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Vartanian is the pianist who last spring at the New England Conservatory of Music, in open competition with his fellow students, won the annual prize which consists of a pianoforte. Now the Boston Symphony Orchestra steps in and makes the winning of this competition even more significant and attractive. For beginning with this year, the winner of the prize is also assured an appearance as soloist with the orchestra at one of its regular concerts. Mr. Vartanian was the first recipient of the honor. He had chosen to play Chopin's Concerto in E minor in proof of his pianistic skill. This is probably not the occasion for comment on Chopin's concerto. Suffice it to say that like many another work from the Romanticists it does not bring the thrill to modern ears that it provided for an earlier generation. For this Mr. Vartanian is in no wise to blame. It was probably chosen for him by his teachers. It is a work much used and exceedingly useful in the schools, and it did serve to give Mr. Vartanian an excellent introduction to his larger audience. One noted first in Mr. Vartanian's playing an exceedingly beautiful tone. Limpid, bright, crystal clear it was at all times. Unaided by other qualities it would have made his playing a joy to the listener. Aided by his other pianistic and musicianly accomplishments, it served to increase and heighten pleasure, for Mr. Vartanian's technic is by no means inconsiderable.

Preceding the concerto the orchestra played Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor for string orchestra, with their accustomed warmth and fullness of tone. Largos and larghettos brought sustained phrase, broadly songful line. Allegros added work of decorative design, and the contrasts between "concertino" and "ripieno" which are the life-blood of these concertos. Again and again, as one hears these Koussevitzkian performances of the earlier classics, one wonders what would be the look of marvel and astonishment on the faces of the Handels and the Bachs could they hear the ample and sonorous voice which their music today is able to command.

Came for final number Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor. That it gave pleasure there can be no doubt. For the audience clapped loud and long, till conductor bade the men rise in acknowledgment. Even then the applause was slow to subside. One may believe that it was not entirely the electrifying climaxes which brought this applause, for wisely and beautifully Mr. Koussevitzky proportioned his work. A tempo slackened here, a rhythm relaxed there, a sonority softened elsewhere, and one caught a gleam of the mystical Franck peering over the conductor's shoulder. Masterful are his advances in this symphony, as they march on and on to thrilling climax. Of rare beauty always has been the song of the second movement, of equal lightness the scherzo which is added to it. And when one adds to this the feeling of ineffable light which is seen only in the music of Franck, one must conclude, small wonder that an audience in Cambridge could not express itself highly enough in approval of symphony and performance.

A. H. M.

TRANS. DEC 15

BOSTON EVENING T

Symphony

Three Moderns For Pleasures And Penalties

Martinu, Copland, Prokofiev, Through a Variegated Symphony Concert

THROUGH the intermission at the Symphony Concert superior persons grumbled. Plainly the new pieces from Martinu and Mr. Copland were no masterworks. Not long would they linger in any repertory. At best both were "occasional." With emotion Martinu had seen the first Czechoslovakian flag handed to the first Czechslovakian regiment; into music had transmuted scene and sensation. Sorting his papers, Mr. Copland had come upon two movements for string quartet written five years apart; as summer task had scored them for full string choir. Mr. Koussevitzky, considerate of young composers in whom he believes, had accepted both manuscripts; allotted them a third of a Symphony Concert when countless masterpieces from Bach to Bloch lay mute upon the shelves. The grousers groused: the gong rang; all concerned sat down to Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." Of that, as the Grand Inquisitor puts it in "The Gondoliers, there could be no possible, probable shadow of doubt.

Yet why talk of masterworks when Martinu's "La Symphonie" and Mr. Copland's Lento and Rondino are in question? Or why pretend to have expected either to be such? When these grumblers receive from the bookseller a parcel of new novels, they are content if it contains amusing stuff, discloses current and promising talents. They go to the play, and a well-flavored comedy or a full-fashioned drama gives them pleasure. They turn into the picture-show. No Velasquez and no Cézanne there await them; but they are well pleased to see "what the new men are doing." Why then apply this perpetual test of masterpieces to the one art of music much-enduring? For no sane reason that can be discovered or invented—unless it be that sorry thing which is custom. Year in and year out, in any series of symphony concerts, the frequenters hear much Bach and Beethoven, Brahms and Debussy, hear them usually at best. Must everything else aspire to these exalted standards? Must we pass our days and nights, as the rhetoric of self-complaisance has it, in unbroken "communion with the masterpieces?"

No human being, unless he were fossilized with self-righteousness, could endure such an existence in the arts. Music or literature, painting or the theater, would stiffen into rigor mortis under such conditions. If an art is alive, men of our own time are working in it. If we care at all about it, except as ritual for our assumed superiorities we wish to know what they are doing. By all odds it is the obligation of symphony concerts to renew at due interval the masterpieces of music. It is equally their obligation to make the musical discoveries, to publish the musical news, of the present hour. When Mr. Koussevitzky sets on a program these pieces of Martinu and Mr. Copland he is discharging an essential part of his duty as conductor, in the autumn of 1928, of an illustrious orchestra playing to an intelligent public. As reasonably talk of masterpieces when one shuts the covers of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"; drops in to see the newest John; sits before O'Neill's latest piece?

Minor though they may be, both "novelties" were interesting and pleasurable in themselves; while on the lap of time, and nowhere else, rests their future. In these days or any other, masters that are, or are not, to be have written casual pieces. Only last week at the Symphony Concerts Handel turned off one such; while all the solemnities and superiorities bowed before it because, forsooth, Handel is a classic. Yet he was far from that in the year of grace, 1739, when he handed these Concerti Grossi to a publisher. In this autumn of 1928, may not Martinu and Mr. Copland have also their opportunity?

Martinu stood by at a military spectacle; sensation and emotion stirred in him. He casts them into a large-framed, full-voiced march-movement—and sublimates it. His musical material escapes commonplace; bears witness to tense and kindling mood; moves in reiterated rhythms, harder and harder driving; wears sonorities like a rich vesture; expands once into songful measures that seize the ear, diffuse emotion, exhale into that sensuous bitter-sweetness which is heritage to the Czechs of tones. Maybe, for those that hear also with their minds, Martinu, seeking a form that would suit his sensations and imaginings, has experimented with a contraction of the orthodox symphonic structure. Enough surely for one composer in one piece upon a single afternoon.

Mr. Copland with his two pieces is also in good case. The other day in these columns, someone was saying that the young modernists have no melody, cannot write it, if they would. One answer is the melody, single-voiced, unbroken, unflagging, that fills Mr. Copland's slow movement. It has substance, shape and fertility; by design but without labor it never relaxes the chosen pace; the harmony, the distribution of the string choir, round and support it. The sensuous ear takes pleasure; the mind follows close the progress; between composer and hearer flows the changeless mood. Mr. Copland has written a singularly complete and self-contained little piece; in miniature it is rather a tour de force gently accomplished. As pendant he sets a brief Rondino all artifice and delicate syncopation, both adroitly contrived. When poets would so amuse themselves they write triolets, vilanelles and the like, and no one misjudges them. They are taking their pleasure in belles-lettres and metrical forms, sharing it with us who read. There is a similar field in music and upon it in this Rondino Mr. Copland is no graceless performer. Again enough for two pieces from one pen on a single afternoon. There is no need to talk of masterpieces until the masterpiece comes and rends the composer's vitals. It would be a torturing process—every day.

Nor need our grumblers be quite so sure that these "novelties" from living hands forthwith descend into oblivion. Four years ago next spring Mr. Burgin played Prokofiev's Concerto for Violin upon the platform of Symphony Hall. Yesterday, on that selfsame stage, Miss Lea Luboshutz repeated it, and first impressions were renewed and deepened upon a far more receptive audience. Into a withering form, Prokofiev infuses like-giving injections. There are departures from orthodox structure. The musical substance, the mood that has engendered it, the composer's warming purpose, condition shape and movement. There are no deliberately displayful passages for the solo-instrument. Prokofiev asks much of it and of the violinist, but always in union or interplay with the orchestra. The moods are not the conventional moods of concertos. They are rooted in native wildness; they enter, declare themselves, give way to others, briefly, fitfully. They draw sap from the folk-song of the composer's native Russia; upspring from the ardors and candors of his own temperament. For no velvet-coated virtuoso in no orthodox mold of the concert-hall goes the whiplash scherzo—stinging rhythms, short phrases flinging up and down. The finale pushes its way into tonal being; outspreads songfully, darts away into the livelier game of rhythms. In the introductory Andantino, Prokofiev is all for abrupt mood and changeful inventions; measure against measure, it must sound and stir.

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H. T. P.

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Prokofieff's Violin Concerto Played by Lea Luboshutz

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Martinu, a Czech living in Paris, is remembered here by his "Bagarre" played last season. The program decorously translated this French word as "tumult," though "rumpus" would be much more literal. The piece heard yesterday, though entitled "La Symphonie," has nothing to do with symphonies either in form or in content. It is another "rumpus," this time a patriotic one, suggested by "the historic scene when the first Czecho-Slovak flag was presented to the first Czecho-Slovak regiment in 1918." The music is like a reminiscence of a military march, interrupted by recollections of patriotic airs. Tchaikovsky's "1812" is perhaps its nearest musical analogue. Martinu's modernistic rowdiness is rather too self-conscious to ring true. Clever manipulation of rhythms is the most remarkable characteristic of a piece not otherwise notable.

Miss Luboshutz, who has appeared in other cities in joint recital with Josef Hofmann, teaches at the Curtis Institute. Her technique proved amply adequate for the considerable difficulties of Prokofieff's concerto, first heard here three years since from Mr Burgin. She was cordially applauded.

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GLOBE DEC. 15

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POST DEC. 15

Two Pieces Fresh From Pen Heard for First Time

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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MARTINU'S CONTRIBUTION

The piece by Martinu, by title "La Symphonie," is the second composition by this Parisianized Czech to be heard at the Symphony Concerts. Its predecessor of last season, "The Tumult" aimed to suggest such excitments as those of a crowd at a football game. "La Symphonie," which is in fact no a symphony at all, was written in memory of the ceremony at Darne France, when the first Czechoslovakian flag was presented to the first Czechoslovakian regiment. Martinu, then finds his inspiration in the world of events, and he writes with a great muscularity and vigor, stressing rhythm at the expense of other factors. In "The Tumult" this energy is unremitting. In "La Symphonie" there is a quasi-melodic interlude for English horn solo accompanied by chords for the strings.

Had "La Symphonie" been briefer its effects would have been greater. Renewed when the interlude is done, Mr. Martinu's vigors after a time begins to pall.

Lento Molto Is Reposeful

From Mr. Copland comes ever the unexpected. The first piece by this young Brooklynite to be heard in Boston, the Symphony for organ and orchestra, proclaimed him a musically dangerous character. It was Walter Damrosch who declared that the man who could write a piece like this might some day commit murder. Yet the second Copland work to be made known to us by Mr. Koussevitzky, the Music for the Theatre, revealed genuine fancy. The hopes inspired by this ingenious and grateful composition were, however, soon after dashed by the extravagant Concerto for piano and orchestra. But now in the Lento Molto for strings of yesterday's concert we find Mr. Copland attempting, and not altogether unsuccessfully, to pour the new harmonic wine into the old bottles of the Bachian or Handelian Adagio.

There is in this piece a classic breadth, dignity and repose, if no marked melodic inventiveness. Its companion piece also for strings, composed in 1923, is of less importance. The notes of the chief theme are taken, either as letter or syllabic names, from the name Gabriel Faure G-A-B-re-si-E-la, etc., a procedure adopted at the time of Faure's death by several of his countrymen. But vital tunes come not this way, and Mr. Copland's recurring theme has little distinction. Nor do the contrasting matter and the musical treatment bring compensation.

Miss Luboshutz Capable

The extraordinarily clever and exhilarating Violin Concerto of Prokofieff which Mr. Burgin played here in 1 served yesterday to introduce to Boston Lea Luboshutz a notable violinist. With amazing verve she flung Prokofieff's difficult passages, apparently finding in them only a joyous relation.

It would now be a pleasure to hear Miss Luboshutz in a composition calling for deeper musical qualities. Yesterday's audience received her with well-deserved enthusiasm.

PLAY SECOND OF MONDAY SERIES

Symphony at Top Speed Under Mr. Koussevitzky

Post Dec. 11

Music in which Mr. Koussevitzky and hence the Symphony Orchestra excels, made the concert at Symphony Hall last evening, the second of the current Monday series. In many a performance at home and abroad conductor and players have tossed off both lightly and surely as they did last evening, graceful measures of Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony," with which the programme began, have whipped up the pace of the final movement almost, but not quite, to the point whereat speed becomes confusion.

On a recert Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at Symphony Hall and at a subsequent concert in Carnegie Hall Mr. Koussevitzky's and the orchestra's performance of Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," repeated last evening, was lauded to the skies. In the Dance of Salome from Richard Strauss' opera of the daughter of Herodias and her lust for John the Baptist, which made the third number on this list of last evening, Mr. Koussevitzky once more showed his ability to endow this music with the exotic, sensual quality that all have not been able to draw from it, though by token of his performance it is latent in the score.

And finally, for ending of the concert, came the "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven, in which on every repetition Mr. Koussevitzky has showed that in this symphony at least he can be eloquent, impassioned, sufficiently romantic, and yet do no violence to the composer's expressed intentions. Upon this and upon the other pieces of the evening, especially Strauss' dance, the audience lavished its applause.

Concert-Chronicle

TRANS. — DEC 14

Presenting a Prize-Winner

LAST evening in Sanders Theater occurred the third of the Cambridge concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In the life of at least one person it was an event. That person was Leon Vartanian, pianist. His appearance marks the beginning of a new policy on the part of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Vartanian is the pianist who last spring at the New England Conservatory of Music, in open competition with his fellow students, won the annual prize which consists of a pianoforte. Now the Boston Symphony Orchestra steps in and makes the winning of this competition even more significant and attractive. For beginning with this year, the winner of the prize is also assured an appearance as soloist with the orchestra at one of its regular concerts. Mr. Vartanian was the first recipient of the honor. He had chosen to play Chopin's Concerto in E minor in proof of his pianistic skill. This is probably not the occasion for comment on Chopin's concerto. Suffice it to say that like many another work from the Romanticists it does not bring the thrill to modern ears that it provided for an earlier generation. For this Mr. Vartanian is in no wise to blame. It was probably chosen for him by his teachers. It is a work much used and exceedingly useful in the schools, and it did serve to give Mr. Vartanian an excellent introduction to his larger audience. One noted first in Mr. Vartanian's playing an exceedingly beautiful tone. Limpid, bright, crystal clear it was at all times. Unaided by other qualities it would have made his playing a joy to the listener. Aided by his other pianistic and musicianly accomplishments, it served to increase and heighten pleasure, for Mr. Vartanian's technic is by no means inconsiderable.

Preceding the concerto the orchestra played Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor for string orchestra, with their accustomed warmth and fullness of tone. Largos and larghettos brought sustained phrase, broadly songful line. Allegros added work of decorative design, and the contrasts between "concertino" and "ripieno" which are the life-blood of these concertos. Again and again, as one hears these Koussevitzkian performances of the earlier classics, one wonders what would be the look of marvel and astonishment on the faces of the Handels and the Bachs could they hear the ample and sonorous voice which their music today is able to command.

Came for final number Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor. That it gave pleasure there can be no doubt. For the audience clapped loud and long, till conductor bade the men rise in acknowledgment. Even then the applause was slow to subside. One may believe that it was not entirely the electrifying climaxes which brought this applause, for wisely and beautifully Mr. Koussevitzky proportioned his work. A tempo slackened here, a rhythm relaxed there, a sonority softened elsewhere, and one caught a gleam of the mystical Franck peering over the conductor's shoulder. Masterful are his advances in this symphony, as they march on and on to thrilling climax. Of rare beauty always has been the song of the second movement, of equal lightness the scherzo which is added to it. And when one adds to this the feeling of ineffable light which is seen only in the music of Franck, one must conclude, small wonder that an audience in Cambridge could not express itself highly enough in approval of symphony and performance.

A. H. M.

TRANS. DEC 15

BOSTON EVENING T

Symphony

Three Moderns For Pleasures And Penalties

Martinu, Copland, Prokofiev, Through a Variegated Symphony Concert

THROUGH the intermission at the Symphony Concert superior persons grumbled. Plainly the new pieces from Martinu and Mr. Copland were no masterworks. Not long would they linger in any repertory. At best both were "occasional." With emotion Martinu had seen the first Czechoslovakian flag handed to the first Czechslovakian regiment; into music had transmuted scene and sensation. Sorting his papers, Mr. Copland had come upon two movements for string quartet written five years apart; as summer task had scored them for full string choir. Mr. Koussevitzky, considerate of young composers in whom he believes, had accepted both manuscripts; allotted them a third of a Symphony Concert when countless masterpieces from Bach to Bloch lay mute upon the shelves. The grousers groused: the gong rang; all concerned sat down to Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." Of that, as the Grand Inquisitor puts it in "The Gondoliers, there could be no possible, probable shadow of doubt.

Yet why talk of masterworks when Martinu's "La Symphonie" and Mr. Copland's Lento and Rondino are in question? Or why pretend to have expected either to be such? When these grumblers receive from the bookseller a parcel of new novels, they are content if it contains amusing stuff, discloses current and promising talents. They go to the play, and a well-flavored comedy or a full-fashioned drama gives them pleasure. They turn into the picture-show. No Velasquez and no Cézanne there await them; but they are well pleased to see "what the new men are doing." Why then apply this perpetual test of masterpieces to the one art of music much-enduring? For no sane reason that can be discovered or invented—unless it be that sorry thing which is custom. Year in and year out, in any series of symphony concerts, the frequenters hear much Bach and Beethoven, Brahms and Debussy, hear them usually at best. Must everything else aspire to these exalted standards? Must we pass our days and nights, as the rhetoric of self-complaisance has it, in unbroken "communion with the masterpieces?"

No human being, unless he were fossilized with self-righteousness, could endure such an existence in the arts. Music or literature, painting or the theater, would stiffen into rigor mortis under such conditions. If an art is alive, men of our own time are working in it. If we care at all about it, except as ritual for our assumed superiorities, we wish to know what they are doing. By all odds it is the obligation of symphony concerts to renew at due interval the masterpieces of music. It is equally their obligation to make the musical discoveries, to publish the musical news, of the present hour. When Mr. Koussevitzky sets on a program these pieces of Martinu and Mr. Copland he is discharging an essential part of his duty as conductor, in the autumn of 1928, of an illustrious orchestra playing to an intelligent public. As reasonably talk of masterpieces when one shuts the covers of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"; drops in to see the newest John; sits before O'Neill's latest piece?

Minor though they may be, both "novelties" were interesting and pleasurable in themselves; while on the lap of time, and nowhere else, rests their future. In these days or any other, masters that are, or are not, to be have written casual pieces. Only last week at the Symphony Concerts Handel turned off one such; while all the solemnities and superiorities bowed before it because, forsooth, Handel is a classic. Yet he was far from that in the year of grace, 1739, when he handed these Concerti Grossi to a publisher. In this autumn of 1928, may not Martinu and Mr. Copland have also their opportunity?

Martinu stood by at a military spectacle; sensation and emotion stirred in him. He casts them into a large-framed, full-voiced march-movement—and sublimates it. His musical material escapes commonplace; bears witness to tense and kindling mood; moves in reiterated rhythms, harder and harder driving; wears sonorities like a rich vesture; expands once into songful measures that seize the ear, diffuse emotion, exhale into that sensuous bitter-sweetness which is heritage to the Czechs of tones. Maybe, for those that hear also with their minds, Martinu, seeking a form that would suit his sensations and imaginings, has experimented with a contraction of the orthodox symphonic structure. Enough surely for one composer in one piece upon a single afternoon.

Mr. Copland with his two pieces is also in good case. The other day in these columns, someone was saying that the young modernists have no melody, cannot write it, if they would. One answer is the melody, single-voiced, unbroken, unflagging, that fills Mr. Copland's slow movement. It has substance, shape and fertility; by design but without labor it never relaxes the chosen pace; the harmony, the distribution of the string choir, round and support it. The sensuous ear takes pleasure; the mind follows close the progress; between composer and hearer flows the changeless mood. Mr. Copland has written a singularly complete and self-contained little piece; in miniature it is rather a tour de force gently accomplished. As pendant he sets a brief Rondino all artifice and delicate syncopation, both adroitly contrived. When poets would so amuse themselves they write triolets, vilanelles and the like, and no one misjudges them. They are taking their pleasure in belles-lettres and metrical forms, sharing it with us who read. There is a similar field in music and upon it in this Rondino Mr. Copland is no graceless performer. Again enough for two pieces from one pen on a single afternoon. There is no need to talk of masterpieces until the masterpiece comes and rends the composer's vitals. It would be a torturing process—every day.

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Had "La Symphonie" been briefer its effects would have been greater. Renewed when the interlude is done, Mr. Martinu's vigors after a time begins to pall.

Lento Molto Is Reposeful

From Mr. Copland comes ever the unexpected. The first piece by this young Brooklynite to be heard in Boston, the Symphony for organ and orchestra, proclaimed him a musically dangerous character. It was Walter Damrosch who declared that the man who could write a piece like this might some day commit murder. Yet the second Copland work to be made known to us by Mr. Koussevitzky, the Music for the Theatre, revealed genuine fancy. The hopes inspired by this ingenious and grateful composition were, however, soon after dashed by the extravagant Concerto for piano and orchestra. But now in the Lento Molto for strings of yesterday's concert we find Mr. Copland attempting, and not altogether unsuccessfully, to pour the new harmonic wine into the old bottles of the Bachian or Handelian Adagio.

There is in this piece a classic breadth, dignity and repose, if no marked melodic inventiveness. Its companion piece also for strings, composed in 1923, is of less importance. The notes of the chief theme are taken, either as letter or syllabic names, from the name Gabriel Faure G-A-B-re-si-E-la, etc., a procedure adopted at the time of Faure's death by several of his countrymen. But vital tunes come not this way, and Mr. Copland's recurring theme has little distinction. Nor do the contrasting matter and the musical treatment bring compensation.

Miss Luboshutz Capable

The extraordinarily clever and exhilarating Violin Concerto of Prokofieff which Mr. Burgin played here in 1 served yesterday to introduce to Boston Lea Luboshutz a notable violinist. With amazing verve she flung Prokofieff's difficult passages, apparently finding in them only a joyous relation.

It would now be a pleasure to hear Miss Luboshutz in a composition calling for deeper musical qualities. Yesterday's audience received her with well deserved enthusiasm.

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HERALD DEC. 15 '28

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MUSIC

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BOS. AMER. DEC. 15-28

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BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1928

"These Concerts Are Made Possible"

Guarantors of the Symphony Orchestra, 1928-1929

$62,686 in Hand: $90,000 Needed

THE PROGRAM-BOOKS of the Symphony Concerts are beginning to contain, with weekly additions, the list of subscribers to the fund that meets the annual operating deficit of the orchestra. Each year it tends to rise; each year, thus far, the interest and generosity of the public have risen with it. Old subscribers are stanch; new are annually added. The standards of the concerts have never been higher or the audiences larger and keener. The management relaxes not a whit of its prudence. Yet the trustees could do with more subscriptions and would welcome them from guarantors as widespread as are the audiences. "The orchestra can be carried on only by the generosity of those who believe it important in the life of Boston and are willing to help it financially." Here are those who have proved their faith by their works:

Abbott, Gordon
Adams, Miss Clara A.
Alford, Mrs. O. H.
Allen, Mrs. Thomas
Ames, Mrs. Hobart
Ames, Mrs. William H.
Anthony, Miss A. R.
Anthony, Miss Margaret
Atherton, Percy L.
Bacon, Charles E.
Baker, G. B.
Bancroft, Mrs. Hugh
Bangs, Miss Edith
Barkhouse, Mrs. Arthur J.
Barlow, R. S.
Barnet, Mr. and Mrs. S. J.
Barrett, Mrs. William E.
Bartlett, Mrs. Nelson S.
Bartol, Mrs. John W.
Baylies, Mrs. Walter C.
Beal, Miss Ida G.
Bearse, Mrs. Horace L.
Becker, Mrs. G. W.
Beckwith, Mrs. Daniel, Providence, R. I.
Beebe, Miss Sylenda
Bell, Mrs. Jaffrey de Hauteville
Bemis, Mr. and Mrs. A. Farwell
Best, Mrs. Edward H.
Bird, Mrs. Frances A. M.
Blake, Miss M. L.
Bliss, Henry W.
Bowditch, Dr. Vincent Y.
Boyden, Charles
Bradlee, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S.
Bramhall, Miss Eleanor C.
Brewer, F. R.
Brown, George W.
Bruzza, Leo
Buckingham, Miss M. H.
Bullard, Miss Ellen T.
Bullard, Mrs. W. N., Newport, R. I.
Burnham, Miss Helen C.
Burnham, Miss M. C.
Burnham, Mrs. W. A.
Burr, I. Tucker
Cabot, Miss Amy W.
Cabot, Mrs. Arthur T.
Cabot, Frederick P.
Cabot, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B.
Carter, Mrs. J. W.
Case, Miss Louise W.
Chapin, Horace D.
Chapin, Miss Mabel H.
Chase, Mrs. Henry M.
Cheever, Dr. and Mrs. D.
Clark, Mrs. Myron H.
Cochran, Mrs. Edwin Paul, N H., Conn.
Codman, Miss C. A.
Codman, Mrs. Russell S.
Coffin, Winthrop
Coleman, Miss E. L.
Colt, Mr. and Mrs. James D.
Conant, Mrs. William C.
Converse, Miss Luna B., Woodstock, Vt.
Coolidge, Mr. and Mrs. Harold J.
Coolidge, Mrs. J. G.
Coolidge, Julian L.
Coonley, Mr. and Mrs. Howard
Crehore, Miss Lucy C.
Crosby, Mrs. S. V. R.
Cummings, Charles K.
Curtis, Charles F.
Curtis, Miss Harriot S.
Curtis, Mrs. Louis
Curtiss, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic H.
Cushing, Miss Sarah P.
Cushing, Mrs. W. E.
Cutler, Miss Elisabeth A.
In Memory of C. S. D.
Dabney, Mr. and Mrs. George B.
Daniels, Miss Mabel W.
Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. George H.
Day, Mrs. Henry B.
Dexter, Miss Rose L.
Donald, Mrs. Malcolm
Dunne, F. L. & Co.
Eager, Miss Mabel T.
Eaton, Miss L. H.
Edwards, Miss Hannah M.
Eisemann, Julius
Ellery, Mr. and Mrs. William
Ely, Miss Elizabeth B.
Emery, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L.
Endicott, S. C.
Farlow, Dr. and Mrs. John W.
Farnsworth, William
Fay, A. D.
Fay, Mrs. D. B.
Fenollosa, William S.
Fisher, Miss Edith S.
[illegible] B.
Fitz, Mrs. W. Scott
Foote, Arthur
Foote, George L.
Fox, Felix
Frankenstein, Miss Lina H.
Frost, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McKay
Frost, Horace W.
Frothingham, Dr. and Mrs. Langdon
Frothingham, Mrs. Louis A.
Garritt, Mrs. Walter G.
Gaston, Mrs. W. A.
Gay, E. Howard
Gilbert, Miss Helen C.
Gilmore, Mrs. G. L.
Golden, E. I.
Goulston, Leopold Morse
Gray, Mrs. John Chipman
Gray, Morris
Greene, Edwin Farnham
Greene, Mrs. Edwin Farnham
Greenough, Mrs. Henry V.
Griffith, Miss Josephine
Gross, Mrs. Robert E.
Grover, Mrs. Frances L.
Hall, Mrs. H. S.
Hallowell, Mr. and Mrs. N. Penrose
Harris, Miss Frances K.
Harwood, Mrs. John H.
Haughton, Mr. and Mrs. M. G.
Hawley, Mr. and Mrs. George
Heilman, William C.
Herman, Mrs. Joseph M.
Hicks, Mrs. John Jay
Higginson, Mrs. F. L.
Hill, Mrs. John F.
Holmes, Alice Marion
Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. E. J.
Holmes, Miss Ida E.
Homans, Miss Katharine A.
Homans, Miss Marian J.
Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Roland G.
Hornblower, Henry.
Hornblower, Mrs. Henry
Houghton, Mrs. Clement S.
Houghton, Miss Elizabeth G.
Houser, Mrs. H. M.
Howe, Henry S.
Howe, Mrs. Henry S.
Howe, Mrs. J. Murray
Howe, M. A. DeWolfe
Hoyt, Mrs. Charles C.
Hunnewell, Mrs. Henry S.
Hunt, Miss Abby W.
Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W.
Ivers, Miss Ella F.
Jack, Dr. Edwin E.
Jack, Dr. Frederick L.
Jackson, Dr. Henry
Jackson, Mrs. James
Jackson, Miss Margaret
Jackson, Robert A.
Jaques, Miss H. L.
Johnson, Arthur S.
Johnson, Mrs. E. J.
Johnson, Miss Edith Morse
Kaffenburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W.
Kaufman, M. B.
Keeler, Mrs. L. M.
Kent, Mrs. Edward L.
King, The Misses
Koshland, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham
Koshland, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse
Lang, Miss Margaret Ruthven
Lapham, Mrs. Henry G.
Lasell, Miss Elizabeth
Lawrence, Mrs. John
Lee, Miss Bertha
Lee, Mr. and Mrs. George C.
Lee, Joseph
Leeds, Mrs. Adolph
Leland, Mrs. Lester
Leman, J. Howard
Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. George, Jr.
Lewis, Mrs. George
Little, Mrs. David M.
Livermore, Harris
Longfellow, Miss Alice M.
Lord, Mrs. W. H.
Lothrop, Mrs. Thornton K.
Lothrop, Mrs. W. S. H.
Lowell, Miss Lucy
Lucas, Mrs. William Henry
Luce, Stephen B.
Lyman, Arthur
Lyon, Mrs. George Armstrong
Lyons, John A.
Manning, Earl G.
Mason, Miss Fanny P.
Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. S.
Metcalf, Mrs. Jesse H.
Miller, Miss Mildred A.
Milliken, Arthur N.
Moir, Mrs. John
Moore, Mrs. Edward C.
Moors, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W.
Morison, Samuel Eliot
Morse, Henry Lee
Morse, Miss J. G.
Morse, J. Torrey
Morss, Mrs. Charles A.
Moseley, Mrs. F. S.
Mumford, Mrs. George S.
McKibbin, Miss Emily W.
McMichael, Mrs. L. G.
Nichols, Mrs. Henry G.
Nickerson, Mrs. W. G.
Nutter, George R.
Oakes, Mrs. Francis J.
Osgood, Miss Emily L.
Paine, Rev. George L.
Paine, R. T., 2d
Parkman, Mrs. Henry
Patton, James E.
Perera, G. L.
Pfaelzer, Mrs. Franklin T.
Pickman, Dudley L.
Pierce, Mrs. Edgar
Pierce, Mrs. M. V.
Post, Mrs. John R.
Potter, Mrs. Murray A.
Putnam, Mrs. George
Putnam, Mrs. James J.
Putnam, Miss Louisa H.
Putnam, Miss Marian C.
Rand, Mr. and Mrs. E. K.
Ranney, Miss Helen M.
Rantoul, The Misses
Rantoul, Mrs. Neal
Ratshesky, Mr. and Mrs. A. C.
Richardson, Mrs. Charles F.
Richardson, Mrs. F. L. W.
Richardson, Mrs. John
Richardson, W. K.
Rogers, Howard L.
Rothwell, Bernard J.
Rousmaniere, Mrs. E. S.
Sachs, Prof. Paul J.
Sampson, Mrs. Robert deW.
Sanger, Mrs. George P.
Saville, Mrs. William
Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B.
Sayles, Robert W.
Schneider, Miss Elizabeth
Scott, Mrs. Arnold
Sears, Miss Annie L.
Sears, Mr. and Mrs. Henry F.
Sears, Mrs. Montgomery
Silsbee, Mrs. George S.
Slattery, Mrs. Charles Lewis
Smith, Mr. and Mrs. F. Morton
Sortwell, Mrs. A. F.
Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. Walter R.
Spaulding, Miss Emma F.
Sprague, Phineas W.
Stackpole, Mrs. Frederick D.
Stackpole, Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont L.
Stanton, Miss Katherine
Starkweather, Mr. and Mrs. William G.
Steedman, Mrs. C. J., Providence, R. I.
Steinert, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander
Stevens, Moses T.
Stevenson, Mrs. Robert H.
Stone, Mrs. Galen L.
Streeter, Mrs. E. C.
Sturgis, The Misses
Tapley, Miss Alice P.
Tapley, Henry F.
Thaw, Mrs. Edward
Thorndike, Mrs. John L.
Thoron, Mr. and Mrs. Ward
Tower, Miss Florence E.
Tozzer, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred M.
Turner, Miss Nellie B.
Vaughan, Miss Bertha H.
Vaughan, Mrs. W. W.
Vorenberg, Felix
Wadsworth, Mrs. A. F.
Ware, Henry
Waring, Mrs. Guy
Warren, Bently W.
Watson, Mrs. Thomas R.
Watters, W. F.
Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S.
Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Robert S.
Weidhorn, Leo
Weisberg, Edward L.
Welch, Mr. and Mrs. E. Sohier
Weld, Mrs. Charles G.
Wells, Mrs. Webster
Weston, Charles H.
Wetherbee, Martha
Wheatland, Richard
Wheelwright, Miss Mary C
White, Miss Gertrude R.
Whitin, Mrs. G. Marston
Whitney, Mrs. Margaret F. G.
Williams, Moses
Willson, Donald B.
Wilson, Miss A. E.
Winsor, Mrs. Frederick
Wolcott, Mrs. Roger
Wood, Dr. Nathan K.
Wrenn, Philip W.

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Music and Musicians --- Plays and Players --- The Screen

Around Paris, From America, With Gershwin

His New Orchestral Piece, Played in New York, Makes Whoopee

ON a certain spring day in this year of grace, when the horse chestnuts were in bloom on the Avenue des Champs-Elysées and Frenchmen were scarce in the Ritz café, Mr. George Gershwin arrived with well-bred quiet in the loveliest city in the world. Probably [writes Mr. Gilman in The Herald Tribune] the boat train, in accordance with custom, was late; and doubtless Mr. Gershwin, wearied by his journey, retired early, and was soon lulled to sleep by the taxi horns that enliven the Place Vendôme—for surely Mr. Gershwin took rooms as near as possible to those occupied at the end of his life by Frédéric Chopin, who like Mr. Gershwin, contributed to the literature of the piano concerto.

It was probably not much later than the next morning that Mr. Gershwin set forth to gather those "impressions of an American visitor in Paris" which, as he has told us, form the subject matter of the new orchestral work that Mr. Damrosch and the Philharmonic Society disclosed to us Thursday evening. You may, therefore, imagine Mr. Gershwin sallying forth about noon, a copy of Miss Laughlin's "So You're Going to Paris!" under his arm, and in his briefcase one or two volumes of the works of that friend of all Parisian explorers, Georges Cain—perhaps the useful "Promenades dans Paris" and the "Coins de Paris" (which you may get in English if you prefer, as "Nooks and Corners of Old Paris"). He would have had, certainly, not less than a hundred francs in his wallet against the day's expenses, for Baedeker, even in the latest edition, warns us that "it is easy to spend the sum per day in Paris without being guilty of extravagance."

Miss Laughlin advises the American explorer in Paris to start from the Place de la Concorde and stop at the Café de la Paix for a cup of chocolate and a brioche; but apparently Mr. Gershwin went in the other direction: for Mr. Deems Taylor, in the circumstantial account of the composer's promenades which he contributed to the program notes, tells us that the American visitor swung down the Champs Elysées as far as the Grand Palais, where the spring Salon held forth. What the truth is, Mr. Gershwin's music does not betray. It contents itself at this point with giving us a "First Walking Theme" (so-called), which we hear from the strings in F major, allegretto graziosao—cheery tune, if not one of great price.

The composer has said that the opening part of "An American in Paris" is "developed in the typical French style, in the manner of Debussey and 'The Six,' though the themes are all original"—a slightly puzzling assertion; as if one should speak of "the typical German style, in the manner of Wagner and Hindemith." But doubtless Mr. Gershwin meant merely that he had striven to tell us in musical language that his American was in Paris, and not in Atlantic City.

According to Mr. Taylor's glossary, Mr. Gershwin was impressed by the Paris taxis, as well he might be—Mr. Taylor says they "amused" the composer, which implies a godlike and most enviable detachment on the part of Mr. Gershwin. He has imported his memories of them into his score through the means of four real Paris taxi-horns, and also by way of a special taxi-theme—which, to tell the truth, disappointed us by its incongruous gentility.

And our American friend—"perhaps," says Mr. Gershwin in his own account of the work, "after strolling into a café and having a few drinks—suddenly succumbs to a spasm of homesickness." This, says Mr. Taylor's more detailed account, was somewhere on the Left Bank, which our promenading American had reached to the accompaniment of two more "Walking Themes." At all events, he is seated before a café, exploring the mysteries of an Anise de Lozo, when he is accosted.

This Paphian incident survives in Mr. Gershwin's musical travelogue in the shape of a seductive violin-solo, delivered last night, with poetic injustice, by the blameless Mr. Guidi, concertmaster of the orchestra. Miss Laughlin in her book gives no warning of this peril to the American in Paris (though she does allude darkly to "those whose idea of Paris is bounded on the south by dear-knows-what"), and it is just possible that our Promenader derived small benefit from this encounter: for both the composer and his commentator tell us that melancholy now seized him.

Mr. Gershwin tactfully refers to this as "a spasm of homesickness"—and he makes no mention of the Circe of the violin-solo. Mr. Taylor says that the stroller "has the blues." And, sympathetically, so has Mr. Gershwin's orchestra. It is a good "blues," though not so good a one as we might have expected from Mr. Gershwin. But we accept it cheerfully, and are ready for the Charleston that follows it, an indefeasibly American subject that banishes with its lusty trumpet voice the melancholy sown in the Promenader's breast by Circe, or whoever or whatever it was that lowered his vibrations.

We know that he will soon be home again; home in blatant, barbarous, ineluctable New York, where, if an Anise de Lozo is rather hard to come by, and the façades of the Place Vendôme are an unattainable ideal of ripened loveliness, there are nevertheless a variety of things to hearten us—among them the music of Mr. Gershwin, with its gusto and naïveté, its tang of a new and urgent world, engaging, ardent, unpredictable.

Mr. Henderson was also amused and wrote in The Sun: "Mr. Taylor hinted that in one spot the composer met a compatriot, but did not tell who he was. He must have suspected that everyone would know it was John Alden Carpenter. Mr. Gershwin met some others on his pedestrian excursion and of course one of them was Igor Stravinsky, who pervades the sidewalks of Paris. No musician can escape him. And Mr. Gershwin must have seen, in the distance, at any rate, one Ferdie Grofé, who does things to instruments.

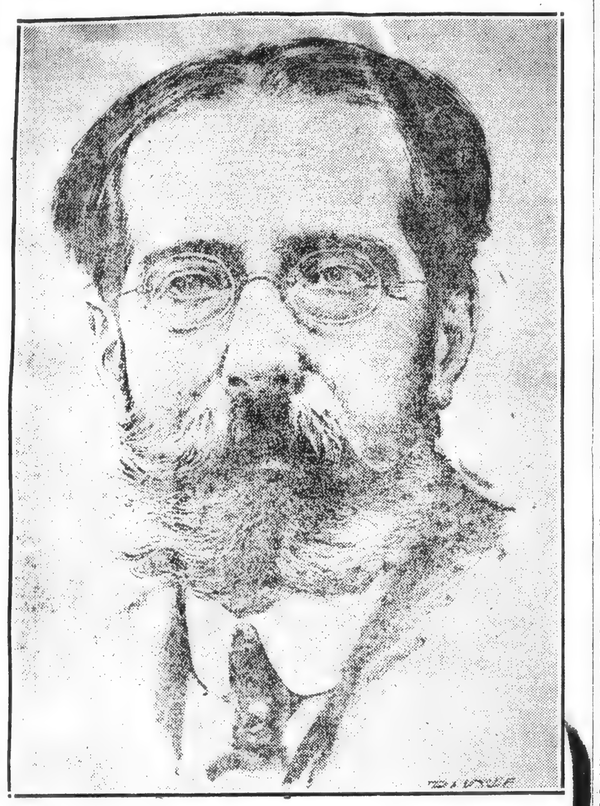
But Mr. Gershwin's piece should not be taken too seriously. It is a frank humoresque. It has a rollicking spirit and there is a most engaging candor about some of its ideas, especially the first walking theme, which is aptness incarnate. There is much cleverness in the score and some rudeness of manner. The American in Paris is a Broadway swaggerer, well acquainted with the music-halls the vaudeville shows and the operetta stars.

"Perhaps there will be some question as to the propriety of employing the Philharmonic to present such a work, but why should not the wise men relish a little nonsense now and then? Carefree jollity, even if it has just emerged long after midnight from one of those rigidly exclusive clubs whose white lights illumine the town, is not the worst thing in this hard-driven world. The audience seemed to like it. Mr. Damrosch manifestly enjoyed conducting it. The sages of the orchestra performed it with élan. It went over with a bang."

On the other side of the account Mr. Thompson of The Evening Post was scornful and discoverably indignant. He wrote: "The honks have it. Four automobile horns, vociferously assisted by three saxophones, two tom-toms, rattle, xylophone, wire brush, wood block and an ensemble not otherwise innocent of brass and percussion blew or thumped the lid off in Carnegie Hall when An American in Paris' had its first performance anywhere. George Gershwin, the American in question, was present to bow a dozen times from a box as the applause of Philharmonic subscribers was showered upon him, as well as upon the conductor, the indefatigable Walter Damrosch. For those not too deeply concerned with any apparently outmoded niceties of art, it was an amusing occasion. Audience, orchestra, the composer himself, smiled, chortled or laughed aloud as the work was being played. They found its musical buffoonery good fun in spite of, or perhaps because of, its blunt banality and its ballyhoo vulgarity. But after all, this is the twentieth century, and what is a little banality and vulgarity between friends? . . .

"As a work to exert a popular appeal in the picture houses, 'An American in Paris' is a distinct advance (?) over the same composer's much more earnest Piano-Concerto, in that it is cockier, more idiomatic, more content to be itself. It is nearer Tin-Pan Alley, hence more in the spirit of the 'Rhapsody in Blue.' Doubtless those who are convinced that the Rhapsody is good music will take this new work (of a form unspecified) to their bosoms similiarly. At any rate, it should meet the requirements of certain 'ultraists' who have been shouting for musical grotesquerie that will represent the age. It is whoopee music, and, judged as just that, it is fairly clever whoopee. To conceive of a symphonic audience listening to it with any degree of pleasure or patience twenty years from now, when whoopee is no longer even a word, is another matter. Then, [Mr. Thompson is citing the other items of the program] there will still be 'Franck with his outmoded spiritually, Lekeu with his discarded sentimentalism and Wagner with his stale bombast and his ridiculously inflated pathos.' Mr. Gershwin, too, heard their music last evening. One wondered what he thought of it."

In This Spanish Year



Fernandez-Arbos (New York Times)

Guest-Conductor at the Symphony Concerts of Jan. 18 and 19

Concert-Chronicle

Carols, Variously

IN a program devoted entirely to Christmas carols, the Mount Holyoke College Glee Club, conducted by Dr. William Churchill Hammond, produced music of surprising variety at the concert under the auspices of the Mount Holyoke Club of Boston in Jordan Hall, Saturday afternoon. There were carols of all kinds, ancient and modern, and from many lands. Some were presented a capella; others with the piano accompaniments of Miss Ruth E. Dyer. Dr. Hammond proffered additional pieces for organ and Miss Dyer for piano. The stage was appropriately decorated in Christmas greens with candles set on both sides of the stage. The audience was large, responsive, and in a mood to enjoy the festive occasion—so much so that Dr. Hammond was able to produce excellent results when he called upon the audience to join in the singing of the concluding carol of the afternoon.

The sixty women's voices of the Mount Holyoke Club are individually light and sweet; in combination, nicely balanced, well-blended. The singers answer immediately; cut off their phrases at the precise moment; smoothly increase or decrease the volume of sound in ensemble messa di voce. Dr. Hammond conducts without baton, preferring a style of direction which minutely follows the rhythms and nuances of his music rather than the rigid bar-lines and time signatures. That this method sometimes halts the even flow of measures or the arching of the complete design is evident; that it also produces refinements not otherwise possible was a discernible fact last Saturday.

Dr. Hammond skillfully contrasted the moods of his music. Beside carols happy and rejoicing in sentiment he placed others of tender feeling—a lullaby, perhaps, or the more picturesque harmonies of Russian music and of ancient carols in modern arrangement. Despite the limited harmonic range of much of the old music, he was able to refine his effects to distinctions that were subtle enough to make each carol individually interesting. There were also several carols, treated in more modern style, which were of particular interest—placed as they were beside so much traditional music. Among these were the Dutch carols, "Cradle Song" and "Two Snow White Doves," by Julius Rontgen. In these the composer has utilized modern harmonization, both in accompaniment and part-writing, to produce more effectively the impression that the older writers aimed at in the more limited manner of the day. The second of these two pieces was repeated by the desire of the audience, as many another number which found favor. N. M. J.

Bach—Desirably

The Bach Cantata Club—seventy-five singers, undergraduates or recent graduates of Harvard and Radcliffe with Mr. Wallace Woodworth as conductor—is making ready two public concerts. The first is announced for Friday evening, Jan. 11, in St. Paul's Cathedral, by courtesy of the Dean and Chapter. Three Church Cantatas will fill the program: No. 61, "Come, Redeemer, Come," for chorus, soli, orchestra and organ; No. 82, "It Is Enough," for baritone, strings and oboe; No. 11, "Praise Our God," for chorus, soli, orchestra and organ. In the spring at a second concert, in Emmanuel Church, Russian church-pieces from Kastalsky and Gretchaninov; Palestrina's setting of the hymn, "Stabat Mater," parts of Carissimi's early Italian oratorio, "Jephtha," will be sung. When within memory has a cantata of Bach been heard, publicly or privately in Boston? Only from such a choir may Palestrina's Stabat Mater come. Our saving remnant of cultivated amateurs should lend every support to these concerts. For subscriptions they may address Miss Sally Cabot at 367 Beacon Street.

Programs in Prospect

At his concert in Jordan Hall this evening, Mr. Gebhardt will play three new pieces of his own composing—"Voices of The Valley"; "Moon-Children"; "Cascades." They derive from Liszt and the Russians, which is to say that they are exercises in a "transcendental" piano-technique, sustained and colored by a fanciful or a poetic idea.

Mr. Rulon Robinson, for his concert in Jordan Hall tomorrow evening, turns into a new by-path in program-making. In one group he arrays seven Serenades for tenor voice. Schumann, Chausson, Fauré, Hahn, Poldowski, the English Shaw, the Bostonian Mason, are the composers.

As report goes, when the Harvard and the Smith Glee Clubs join voices in a concert at Symphony Hall on March 6, they will undertake Holst's "Hymn to Jesus"—a remarkable setting of a fragment from an apocryphal gospel, rarely heard anywhere.

Items of the Day

Sir Georg Henschel, as he now is, was the first conductor of the Boston Orchestra, and it is believable that in 1931 he expects to attend the semi-centennial rites. The other day in London, tempted by the British Broadcasting Company, he sang to his own accompaniment four or five of Schubert's songs — in the voice and style of his prime. And Sir Georg is in his seventy-ninth year.

Mr. Allan Farnham, the violinist, went from his beginnings in Boston to the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Not long ago he was soloist at one of its Sunday Concerts, playing Lalo's "Spanish Symphony." The audience received him warmly; he waved away flowers "with surprised confusion"; was five times recalled. Said The News next day: "Mr. Farnham's talents are highly rhythmic and the difficult, involved time-patterns of Lalo had no terrors for him. His tone, too, was sweet and poignant, without ever attaining great volume. On in the matter of intonation did he betray any flaw. It was far more marked in the first movement than thereafter."

It is not too late to quote an apt saying of Mr. Edward Moore in The Chicago Tribune about Paul Whiteman and his orchestra:

> It is Mr. Whiteman's mission to shake music out of its pomposities, and he has the most expert band in the world for the purpose. And while they are doing it, they also do many fascinating things besides.

Mr. Wendt Leads His People Onward

THESE lines are to record an instance of how Mr. Theophile Wendt is shaping the People's Symphony into an organization of power. The instance was the concert of yesterday in the Statler Ballroom. The material, strangely enough—were Wagner's "Faust Overture" and Chaikovsky's Fifth Symphony. Paderewski's Concerto in A for Piano detracted a little from the general impression of freshened force; yet, by reason of contrast, even this may have served to heighten the consequence of the more vital portion of the program. . . . In advance, let it be said that the new conductor's efforts and labors are not overlooked by the general public. The audiences of late have been increasingly large.

Wagner's "A Faust Overture" is a curious piece. For three-quarters of a century it has received from reviewers puzzled and mistrustful comment. As regularly, audiences have clapped it. Composed while Wagner was ill in Paris, it possibly reflects the composer's displeasure at his lot at the time. Its instrumentation sounds heavy with horns, bassoons, trumpets and bass tuba. There is an inscription that laments the burden of life and the desirability of death. With its Wagnerian vigors, however, the People's Orchestra made progress. The strings bowed as one unit; not so many individual jig-saws. The wind sections produced unfaltering harmony. Possessing these improvements and having Mr. Wendt in the conductor's stand, the orchestra approaches with a feeling of real triumph such a dynamic climax as comes near the close of this piece.

To mark time before Chaikovsky, the orchestra presented Paderewski's Concerto with Miss Constance McGlinchee to play the piano part. Pedal down, piano top removed, loose wrist active, the pianist skimmed scales, announced melodies, tossed off trills at full tilt a la Rubinstein, without, it may be inferred, Rubinstein's accuracy and artistry. Miss McGlinchee's rhythmic energy is admirable; yet it runs away with her sense of fitness and proportion. Mr. Wendt and the orchestra filled in the march-like background of the first movement as convincingly as possible. For the string part of the slow movement, the conductor shaded and rounded phrases whenever the pitch was not uncomfortably high for the instruments. In the final section, Mr. Paderewski, as composer, mistakes patriotic excitement and pianistic display for composition of profound feeling and masterly design. The orchestra could do no more than proclaim these measures at martial pace.

Mr. Wendt's reading of Chaikovsky's Fifth was all the more notable in that it was individual as well as compelling. The characteristics that distinguish the new conductor now stand more apparent. There is no amount of preparation, however painstaking, that he will not endure; no detail of expression so small that it may be overlooked. We have been accustomed to an impetuous Chaikovsky. The power that Mr. Wendt disclosed in the Fifth Symphony derived its effectiveness from having been held in reserve before its eventual release. True, at times the listener stirs impatiently while the conductor still holds tight rein; yet Mr. Wendt prefers to have the orchestra produce accurate rather than [illegible]ized sounds while it is at the present stage of his acquaintance. More important—the cumulative potency of forces held in check should not be disregarded. Balance, the clarity with which the woodwinds iterated their opening theme; the steady motion while the orchestra swung through the theme of the after-beat; the exceptionally slow pace and soft utterance of the second movement. Not until the melody came to the 'cello did the conductor permit the full flood of tone. Surely then he builded toward and paused upon the lovely climatic pinnacle near the end of the movement; then the sharp change of pace, falling away again to the melodious close. In the final movement, the conductor gathered in and applied his forces. The opening measures were impressive. At the "Allegro" the rhythms whipped into line; through the "molto vivace" they drove; again paused for the majestic march—at last the quick summing-up. . . . Not within [illegible] the People's Symphony been led by so sure a hand.

N. M. J.

Guest-Conductors To Symphony Hall

For Four Concerts in January Honegger from Paris, Arbos from Madrid

THE TWO guest-conductors, annually called to the Symphony Concerts, draw near. As last year, one, Arthur Honneger of Paris, is primarily a composer who conducts in his own music; the other Enrique Fernandez-Arbos of Madrid, is conductor and nothing else. Monsieur Honneger will direct the concerts of Jan. 9 at Cambridge and of Jan. 11 and 12 in Boston, making at these three his first appearances in the United States. To Senor Arbos fall the concerts of Jan. 15 in Providence and of Jan. 18 and 19 in Boston. Last spring he was guest-conductor in New York; but he has not re-visited Boston since the distant day, during Gericke's second term, when he was concert-master at Symphony Hall.

"King David" and "Pacific 231," in degree "Judith" and "Horace Vainquer," have made Honegger the best-known modernist, save only Stravinsky, to the American public of concerts and opera; while above the rest—Stravinsky always excepted—he has interested and pleasured it. His vigor, directness, variety, the eclectic mind that makes him of all schools and of none, have alike commended him. A composer able to turn from the life and death of a Hebrew hero to the power and speed of a twentieth-century locomotive, was bound to win American ears. In "Judith," he gave new form and voice to opera, and audiences in Chicago and Boston found them good. In "Horace," he would do as much for ballet—and the time has passed when snarling old men, as happened in New York, could heap it with gutter-epithets. Recently, the so-called football piece, "Rugby," has engaged him.

What Honegger will proffer to Boston and Cambridge it is too early to say; but the other day in Paris he was conductor through this program of his own pieces:

Prelude to Shakspeare's Comedy, "The Tempest"
Suite from the Incidental Music to d' Annunzio's Tragedy, "Phædra"
Chant de Joie
Rugby
Concertino for Piano
Pacific 231

Senor Arbos is the conductor of the Madrid Symphony Orchestra, cultivating cosmopolitan programs and fostering the younger Spanish composers. In Europe, north and south of the Pyrenees, he long since made his reputation. In New York, last March, with the moribund Damrosch Orchestra, he excited audiences by his playing of Spanish music—from de Falla and Albeniz, from the less-known Halffter and Espla. Even to Symphony Hall these Spaniards come rarely.

The Manifold Modernist

Arthur Honegger (Modern Music)

Guest as Composer and Conductor at the Concerts of the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge on Jan. 10, in Boston on Jan. 11 and 12.

Vows of The Day

Signed and Sealed by Mr. Ziegfeld's Chorus

THE young persons in the minor parts and the chorus of Mr. Ziegfeld's newest musical play, "Whoopee," have taken the pledge. Here it is as he, or his press-agent, administered it to them, cast—shall one say?—in free verse:

I pledge myself to slenderness,
To a figure supple and lithe and slim,
To the grace of a finely proportioned body
That enables movement unhampered and free.
I renounce the false pleasures of the table,
Fattening foods, drinks and cloying sweets,
But I make no sacrifices:
I shall smoke cigarettes.

"The Messiah" in Museum Version

CAME yesterday the one-hundred-and-fifty-seventh performance of Handel's "The Messiah" by the Handel and Haydn Society. There had been much talk of a new re-working of the Messiah material by Mr. Thompson Stone. (There are already some sixty-six complete editions of it in the collection of the Paris Conservatoire.) It had been said that the performance would include "as many oboes as could be found in the town." Actually, one noted an orchestra of strings—from twelve first violins to five double basses—five oboes, two trumpets, kettle drums, a piano-harpsichord, the organ, and, of course, the chorus as usual. The textual revision, as far as performance revealed it, consisted of the rather welcome omission of a considerable body of the work, including the fugued portion of the introduction, and the transposition of the Hallelujah chorus to a position immediately before the Amen chorus. The two were sung without break. The effect was extremely satisfactory. The Amen chorus seems a natural pendant to the Hallelujah. The effectiveness of both, and certainly of the oratorio as a whole was increased by the change.

The orchestral accompaniment as used yesterday was revelation to the historian and antiquarian; that it increased pleasure or satisfaction in the beholder, is another question. To the historian it revealed a Handel frightfully hard up [illegible] had been completely ruined and was on the verge of leaving England when [illegible] invitation came to visit Ireland to [illegible] some concerts); writing feverishly and none too carefully to finish a new [illegible] of work; in his haste giving whole passages a "lick and a promise" by the simple expedient of sketching in a bass, the vocal part or parts, and a figured bass for harpsichord; thus finishing the nearly fifty numbers in a little over twenty days. Never mind the portions which have no more than a figured bass accompaniment. Handel was a skilled improviser upon the harpsichord from a figured bass and could be depended on to make the accompaniment interesting in the absence of a true orchestral part. Besides, his harpsichord had slender forces to cope with. And here is another point to be considered in restorations: Romain Roland assures us that his Messiah performances were given by twenty-three singers and thirty-three players! The balance of timbres thus secured cannot possibly be obtained with a chorus of four hundred. As for the oboes? Well, they give clue again to the fact that originals need not be considered too "sacred." In performance yesterday one heard oboes no more than a single time when they were doing other than doubling voice parts in the larger choruses. Handel used his favorite oboes to bolster up weak chorus parts, if one may argue from the plain facts of yesterday's use of them. Handel and Bach both worked in a work-a-day world, in which standardizations and traditions received little thought. They did the best they could under the circumstances and praised God that things were no worse. Exact restorations, even if they were possible, belong in the museum rather than on the concert platform. One must speak, however, of admirable contrasts between the tone of accompanying strings and accompanying harpsichord—practically the only two tonal values in the accompaniment. Often this contrast was exceedingly pleasant. The twanging harpsichord tone was a grateful resource in the hands of a busy master like Handel. Also, thanks are due Mr. Stone for his initiative in providing such a performance. Certainly, twice out of a hundred and fifty-eight times, a museum version is thing to excite curiosity.

Mr. Stone, during the year, has labored to good advantage with his chorus. It is well balanced. Its sonorities are good, especially in the male divisions it gives forth an admirable body of tone. It is responsive to him. Attacks do not come with the edge-like precision which Mr. Mollenhauer demanded from his chorus, but in all other matters one sees definite improvement. It is still debatable whether so large a chorus is desirable for all but the most massive effects. Dr. Davison has learned to cut down his chorus for many of the slighter things the Harvard Glee Club sings. Similarly, many of the florid choruses would undoubtedly sound better if no more than fifty singers out of the four hundred—

Continued on Following Page

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PM-MGP 13"x18"
METRIC GENERAL PURPOSE TARGET
PHOTOGRAPHIC

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150 mm

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1.0 mm

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PRECISION℠ RESOLUTION TARGETS

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St. Paul, MN 55119

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Koussevitzky Receives a Christmas Gift

(Transcript Photo by Frank E. Colby)

Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller Presents Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, With a Set of Stravinsky Records Made Under His Baton, While Governor Fuller Stands By

WITH Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as honor guest, prominent Bostonians interested in music, including Governor and Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller, met in the president's room of the Oliver Ditson Company, 179 Tremont street at four yesterday, and listened to the first records made by the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the Victor Talking Machine Company, under the direction of Mr. Koussevitzky.

The records were "Petrouchka" and "Apollon Musagete," both by Stravinsky, the first requiring five sides of three discs and the second the reverse of the last Petrouchka seal. Mr. Koussevitzky obviously was pleased with the reproduction and from force of habit "conducted" with the index finger of his left hand as the first was played. Later he explained that Stravinsky's works were peculiarly adapted to successful recording because they were so constructed that they brought out the individual tones of the several instruments and were not blurred or distorted by the intrusion of ensembles which are difficult to reproduce.

A package of the records, tied with holiday ribbon was presented to Mr. Koussevitzky by Mrs. Fuller. William Arms Fisher, vice president of the Oliver Ditson Company, master of ceremonies, pointed out that the records created a new era in phonograph history in the combination of their making by the foremost orchestra in the world, led by the renowned conductor, using the works of one of the greatest of modern composers and mechanically perfected by the leading phonograph company of the world. Mr. Fisher presented Mrs. Fuller with a gift similar to the package given to Mr. Koussevitzky.

Mrs. William Arms Fisher was hostess at the gathering on behalf of the Oliver Ditson Company and Miss Gretchen Myers was hostess for the Victor Talking Machine Company.

THE BOSTON GLOBE—TUESI

SYMPHONY RECORDS PRESENTED TO KOUSSEVITZKY BY MRS FULLER

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Gov Fuller was a guest, as were a number of persons prominent in social and musical circles. Following the presentation, the records were played. Mr Koussevitzky expressed himself as highly pleased with the recording of the pieces, particularly the "Petrouchka," which, he said, lent itself exceptionally well to the purpose. Copies of the same records were also given to Mrs Fuller.

Among the invited guests were N. Penrose Hallowell, M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Arthur Lyman, Edward M Pickman, Henry B Sawyer, Bentley W Warren, W H Brennan, Clarence Birchard, Richard Burgin, John N Burke, Mr and Mrs George W. Chadwick, Arthur Foote, Mr and Mrs Wallace Goodrich, Mr and Mrs M. Graeme Haughton, Mrs George Hawley, Prof Edward Burlingame Hill and Mrs Hill, Mr and Mrs Frederick Converse, G. E. Judd, Mr and Mrs Charles Martin Loeffler, Mr and Mrs Alexander Steinert, Mrs Bayard Thayer and Arthur W. Wiggin.

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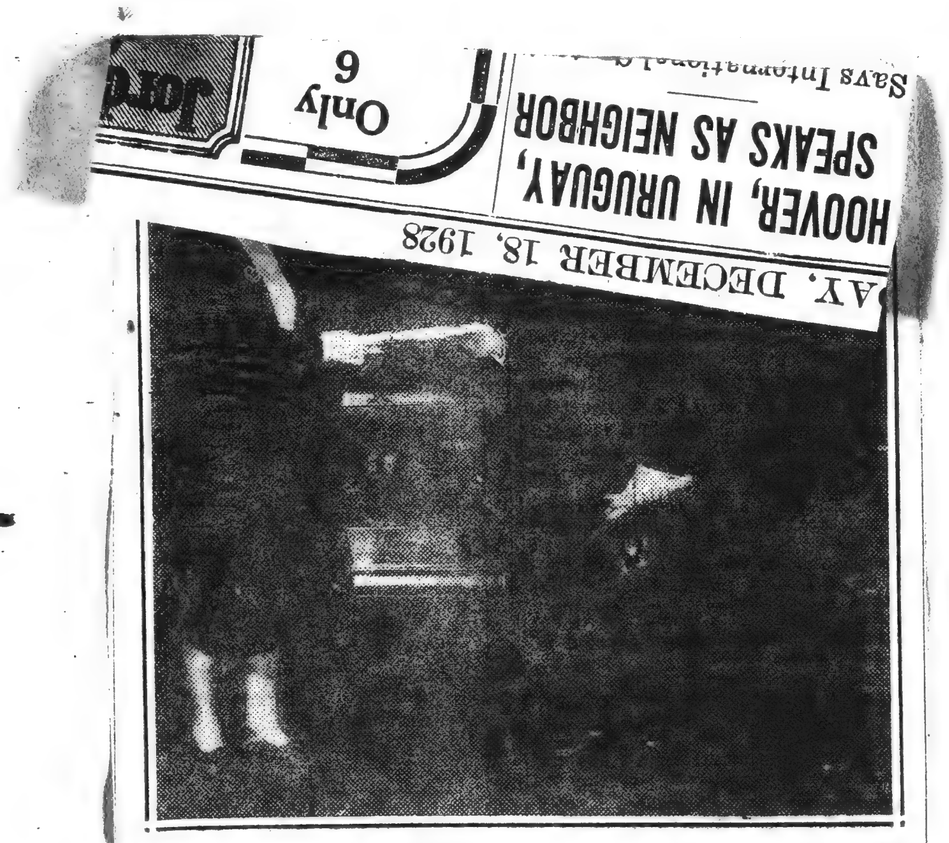
TRANS. DEC 18—



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TRANS, Dec 19

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Concert-Chronicle

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Mr. Sanromá, wearing a new aspect of young maturity, has returned from his studies in Europe. At the Symphony Concerts of next week, he will play Toch's Piano-Concerto; on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 12, in Jordan Hall, venture a recital of his own. Toch, a new composer hereabouts, is a German modernist who has dared to turn a concerto into music witty and gay.

Mme. Honegger will come with her husband to America; in Boston and elsewhere play the solo-part in his Concertino for Piano and Orchestra. . . . Mr. Gieseking, the pianist, may be expected for a single concert in Boston—on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 20, in Symphony Hall.

Dec. 19
Herald

THE

MUSIC

By PHILIP HALE

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The question might come up: What are the best compositions for a concert of this nature? This question admits of academic discussion. Children are the most easily pleased first of all by lively rhythms and great bursts of sound. (A noisy ending appeals to all audiences, old or young.) Yesterday, for example, there was much more applause after the gay Finale of Mozart's symphony than after the preceding Andante. They were pleased by Mr. Burgin's suave performance of Mendelssohn's genteel music. Did they fully appreciate Mr. Boettcher's beautiful tone? In their appreciation of Stravinsky's ballet they were greatly aided by the droll pictures on the screen. Would the young ones care for Bizet's little Suite with playthings and games, the titles of the movements? In these days "Alice in Wonderland" is relished more by parents than by their children.

The concert will be repeated this afternoon.

YOUNG PEOPLE AT SYMPHONY

Bos. Post Dec. 19

Stereopticon Is Used as Means to Aid Interest

Yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock Symphony Hall was largely filled with an assemblage of young people, many of them about to have their first glimpse of Serge Koussevitzky as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. And at the conclusion of the first number it was clear from audible comments that the youngest generation of our concert-goers is no less appreciative than its elders of the magnetic presence of Mr. Koussevitzky upon the conductor's podium.

There were other innovations yesterday at the first of the season's opening pair of Young People's Concerts, the second of which, with the same programme, befalls this afternoon at the same hour. Not only did Mr. Koussevitzky make his first appearance of some seasons in this series, but stereopticon slides were also added to the purely musical features of the programme, while replacing the brief programme-notes of the past few seasons there were spoken comments and explanations by Mr. Alfred H. Myer, admirably adapted to his auditors and effectively illustrated by these slides. Furthermore these remarks of Mr. Meyer's came before each individual movement of suite or symphony, so that there was no necessity for carrying information too long in the mind before bringing it to bear upon the music concerned. Altogether an excellent arrangement.

There were also soloists yesterday afternoon, as there will be today: Richard Burgin, concert master and assistant conductor of the orchestra in the Andante of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerta, Bernard Zighera in the incidental piano solo in Stravinsky's orchestral suite drawn from his ballet "Petrushka," and Georg Boettcher as player of the French horn in third Horn Concerto of Mozart. In addition to these pieces the programme begins with two movements from Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony and closes with the "Ballet of the Sylphs and the "Rakoczy March" from Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust." Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the music of Haydn, Mendelssohn and Stravinsky, while Mr. Burgin took over the baton for the directing of that of Mozart and Berlioz.

SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

GLOBE Dec. 19

Burgin and Boettcher Heard as Soloists

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave yesterday afternoon the first of its annual series of concerts for young people. The program, which will be repeated today at 4, included two movements from Haydn's "Surprise Symphony,'" the andante from Mendelssohn's violin concerto, with Richard Burgin as soloist; Stravinsky's "Petruchka;" the larghetto from a horn concerto by Mozart, with Georg Boettcher as soloist, and the "Dance of the Sylphs" and Hungarian march from Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust."

Mr Koussevitzky conducted the first three numbers, Mr Burgin the remaining two. Alfred H. Meyer gave brief explanatory remarks, illustrated by stereopticon slides, before each number. An audience which by exception did not fill the hall listened eagerly and applauded enthusiastically. The week before Christmas is not the most suitable time for such concerts.

Mr Meyer avoided in his comments the annoying fault of most explanatory speakers to the young of trying to read a story into music written to be heard as music. What he said was clear, brief, free from pedantry, full of good sense, and not without the saving grace of humor.

Mr Koussevitzky, who has not conducted at these concerts in recent seasons, entered into the spirit of the occasion, and put plenty of life and energy into his interpretations. Mr Burgin and Mr Boettcher, both leading members of the orchestra, played with the expected admirable artistry The programs reminded the audience that phonograph records of the Boston Symphony's performance of "Petruchka" have just been issued. It is music in which Mr Koussevitzky excels.

Mr Burgin conducted with his usual skill. The program this time was better chosen than most if the purpose of these concerts is to introduce young people to the best orchestral music old and new. No Grieg, no Liadov, no third rate music. "Petruchka" may baffle some elders still, but it is going to be a classic within the lifetime of the young people in yesterday's audience. Seats for today's concert may still be had at the box office. Adults not accompanied by children are not admitted.

THE

MUSIC

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE

Ernest Bloch's "America: an Epic Rhapsody in three parts" will be performed this week by five leading orchestras of the country. The Philharmonic Society of New York will play it this afternoon. Boston will hear it tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. The Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe choir will be the chorus for the end of the Rhapsody. The composer hopes that the audience will also lift up their voices in patriotic strains. Will Mr. Koussevitzky give the word by saying: "The congregation will now rise and sing 'America'"?

The score contains several quotations from Walt Whitman, which reminds us that Mr. Marc Blitzstein of Philadelphia has composed "Four Coon-Shouts" with texts taken from Whitman's "Children of Adam." Then are to be performed in New York on Dec. 30.

Bach's concerto for violin, two flutes and strings, which had been announced for performance is put over till next week; Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony is substituted for it, Ravel's "The Waltz" will be played instead of the "Spanish Rhapsody."

The program for next week will comprise Bach's concerto just mentioned, a concerto for piano and orchestra by Ernest Toch and Carpenter's "Skyscrapers." The pianist will be Mr. Sanroma, who has returned from a year's study in Europe. He played the piano part when Mr. Koussevitzky introduced the concerto in Paris at his concert on the 24th of last May. The Parisian critics then praised Mr. Sanroma's playing, praised it warmly.

Vladimir Horowitz will play the piano in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon: music by Bach-Busoni, Chopin, Debussy, Ravel and five pieces by Liszt, among them "Funerailles" and the "Mephisto" waltz. The English singers that night and in the same hall have for their program a list of Christmas carols. By the way, "The Oxford Book of Carols" compiled by Percy Dearmer, Vaughan Williams and Martin Shaw, published by the Oxford University Press, is remarkable for text and music, also for excellent preface and the many historical notes.

The People's Symphony orchestra, Mr. Wendt, conductor—he has put life by his careful and encouraging rehearsing into the players—will give a concert next Sunday afternoon at the Hotel Statler. Rosabelle Temple has for her subject at the Boston Public Library at 8 P. M., "Famous Hymns and How to Sing Them." At Ford hall (7:30 P. M.) the Paderson concert ensemble (violins, 'cello, flute, clarinet, trumpet, piano), will play. Next week beginning Christmas night, an Italian opera company from New York will perform operas by Verdi, Gounod, Leoncavallo and Mascagni at the Boston Opera House.

46

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Mr Koussevitzky conducted the first three numbers, Mr Burgin the remaining two. Alfred H. Meyer gave brief explanatory remarks, illustrated by stereopticon slides, before each number. An audience which by exception did not fill the hall listened eagerly and applauded enthusiastically. The week before Christmas is not the most suitable time for such concerts.

Mr Meyer avoided in his comments the annoying fault of most explanatory speakers to the young of trying to read a story into music written to be heard as music. What he said was clear, brief, free from pedantry, full of good sense, and not without the saving grace of humor.

Mr Koussevitzky, who has not conducted at these concerts in recent seasons, entered into the spirit of the occasion, and put plenty of life and energy into his interpretations. Mr Burgin and Mr Boettcher, both leading members of the orchestra, played with the expected admirable artistry The programs reminded the audience that phonograph records of the Boston Symphony's performance of "Petruchka" have just been issued. It is music in which Mr Koussevitzky excels.

Mr Burgin conducted with his usual skill. The program this time was better chosen than most if the purpose of these concerts is to introduce young people to the best orchestral music old and new. No Grieg, no Liadov, no third rate music. "Petruchka" may baffle some elders still, but it is going to be a classic within the lifetime of the young people in yesterday's audience. Seats for today's concert may still be had at the box office. Adults not accompanied by children are not admitted.

THE

MUSIC

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE

Ernest Bloch's "America: an Epic Rhapsody in three parts" will be performed this week by five leading orchestras of the country. The Philharmonic Society of New York will play it this afternoon. Boston will hear it tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. The Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe choir will be the chorus for the end of the Rhapsody. The composer hopes that the audience will also lift up their voices in patriotic strains. Will Mr. Koussevitzky give the word by saying: "The congregation will now rise and sing 'America'"?

The score contains several quotations from Walt Whitman, which reminds us that Mr. Marc Blitzstein of Philadelphia has composed "Four Coon-Shouts" with texts taken from Whitman's "Children of Adam." Then are to be performed in New York on Dec. 30.

Bach's concerto for violin, two flutes and strings, which had been announced for performance is put over till next week; Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony is substituted for it, Ravel's "The Waltz" will be played instead of the "Spanish Rhapsody."

The program for next week will comprise Bach's concerto just mentioned, a concerto for piano and orchestra by Ernest Toch and Carpenter's "Skyscrapers." The pianist will be Mr. Sanroma, who has returned from a year's study in Europe. He played the piano part when Mr. Koussevitzky introduced the concerto in Paris at his concert on the 24th of last May. The Parisian critics then praised Mr. Sanroma's playing, praised it warmly.

Vladimir Horowitz will play the piano in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon: music by Bach-Busoni, Chopin, Debussy, Ravel and five pieces by Liszt, among them "Funerailles" and the "Mephisto" waltz. The English singers that night and in the same hall have for their program a list of Christmas carols. By the way, "The Oxford Book of Carols" compiled by Percy Dearmer, Vaughan Williams and Martin Shaw, published by the Oxford University Press, is remarkable for text and music, also for excellent preface and the many historical notes.

The People's Symphony orchestra, Mr. Wendt, conductor—he has put life by his careful and encouraging rehearsing into the players—will give a concert next Sunday afternoon at the Hotel Statler. Rosabelle Temple has for her subject at the Boston Public Library at 8 P. M., "Famous Hymns and How to Sing Them." At Ford hall (7:30 P. M.) the Paderson concert ensemble (violins, 'cello, flute, clarinet, trumpet, piano), will play. Next week beginning Christmas night, an Italian opera company from New York will perform operas by Verdi, Gounod, Leoncavallo and Mascagni at the Boston Opera House.

Music and Musicians --- Plays and Players

A Rhapsody On America From Bloch

The Prize-Piece To Be Played This Week in Boston and Four Other Cities

IT IS no longer news that today, tomorrow and Saturday, five of the principal orchestras in the United States will play for the first times: "America, An Epic Rhapsody in Three Parts," written by Ernest Bloch. These orchestras are the Philharmonic in New York under the venerable Damrosch; the Philadelphia with Mr. Gabrilowitsch as guest-conductor; the Boston, the Chicago and the San Francisco with Messrs. Koussevitzky, Stock and Hertz at their several posts. Mr. Bloch's score won the prize of $3000—compare the sum with the preposterous Atterberg's $10,000!—offered three years ago to American composers by the weekly journal, Musical America, for an orchestral piece of symphonic dimensions, that was to be "a really representative work, one which will be to American music what the standard German, French and Russian works for orchestra are to the music of those countries." Musical America also undertook, as far as might be, "to assure the continuance of the successful work in the repertories of the leading American orchestras." Only the future may determine such permanence. For the present, and within a month, twelve orchestras in as many different cities will play "America" twice—large and rare fortune for a new piece.

Ninety-two scores were submitted. The judges were Messrs. Damrosch, Hertz, Koussevitzky, Stock, Stokowski, conductors all. The labor of examining so large a number of scores, the delays in sending them from examiner to examiner, made it impossible to secure decision and performance at the date first planned—about a year ago. The judgment in favor of "America" was unanimous. And Mr. Bloch's residence in America is a matter of a mere twelve years, his citizenhip of five! (He was born a Swiss Jew.) In enthusiasm for his adopted country, however, no native son tops him.

The first fly-leaf, in addition to the title, contains Walt Whitman's line, "O America, because you build for mankind, I build for you." The second fly-leaf contains the dedication and a sort of preface by the composer:

> This symphony has been written in love for this country, in reverence to its past—in faith in its future. It is dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, whose vision has upheld its inspiration.
>
> The ideals of America are imperishable. They embody the future credo of all mankind, a Union, in common purpose and under willingly accepted guidance, of widely diversified races, ultimately to become one race, strong and great. But, as Walt Whitman has said, "To hold men together by paper and seal or by compulsion is of no account. That only holds men together which aggregates all in a living principle, as the hold of the limbs of the body or the fibres of plants."
>
> Though this symphony is not dependent on a program, the composer wants to emphasize that he has been inspired by this very ideal.
>
> The anthem which concludes the work as its apotheosis, symbolizes the Destiny, the Mission of America. The symphony is entirely built upon it. From the first bar it appears, in root, dimly, slowly, taking shape, rising, falling, developing, and finally asserting itself victoriously in complete and decisive form.
>
> It is the hope of the composer that this anthem will become known and beloved, that the audience will rise to sing it, becoming thus an active and enthusiastic part of the work and its message of faith and hope.

It may be said at once that in Boston on Friday and Saturday the youth of Harvard and Radcliffe will sing this apotheosis-anthem. The scoring of the rhapsody is for the usual large orchestra of the present, including organ and four kettledrums. The percussion section calls for three players to manipulate: "Side-drum; tambourine, two bass-hrums, cymbals, tamtam, triangle, woodbox, Indian drum, glockenspiel, a bell in D, two anvils (one higher than the other) struck with a heavy hammer, one automobile horn ad lib, and in D-flat.

"It came to me on the steamer"—Mr. Bloch has been quoted as saying—when I arrived in New York Harbor in August, 1916. I felt the spirit of the country, and saw that an old English drinking song was not fit for the song of America. I wanted to write an Anthem that should rightfully belong to and reflect the country for which it might stand." When the competition was announced, the idea which had ever since been more or less in Mr. Bloch's mind, took shape in its present form. Sketches were complete by July, 1926, and the final score was completed on Washington's Birthday, 1927. The composer concludes: "A friend for whom I played the score said to me, 'It will make the name of America more beloved.' If it does, that is my prize."

For Mr. Gilman of the New York Herald Tribune Mr. Bloch wrote enlighteningly:

> I have never been preoccupied by being "new" (the new of today is old tomorrow), but by being true. And this Rhapsody is just the culmination. It is not different, in impulse and necessity, from all I have done. It is a part of my "Weltanschauung"—only the form and the "cadre" are different. In my "Psalms" I expressed my ultimate faith in the world—or, rather, in justice, as well as in Israel. My first Symphony (1901) held already this conviction that life could be possible and beautiful, when man decides at last to manage the planet. He has not learned that yet! And if he does not hurry, he may destroy, by his greed and stupidity, this mediocre little earth, which turns around a fifteenth-rate sun! In "Schelomo," alone of all my works, I ended in despair. And, at times, I am like Schelomo myself. But to others, to people, to poor struggling humanity, one must give a message of hope and faith.
>
> This I have tried to do in "America," in America's own language. No more as a Jew (though all my Jewish works are written rather by a man with Jewish roots than by a limited Hebrew), but as a man alone. I wrote it in such a way that any bootblack may understand it. Highbrows will hate me the more. I do not care! As long as I can live in a stable, and look at the mountains, and get my message out of me, I am rich.
>
> "America," then, is again a symbol (like my other works). But only when I am dead, or when (if my health gets better) I have written the few works I have still to get out, will people understand the unity of all my productions. It is too soon now, and there are too many fads and discordant voices of acrobats and virtuosi, and "professors" and theories and ratiocination, to allow them to see with their eyes, to hear with their ears, to feel with their souls. Only very few. . . . But these few count."

A motif of an ascending and descending forth, rhythmed to suit the word "America" is used as a motto throughout the Rhapsody. From it eventually the Anthem is developed. Throughout also appear various forms of what writers are pleased to call American folk-material. At the bottom of the pages all these sources are noted; along with running commentary, partly in quotations from Whitman, partly in captions for the successive divisions of the music. Though the composer assures us that this need not be printed in a program-book, that the Rhapsody will be understood without these helps, nevertheless they define it so completely that quotation seems inevitable. (Messrs. Birchard in Boston and New York are the publishers. The full score may be had at large or in miniature. The Anthem, to be reprinted in this place on Saturday next, may be had separately in a leaflet.) First, however, let us view the work broadly through the titles and subtitles of the three movements:

I.—"1620." The Soil—The Indians—England—The Mayflower—The Landing ot the Pilgrims.

II.—"1861-1865. Hours of Joy—Hours of Sorrow

> I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear. . . .
> Each singing what belongs to him or her and to no one else. . . .
> Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs. [Walt Whitman

III.—"1926." The Present—The Future. . . .

> "As he sees the farthest he has the most faith." [Walt Whitman

The movement of "The Soil" begins poco lento—misterioso—with muted string-chords tremulando. The "America" motto is at once heard in the basses. Soon we come to the section devoted to the Indians, subdivided as Indian Life, "Organizing a War Party," a Death Song. Woven into the score are Indian Pueblo Songs from New Mexico, Mandan and Hidasta songs, Chippewa songs of war, of death, of love. The first Pueblo Song should be especially noted, as it is not very graceful, but will recur later in the Rhapsody.

In the transition to the English episode we hear the same mysterious chords as at the beginning; also the "America" motto. This division is an old English March, stirring in rhythm and bright in orchestral coloring. The motto is heard as "The Call to America," with accompanying chords a little less mysterious. There are poignant harmonies over "Struggles and Hardships"; eventually a horn sings an "Old Chantey," which develops into a broad and noble climax. "At Sea" is a little less turbulent. With shouts of joy (and the motto). "Land in Sight." The motto has now grown to a two-fold exclamation, "America! America!" exactly as it will appear later in the anthem. "Loneliness" follows in "tempo iniziale," with the first Pueblo Songs, interlarded with bright "Memories of England."

The composer leads us through "Struggles, Hardships Ahead" in sombre sonorities; "Building up a Nation"; "The Love of The Soil Comes into the Hearts of "The Pilgrims" (the motto in minor tonalities); to "In God we Trust," to the tune of "Old Hundred"—and suspicions of "Yankee Doodle." There is a brief reminiscence of the first Pueblo Song. Then five measures of "Faint Hopes in the Future," harmonies of harp and muted strings in conclusion.

At the beginning of the second movement an English horn unaccompanied sings an old ballad typifying "The South." Four solo strings join in. More voices are added, all "solo" until a chamber orchestra of sixteen instruments is playing. Massed strings [illegible] Negro folk-song, "Row After Row." A lullaby follows, and an oboe sings the motto "America" expressively. There is a considerable secton devoted to "Old Folks at Home," which ends in a Virginia reel to the tune "Pop Goes the Weasel." (Why is this title not listed in the score, along with the rest?) It is still going its round when "Hail, Columbia" is heard; after which strings and oboe play the motto, now with a second line (as in the Anthem) added. Always to the accompaniment of "Pop."

An entirely new division begins with enticing accompanimental dance rhythms. The reader suspects something Spanish and soon discovers the presence of a Creole folk-song, heard from the oboe. Into an exotic dance it grows, at the height of which, over the caption "Songs of the Civil War," come "Dixie," and soon the motto tossed frantically back and forth in the brass. There follows a full-bodied contrapuntal mélange in which strings play "John Brown's Body," wood-winds continue "Dixie," upper brasses the "Battle Cry of Freedom," lower brasses "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching." More and more martial the music grows. There are echoes of the war songs. Then "After the Battle" the ballad for English horn at the beginning of the movement re-enters more solemnly; trumpets sing the new "America" as far as Mr. Bloch has developed it. In the score is another quotation from Whitman: "For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead." A few measures later we read the same poet's exclamation, "My captain! My captain!" On the last page amid dolorous chords, Bloch's own notation, "O! bleeding America."

The third movement begins allegro con spirito, "Present time." Bloch paints a hotly colored, vividly rhythmed, percussion-marked picture. What is his own mental slant when he throws upon this background the negro folk-songs, "I Went to the Hop Joint" and "The Coon-can Game" with their delicious grace notes and slides, their jazzed syncopations? "Turmoil of present time"—material "prosperity"—Speed—Noise. Is this a representation of or a satire on a large body of present-day music? At the height of it Bloch writes, "America's Call of Distress"—the motto inserted shriekingly into the climax. The first of the two negro songs returns for fuller development. A section "Frenetico," in several keys, in a raucous din leads to the "Inevitable Collapse." There is a shuddering decrescendo, and above Whitman's lines: "Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again, O Nature, your primal sanities," the English horn sings again the Pueblo Song at the beginning of the first movement and with the same mysterious tremulando accompaniment.

There follows the "Call of America" with Whitman's lines, "Then turn, and be not alarmed, O Libertad—turn your undying face to where the future, greater than all the past is swiftly, surely preparing for you." "Man's Introspection" leads to "Reconstruction" beginning with "The Mastery of Man over the Machines, his Environment, and Himself"—a passage in which a harsh polytonal accompaniment figure dissolves gradually into conventional harmonies—and Ernest Bloch saying to himself, "I have charged myself, heeded or unheeded, to compose a march for these States." This whole section is a gradual expansion and gradual climactic ascent to the Anthem which is to "apotheosis. When he has reached a high point in this ascent, Bloch quotes,

> Over the carnage rose prophetic a voice:
> Be not disheartened, affection shall solve the problems of Freedom yet;
> Those who love each other shall become invincible,
> They shall yet make Columbia victorious,
> Sons of the Mother of All, you shall yet be victorious,
> You shall yet laugh to scorn the attacks of all the remainder of the earth.

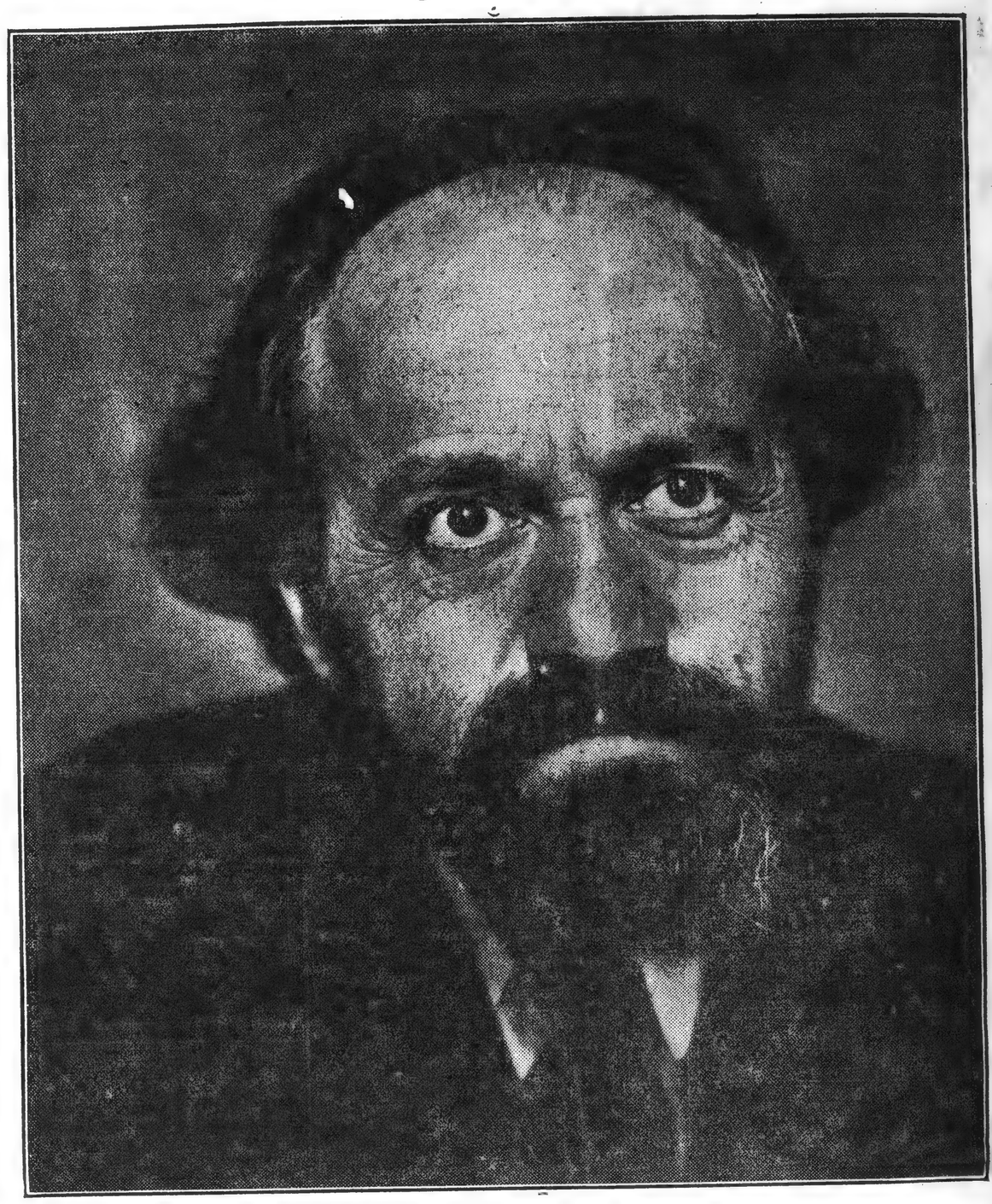
Then, twice more the motto as America's Call to the Nations of the World after which Whitman's line: "See . . . immigrants continually coming and landing . . ." as the ascent continues higher and higher, again "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," "Dixie," a sudden "tranquillo" which is but a final taking of breath before the supreme climax. Now the composer directs, "Here the people rise to sing the Anthem." After which the score contains a staff for "The People," who sing.

> America! America! Thy name is in my heart
> My love for thee arouses me to nobler thoughts and deeds.
> Our fathers builded a nation
> To give us Justice and Peace,
> Toward higher aims, toward brighter goals,
> Toward Freedom of all mankind.
> Our hearts we pledge, America,
> To stand by thee, to give to thee
> Our strength, our faiths, and our lives.
>
> A. H. B.

For various reasons Mr. Horowitz has cancelled his concert at Symphony Hall announced for next Sunday afternoon. He will give it, instead, on Friday afternoon, Jan. 4. Tickets hold good.

Continued on Following Page

His Strength and His Faith



Ernest Bloch

Composer of The Symphonic Rhapsody, "America"

(From an Autographed Photograph Lent by Boaz Piller of The Symphony Orchestra)

Music News of the Wo

Bloch's "America"

By L. A. SLOPER

A NEW anthem to America has sounded this week in the concert rooms of five of the symphony orchestras of the United States; within a month it will have been heard in a dozen such halls. This anthem brings to a conclusion Ernest Bloch's "America," an Epic Rhapsody in three parts for orchestra, which was chosen unanimously from among 92 scores as the winner of a prize of $3000 offered by the periodical Musical America. The judges were five conductors: Messrs. Damrosch, Hertz, Koussevitzky, Stock and Stokowski and the performances of the present week were given by the orchestras which they direct in New York, San Francisco, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia.

It is perhaps significant that Ernest Bloch should have been the author of a prize-winning musical epic of America. He is by origin a Swiss Jew who migrated to the United States in 1916, and has been an American citizen only since 1923. Further, as a composer he has been known as distinctly the spokesman in tones of his own ancient race, its trials and its aspirations. Thus some of his best-known works are "Three Jewish Poems"; "Psalms," for soprano and orchestra; the Symphony "Israel"; "Schelomo," a Hebraic Rhapsody for cello and orchestra. To some it may seem a strange thing indeed that such a man should assume the mantle of musical chronicler and prophet of the United States.

Chamber Music

But not all of Bloch's music has been Hebraic. Those who are familiar with chamber music he has written since arriving on western shores—his string quartet and his violin sonata—know a wider than racial aspect of him. Of the sonata the present commentator wrote in 1923:

"It seems to represent the struggle of the individual to escape the commercialized stamp of the standardized product. The first movement, with its savage percussive piano rhythms stamping out the ineffectual cries of the violin, may well be taken to represent the violence of mob opinion crushing the dissenter. The quiet but perturbed second movement seems to express the emotions of the victim, suppressed but unyielding. The final Moderato seems to portray again the desperate determination of the crowd to punish nonconformists; but it concludes with a restatement of the unconquerable faith of individualism. Whether any of these meanings was intended by the composer, it is evident that music which can release such thoughts must be the product of profound conviction which goes deeper than the largely racial impulse which seemed to motivate Bloch's 'Schelomo' and the 'Psalms.'" Clearly, Bloch has not within a few months, and merely at the prompting of a prize, overleaped the racial boundaries.

Bloch, indeed, is very devoted to his adoptive country. Like many others among the new Americans, he perhaps appreciates its opportunities more than some of its native sons. He is, too, besides being a poet in tones, a thinker, a student of society, of history and of government, a natural democrat and an idealist. He has scanned American history and poetry; he profoundly admires some of America's great men, in particular Lincoln and Walt Whitman. To them, "whose vision has upheld its inspiration," this composition is dedicated. "This symphony has been written in love for this country, in reverence to its past—in faith in its future."

And in any event, why should it seem odd that a Jewish-American should sing of America? The United States is no longer an Anglo-Saxon nation. People of Bloch's race constitute a considerable portion of its population. They have not only contributed to commercial and financial development; they have had a strong influence in its artistic growth; and in particular they hold today probably a predominant place in its musical life. Perhaps, then, it is singularly appropriate that one of them should appear as America's tonal laureate.

Program Music

Bloch's "America" will do for musical companion-piece to Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body." On the flyleaf of the score, published by C. C. Birchard & Co., Bloch has written: "The Ideals of America are imperishable. They embody the future credo of all mankind: a Union, in common purpose and under willingly accepted guidance, of widely diversified races, ultimately to become one race, strong and great. But, as Walt Whitman has said: 'To hold men together by paper and seal, or by compulsion, is of no account. That only holds men together which aggregates all in a living principle, as the hold of the limbs of the body or the fibers of plants.' Though this symphony is not dependent on a program, the composer wants to emphasize that he has been inspired by this very ideal."

The composition seems, however, very definitely to be program music. The first movement carries the story up to 1620; the second covers the period of the Civil War; the third deals with the present and the future, concluding with the anthem of faith in America. This anthem, the composer explains, "symbolizes the Destiny, the Mission, of America. The Symphony is entirely built upon it. From the first bars it appears, in root, dimly, slowly taking shape, rising, falling, developing, and finally asserting itself victoriously in its complete and decisive form." The motif, or motto, of the anthem, appears on the very first page, as an ascending and descending fourth, and is heard recurrently in development throughout.

For his other material, Bloch has gone to sources, employing an old English march, a sea shanty, Indian dances, Negro tunes, popular songs. An American audience is constantly recognizing familiar strains: "The Old Folks at Home," "John Brown's Body," "Hail Columbia," even "Pop Goes the Weasel." Dangerous material; your ordinary composer could hardly employ it without being trivial, making a mere medley. Bloch has so interwoven the songs that a musical tapestry of much beauty results. The depiction of armed conflict by means of these themes in the second part of the rhapsody does perhaps recall the "1812" Overture, and may in time become a similar object of contumely; but at this stage the experiment seems justified.

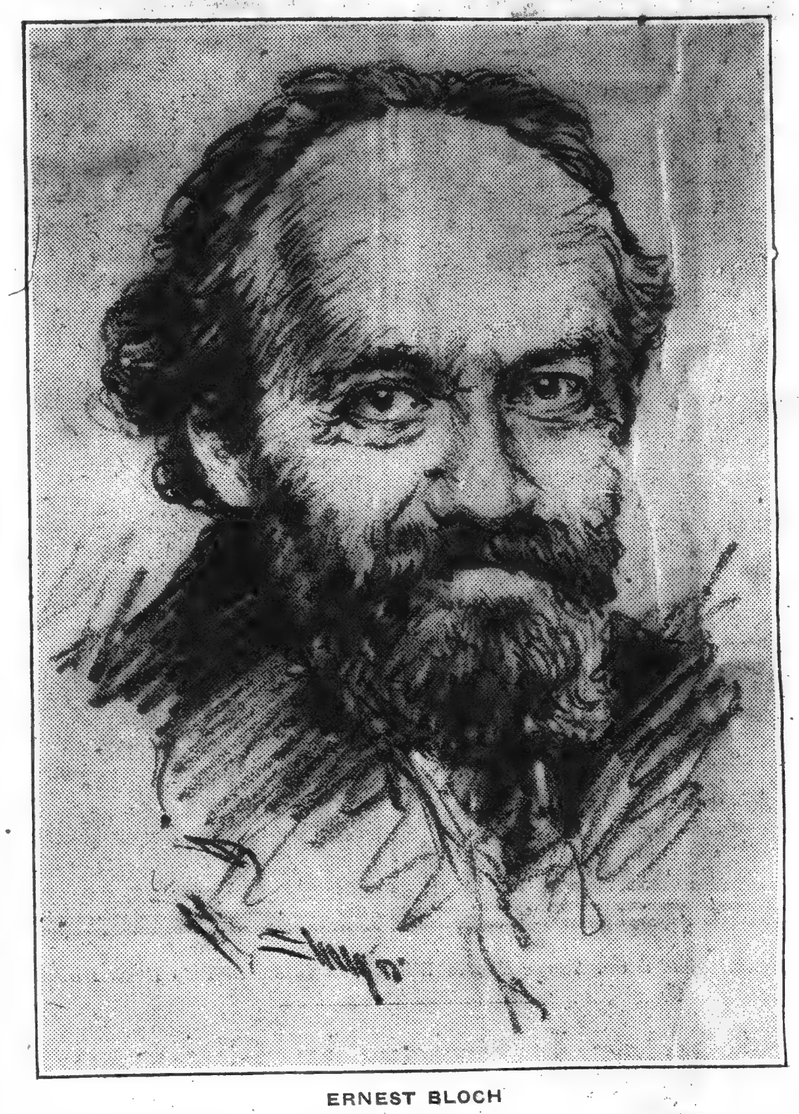
Captions, notes and directions by the composer and quotations from Walt Whitman are liberally scattered through the score. Bloch announces they are meant for guidance of the performers rather than for reproduction in programs; yet they would help the listener as well as the players to an understanding of the composer's purpose. The first section tells of the Soil, the Indians, then of old England, the Call of America, the passage, hardships, the landing, the forebodings and the faith in the future ("Old Hundred"). The second, after the passages already outlined, describes the mourning of the Nation at the close of the Civil War. The third, to depict "the present," is very jazzy and "blue" at the start. There are anvils, steel plates and an automobile horn to picture the turmoil of the period. "Material 'prosperity' —Speed—Noise—'Man Slave of the Machines,'" writes the composer at the foot of the page. Note that Bloch the idealist quotes "prosperity." After a long passage of this increasing violence, during which "America's Call of Distress" is heard, there comes "the inevitable collapse." Bloch cannot believe that such materialism can reign always. The descendant of a race of prophets looks to the future and speaks, again after Whitman: "Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again, O Nature, your primal sanities!" Again the Call of America, and a gradual crescendo leading up to the affirmation of the anthem.

A History and an Augury

Such is Bloch's vision of America. A simple musical message, he considers it, understandable to everybody, except possibly the "highbrows" whom he disdains; at once a history and an augury in tones, a song of praise and hope. It expresses serene and noble beauty, impassioned revolt, assured faith. In conception and execution it warrants the qualification of "epic." The culminating anthem, being designed for the people to sing, is appropriately simple and stirring. Will it be adopted, as the composer hopes, by America? Will the work as a whole take a permanent place? It would be rash to attempt to answer these questions now.

The composer has reason to be grateful for the setting forth of his music by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by a chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. The work had been prepared with great care under the direction of Mr. Koussevitzky. Its performance, which came after those of the "Unfinished" Symphony of Schubert and Ravel's "La Valse," was vibrant with eloquence. The slow building up of the climax in the final movement was masterly. The fresh, young voices of the collegians gave forth fervently the message to the Nation.

The composer hopes that this anthem "will become known and beloved, that the audience will rise to sing it." As it is not as yet sufficiently known, Mr. Koussevitzky probably was wise in refraining yesterday afternoon from inviting the audience of Symphony Hall to join in the singing. But the audience, either knowing what was expected of it or responding directly to the composer's emotion, rose of its own accord, and though it did not try to sing, remained standing until the work was finished, and lingered thereafter to applaud until the conductor called the performers to their feet to share the tribute.



ERNEST BLOCH

The Monitor Reader

(Answers to Questions Asked on The Next to the Last Page.)

1. An electric kitchen range.
2. "Don't swank, don't sneak, don't funk, don't grouse over failure, don't crow over success."
3. The engineless airplane.
4. Paris Salons, Cafes, Studios.
5. To preach the truth.
6. To teach English to children of all ages.
7. 7,707,252.
8. More than $5,000,000.
9. "The thing desired."
10. Julius Cæsar.

AMUSEMENTS

NEW YORK CITY

BOS DAILY ADVERTISER
DEC. 22—

Theaters

Bloch Rhapsody, 'America,' Heard at Symphony

Five orchestras in five cities unite this week in playing Ernest Bloch's prize rhapsody, "America." Naturally, it is new and noteworthy substance to stir Mr. Koussevitzky's ardor.

As played in Boston at the Symphony, it proved monumental music of many colors and many tongues. Back to 1620 goes Mr. Bloch for his first movement. Indian themes of the Southwest thread in and out the sombre rhythms, an old English march enters it, there is a capital chantey, a flourish of trumpets and finally a climax of more severity.

The second movement is the swords and roses of the old South. Creole folk song enter in, then Mr. Bloch borrows from Stephen Foster, "Pop Goes the Weasel" runs through the measure, "Suwanee River" is at hand, and so with a flourish of trumpets and drums "Dixie" breaks into the storm of Civil War. The whole ends amid dolorous chords.

Thence to the new America. Blues from Menphis, jazz from New Orleans, "We Went to the Hop Joint," start it off in swaggering style. It strides clear of jazz into brazen cacophony, it pales John Alden Carpenter and our moderns, it blares into noise and confusion, halts, swings back to a song of the Southwest again, breaks out at last into Mr. Bloch's new anthem with the choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe for vocal accompaniment.

A lesser man than Mr. Bloch would have made of all this no more nor less than a musical pastiche. But his artistry is such that he easily fits in folk song and ballad to the structure of its work. Walt Whitman is his literary model, he says, and sometimes, like Whitman, the work is dun colored, sombre and sterile.

Again, it rises to new heights for music of the American scene, the American mood. Throughout it is good workmanship, and one may say, as good a musical account of America as the present years are likely to see.

DEC 22 –

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By L. A. SLOPER

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Chamber Music

But not all of Bloch's music has been Hebraic. Those who are familiar with chamber music he has written since arriving on western shores—his string quartet and his violin sonata—know a wider than racial aspect of him. Of the sonata the present commentator wrote in 1923:

"It seems to represent the struggle of the individual to escape the commercialized stamp of the standardized product. The first movement, with its savage percussive piano rhythms stamping out the ineffectual cries of the violin, may well be taken to represent the violence of mob opinion crushing the dissenter. The quiet but perturbed second movement seems to express the emotions of the victim, suppressed but unyielding. The final Moderato seems to portray again the desperate determination of the crowd to punish nonconformists; but it concludes with a restatement of the unconquerable faith of individualism. Whether any of these meanings was intended by the composer, it is evident that music which can release such thoughts must be the product of profound conviction which goes deeper than the largely racial impulse which seemed to motivate Bloch's 'Schelomo' and the 'Psalms.'" Clearly, Bloch has not within a few months, and merely at the prompting of a prize, overleaped the racial boundaries.

Bloch, indeed, is very devoted to his adoptive country. Like many others among the new Americans, he perhaps appreciates its opportunities more than some of its native sons. He is, too, besides being a poet in tones, a thinker, a student of society, of history and of government, a natural democrat and an idealist. He has scanned American history and poetry; he profoundly admires some of America's great men, in particular Lincoln and Walt Whitman. To them, "whose vision has upheld its inspiration," this composition is dedicated. "This symphony has been written in love for this country, in reverence to its past—in faith in its future."

And in any event, why should it seem odd that a Jewish-American should sing of America? The United States is no longer an Anglo-Saxon nation. People of Bloch's race constitute a considerable portion of its population. They have not only contributed to commercial and financial development; they have had a strong influence in its artistic growth; and in particular they hold today probably a predominant place in its musical life. Perhaps, then, it is singularly appropriate that one of them should appear as America's tonal laureate.

Program Music

Bloch's "America" will do for musical companion-piece to Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body." On the flyleaf of the score, published by C. C. Birchard & Co., Bloch has written: "The Ideals of America are imperishable. They embody the future credo of all mankind: a Union, in common purpose and under willingly accepted guidance, of widely diversified races, ultimately to become one race, strong and great. But, as Walt Whitman has said: 'To hold men together by paper and seal, or by compulsion, is of no account. That only holds men together which aggregates all in a living principle, as the hold of the limbs of the body or the fibers of plants.' Though this symphony is not dependent on a program, the composer wants to emphasize that he has been inspired by this very ideal."

The composition seems, however, very definitely to be program music. The first movement carries the story up to 1620; the second covers the period of the Civil War; the third deals with the present and the future, concluding with the anthem of faith in America. This anthem, the composer explains, "symbolizes the Destiny, the Mission, of America. The Symphony is entirely built upon it. From the first bars it appears, in root, dimly, slowly taking shape, rising, falling, developing, and finally asserting itself victoriously in its complete and decisive form." The motif, or motto, of the anthem, appears on the very first page, as an ascending and descending fourth, and is heard recurrently in development throughout.

For his other material, Bloch has gone to sources, employing an old English march, a sea shanty, Indian dances, Negro tunes, popular songs. An American audience is constantly recognizing familiar strains: "The Old Folks at Home," "John Brown's Body," "Hail Columbia," even "Pop Goes the Weasel." Dangerous material; your ordinary composer could hardly employ it without being trivial, making a mere medley. Bloch has so interwoven the songs that a musical tapestry of much beauty results. The depiction of armed conflict by means of these themes in the second part of the rhapsody does perhaps recall the "1812" Overture, and may in time become a similar object of contumely; but at this stage the experiment seems justified.

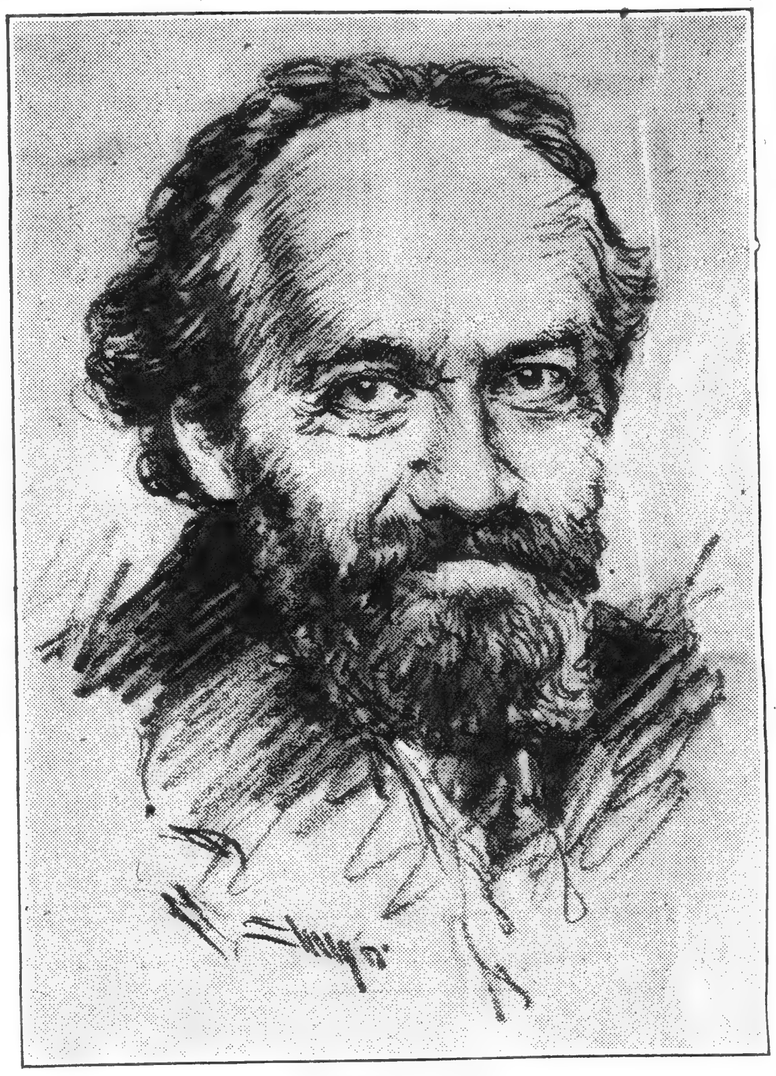
Captions, notes and directions by the composer and quotations from Walt Whitman are liberally scattered through the score. Bloch announces they are meant for guidance of the performers rather than for reproduction in programs; yet they would help the listener as well as the players to an understanding of the composer's purpose. The first section tells of the Soil, the Indians, then of old England, the Call of America, the passage, hardships, the landing, the forebodings and the faith in the future ("Old Hundred"). The second, after the passages already outlined, describes the mourning of the Nation at the close of the Civil War. The third, to depict "the present," is very jazzy and "blue" at the start. There are anvils, steel plates and an automobile horn to picture the turmoil of the period. "Material 'prosperity' —Speed—Noise—'Man Slave of the Machines,'" writes the composer at the foot of the page. Note that Bloch the idealist quotes "prosperity." After a long passage of this increasing violence, during which "America's Call of Distress" is heard, there comes "the inevitable collapse." Bloch cannot believe that such materialism can reign always. The descendant of a race of prophets looks to the future and speaks, again after Whitman: "Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again, O Nature, your primal sanities!" Again the Call of America, and a gradual crescendo leading up to the affirmation of the anthem.

A History and an Augury

Such is Bloch's vision of America. A simple musical message, he considers it, understandable to everybody, except possibly the "highbrows" whom he disdains; at once a history and an augury in tones, a song of praise and hope. It expresses serene and noble beauty, impassioned revolt, assured faith. In conception and execution it warrants the qualification of "epic." The culminating anthem, being designed for the people to sing, is appropriately simple and stirring. Will it be adopted, as the composer hopes, by America? Will the work as a whole take a permanent place? It would be rash to attempt to answer these questions now.

The composer has reason to be grateful for the setting forth of his music by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by a chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. The work had been prepared with great care under the direction of Mr. Koussevitzky. Its performance, which came after those of the "Unfinished" Symphony of Schubert and Ravel's "La Valse," was vibrant with eloquence. The slow building up of the climax in the final movement was masterly. The fresh, young voices of the collegians gave forth fervently the message to the Nation.

The composer hopes that this anthem "will become known and beloved, that the audience will rise to sing it." As it is not as yet sufficiently known, Mr. Koussevitzky probably was wise in refraining yesterday afternoon from inviting the audience of Symphony Hall to join in the singing. But the audience, either knowing what was expected of it or responding directly to the composer's emotion, rose of its own accord, and though it did not try to sing, remained standing until the work was finished, and lingered thereafter to applaud until the conductor called the performers to their feet to share the tribute.



ERNEST BLOCH

The Monitor Reader

(Answers to Questions Asked on The Next to the Last Page.)

1. An electric kitchen range.
2. "Don't swank, don't sneak, don't funk, don't grouse over failure, don't crow over success."
3. The engineless airplane.
4. Paris Salons, Cafes, Studios.
5. To preach the truth.
6. To teach English to children of all ages.
7. 7,707,252.
8. More than $5,000,000.
9. "The thing desired."
10. Julius Cæsar.

AMUSEMENTS

NEW YORK CITY

BOS DAILY ADVERTISER
DEC. 22 –

Theaters

Bloch Rhapsody, 'America,' Heard at Symphony

Five orchestras in five cities unite this week in playing Ernest Bloch's prize rhapsody, "America." Naturally, it is new and noteworthy substance to stir Mr. Koussevitzky's ardor.

As played in Boston at the Symphony, it proved monumental music of many colors and many tongues. Back to 1620 goes Mr. Bloch for his first movement. Indian themes of the Southwest thread in and out the sombre rhythms, an old English march enters it, there is a capital chantey, a flourish of trumpets and finally a climax of more severity.

The second movement is the swords and roses of the old South. Creole folk song enter in, then Mr. Bloch borrows from Stephen Foster, "Pop Goes the Weasel" runs through the measure, "Suwanee River" is at hand, and so with a flourish of trumpets and drums "Dixie" breaks into the storm of Civil War. The whole ends amid dolorous chords.

Thence to the new America. Blues from Menphis, jazz from New Orleans, "We Went to the Hop Joint," start it off in swaggering style. It strides clear of jazz into brazen cacophony, it pales John Alden Carpenter and our moderns, it blares into noise and confusion, halts, swings back to a song of the Southwest again, breaks out at last into Mr. Bloch's new anthem with the choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe for vocal accompaniment.

A lesser man than Mr. Bloch would have made of all this no more nor less than a musical pastiche. But his artistry is such that he easily fits in folk song and ballad to the structure of its work. Walt Whitman is his literary model, he says, and sometimes, like Whitman, the work is dun colored, sombre and sterile.

Again, it rises to new heights for music of the American scene, the American mood. Throughout it is good workmanship, and one may say, as good a musical account of America as the present years are likely to see.

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Dec. 22. Symphony --- Globe Dec 22

Ernest Bloch In Rhapsody Upon America

TRANSCRIPT

To the Symphony Concerts Comes His Prize-Piece, For Better, For Worse

ERNEST BLOCH is a romantic idealist. In these days they are not many. Being such, he is simple of spirit, visionary, fervent, almost to fanaticism. Being such again, he chooses the vast conception, the manifold, far-spreading implication. Setting a title to his new symphonic piece, played yesterday afternoon by Mr Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra, he does not hesitate to use the word "epic." Most of us, schooled to discretions and repressions, shiver at the thought of it, turn it this way and that, finally discard it. Mr. Bloch, about to set pen to music-paper, shapes a grandiose design; fills it with passionate utterance; would lift it to heaven-scaling climax. His unfinished Symphony, "Israel," bears these birthmarks. They are traceable in his setting of Psalms and in his "Jewish Poems"; discoverable in his Rhapsody, "Schelomo." They are also cut deep upon his new "America."

The play of Mr. Bloch's imagination can be vast, visionary and vague. Throughout "America" it is in such ferment. He contemplates us as humankind in the mass. He is profoundly moved by the abstractions of democracy. Confidently and rejoicingly, he embraces the future. For him all humanity is not too great or too baffling an image. Out of spiritual kinship, he sets a motto from Walt Whitman over his "Epic Rhapsody"; strews the score with other quotations as interpretive guides. They are the phrases of a similar temperament that found in words its expressive medium. Mr. Bloch stretches his tonal canvas from The Pilgrims of 1620 to the present day. Between, the Civil War nothing daunts him. For close, he turns seer and prophet. And all this in fulfillment of a faith and a vision, a desire and a passion, haunting him since he first saw these shores on an August day, twelve years ago.

Ernest Bloch is also a full-furnished composer. He can invent salient, significant musical ideas; develop, transform, enlarge, enrich them. He can conduct them graphically and meaningfully through the intricacies of a formal pattern, the mazes of the modern orchestra. If he goes to other sources than his own inventions, he can fertilize and vitalize the chosen matter; give it new shapes, surfaces and colors; heat it to new implications at the fires of his temperament. The structural art of music is wholly at his command. He can outspread, rear and fill whatever form he chooses, knitting it together firmly, plastically, in just proportions and luminous detail. He blends knowledge and imagination when he utilizes the manifold voices of a twentieth-century orchestra. Informed and eclectic, he declines no musical procedure; commits himself to none; employs independently whatever best serves his creative purpose.

With him the courses of poetic and musical design are one and indivisible. His modulations are not manipulation; his harmonies, no calculated and applied vesture. Both upspring from the nature of the musical thought and the musical progress. In impression upon the hearer, he accomplishes these things by no studious meditation, but in the full ardor of creation. The heat of a temperament, the fervor of the conception, the passion of release, fuse the idea and the expression into a single glowing, marching whole. Not one of Mr. Bloch's major pieces comes off tamely; his trifles strike sparks. Before nothing that he writes may even casual hearers sit indifferent. By sheer grandiosity he may overwhelm them, as he seemed to do yesterday; yet by his rhetoric even, are they spelled.

From the two-fold Bloch proceeds "America"—to risk a superlative, the most remarkable prize-piece that a composer has yet written. Consider, first, the execution. A motto-motiv unifies and characters this Rhapsody of symphonic dimensions. At the beginning it appears in germ; steadily it gains body, savor, impetus, impression. Never is it long absent from the hearer's ear; soon it is graven upon his imagination; finally it upswells into all-enfolding climax. This motto-motiv is graphically invented; it is even rhythmed to the word "America." From beginning to end, the course it follows, the development it receives, are feats of skill and imagination. A song of the Pueblo Indians, seemingly chosen as motiv of the soil, also recurs persistently, in repetition rather than development.

Into his tone-pictures—for that convenient phrase best labels the first two divisions and a part of the third—Mr. Bloch weaves an endless variety of American folk-music. It ranges from the "Old Hundredth" to "Pop Goes the Weasel." It includes negro ditties, Indian tunes, an English March, a sea-chantey, songs f[illegible] both combatants in the Civil War, Dix[illegible] and the Doxology. The whole catalogue—[illegible] as many items as were possible in a newspaper article—was set forth in this place last Thursday. These folk-motives are so numerous that in the quick traffic of the concert-hall an attentive ear may hardly recognize them all. One or another, however, is so intrinsically significant, graphically presented or vividly sublimated, that it makes instant and lively impression.

Incidental images and suggestion in tones also abound. The Pilgrims are at sea; home-sickness steals upon them. There are musical amenities, domestic and social, of the era before the Civil War. The embattled armies march across the tonal scene. . . . The Rhapsody passes to the present age of machinery and the dinful life of prosperity and publicity. By devices of the modernists, Mr. Bloch compasses sound and fury; then bids the orchestra shudder and shrink away. A tonal panorama, yet with no picture blurred or faltering. The ear receives them; the mind answers. Often enough, by a very present poetry, they touch the emotions.

More: Mr. Bloch weaves close and continuous this intrinsically episodic stuff. The motto-motiv and the song of the Pueblo Indians aid him not a little; but on his own part he does again a masterly feat of constructive skill and imagination. Finally, the advance and recession, the ultimate ascent toward climax and apotheosis. Mr. Bloch writes aboundingly and passionately. A mingled austerity and fervor possess him. He knows and sounds exaltation. Only at the end does it fail him, does he fail, as it seems, exhausted. The words and the music of the climactic Anthem, "for the people" in unison, match each other in commonplace. (Another page of this paper contains them.) They and crowd-suggestion brought the audience to its feet yesterday; but in one neighborhood at least, this one and that seized the opportunity to slip into wraps for the street.

For the spiritual side of the Rhapsody, much depends upon the receiving temperament. Those that crave the vast, the visionary; the vague, will draw from it sustenance, illumination, even exaltation. They will thrill to the expanse of Mr. Bloch's canvas, to the multifold array of matter in which he traverses, envisages and assimilates the American world. The sheer bigness and fullness of design and accomplishment will stir them to their vitals. They will lift up their hearts, as Mr. Bloch uplifts his, when he visions the future. They will share his Whitmanic inspirations. They will hear at his loftier and deeper moments a song of democracy; the voice of humankind in brotherhood and ascent; music doing its office—the incarnation in tones of abstract and far-flung concepts, till they pierce deep to the listening mind, well through the answering heart. At smallest, they will say that here is America idealizing itself at the bidding of a composer altogether sincere; America visioning in his tones its true and ultimate self. At largest, they will assert that here mounts the Rhapsody of faith in humankind and human living as Beethoven declared it, as Mahler strove to give voice. From Mr. Bloch's pages, from themselves as well, emotional fervors, even as yesterday, will course the concert-room.

Thrice unhappy, however, will be the state of the realists. They will seem indeed as devil's advocates. With a prayer for mercy from the idealists for this deafness, blindness and earthiness here may be set down, one and another thought traversing their heads. . . . assemble a myriad of American [illegible] motivs, to weave them into a con[illegible]ous tonal texture, to touch one and [illegible] other with musical beauty and sig[illegible]cance, is not to write the musi[illegible] of America. Rather, it is the scho[illegible]y and absorbent approach of a Euro[illegible]n minded to write such a music. Chadwick, in the Scherzi of this and ti[illegible] Symphony, in two divisions—"Noel" a[illegible] the finale—of his "Symphonic Sketch [illegible] wrote a music that none but an Ameri[illegible] can could have made. Mr. Carpenter did likewise in his Concertino; Mr. H[illegible]ll in his recent Symphony. Yet how sparingly, or not at all, did they utilize American folk-motivs.

To judge by his swarming quotations Mr. Bloch draws endless inspiration from Walt Whitman. From the earliest times to the present day, he has been a European rather than an American admiration. To unfold a tonal panorama of America, A. D. 1620, A. D. 1861-65, A. D. 1926, is not necessarily to absorb the American temperament as it flowers into music in Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Hill, even Mr. Gershwin. At bottom Mr. Bloch's American voice and spirit is basically a thing of labels, quotations, folk-material. For twelve years he has dwelt and worked in America from New York to San Francisco, through vicissitudes endured and conquered. For twice and thrice that time Mr. Loeffler has dwelt and worked in Boston. He remains in his kind an individual composer, looking in his mind and heart to write. So also does Mr. Bloch, though he stock his tonal pantry with scores of American jars.

Mr. Bloch is a romantic idealist, ardent and sincere. By that very nature he lapses into occasional simplicities, even naïvétes; tumbles headlong into the banalities of his Anthem. Musically, emotionally, all three are hard to bear. Much too closely, they approximate "America: an Epic Rhapsody" to "The Birth of a Nation: Epic of the Screen." By all means let Mr. Bloch tune his orchestra to the glories of democracy and sound his visions of its future. To do so is the privilege—or the fate—of the idealist. There are those, wrestling daily, as St. Paul says, with the beasts at Ephesus who may be pardoned when they fail to rise to this exaltation. Or, if human fellowship must be intoned, does it not require the genius of Beethoven, writing his final Symphony, to persuade these sons of earth and daily living? . . . Enough and more than enough. Kicks and blows are ever the portion of the realists—individualists all, lacking "communal" vision. They love too much the small thing done from day to day but done exceeding well.

Upon Mr. Bloch's Rhapsody Mr. Koussevitzky had evidently bestowed the rehearsals of the week. Thereby he achieved a performance that technically overlooked nothing and adjusted everything; that glamoured or intensified many a page, illuminating the thought or deepening the vision by the beauty or the puissance of the orchestral tone. Yet it is permissible to believe that the conductor has less intuitive sympathy with the assimilated and idealistic Americanism of Mr. Bloch than with the native and more earthly Americanism of Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Hill, Mr. Copland and Mr. Sessions. Competently, the Harvard-Radcliffe chorus did its feeble part.

Two repertory pieces, therefore, filled the remainder of the program: first, Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" in cameo-cut, beautifully lyrical, gently impassioned performance—the very voice and loveliness of the music. Second, Ravel's tone-poem, "The Waltz"—Franco-American sheet-anchor when rehearsal of other numbers presses hard—in less sharp-edged and vividly colored version than is the conductor's wont. Or did the contrasting impression from the two familiar musics spring from the new seating of the orchestra all on the stage-level? Certainly the finer blendings, the clearer purities of tone thus gained, contributed to the beauty diffused by Schubert's pages. Possibly, "The Waltz" sounded less brilliant, less graphic, under the mellowing that the change from tiers may bring. In these matters the listener easily persuades himself that what he chances to believe is the actual sensation. If only the orchestra could be levelled or lifted at the composer's and the conducfor's will! The newest picture houses do almost as much.

H. T. P.

BLOCH'S "AMERICA" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Prize Composition Heard for First Time Here

Radcliffe Choral Society and Harvard Glee Club Assist

Mr Koussevitzky's revised program for yesterday's symphony concert began with the promised repetition of Schubert's B-minor Symphony, and substituted for Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" his more familiar "La Valse." These two familiar numbers, played and interpreted with the usual eloquence, preceded the event of the afternoon, the first performance of "America, an Epic Rhapsody," by Ernest Bloch, the noted Swiss-Jewish composer, now living in San Francisco.

A chorus from the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club assisted the orchestra in this number, which concludes with an anthem meant to "symbolize the destiny, the mission of America." The audience, though requested by Bloch in a program note to join in singing this anthem, did not do so. Neither words nor music were given in the program. Most of those present stood up during the latter portion of the anthem, however. At the end there was hearty and prolonged applause.

Bloch's "America" was the unanimous choice of the judges from 92 works submitted in competition for a prize of $3000 offered by Musical America. The judges were all orchestral conductors, Messrs Walter Damrosch, Hertz, Koussevitzky, Stock and Stokowski. To avoid dispute over the coveted honor of giving the "world premiere," it was agreed that Bloch's work should be played at the subscription concerts of the Boston Symphony, New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia Orchestra, Chicago Symphony and San Francisco Symphony this week. The Cincinnati Orchestra is also giving it.

The first of the subscription concerts this week in New York and Cincinnati came Thursday evening instead of Friday afternoon, as in the other four cities. One would like to know, however, the the origin of the Associated Press dispatch from New York, printed all over the United States in the Friday morning papers, announcing that the New York Philharmonic Orchestra had given Thursday evening "the world premiere of Bloch's 'America,'" adding that within a few days it was to be played in lesser cities. It is clear that Messrs Hertz, Koussevitzky, Stock and Stokowski may feel that Mr Damrosch, or his press agent, has stolen a march on them.

The important question to a member of the audience is not, of course, whether the performance is a "world premiere," but whether Bloch's Rhapsody is music worth hearing. He has divided it into three parts, "1620—The Soil-The Indians-England-The Mayflower-The Landing of the Pilgrims"; "1861-65—Hours of Joy-Hours of Sorrow," and "1926—The Present-The Future." There is a motto from Whitman "O America, because you build for mankind, I build for you," and a dedication to the memory of Lincoln and Whitman. Without this program the music would not be intelligible or coherent.

Bloch's score is an epitome of almost all the various methods so far devised for writing "American music." It begins with quotations of American Indian themes, as in MacDowell and his school. Then there are an English folk song and a snatch of "Old Hundred," as in Stillman Kelley's "New England Symphony." Then in the second part there are popular tunes of the 1860s, notably "Swanee River" and "Pop Goes the Weasel" as in Converse's "California." In the finale there is some realistic, but rather poor jazz, and a good deal of orchestral imitation of big city noises, traffic, machines, and so on, as in Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" and Converse's "Flivver Ten Million." Through this historical potpourri, which one sceptical listener yesterday described as "The Young Musician's Outline of American History," run strains of Bloch's own invention, all of them forecasting the sonorous peroration, the anthem which he hopes may become nationally accepted.

Bloch has written very skillfully, introducing his familiar musical quotations gracefully, and planning his grand final climax effectively. The anthem has breadth of style and the singable quality needed for his purpose, though it did not strike one yesterday as on a par with Haydn's Austrian Hymn or Lvoff's Russian Hymn. It is, however, quite as good as the tune to which we sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and better suited to its purpose than "The Star Spangled Banner." There are other admirable passages such as depicting the voyage of the Mayflower.

We wondered, when it was over, whether this sort of thing was worth doing at all. Heard as music, without reference to program notes and without consciousness of the associations clustering round 'Swanee River" and "Old Hundred," Bloch's Rhapsody would sound fragmentary and baffling. Of the three movements, the finale is by far the most effective, and the last cluttered up with musical allusions. But, on the whole, "America" proved disappointing.

P. R.

Post Dec. 22

SYMPHONY PRESENTS "AMERICA"

Bloch's Prize Piece Good in Spots, But Has Hokum

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

An irony as subtle as it was unpremeditated went into the making of yesterday's Symphony programme. At the beginning stood Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony that for 43 years was known only to the man into whose possession it had chanced to fall. At the end came Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America," the name of which, thanks to liberal publicity, had been on every concert-goers' tongue long before its first performance in New York two days ago.

Yet it is quite safe to prophesy that the Austrians' symphonic fragment will be played and beloved for decades upon decades after the Swiss-American's composition has passed into oblivion.

AWARDED $3000 PRIZE

To rehearse information lately in the public prints, Ernest Bloch's "America" was awarded last June the prize of $3000 for a "representatively American symphonic work," offered by the periodical Musical America. Five conductors of American symphony orchestras made the jury: Messrs. Damrosch, Hertz, Koussevitzky, Stock and Stokowski. And New York, San Francisco, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia all received their initial hearings of the piece either yesterday or the day before.

A native of Geneva, of Jewish blood, and incidentally one of the outstanding composers of the day, Bloch has since 1916 made his residence in America. And like many another emigre to our shores, he has been moved by American ideals. The rhapsody "America" by testimony of an inscription on the score, bears witness to his "love for this country," his "reverence for its past," his "faith in its future."

Suggests Movie Music

In the first of its three movements this rhapsody paints the America of the aborgine and the coming of the Pilgrims; in the second the days before and during the Civil War; in the third the feverish present and, as the composer visions it, the glorious future. By way of conclusion and intended climax comes a so-called anthem to words presumably of the composer's authorship and which, according to the printed score, should be sung by the people, though in yesterday's performance at Symphony Hall it was sung only by the choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe stationed on the stage.

At intervals throughout the printed score come also quotations from Walt Whitman, together with explanatory footnotes that suggest, as does much of the piece itself, a musical accompaniment for a motion-picture. Most pointedly, indeed, does the second section bring to mind that epic of the screen, "The Birth of a Nation." At the beginning the listeners can almost smell the magnolia blossoms about a Southern mansion and vision the leisurely life that passed behind the tall white portico. Later come "Dixie," "John Brown's Body," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," drum-rolls and other martial paraphernalia in a stirring ensemble. Throughout the rhapsody Mr. Bloch has made liberal use of our folk-music. Indian themes for the first movement; "Swanee River," "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "Hail, Columbia" in the second; "blues" and "coon-songs" in the third.

Eloquent in Spots

With the expected mastery and craftsmanship Bloch has marshalled this material and, knowing the man in his previous music, we are led to believe with sincerity as well. Now and then his music rises to genuine eloquence especially in the exalted close of the first section. There is no resisting the nostalgic mood of the beginning of the second movement, and the end of this section is deeply felt. The final anthem, which is prefigured from the commencement, is, however, intrinsically commonplace, and when all is said and done the characterizing word which first occurs is that term beloved of critics of the theatre "hokum."

Since the words of the anthem, themselves as trite as the tune they fit, were not yesterday printed in the programme-book they might not be sung, as the composer directed, by a standing audience. Nevertheless after the song was fairly begun two or three members of the audience rose, and most of the rest forthwith followed suit.

Orchestra on Level Stage

There was applause aplenty at the end, yet it can hardly be said with accuracy that the piece created a sensation.

And the performance, brilliant as it was, might have been more effective had not Mr. Koussevitzky misguidedly seated his orchestra on a level stage, to the obvious dulling of the tone quality, responsible for the relatively colorless a state of affairs no doubt likewise performance of Ravel's "La Valse" that yesterday followed the Symphony of Schubert.

NOTICE!

MUSIC

BLOCH'S "AMERICA"

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave its 10th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program comprised Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony; Ravel's "The Waltz," and Bloch's "America: an Epic Rhapsody in Three Parts." Members of the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club sang the hymn at the end of "America." The rhapsody was performed in Boston for the first time.

One can be a "100 per cent. American" without being excited over Mr. Bloch's panoramic, dioramic musical history and glorification of the United States. He attempted to portray in tones the North American Indians, the Mayflower leaving England, the landing of the Pilgrims and their trials and tribulations, the years of the civil war, the materialism and the mechanization (with anvils in the score) of the present age, the return of spiritual progress and hopes, and the United States handing out the hand of friendship to all the nations of the earth. A formidable task, indeed. And all this in one rhapsody.

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Dec. 22. Symphony --- Al

Ernest Bloch In Rhapsody Upon America

TRANSCRIPT

To the Symphony Concerts Comes His Prize-Piece, For Better, For Worse

ERNEST BLOCH is a romantic idealist. In these days they are not many. Being such, he is simple of spirit, visionary, fervent, almost to fanaticism. Being such again, he chooses the vast conception, the manifold, far-spreading implication. Setting a title to his new symphonic piece, played yesterday afternoon by Mr Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra, he does not hesitate to use the word "epic." Most of us, schooled to discretions and repressions, shiver at the thought of it, turn it this way and that, finally discard it. Mr. Bloch, about to set pen to music-paper, shapes a grandiose design; fills it with passionate utterance; would lift it to heaven-scaling climax. His unfinished Symphony, "Israel," bears these birthmarks. They are traceable in his setting of Psalms and in his "Jewish Poems"; discoverable in his Rhapsody, "Schelomo." They are also cut deep upon his new "America."

The play of Mr. Bloch's imagination can be vast, visionary and vague. Throughout "America" it is in such ferment. He contemplates us as humankind in the mass. He is profoundly moved by the abstractions of democracy. Confidently and rejoicingly, he embraces the future. For him all humanity is not too great or too baffling an image. Out of spiritual kinship, he sets a motto from Walt Whitman over his "Epic Rhapsody"; strews the score with other quotations as interpretive guides. They are the phrases of a similar temperament that found in words its expressive medium. Mr. Bloch stretches his tonal canvas from The Pilgrims of 1620 to the present day. Between, the Civil War nothing daunts him. For close, he turns seer and prophet. And all this in fulfillment of a faith and a vision, a desire and a passion, haunting him since he first saw these shores on an August day, twelve years ago.

Ernest Bloch is also a full-furnished composer. He can invent salient, significant musical ideas; develop, transform, enlarge, enrich them. He can conduct them graphically and meaningfully through the intricacies of a formal pattern, the mazes of the modern orchestra. If he goes to other sources than his own inventions, he can fertilize and vitalize the chosen matter; give it new shapes, surfaces and colors; heat it to new implications at the fires of his temperament. The structural art of music is wholly at his command. He can outspread, rear and fill whatever form he chooses, knitting it together firmly, plastically, in just proportions and luminous detail. He blends knowledge and imagination when he utilizes the manifold voices of a twentieth-century orchestra. Informed and eclectic, he declines no musical procedure; commits himself to none; employs independently whatever best serves his creative purpose.

With him the courses of poetic and musical design are one and indivisible. His modulations are not manipulation; his harmonies, no calculated and applied vesture. Both upspring from the nature of the musical thought and the musical progress. In impression upon the hearer, he accomplishes these things by no studious meditation, but in the full ardor of creation. The heat of a temperament, the fervor of the conception, the passion of release, fuse the idea and the expression into a single glowing, marching whole. Not one of Mr. Bloch's major pieces comes off tamely; his trifles strike sparks. Before nothing that he writes may even casual hearers sit indifferent. By sheer grandiosity he may overwhelm them, as he seemed to do yesterday; yet by his rhetoric even, are they spelled.

From the two-fold Bloch proceeds "America"—to risk a superlative, the most remarkable prize-piece that a composer has yet written. Consider, first, the execution. A motto-motiv unifies and characters this Rhapsody of symphonic dimensions. At the beginning it appears in germ; steadily it gains body, savor, impetus, impression. Never is it long absent from the hearer's ear; soon it is graven upon his imagination; finally it upswells into all-enfolding climax. This motto-motiv is graphically invented; it is even rhythmed to the word "America." From beginning to end, the course it follows, the development it receives, are feats of skill and imagination. A song of the Pueblo Indians, seemingly chosen as motiv of the soil, also recurs persistently, in repetition rather than development.

Into his tone-pictures—for that convenient phrase best labels the first two divisions and a part of the third—Mr. Bloch weaves an endless variety of American folk-music. It ranges from the "Old Hundredth" to "Pop Goes the Weasel." It includes negro ditties, Indian tunes, an English March, a sea-chantey, songs from both combatants in the Civil War, Dix[illegible] and the Doxology. The whole catalogue—as many items as were possible in a newspaper article—was set forth in this place last Thursday. These folk-motives are so numerous that in the quick traffic of the concert-hall an attentive ear may hardly recognize them all. One or another, however, is so intrinsically significant, graphically presented or vividly sublimated, that it makes instant and lively impression.

Incidental images and suggestion in tones also abound. The Pilgrims are at sea; home-sickness steals upon them. There are musical amenities, domestic and social, of the era before the Civil War. The embattled armies march across the tonal scene. . . . The Rhapsody passes to the present age of machinery and the dinful life of prosperity and publicity. By devices of the modernists, Mr. Bloch compasses sound and fury; then bids the orchestra shudder and shrink away. A tonal panorama, yet with no picture blurred or faltering. The ear receives them; the mind answers. Often enough, by a very present poetry, they touch the emotions.

More: Mr. Bloch weaves close and continuous this intrinsically episodic stuff. The motto-motiv and the song of the Pueblo Indians aid him not a little; but on his own part he does again a masterly feat of constructive skill and imagination. Finally, the advance and recession, the ultimate ascent toward climax and apotheosis. Mr. Bloch writes aboundingly and passionately. A mingled austerity and fervor possess him. He knows and sounds exaltation. Only at the end does it fail him, does he fail, as it seems, exhausted. The words and the music of the climactic Anthem, "for the people" in unison, match each other in commonplace. (Another page of this paper contains them.) They and crowd-suggestion brought the audience to its feet yesterday; but in one neighborhood at least, this one and that seized the opportunity to slip into wraps for the street.

For the spiritual side of the Rhapsody, much depends upon the receiving temperament. Those that crave the vast, the visionary, the vague, will draw from it sustenance, illumination, even exaltation. They will thrill to the expanse of Mr. Bloch's canvas, to the multifold array of matter in which he traverses, envisages and assimilates the American world. The sheer bigness and fullness of design and accomplishment will stir them to their vitals. They will lift up their hearts, as Mr. Bloch uplifts his, when he visions the future. They will share his Whitmanic inspirations. They will hear at his loftier and deeper moments a song of democracy; the voice of humankind in brotherhood and ascent; music doing its office—the incarnation in tones of abstract and far-flung concepts, till they pierce deep to the listening mind, well through the answering heart. At smallest, they will say that here is America idealizing itself at the bidding of a composer altogether sincere; America visioning in his tones its true and ultimate self. At largest, they will assert that here mounts the Rhapsody of faith in humankind and human living as Beethoven declared it, as Mahler strove to give voice. From Mr. Bloch's pages, from themselves as well, emotional fervors, even as yesterday, will course the concert-room.

Thrice unhappy, however, will be the state of the realists. They will seem indeed as devil's advocates. With a prayer for mercy from the idealists for this deafness, blindness and earthiness here may be set down, one and another thought traversing their heads. . . . assemble a myriad of American [illegible] motivs, to weave them into a continuous tonal texture, to touch one another with musical beauty and significance, is not to write the music of America. Rather, it is the scholarly and absorbent approach of a European minded to write such a music. Chadwick, in the Scherzi of this and the Symphony, in two divisions—"Noel" and the finale—of his "Symphonic Sketch" wrote a music that none but an American could have made. Mr. Carpenter did likewise in his Concertino; Mr. Hill in his recent Symphony. Yet how sparingly, or not at all, did they utilize American folk-motivs.

To judge by his swarming quotations Mr. Bloch draws endless inspiration from Walt Whitman. From the earliest times to the present day, he has been a European rather than an American admiration. To unfold a tonal panorama of America, A. D. 1620, A. D. 1861-65, A. D. 1926, is not necessarily to absorb the American temperament as it flowers into music in Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Hill, even Mr. Gershwin. At bottom Mr. Bloch's American voice and spirit is basically a thing of labels, quotations, folk-material. For twelve years he has dwelt and worked in America from New York to San Francisco, through vicissitudes endured and conquered. For twice and thrice that time Mr. Loeffler has dwelt and worked in Boston. He remains in his kind an individual composer, looking in his mind and heart to write. So also does Mr. Bloch, though he stock his tonal pantry with scores of American jars.

Mr. Bloch is a romantic idealist, ardent and sincere. By that very nature he lapses into occasional simplicities, even naïvétes; tumbles headlong into the banalities of his Anthem. Musically, emotionally, all three are hard to bear. Much too closely, they approximate "America: an Epic Rhapsody" to "The Birth of a Nation: Epic of the Screen." By all means let Mr. Bloch tune his orchestra to the glories of democracy and sound his visions of its future. To do so is the privilege—or the fate—of the idealist. There are those, wrestling daily, as St. Paul says, with the beasts at Ephesus who may be pardoned when they fail to rise to this exaltation. Or, if human fellowship must be intoned, does it not require the genius of Beethoven, writing his final Symphony, to persuade these sons of earth and daily living? . . . Enough and more than enough. Kicks and blows are ever the portion of the realists—individualists all, lacking "communal" vision. They love too much the small thing done from day to day but done exceeding well.

Upon Mr. Bloch's Rhapsody Mr. Koussevitzky had evidently bestowed the rehearsals of the week. Thereby he achieved a performance that technically overlooked nothing and adjusted everything; that glamoured or intensified many a page, illuminating the thought or deepening the vision by the beauty or the puissance of the orchestral tone. Yet it is permissible to believe that the conductor has less intuitive sympathy with the assimilated and idealistic Americanism of Mr. Bloch than with the native and more earthly Americanism of Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Hill, Mr. Copland and Mr. Sessions. Competently, the Harvard-Radcliffe chorus did its feeble part.

Two repertory pieces, therefore, filled the remainder of the program: first, Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" in cameo-cut, beautifully lyrical, gently impassioned performance—the very voice and loveliness of the music. Second, Ravel's tone-poem, "The Waltz"—Franco-American sheet-anchor when rehearsal of other numbers presses hard—in less sharp-edged and vividly colored version than is the conductor's wont. Or did the contrasting impression from the two familiar musics spring from the new seating of the orchestra all on the stage-level? Certainly the finer blendings, the clearer purities of tone thus gained, contributed to the beauty diffused by Schubert's pages. Possibly, "The Waltz" sounded less brilliant, less graphic, under the mellowing that the change from tiers may bring. In these matters the listener easily persuades himself that what he chances to believe is the actual sensation. If only the orchestra could be levelled or lifted at the composer's and the conductor's will! The newest pictures houses do almost as much. H. T. P.

Globe Dec 22

BLOCH'S "AMERICA" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Prize Composition Heard for First Time Here

Radcliffe Choral Society and Harvard Glee Club Assist

Mr Koussevitzky's revised program for yesterday's symphony concert began with the promised repetition of Schubert's B-minor Symphony, and substituted for Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" his more familiar "La Valse." These two familiar numbers, played and interpreted with the usual eloquence, preceded the event of the afternoon, the first performance of "America, an Epic Rhapsody," by Ernest Bloch, the noted Swiss-Jewish composer, now living in San Francisco.

A chorus from the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club assisted the orchestra in this number, which concludes with an anthem meant to "symbolize the destiny, the mission of America." The audience, though requested by Bloch in a program note to join in singing this anthem, did not do so. Neither words nor music were given in the program. Most of those present stood up during the latter portion of the anthem, however. At the end there was hearty and prolonged applause.

Bloch's "America" was the unanimous choice of the judges from 92 works submitted in competition for a prize of $3000 offered by Musical America. The judges were all orchestral conductors, Messrs Walter Damrosch, Hertz, Koussevitzky, Stock and Stokowski. To avoid dispute over the coveted honor of giving the "world premiere," it was agreed that Bloch's work should be played at the subscription concerts of the Boston Symphony, New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia Orchestra, Chicago Symphony and San Francisco Symphony this week. The Cincinnati Orchestra is also giving it.

The first of the subscription concerts this week in New York and Cincinnati came Thursday evening instead of Friday afternoon, as in the other four cities. One would like to know, however, the the origin of the Associated Press dispatch from New York, printed all over the United States in the Friday morning papers, announcing that the New York Philharmonic Orchestra had given Thursday evening "the world premiere of Bloch's 'America,'" adding that within a few days it was to be played in lesser cities. It is clear that Messrs Hertz, Koussevitzky, Stock and Stokowski may feel that Mr Damrosch, or his press agent, has stolen a march on them.

The important question to a member of the audience is not, of course, whether the performance is a "world premiere," but whether Bloch's Rhapsody is music worth hearing. He has divided it into three parts, "1620—The Soil-The Indians-England-The Mayflower-The Landing of the Pilgrims"; "1861-65—Hours of Joy-Hours of Sorrow," and "1926—The Present-The Future." There is a motto from Whitman "O America, because you build for mankind, I build for you," and a dedication to the memory of Lincoln and Whitman. Without this program the music would not be intelligible or coherent.

Bloch's score is an epitome of almost all the various methods so far devised for writing "American music." It begins with quotations of American Indian themes, as in MacDowell and his school. Then there are an English folk song and a snatch of "Old Hundred," as in Stillman Kelley's "New England Symphony." Then in the second part there are popular tunes of the 1860s, notably "Swanee River" and "Pop Goes the Weasel" as in Converse's "California." In the finale there is some realistic, but rather poor jazz, and a good deal of orchestral imitation of big city noises, traffic, machines, and so on, as in Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" and Converse's "Flivver Ten Million." Through this historical potpourri, which one sceptical listener yesterday described as "The Young Musician's Outline of American History," run strains of Bloch's own invention, all of them forecasting the sonorous peroration, the anthem which he hopes may become nationally accepted.

Bloch has written very skillfully, introducing his familiar musical quotations gracefully, and planning his grand final climax effectively. The anthem has breadth of style and the singable quality needed for his purpose, though it did not strike one yesterday as on a par with Haydn's Austrian Hymn or Lvoff's Russian Hymn. It is, however, quite as good as the tune to which we sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and better suited to its purpose than "The Star Spangled Banner." There are other admirable passages such as depicting the voyage of the Mayflower.

We wondered, when it was over, whether this sort of thing was worth doing at all. Heard as music, without reference to program notes and without consciousness of the associations clustering round 'Swanee River" and "Old Hundred," Bloch's Rhapsody would sound fragmentary and baffling. Of the three movements, the finale is by far the most effective, and the last cluttered up with musical allusions. But, on the whole, "America" proved disappointing. P. R.

Post Dec. 22

SYMPHONY PRESENTS "AMERICA"

Bloch's Prize Piece Good in Spots, But Has Hokum

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

An irony as subtle as it was unpremeditated went into the making of yesterday's Symphony programme. At the beginning stood Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony that for 43 years was known only to the man into whose possession it had chanced to fall. At the end came Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America," the name of which, thanks to liberal publicity, had been on every concert-goers' tongue long before its first performance in New York two days ago.

Yet it is quite safe to prophesy that the Austrians' symphonic fragment will be played and beloved for decades upon decades after the Swiss-American's composition has passed into oblivion.

AWARDED $3000 PRIZE

To rehearse information lately in the public prints, Ernest Bloch's "America" was awarded last June the prize of $3000 for a "representatively American symphonic work," offered by the periodical Musical America. Five conductors of American symphony orchestras made the jury: Messrs. Damrosch, Hertz, Koussevitzky, Stock and Stokowski. And New York, San Francisco, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia all received their initial hearings of the piece either yesterday or the day before.

A native of Geneva, of Jewish blood, and incidentally one of the outstanding composers of the day, Bloch has since 1916 made his residence in America. And like many another emigre to our shores, he has been moved by American ideals. The rhapsody "America" by testimony of an inscription on the score, bears witness to his "love for this country," his "reverence for its past," his "faith in its future."

Suggests Movie Music

In the first of its three movements this rhapsody paints the America of the aborgine and the coming of the Pilgrims; in the second the days before and during the Civil War; in the third the feverish present and, as the composer visions it, the glorious future. By way of conclusion and intended climax comes a so-called anthem to words presumably of the composer's authorship and which, according to the printed score, should be sung by the people, though in yesterday's performance at Symphony Hall it was sung only by the choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe stationed on the stage.

At intervals throughout the printed score come also quotations from Walt Whitman, together with explanatory footnotes that suggest, as does much of the piece itself, a musical accompaniment for a motion-picture. Most pointedly, indeed, does the second section bring to mind that epic of the screen, "The Birth of a Nation." At the beginning the listeners can almost smell the magnolia blossoms about a Southern mansion and vision the leisurely life that passed behind the tall white portico. Later come "Dixie," "John Brown's Body," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," drum-rolls and other martial paraphernalia in a stirring ensemble. Throughout the rhapsody Mr. Bloch has made liberal use of our folk-music. Indian themes for the first movement; "Swanee River," "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "Hail, Columbia" in the second; "blues" and "coon-songs" in the third.

Eloquent in Spots

With the expected mastery and craftsmanship Bloch has marshalled this material and, knowing the man in his previous music, we are led to believe with sincerity as well. Now and then his music rises to genuine eloquence especially in the exalted close of the first section. There is no resisting the nostalgic mood of the beginning of the second movement, and the end of this section is deeply felt. The final anthem, which is prefigured from the commencement, is, however, intrinsically commonplace, and when all is said and done the characterizing word which first occurs is that term beloved of critics of the theatre "hokum."

Since the words of the anthem, themselves as trite as the tune they fit, were not yesterday printed in the programme-book they might not be sung, as the composer directed, by a standing audience. Nevertheless after the song was fairly begun two or three members of the audience rose, and most of the rest forthwith followed suit.

Orchestra on Level Stage

There was applause aplenty at the end, yet it can hardly be said with accuracy that the piece created a sensation.

And the performance, brilliant as it was, might have been more effective had not Mr. Koussevitzky misguidedly seated his orchestra on a level stage, to the obvious dulling of the tone quality, responsible for the relatively colorless a state of affairs no doubt likewise performance of Ravel's "La Valse" that yesterday followed the Symphony of Schubert.

NOTICE!

49

MUSIC

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The play of Mr. Bloch's imagination can be vast, visionary and vague. Throughout "America" it is in such ferment. He contemplates us as humankind in the mass. He is profoundly moved by the abstractions of democracy. Confidently and rejoicingly, he embraces the future. For him all humanity is not too great or too baffling an image. Out of spiritual kinship, he sets a motto from Walt Whitman over his "Epic Rhapsody"; strews the score with other quotations as interpretive guides. They are the phrases of a similar temperament that found in words its expressive medium. Mr. Bloch stretches his tonal canvas from The Pilgrims of 1620 to the present day. Between, the Civil War nothing daunts him. For close, he turns seer and prophet. And all this in fulfillment of a faith and a vision, a desire and a passion, haunting him since he first saw these shores on an August day, twelve years ago.

Ernest Bloch is also a full-furnished composer. He can invent salient, significant musical ideas; develop, transform, enlarge, enrich them. He can conduct them graphically and meaningfully through the intricacies of a formal pattern, the mazes of the modern orchestra. If he goes to other sources than his own inventions, he can fertilize and vitalize the chosen matter; give it new shapes, surfaces and colors; heat it to new implications at the fires of his temperament. The structural art of music is wholly at his command. He can outspread, rear and fill whatever form he chooses, knitting it together firmly, plastically, in just proportions and luminous detail. He blends knowledge and imagination when he utilizes the manifold voices of a twentieth-century orchestra. Informed and ec[illegible] he declines no musical procedur[illegible] to none; employs [illegible] best serves his c[illegible]

With him the [illegible] sical design are [illegible] modulations ar[illegible] harmonies, no[illegible] vesture. Both [illegible] of the musical [illegible] progress. In [illegible] hearer, he ac[illegible] no studious [illegible] ardor of cres[illegible] perament, th[illegible] the passion [illegible] the expressi[illegible] marching wi[illegible] major piece[illegible] strike spar[illegible] writes may [illegible] ferent. B[illegible] overwhelm[illegible] terday; yet [illegible] spelled.

They will thrill to the expanse of Mr. Bloch's canvas, to the multifold array of matter in which he traverses, envisages and assimilates the American world. The sheer bigness and fullness of design and accomplishment will stir them to their vitals. They will lift up their hearts, as Mr. Bloch uplifts his, when he visions the future. They will share his Whitmanic inspirations. They will hear at his loftier and deeper moments a song of democracy; the voice of humankind in brotherhood and ascent; music doing its office—the incarnation in tones of abstract and far-flung concepts, till they pierce deep to the listening mind, well through the answering heart. At smallest, they will say that here is America idealizing itself at the bidding of a composer altogether sincere; America visioning in his tones its true and ultimate self. At largest, they will assert that here mounts the Rhapsody of faith in humankind and human living as Beethoven declared it, as Mahler strove to give [illegible] voice. From Mr. Bloch's pages, from themselves as well, emotional fervors, even as yesterday, will course the concert-room.

Thrice unhappy, however, will be the state of the realists. They will seem indeed as devil's advocates. With a prayer for mercy from the idealists fo[illegible] this deafness, blindness and earthines[illegible] here may be set down, one and anot[illegible] thought traversing their heads. . . . assemble a myriad of American f[illegible] motivs, to weave them into a con[illegible] ous tonal texture, to touch one an[illegible] other with musical beauty and si[illegible] cance, is not to write the musi[illegible] of America. Rather, it is the scho[illegible]y and absorbent approach of a Euro[illegible]n minded to write such a music. [illegible] Chadwick, in the Scherzi of this and t[illegible] Symphony, in two divisions—"Noel" a[illegible] the finale—of his "Symphonic Sketch[illegible] wrote a music that none but an Ameri[illegible] can could have made. Mr. Carpenter did [illegible]kewise in his Concertino; Mr. H[illegible]" in his recent Symphony. Yet how sparingly, or not at all, did they utilize American folk-motivs.

To judge by his swarming quotations Mr. Bloch draws endless inspiration from Walt Whitman. From the earliest times to the present day, he has been a European rather than an American admiration. To unfold a tonal panorama of America, A. D. 1620, A. D. 1861-65, A. D. 1926, is not necessarily to absorb the American temperament as it flowers into music in Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Hill, even Mr. Gershwin. At bottom Mr. Bloch's American voice and spirit is basically a thing of labels, quotations, folk-material. For twelve years he has dwelt and worked in America from New York to San Francisco, through vicissitudes endured and conquered. For twice and thrice that time Mr. Loeffler has dwelt and worked in Boston. He remains in his kind an individual composer, looking in his mind and heart to write. So also does Mr. Bloch, though he stock his tonal pantry with scores of American jars.

Mr. Bloch is a romantic idealist, ardent and sincere. By that very nature he lapses into occasional simplicities, even naïvétes; tumbles headlong into the banalities of his Anthem. Musically, emotionally, all three are hard to bear. Much too closely, they approximate "America: an Epic Rhapsody" to "The Birth of a Nation: Epic of the Screen." By all means let Mr. Bloch tune his orchestra to the glories of democracy and sound his visions of its future. To do [illegible] the privilege—or the fate—of the [illegible] are those, wrestling [illegible]says, with the beasts [illegible]ay be pardoned when [illegible]o this exaltation. Or, [illegible]ship must be intoned, [illegible]quire the genius of [illegible]g his final Symphony, [illegible]se sons of earth and [illegible]. Enough and more [illegible] Kicks and blows are [illegible] of the realists—individu[illegible]ing "communal" vision. [illegible]uch the small thing done [illegible] but done exceeding well.

[illegible]och's Rhapsody Mr. Kous[illegible] evidently bestowed the re[illegible] the week. Thereby he [illegible]rformance that technically [illegible]othing and adjusted every[illegible]lamoured or intensified many [illegible]uminating the thought or [illegible]he vision by the beauty or [illegible]e of the orchestral tone. Yet [illegible]sible to believe that the con[illegible]less intuitive sympathy with [illegible]lated and idealistic American[illegible]. Bloch than with the native [illegible] earthly Americanism of Mr. [illegible] and Mr. Hill, Mr. Copland [illegible]Sessions. Competently, the Har[illegible]cliffe chorus did its feeble part. [illegible]epertory pieces, therefore, filled [illegible]ainder of the program: first, [illegible]t's "Unfinished Symphony" in [illegible]ut, beautifully lyrical, gently im[illegible]ed performance—the very voice [illegible]weliness of the music. Second, [illegible]s tone-poem, "The Waltz"—Franco[illegible]can sheet-anchor when rehearsal [illegible]er numbers presses hard—in less [illegible]edged and vividly colored version [illegible]is the conductor's wont. Or did [illegible]contrasting impression from the two [illegible]liar musics spring from the new [illegible]ing of the orchestra all on the stage[illegible]? Certainly the finer blendings, the [illegible]rer purities of tone thus gained, con[illegible]uted to the beauty diffused by Schu[illegible]t's pages. Possibly, "The Waltz" [illegible]anded less brilliant, less graphic, un[illegible] the mellowing that the change from [illegible]rs may bring. In these matters the [illegible]stener easily persuades himself that [illegible]hat he chances to believe is the actual [illegible]ensation. If only the orchestra could [illegible]e levelled or lifted at the composer's and [illegible] the conductor's will! The newen picture [illegible] houses do almost as much. H. T. P.

It is definitely announced that Quincy Mining will resume mining operations in No. 2 shaft Jan. 1. For the skilbroad has been opened from the surface to the bottom of No. 2 shaft as repairs, following a fire, were completed and since that time rock hoisted just from the forty-first level. In fact, the shaft caved on the forty-second, 1927, position. No mining has been done in this compartment since October, when the shaft was damaged by fire. Mining will resume under a new method now is being put into effect, for the avoiding trouble from "air blasts." This new method now is being put into effect, for the avoiding trouble from "air blasts." This new method now is being put into effect, for the avoiding trouble from "air blasts." This

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N.Y. Times Dec. 23 1928

NEWS AND CO

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Work Shows Skillful Use of Native Themes —The Composer's Fitness for His Task

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The answer depends largely upon the definition of what an American symphony has to be. Anton Dvorak came to America in 1895, when he wrote a charming work, which has attained deserved popularity, the "New World" symphony. In this work he employed motives bearing ostensible relation to folk-music of the American soil. But the melodies suggested in the score were not original with the white American people. As for the quality of the music, it was Dvorak, in one of his most fortunately creative moods. And it was the music, as a certain commentator very truly put it, of a homesick Czech, longing for his native land.

This music was far more innocent of historical or interpretive intent than Mr. Bloch's. A distant relation to the emotion involuntarily expressed by Dvorak, in Bloch's development, is his powerful and prophetic-minded "Israel" symphony, played here a few weeks ago by Mr. Mengelberg. Here is spiritual nostalgia, expressed with a poignancy and depth of feeling that were not in the cosmos of the Bohemian peasant. Bloch's American symphony is in an entirely different category.

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What is its title to citizenship? Certainly not the fact that the composer uses themes, many themes, associated with the whole span of the life of the American nation. Of these themes the ones that can be called authentically national are principally those by Stephen Foster, indubitably a one hundred percenter, and, if resemblance is sufficient, the parody of jazz tunes in the finale. The other themes are of aboriginal or alien descent. Like the American people, they come from England, Ireland, Germany and many other places. They stem from negro and Indian. They constitute the warp and woof of such national music as we possess. Beyond them, either musically or racially speaking, we cannot go for a family tree. The true Americans live now a rather disagreeable and limited existence on reservations, while the conquerors of the land proclaim its greatness—and theirs—to the breeze. Mr. Bloch quotes Indian themes, of the original Americans, in reference to the virgin soil and the history of the march of the nation, and he does this with much poetic feeling, but this musical background and panorama are not in themselves, any more than are the other thematic quotations, tokens of an American symphony.

As to Bloch's justification, moral as well as legal, emotional as well as that of eminent domain, in composing an American symphony, there can be no question. America holds the same place in the imagination of this composer of foreign descent as it held in the bosoms of the Pilgrim Fathers. They had reason to know what America meant, and so has he. The conception of a land with a unique and unbounded destiny is as likely to be implanted in an immigrant as it is to exist in the hallowed homes of generations of dwellers on the American soil. In fact, more likely. The bitter truth is that a relatively small percentage of Americans have pondered on the history, the significance, the destiny of this nation. While the name of Lincoln is on every tongue, and the name of Walt Whitman widely known—these men to whose memory the Bloch symphony is dedicated—the actual understanding of them in the average American breast is far from commensurate with their prophetic significance. It would not be impudent, and it would not be at all surprising, if a symphony which betrayed the consciousness that American musicians have longed to see realized in their art should come from a naturalized American citizen, with the vision and perspective of his experience, and with a conviction of Americanism that the individual long secure in the power and prosperity of his land often fails to feel. The complete sincerity of Mr. Bloch in this last work is beyond dispute. It is to be seen and felt in the score. Those who have talked with him at almost any time in the last two years could bear testimony to his obsession with this subject. No one could have been more fully aware of the nature of his task and its difficulties. The purpose may or may not have been completely fulfilled. That will be determined by the future. What we know is that an important contribution has been made by a great composer to the literature of American music.

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Mr. Bloch has harmonized and developed in ways of his own many melodies which have been treated by other composers. It is noteworthy that as a rule he has employed very simple progressions. Sophisticated harmony is usually out of place with folk-music; it would have been especially inappropriate here. There is a theme in the second movement of the "America" symphony which is of Creole origin, and is employed in the score of Henry Gilbert's "Dance on Place Congo." The Gilbert harmonization, per se, is more interesting than that of Bloch. The appropriateness of Bloch's tonic and dominant harmony to his purpose, however, is evident. Wisely or unwisely, he has conceived of a symphony for the great mass of the people, couched in terms with which they are familiar. Popular idioms are to become assimilated elements of his own style.

What is a composer's treatment of a folk-melody, or his attitude toward folk-music, to be? Is the folk-element in music to loom as large in days to come as it did in the democratic nineteenth century? Can a peasant ever again come to America and write another New World symphony?

By all signs and tokens, no. Untutored communities of the past, whose state of mind and environment made possible the secretion of folk-music, are vanishing. The self-consciousness of the town will soon penetrate the furthest hamlet. Isolation, purity of ancestral traditions, the unconsciousness and naïveté that make great the art of uneducated peoples, are things of the past. Modern communications and dissemination of ideas have put an end to them. The peasant will never hold his own against the encroachment of more highly organized and culturally developed communities. Real folk-music cannot be made much longer. There will not be left any "folk" in the old and idyllic meaning of that term. The whole race will gear its knowledge, if not its intelligence, a notch higher. Then what becomes of folk-melody, plenary inspiration of so many great composers of the past, and well-spring, as many still claim, of the music of the future?

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There is an immense store of folk-melody, so far as its actual material goes, still available for employment and research. But that is not the point. The racial spirit, of course, never dies. Old roots have a way of spreading and discovering new nourishment in the ground. The same principle holds true of all national schools of music. But the place of the individual artist, who has always, in the last analysis, borne the burden of artistic development, is more important today, in the light of rapidly changing conditions, than ever before. He is the man to perceive the beauty and truth of racial tradition and popular expression, and to preserve these things in his creations.

Left to themselves, peoples lose their way. The necessity for guidance is always there. By his example, in separating the true from the false, the real from what is shoddy, or inept, or vulgarly imitative, the individual artist comes to the rescue of his community. That is peculiarly his mission, and it was never more so than now. In a new cycle of civilization self-knowledge is more necessary than ever before. The sincerity of the artist must be strong enough—that, and his creative impulse—to survive his self-consciousness and not to lose the common touch, or kinship with the vital currents of feeling in his community. Every great figure has done this in the past, and every significant one will do so in the future. Perhaps it was not amiss that Mr. Bloch looked at American music, as it were, from the outside, before he began to exploit it in the artistic sense. What is astonishing is that with such a wealth of thematic material he has pre-

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, will give the 11th concert of the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening series this week. A new score of special interest will be the piano concerto by Ernest Toch. The soloist will be Jesus Maria Sanroma, who has just returned from a year abroad, during which time he specially studied this score with the composer. Mr. Sanroma played the Toch concerto at a Koussevitzky concert in Paris last summer. The concert will open with Bach's Brandenburg concerto No. 4, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra, and close with a suite from Carpenter's ballet, "Skyscrapers."

Bos Herald Dec. 23

LOUISE GROODY admits that h

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The performances of Bloch's "America" at the symphony concerts of the week just ended recall the competition in which it won first place. Sponsored by the periodical "Musical America," this competition elicited 91 scores—but no hitherto "unrecognized" geniuses. Without but a single exception the outstanding works came from composers of well-known abilities. The exception, one of the pieces accorded honorable mention, was a symphony by Robert Russell Bennett of New York city, at present a student in Paris and, incidentally, the orchestrator of much of Kern's "Showboat." The other works accorded this "mention" were "Broadway," a symphonic piece by Samuel Gardner; a Jazz Suite by Louis Gruenberg and "The Piper," a symphonic poem by Wintter Watts.

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After the symphony concerts of this week Mr. Koussevitzky will not be heard in Boston for the space of four weeks. The first week of the new year will find the orchestra in New York, and upon its return Arthur Honegger, composer of "Pacific 231," of "Judith" and of "King David," will conduct the concerts of Jan. 11 and 12, presumably to be devoted to his own music. For the concerts of Jan. 18 and 19 Senor Enrique Fernandez Arbos of Maidrid will return to Boston to lead the orchestra of which he was concert-master during the second term of Mr. Gericke as conductor.

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It is said that Mme. Honegger is to accompany her husband upon his trip to American shores and that in Boston as in other cities, she will be the soloist in his concertino for piano and orches-

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Jesus Sanroma, the young Boston pianist just returned from studies and recitals in Europe who is to play Toch's concerto with the Boston orchestra at the Symphony Concerts of this week, plans to give a recital of his own in Jordan Hall on the afternoon of Saturday, Jan. 12.

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Although Krenek's "Jonny Spielt

Bos Post Dec. 23

N.Y. Tribune

f orchestra by his Thursday Beethoven concerts.

Mr. Koussevitzky's numbers for the Boston Symphony concerts of January 3 and 4, in Carnegie Hall, have not yet been announced, but the program for Friday night, January 4, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, consists of Handel's twelfth concerto grosso, the Schumann piano concerto, with Jesus Sanroma as soloist, and Ernest Bloch's "America" symphony. This may, although not inevitably, imply that the Bloch symphony will figure on one of the Carnegie Hall programs.

Dec. 23

Sessions's Symphony

served certain big lines and central impressions, so that his work is not like a pot-pourri of popular airs but an organized and symphonic, if necessarily episodic, composition. For such organization of a score crowded with detail, a consummate technique was a necessity.

nance in

he Symphony Koussevitzky's Symphony It was no small rising rly this s heard, Boston, at the International Festival for Contemporary Music. The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph sent this report to London:

Mr. Sessions, a pupil of Ernest Bloch and the winner last year of the American Prix de Rome, is exceedingly able and his work is full of humor and imagination. My own impression, after hearing the symphony in rehearsal and in public performance, is that the composer will presently give us something much better than this. His three movements present a tentative causerie rather than a synthesis.

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Mr. Koussevitzky, who performed the symphony last Friday and Saturday in Boston, has under consideration its repetition in this city. Meanwhile certain preconceptions, which seemed to have occupied the mind of the musical public in advance of the performance of the work, are open for comment. One of them is the attitude which appears to deny Mr. Bloch the right to compose a symphony dedicated to and professedly representative of American ideals. It has been pointed out, with some emphasis on the part of the more conservative, that he was born in Switzerland, that he is of the Jewish race, and that most of his music, up to the present time, has been emphatically and profoundly racial in expression. Ernest Bloch has been in America only since 1916. Since that time he has become an American citizen. Can a composer of such background produce an American symphony?

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The answer depends largely upon the definition of what an American symphony has to be. Anton Dvorak came to America in 1895, when he wrote a charming work, which has attained deserved popularity, the "New World" symphony. In this work he employed motives bearing ostensible relation to folk-music of the American soil. But the melodies suggested in the score were not original with the white American people. As for the quality of the music, it was Dvorak, in one of his most fortunately creative moods. And it was the music, as a certain commentator very truly put it, of a homesick Czech, longing for his native land.

This music was far more innocent of historical or interpretive intent than Mr. Bloch's. A distant relation to the emotion involuntarily expressed by Dvorak, in Bloch's development, is his powerful and prophetic-minded "Israel" symphony, played here a few weeks ago by Mr. Mengelberg. Here is spiritual nostalgia, expressed with a poignancy and depth of feeling that were not in the cosmos of the Bohemian peasant. Bloch's American symphony is in an entirely different category.

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What is its title to citizenship? Certainly not the fact that the composer uses themes, many themes, associated with the whole span of the life of the American nation. Of these themes the ones that can be called authentically national are principally those by Stephen Foster, indubitably a one hundred percenter, and, if resemblance is sufficient, the parody of jazz tunes in the finale. The other themes are of aboriginal or alien descent. Like the American people, they come from England, Ireland, Germany and many other places. They stem from negro and Indian. They constitute the warp and woof of such national music as we possess. Beyond them, either musically or racially speaking, we cannot go for a family tree. The true Americans live now a rather disagreeable and limited existence on reservations, while the conquerors of the land proclaim its greatness—and theirs—to the breeze. Mr. Bloch quotes Indian themes, of the original Americans, in reference to the virgin soil and the history of the march of the nation, and he does this with much poetic feeling, but this musical background and panorama are not in themselves, any more than are the other thematic quotations, tokens of an American symphony.

As to Bloch's justification, moral as well as legal, emotional as well as that of eminent domain, in composing an American symphony, there can be no question. America holds the same place in the imagination of this composer of foreign descent as it held in the bosoms of the Pilgrim Fathers. They had reason to know what America meant, and so has he. The conception of a land with a unique and unbounded destiny is as likely to be implanted in an immigrant as it is to exist in the hallowed homes of generations of dwellers on the American soil. In fact, more likely. The bitter truth is that a relatively small percentage of Americans have pondered on the history, the significance, the destiny of this nation. While the name of Lincoln is on every tongue, and the name of Walt Whitman widely known—these men to whose memory the Bloch symphony is dedicated—the actual understanding of them in the average American breast is far from commensurate with their prophetic significance. It would not be impudent, and it would not be at all surprising, if a symphony which betrayed the consciousness that American musicians have longed to see realized in their art should come from a naturalized American citizen, with the vision and perspective of his experience, and with a conviction of Americanism that the individual long secure in the power and prosperity of his land often fails to feel. The complete sincerity of Mr. Bloch in this last work is beyond dispute. It is to be seen and felt in the score. Those who have talked with him at almost any time in the last two years could bear testimony to his obsession with this subject. No one could have been more fully aware of the nature of his task and its difficulties. The purpose may or may not have been completely fulfilled. That will be determined by the future. What we know is that an important contribution has been made by a great composer to the literature of American music.

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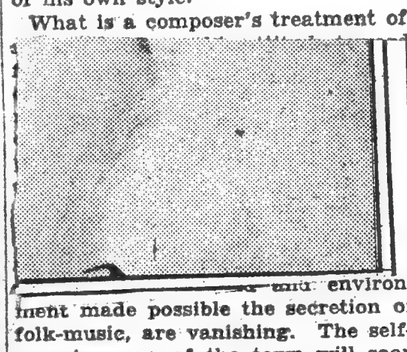
Mr. Bloch has harmonized and developed in ways of his own many melodies which have been treated by other composers. It is noteworthy that as a rule he has employed very simple progressions. Sophisticated harmony is usually out of place with folk-music; it would have been especially inappropriate here. There is a theme in the second movement of the "America" symphony which is of Creole origin, and is employed in the score of Henry Gilbert's "Dance on Place Congo." The Gilbert harmonization, per se, is more interesting than that of Bloch. The appropriateness of Bloch's tonic and dominant harmony to his purpose, however, is evident. Wisely or unwisely, he has conceived of a symphony for the great mass of the people, couched in terms with which they are familiar. Popular idioms are to become assimilated elements of his own style.

What is a composer's treatment of



and environment made possible the secretion of folk-music, are vanishing. The self-consciousness of the town will soon penetrate the furthest hamlet. Isolation, purity of ancestral traditions, the unconsciousness and naïveté that make great the art of uneducated peoples, are things of the past. Modern communications and dissemination of ideas have put an end to them. The peasant will never hold his own against the encroachment of more highly organized and culturally developed communities. Real folk-music cannot be made much longer. There will not be left any "folk" in the old and idyllic meaning of that term. The whole race will gear its knowledge, if not its intelligence, a notch higher. Then what becomes of folk-melody, plenary inspiration of so many great composers of the past, and well-spring, as many still claim, of the music of the future?

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There is an immense store of folk-melody, so far as its actual material goes, still available for employment and research. But that is not the point. The racial spirit, of course, never dies. Old roots have a way of spreading and discovering new nourishment in the ground. The same principle holds true of all national schools of music. But the place of the individual artist, who has always, in the last analysis, borne the burden of artistic development, is more important today, in the light of rapidly changing conditions, than ever before. He is the man to perceive the beauty and truth of racial tradition and popular expression, and to preserve these things in his creations.

Left to themselves, peoples lose their way. The necessity for guidance is always there. By his example, in separating the true from the false, the real from what is shoddy, or inept, or vulgarly imitative, the individual artist comes to the rescue of his community. That is peculiarly his mission, and it was never more so than now. In a new cycle of civilization self-knowledge is more necessary than ever before. The sincerity of the artist must be strong enough—that, and his creative impulse—to survive his self-consciousness and not to lose the common touch, or kinship with the vital currents of feeling in his community. Every great figure has done this in the past, and every significant one will do so in the future. Perhaps it was not amiss that Mr. Bloch looked at American music, as it were, from the outside, before he began to exploit it in the artistic sense. What is astonishing is that with such a wealth of thematic material he has pre-

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, will give the 11th concert of the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening series this week. A new score of special interest will be the piano concerto by Ernest Toch. The soloist will be Jesus Maria Sanroma, who has just returned from a year abroad, during which time he specially studied this score with the composer. Mr. Sanroma played the Toch concerto at a Koussevitzky concert in Paris last summer. The concert will open with Bach's Brandenburg concerto No. 4, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra, and close with a suite from Carpenter's ballet, "Skyscrapers."

LOUISE GROODY admits that [illegible]

Bos Herald Dec. 23

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The performances of Bloch's "America" at the symphony concerts of the week just ended recall the competition in which it won first place. Sponsored by the periodical "Musical America," this competition elicited 91 scores—but no hitherto "unrecognized" geniuses. With but a single exception the outstanding works came from composers of well-known abilities. The exception, one of the pieces accorded honorable mention, was a symphony by Robert Russell Bennett of New York city, at present a student in Paris and, incidentally, the orchestrator of much of Kern's "Showboat." The other works accorded this "mention" were "Broadway," a symphonic piece by Samuel Gardner; a Jazz Suite by Louis Gruenberg and "The Piper," a symphonic poem by Wintter Watts.

Dec. 23

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After the symphony concerts of this week Mr. Koussevitzky will not be heard in Boston for the space of four weeks. The first week of the new year will find the orchestra in New York, and upon its return Arthur Honegger, composer of "Pacific 231," of "Judith" and of "King David," will conduct the concerts of Jan. 11 and 12, presumably to be devoted to his own music. For the concerts of Jan. 18 and 19 Senor Enrique Fernandez Arbos of Maidrid will return to Boston to lead the orchestra of which he was concert-master during the second term of Mr. Gericke as conductor.

Bos Post

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It is said that Mme. Honegger is to accompany her husband upon his trip to American shores and that in Boston as in other cities, she will be the soloist in his concertino for piano and orches-

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Jesus Sanroma, the young Boston pianist just returned from studies and recitals in Europe who is to play Toch's concerto with the Boston orchestra at the Symphony Concerts of this week, plans to give a recital of his own in Jordan Hall on the afternoon of Saturday, Jan. 12.

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Although Krenek's "Jonny Spielt

[illegible] by his [illegible] concerts [illegible]

Mr. Koussevitzky's numbers for the Boston Symphony concerts of January 3 and 4 in Carnegie Hall, have not yet been announced, but the program for Friday night, January 4, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, consists of Handel's twelfth concerto grosso, the Schumann piano concerto, with Jesus Sanroma as soloist, and Ernest Bloch's "America" symphony. This may, although not inevitably, imply that the Bloch symphony will figure on one of the Carnegie Hall programs.

Herald Tribune Dec. 23

Sessions's Symphony

First News of Performance in Europe

TWO years ago, at the Symphony Concerts, Mr. Koussevitzky produced the first Symphony of Roger Sessions. It was played three times; made no small stir; clearly signaled a rising American composer. Early this month, at Geneva it was heard, for the first time outside Boston, at the International Festival for Contemporary Music. The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph sent this report to London:

Mr. Sessions, a pupil of Ernest Bloch and the winner last year of the American Prix de Rome, is exceedingly able and his work is full of humor and imagination. My own impression, after hearing the symphony in rehearsal and in public performance, is that the composer will presently give us something much better than this. His three movements present a tentative causerie rather than a synthesis.

TRANS. DEC. 24-'28

Music and M

A Rhapsody on America Made From Outside

Second Hearing and Clearer Impression of Bloch's Prize-Piece

DECIDEDLY, there are two audiences at the Symphony Concerts. At the instigation of a few overzealous spirits most of the company rose on Friday afternoon to stand solemnly (unless they were putting on wraps) through the commonplaces of Mr. Bloch's final "Anthem." The assembly of Saturday evening is sophisticated beyond that sort of thing. It gathers to hear music; prefers to hear it sitting; discovered no reason to rise because these banalities happen to salute America. In words and in tones "The Star-Spangled Banner" may leave something to be desired; but as verse and tune it overtops Mr. Bloch's balderdash. In New York, in Boston, in Chicago, not a reviewer spared that "Anthem"; nor is it likely to escape unscathed in other cities. The composer's ardors deceive him. His "Anthem" fills the weakest pages of his Rhapsody.

Mr. Koussevitzky discerned as much and did his best to strengthen them by rhythmic urge, broad phrasing, large sonority. He labored as well, and to ampler result, with the preceding pages of ascent, where the composer first sags and is audibly pumping to his climax. Elsewhere, the Rhapsody gained by clearer, warmer, more confident performance. The conductor better knew and felt it; the orchestra responded zealously; the audience listened intently. The first division moved more insistently and in sharper contrasts; the texture of the second, woven out of many American songs, was better defined; the din of a mechanized civilization had more satiric and Bloch-like bite. As on Friday, the applause was long and hearty; but it left no impression of a discoveed masterpiece as when, for example, "The Rite of Spring" was first played at Symphony Hall.

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An American composer is in different case. However cosmopolitan his culture, he writes an American music from within. He has no need to search out motivs from American folk-song. He invents his own; while his mind and spirit give them American tang. As little need he turn the leaves of Whitman. America is in his blood and his living. He sees no occasion to hark back to the landing of The Pilgrims or the Civil War when American life is in pulse around him. In whatever mood he may contemplate our present American civilization, it kindles him to artistic purpose as it did Mr. Carpenter in "Skyscrapers." He has no desire to produce a Bloch-like "Anthem," because it is not his custom to cry in a loud voice that he loves his mother. He is less concerned with cosmic tonal visions of humankind than with the expression in music of his own corner in this American world.

New England blows through Mr. Hill's tone-poem to Amy Lowell's "Lilacs"; is open or under-note in his Symphony. There is a Scherzo in one of Mr. Chadwick's Symphonies—the second, if recollection holds—that is rough American play; "Noel" in his "Symphonic Sketches" is the voice of tender American sentiment, oversweetened to the very life; his "Vagrom Ballad" in the same series, American humor at tomfooleries. To hear Mr. Copland's Piano-Concerto was to find in tones out-speaking our nervous hurly-burly, our hollow hullabaloo. Not a little of Henry Gilbert's later music derives directly from the common American temperament genial and communicative, unaffected and choiceless. The New York of pleasure-seeking and the frivolities is written clear in Mr. Gershwin's symphonic pieces. If we must have an "epic," which is rather a large order for a music as young as ours, a modest composer in Chicago has more nearly approached it than any of his brethren. He chose, however, to call it no more than "Skyscrapers: Ballet of American Life in Three Scenes." Yet in that selfsame piece, most musically expressed, abides our America here and now, the America of city and town, alive and pungent, desirable and cherishable, be its mass, routine, naïvetés what they may. Never once does Mr. Bloch see or feel or express that America of the Americans.

Throughout and in essence "America: An Epic Rhapsody" is European and external; whereas Mr. Carpenter in his "Perambulator," his Concertino, his "Skyscrapers"; Mr. Hill in his "Lilacs" and his Symphony, Mr. Chadwick here and there; Mr. Gilbert oftener than not; Mr. Copland in his Concerto; Mr. Gershwin in his symphonic pieces and his musical plays (which at best are more significant than most "serious" musicians choose to believe) all write an intrinsically American music, recognizable as nothing else. They need none of Mr. Bloch's complex machinery because they write from within; none of his loud affirmations—was ever a score so foot-noted?—because their music speaks for its American self. There are high qualities a-plenty in his Rhapsody—they were recounted in this place last Saturday—but they remain intrinsically personal or essentially European.

H. T. P.

Concert-Chronicle

A "Unified" Program

YESTERDAY, for the concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Wendt had selected a program which largely took into account the fact that it was to be played in the midst of the Christmas season. The place of honor at the beginning went to the Pastoral Symphony from Handel's "Messiah." Immediately there followed a fantasy upon two Walloon Christmas Carols, by the Belgian composer, Joseph Jongen. And a little later, the orchestra played the whole of Chaikovsky's suite from the ballet "The Nutcracker,"—on the story of a fairy-tale of Hoffman, about a certain Marie's Christmas toys, and their wars on mice, and their various dances and games. The moods Mr. Wendt had thus indicated, he enlarged upon and amplified in the rest of his program. The motif of the children received further consideration in the Prayer and Angel's Scene out of Humperdinck's opera, "Hansel and Gretel"; the motif of the dance in Johann Strauss's overture to "Die Fledermaus" and in the Weber-Weingartner "Invitation to the Dance." There remained the air from Bach's suite in D major, excellently placed between Jongen's fantasy and the scene out of "Hansel and Gretel," and Jarnefelt's "Præludium" between Chaikovsky's suite and Weber's programmatic waltz.

There was much music that was entirely charming on this program. Advocates of the "unified program" could cite it in support of their thesis. Those who are inclined to disagree with the philosophy underlying that type of program making could find in it an equal evidence for their ideas. Having no axe to grind in the matter, no pet theory to support, one is inclined to feel that a whole afternoon of miniatures produces its weariness as much as might an august Berliner "Beethoven-Abend." By all means let Mr. Wendt play occasionally a Strauss waltz. It is peculiarly in place on a People's Symphony program. But why on earth follow it speedily with another waltz of Weber? The Nutcracker suite was a joy to listen to, drew much and deserved applause from an appreciative audience. But again, why follow its eight numbers with a Jarnefeldt prelude much in the same genre? Mr. Wendt is inclined to observe the unities in his programs. He has given heavy programs that demanded the most sustained attention throughout an entire afternoon. And now comes a program entirely the opposite. But contrast as well as unity has its place under the sun—yes, even in a "unified" program.

Neither Joseph Jongen nor Armas Jarnefelt are heard much here in Boston. Yet Jongen is a leading musician and composer of Belgium, who as a youth easily captured all the prizes offered at the local conservatory—Liége, and is professor of composition at the Brussels Conservatory. And Jarnefelt, in Finland, stands in second place only because there is the genius of Sibelius to tower above him. Jongen in his fantasy showed himself skilled in the devices of the science of composition, in the arts of compelling that science to evoke moods definite, interesting, at times agreeably persuasive. Sombre, darkening colors—browns in various shades, tints and half-tints, shall we say?—he likes best to throw into his picture. And his two tunes, the one an exceedingly naive diatonic little melody, the other piquant and sparkling, both benefited by the background he set for him. By all means, let the People's Symphony acquaint us further with the orchestral works of Joseph Jongen. And as to Jarnefelt's "Præludium"—it contained much that was charming and spicy. It would have been more tellingly effective had one heard it almost anywhere else than following the "Nutcracker" suite.

The orchestra played well throughout. It was probably at its best in Chaikovsky. Those definite effects, so easily marred, came with all definiteness and clarity. Mr. Wendt's conducting was at all times authoritative. The People's Symphony Orchestra seems by this time to have settled down to a new level of routine incomparably higher than any they have ever known. For the [illegible]

8 A MONITOR
DEC. 7 - 1928.

Bloch's "America"—Other Views

SPECIAL FROM MONITOR BUREAU

Chicago

ERNEST BLOCH'S "America" was the most stimulating constituent of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra's concerts, Dec. 21 and 22. A previous study of Mr. Bloch's score did not make it seem as if his efforts would be weighted with success. "America" contains so many tunes of Indian, Negro and other origin that the composition presented the appearance of a potpourri of gargantuan proportions. The anthem, too, with which the piece concludes, did not leave an impression of originality.

Mr. Bloch's masterly technique saved his production from the failure which would have enveloped a similar work by a composer less able and adroit. This technique was concerned, not only with the gorgeous orchestral garb in which "America" was clothed, but the remarkable fashion in which the whole was fitted together, so that the total impression was one of unity and strength. For once the composer was able to forget that he must be racial at any cost. For once he looked at symphonic music through the medium of the theater. The anthem at the end of the piece might be banal, but the accumulation of excitement leading into it and the majestic sonority with which the tune is scored must have left even the most fastidious connoisseurs a little dazed. Of the success of "America" the listeners left no doubt. There was great applause and Mr. Stock and the orchestra—to whom the composer owes great gratitude—stood to acknowledge it. No attempt was made to encourage the audience, as Bloch wished, to sing the final hymn. And that, perhaps, was just as well.

Rosa Linda Soloist

The remainder of the program was devoted to Mendelssohn's seldom-played overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," Debussy's "Fêtes," and two works for piano and orchestra—César Franck's Symphonic Variations and the Hungarian Fantasie by Liszt—which were performed by Rosa Linda. It has not been often that the concerts of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra have presented their patrons with an artist as mature for her age as is Miss Linda. This performer, who is only 15, negotiated the two compositions with astonishing skill and brilliancy. Her strength may here and there have been insufficient to dominate the orchestra, but there was no doubt as to the charm of her touch and the certainty with which she overcame the difficulties of the works.

At the Opera the new performances of the week have been Halévy's "La Juive" (Dec. 19) and Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore" (Dec. 22). In the former Mme. Leider took the rôle which in former performances had been the property of Rosa Raisa. The Rachel of the new artist was excellently conceived and not less excellently sung. As a whole, the performance lacked something of spontaneity, but Halévy's music is becoming strangely wan. It should be added that Charles Marshall was effective as Eleazar and Alexander Kipnis made the Cardinal into a more or less human figure. Donizetti's work brought forward Margherita Salvi as Adina, a part in which she played and sang with charm. Mr. Schipa was as fluent and elegant as usual in the music of Nemorino, and Barre Hill, one of the new American vocalists, sang with real beauty of tone and acted with less confidence the rôle of the young farmer who loves Adina.

The Apollo Club

The Apollo Club offered its annual performance of "The Messiah" Dec. 20. Edgar Nelson, who succeeded Harrison Wild as director of the organization, was highly successful in infusing enthusiasm into the singers' work. The choruses were interpreted with verve, and Mr. Nelson was able even to persuade the orchestra that Handel's music was worthy of its sense of poetry and its skill. The soloists, who also accomplished effective labors, were Ruth Rodgers, soprano; Karolyn Harris, contralto; Arthur Kraft, tenor, and Frank Cuthbert, bass.

F. B.

SPECIAL TO THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

CINCINNATI—The contribution of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra to the six simultaneous premières of Ernest Bloch's "America" had an unusual feature. Fritz Reiner conducted the Christmas festival concert on Dec. 20, when the Bloch composition was presented, had asserted it was his object to present the Bloch music in the spirit in which it was composed, and he had made preparations to utilize the most distinctively "American" chorus that could be assembled in Cincinnati.

Mr. Reiner, a native Hungarian, became an American citizen last July. He has been impressed by phases of American life which he regards as peculiar to the United States. One of these is the participation of American mothers in careers other than in motherhood. Another is the public school system. Accordingly he determined that these two points of view should be represented. For the first, he chose a choral group known as "The Mothersingers." This is a Cincinnati chorus of 135 mothers, led by Will R. Reeves, Cincinnati director of community singing. To these, Mr. Reiner added a chorus of 1000 voices taken from the public and parochial high schools of Cincinnati. Fifteen schools were represented, and each unit of the chorus learned the Bloch score before they were assembled for final rehearsals.

Chorus in Gallery

No stage in Cincinnati is large enough to accommodate such a group, and accordingly the entire gallery of the Music Hall was used for the high school chorus. The orchestra and the "Mothersingers" occupied the stage. It was discovered that of the 135 mothers on the stage 54 had children singing in the gallery.

When these two choruses were joined in the concluding strains of the Bloch rhapsody, the emotional effect was, of course, tremendous. Throughout the last five minutes applause, cheering and shouts of "Bravo," made the music almost inaudible.

Such a performance proves one thing. Whatever the ultimate verdict may be regarding the Bloch score from a musical standpoint, it is obvious that it has compelling emotional power and that an audience can be made to come to its feet with the final movement.

This is interesting in the light of what goes before in the composition. Up to the conclusion no one would be likely to assert that the music is primarily emotional in significance. Indeed, the composer has deliberately worked against this end, both by following a very elaborate program, and by fastening attention upon the extraordinary dexterity with which he has utilized folk songs, dance tunes and hymns. His constant quotation, however authentic as to sources, contributes to the program rather than to the power and sweep of the music itself. It becomes impressive as an exercise in dexterity rather than as a compelling bit of origination.

Nevertheless, Bloch has used these materials with great felicity. The string quartet, for example, at the opening of the second movement, is beautiful writing, and is a noble preservation of an American folk tune. Indeed, the skill with which these familiar melodies are orchestrated is extraordinary, and it is only in the material with which they are joined that occasional banalities are evident.

The festival was marked also by a brilliant presentation of the Debussy cantata, "The Blessed Damozel." It was ably handled by orchestra and the chorus of the "Mothersingers." It became also a triumph for Ruth Townsend, Cincinnati mezzo-soprano. Hulda Lashanska had been engaged to sing the exquisite soprano score, and came to Cincinnati for rehearsals. At the last moment she was prevented from appearing and with only one rehearsal Mrs. Townsend learned the soprano soli as well as the contralto score, for which she had been engaged, and gave a musicianly performance. Cincinnati lost nothing by the change.

The Mothersingers presented also a group of Christmas cantatas of Prætorius, Cornelius and Gevaert, and the high school chorus sang five familiar Christmas songs and hymns.

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ting his experiments, Mr. Kouss[illegible]
will next keep the strings on
but raise the wood winds and the

TRANS. DEC. 24-'28

A Rhapsody on America Made From Outside

Second Hearing and Clearer Impression of Bloch's Prize-Piece

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Mr. Koussevitzky discerned as much and did his best to strengthen them by rhythmic urge, broad phrasing, large sonority. He labored as well, and to ampler result, with the preceding pages of ascent, where the composer first sags and is audibly pumping to his climax. Elsewhere, the Rhapsody gained by clearer, warmer, more confident performance. The conductor better knew and felt it; the orchestra responded zealously; the audience listened intently. The first division moved more insistently and in sharper contrasts; the texture of the second, woven out of many American songs, was better defined; the din of a mechanized civilization had more satiric and Bloch-like bite. As on Friday, the applause was long and hearty; but it left no impression of a discoveed masterpiece as when, for example, "The Rite of Spring" was first played at Symphony Hall.

As it went to the reviewing ear, "America" neither gained nor lost by repetition. In mass and in detail the impression remained much the same. More, however, than at the first hearing, the piece seemed a European's homage of external admiration rather than rhapsodic outpouring of an American spirit, by the composer absorbed and in him crying for release. Imagine a European composer of sufficient American experience setting himself the task that Mr. Bloch undertook. The chances are that he would turn to American folk-song for materia musica; con Whitman for inciting verse; fasten upon the contrasts of North, South and, probably, West; revert to the America of The Pilgrims; pounce upon the America of the machines; vision human brotherhoods and similar beguilements, more fascinating as a rule to the European than the American imagination; end as likely as not, with an apotheosis to catch the communal ear. He would produce in short a music as plainly written from the outside as is this "Epic Rhapsody," prize-crowned as "representative of America." Mr. Bloch was born a European; well into middle life he dwelt and worked in Europe. He is also a man and a musician of strong idiosyncrasies. Though he love America with all his heart and mind and soul; though he abide here till the end of his days, he will remain a European settled among us, a composer of pith and moment by individual and racial qualities.

An American composer is in different case. However cosmopolitan his culture, he writes an American music from within. He has no need to search out motivs from American folk-song. He invents his own; while his mind and spirit give them American tang. As little need he turn the leaves of Whitman. America is in his blood and his living. He sees no occasion to hark back to the landing of The Pilgrims or the Civil War when American life is in pulse around him. In whatever mood he may contemplate our present American civilization, it kindles him to artistic purpose as it did Mr. Carpenter in "Skyscrapers." He has no desire to produce a Bloch-like "Anthem," because it is not his custom to cry in a loud voice that he loves his mother. He is less concerned with cosmic tonal visions of humankind than with the expression in music of his own corner in this American world.

New England blows through Mr. Hill's tone-poem to Amy Lowell's "Lilacs"; is open or under-note in his Symphony. There is a Scherzo in one of Mr. Chadwick's Symphonies—the second, if recollection holds—that is rough American play; "Noel" in his "Symphonic Sketches" is the voice of tender American sentiment, oversweetened to the very life; his "Vagrom Ballad" in the same series, American humor at tomfooleries. To hear Mr. Copland's Piano-Concerto was to find in tones out-speaking our nervous hurly-burly, our hollow hullabaloo. Not a little of Henry Gilbert's later music derives directly from the common American temperament genial and communicative, unaffected and choiceless. The New York of pleasure-seeking and the frivolities is written clear in Mr. Gershwin's symphonic pieces. If we must have an "epic," which is rather a large order for a music as young as ours, a modest composer in Chicago has more nearly approached it than any of his brethren. He chose, however, to call it no more than "Skyscrapers: Ballet of American Life in Three Scenes." Yet in that self-same piece, most musically expressed, abides our America here and now, the America of city and town, alive and pungent, desirable and cherishable, be its mass, routine, naivétés what they may. Never once does Mr. Bloch see or feel or express that America of the Americans.

Throughout and in essence "America: An Epic Rhapsody" is European and external; whereas Mr. Carpenter in his "Perambulator," his Concertino, his "Skyscrapers"; Mr. Hill in his "Lilacs" and his Symphony, Mr. Chadwick here and there; Mr. Gilbert oftener than not; Mr. Copland in his Concerto; Mr. Gershwin in his symphonic pieces and his musical plays (which at best are more significant than most "serious" musicians choose to believe) all write an intrinsically American music, recognizable as nothing else. They need none of Mr. Bloch's complex machinery because they write from within; none of his loud affirmations—was ever a score so foot-noted?—because their music speaks for its American self. There are high qualities a-plenty in his Rhapsody—they were recounted in this place last Saturday—but they remain intrinsically personal or essentially European.

H. T. P.

Concert-Chronicle

A "Unified" Program

YESTERDAY, for the concert of the People's Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Wendt had selected a program which largely took into account the fact that it was to be played in the midst of the Christmas season. The place of honor at the beginning went to the Pastoral Symphony from Handel's "Messiah." Immediately there followed a fantasy upon two Walloon Christmas Carols, by the Belgian composer, Joseph Jongen. And a little later, the orchestra played the whole of Chaikovsky's suite from the ballet "The Nutcracker,"—on the story of a fairy-tale of Hoffman, about a certain Marie's Christmas toys, and their wars on mice, and their various dances and games. The moods Mr. Wendt had thus indicated, he enlarged upon and amplified in the rest of his program. The motif of the children received further consideration in the Prayer and Angel's Scene out of Humperdinck's opera, "Hansel and Gretel"; the motif of the dance in Johann Strauss's overture to "Die Fledermaus" and in the Weber-Weingartner "Invitation to the Dance." There remained the air from Bach's suite in D major, excellently placed between Jongen's fantasy and the scene out of "Hansel and Gretel," and Jarnefelt's "Præludium" between Chaikovsky's suite and Weber's programmatic waltz.

There was much music that was entirely charming on this program. Advocates of the "unified program" could cite it in support of their thesis. Those who are inclined to disagree with the philosophy underlying that type of program making could find in it an equal evidence for their ideas. Having no axe to grind in the matter, no pet theory to support, one is inclined to feel that a whole afternoon of miniatures produces its weariness as much as might an august Berliner "Beethoven-Abend." By all means let Mr. Wendt play occasionally a Strauss waltz. It is peculiarly in place on a People's Symphony program. But why on earth follow it speedily with another waltz of Weber? The Nutcracker suite was a joy to listen to, drew much and deserved applause from an appreciative audience. But again, why follow its eight numbers with a Jarnefeldt prelude much in the same genre? Mr. Wendt is inclined to observe the unities in his programs. He has given heavy programs that demanded the most sustained attention throughout an entire afternoon. And now comes a program entirely the opposite. But contrast as well as unity has its place under the sun—yes, even in a "unified" program.

Neither Joseph Jongen nor Armas Jarnefelt are heard much here in Boston. Yet Jongen is a leading musician and composer of Belgium, who as a youth easily captured all the prizes offered at the local conservatory—Liége, and is professor of composition at the Brussels Conservatory. And Jarnefelt, in Finland, stands in second place only because there is the genius of Sibelius to tower above him. Jongen in his fantasy showed himself skilled in the devices of the science of composition, in the arts of compelling that science to evoke moods definite, interesting, at times agreeably persuasive. Sombre, darkening colors—browns in various shades, tints and half-tints, shall we say?—he likes best to throw into his picture. And his two tunes, the one an exceedingly naive diatonic little melody, the other piquant and sparkling, both benefited by the background he set for him. By all means, let the People's Symphony acquaint us further with the orchestral works of Joseph Jongen. And as to Jarnefelt's "Præludium"—it contained much that was charming and spicy. It would have been more tellingly effective had one heard it almost anywhere else than following the "Nutcracker" suite.

The orchestra played well throughout. It was probably at its best in Chaikovsky. Those definite effects, so easily marred, came with all definiteness and clarity. Mr. Wendt's conducting was at all times authoritative. The People's Symphony Orchestra seems by this time to have settled down to a new level of routine incomparably higher than any that have ever known. For the maintainment of that new level they are to be congratulated; for maintaining that level even more so. But routine has its dangers, no matter how high the level.

A. H. M.

Programs to Hand

From Roland Hayes, tenor, for his concert in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 30:

Stets Barg die Liebe Sie—Heller Blick...Haydn
"Repose of the Holy Family" from "The Childhood of Christ" ..... Berlioz
Mon bras pressait ..... Widor
Extase ..... Duparc
Le thé ..... Kœchlin
Air of Azael from "The Prodigal Son"..Debussy
Sofie gathering Flowers (Chinese)..... Griffes
The Red Cockatoo (Chinese)..... Fairchild
A Feast of Lanterns (Chinese)..... Griffes
Sakura (Japanese) ..... Matsuyama
Negro Spirituals:
"You better min' "
"When I Die"
"Jesus lay your head in de Winder"
"Its Me, O Lord"

From George Copeland, pianist, for his concert in Jordan Hall on Thursday evening, Jan. 3:

Gavotte—Mussette ..... Gluck
Sarabande—Passepied I—Passapied II .. Bach
Aria Pastoralis Variata ..... Murschhauser
Study—Waltz ..... Chopin
Gymnopédie No. III..... Satie
Danse de Puck—Et la Lune Descend sur le Temple Qui Fût—La Puerta del Vino—General Lavine—Clair de Lune—Voiles— Debussy
Bourrée Fantasque ..... Chabrier
Danse Espagnole from the Opera, "La Vida Breve" ..... De Falla
Danse Espagnole No. V..... Granados
Malaguena ..... Albeniz
Tientos—Danse Gitane ..... Infante
Malaguena ..... Lecuona

From the Prague Teachers' Chorus of men's voices, Metod Dolezil, conductor, for its first concert in the United States at Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 5:

Song of the Sea ..... Smetana
The Wicked Sweetheart—The Sparrow's Party ..... Dvorák
On the Field Path—Hymnus..... Foerster
Seventy Thousand ..... Janácek
Christmas Cradle Song ..... Novak
Ostrava, "Epic of the Coal-Mines"..... Kunc
The Morning Star (Slovak)..... Kricka
Song of the Border Sentinels (Czech)...Jindrich
The Barracks (Slovak) ..... Kricka
Tit-for-Tat (Czech Dance) ..... Palla
Cardás (Slovak Dance) ..... Pokorny

Incidents and Prospects

Contrary to report in New York, Mr. Koussevitzky will not include Bloch's "America" in the programs he is preparing for the next visit of the Symphony Orchestra to that city. The only pieces definitely chosen thus far are Mr. Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" and Toch's Concerto, with Mr. Sanromá as pianist.

Connoisseurs in orchestral tone seemed to agree last Friday and Saturday that Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" gained by the seating of the Symphony Orchestra on a level. Over Ravel's "Waltz" opinion was divided. Some believed that it neither gained nor lost, especially in the performance of Saturday. More found the edge of the music dulled. Continuing his experiments, Mr. Koussevitzky will next keep the strings on a level; but raise the wood winds and the brass.

B MONITOR DEC. 7-1928

Bloch's "America"—Other Views

SPECIAL FROM MONITOR BUREAU

Chicago

ERNEST BLOCH'S "America" ... the most stimulating con... the Chicago Sym... Dec. 21 ... "Bravo," made the music almost inaudible.

Such a performance proves one thing. Whatever the ultimate verdict may be regarding the Bloch score from a musical standpoint, it is obvious that it has compelling emotional power and that an audience ... made to come to its feet with ...al movement.

... is interesting in the light of ... goes before in the composition. ... the conclusion no one would be ... to assert that the music is ...rily emotional in significance. ...d, the composer has deliberately ...d against this end, both by ...ving a very elaborate program, ...by fastening attention upon the ...ordinary dexterity with which ...as utilized folk songs, dance ...s and hymns. His constant quo... however authentic as to ...ces, contributes to the program ...er than to the power and sweep ...e music itself. It becomes im...sive as an exercise in dexterity ...er than as a compelling bit of ...ination.

...evertheless, Bloch has used these ...erials with great felicity. The ...ng quartet, for example, at the ...ning of the second movement, is ...utiful writing, and is a noble ...servation of an American folk ...e. Indeed, the skill with which ...se familiar melodies are orches...ted is extraordinary, and it is ...ly in the material with which they ...e joined that occasional banalities ...e evident.

The festival was marked also by a ...illiant presentation of the Debussy ...ntata, "The Blessed Damozel." It ...as ably handled by orchestra and ...e chorus of the "Mothersingers." It ...ecame also a triumph for Ruth ...ownsend, Cincinnati mezzo-soprano. ...tulda Lashanska had been engaged to sing the exquisite soprano ...core, and came to Cincinnati for ...ehearsals. At the last moment ...he was prevented from appearing ...nd with only one rehearsal Mrs. ...ownsend learned the soprano soli ...s well as the contralto score, for ...which she had been engaged, and ...gave a musicianly performance. Cincinnati lost nothing by the change.

The Mothersingers presented also a group of Christmas cantatas of Prætorius, Cornelius and Gevaert, and the high school chorus sang five familiar Christmas songs and hymns.

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The Annual After-
...Dec. 21
BOYLE PRODUCTS CO., New Haven, Conn.
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Out Come Seeds and Core in a Jiffy!
...Makes a messy job, easy and quick, and the fruit looks better to serve. Ask Your dealer for circular and good proposition for agents.
KANSAS CITY POWER & LIGHT
Kansas City Power & Light Co. reports for 12 months ended Nov. 30 profit of $5,338,297 after interest, amortization, taxes, etc., but before depreciation, compared with $4,673,581 in previous 12 months. November profit was $534,425 after the above charges, compared with $465,554 in November, 1927.

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Dec 27 - TRANS - '28

Music and Musicians === Plays an

Ernest Toch, Adding Humor To Modernism

Mr. Koussevitzky Presents His Piano-Concerto and "The Disturbance"

After Ernest Bloch
Follows Ernest Toch

NOT poetry certainly, but fact. With the Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Opus 38, to be played at the Symphony Concerts tomorrow and Saturday, Mr. Koussevitzky is introducing Toch to Boston with an outstanding piece, one that has won wide praise. Said Mr. L. Dunton Green in The Chesterian, in his account of the International Musical Festival at Frankfort in 1927, "The Concerto will rank in course of time among the great pianoforte concertos of musical literature." At the same time Mr. Koussevitzky is re-introducing to Boston Mr. Jesus-Maria Sanromá, after eighteen months of study in Berlin and Paris, under Schnabel and Cortot. For the performance of this Concerto Mr. Sanromá also studied with Toch himself. At Mr. Koussevitzky's Paris concerts of 1928 Mr. Sanromá played it. He will also repeat it next week in New York.

Ernest Toch is one of that host of musicians who were intended and educated by their parents for some profession other than music. He was born in Vienna in December, 1887, and at the university studied philosophy and medicine. Reviewers speak of him as Dr. Toch—whether M. D. or Ph. D does not appear. However, in 1909 and 1910 he won the Mozart Exhibition and the Mendelssohn Exhibition, both prizes for musical studies, and in four consecutive years received the Austrian State Prize for composition. He studied the piano under Rehberg at Frankfort. Otherwise he is largely self-taught. In 1913 he was made Professor of Composition at the Hochschule für Musik at Mannheim. He has written largely for orchestra, chamber orchestra, and for various ensemble combinations. In style, he is a thoroughly modern eclectic. One can trace in the Piano Concerto, for example, such divergent influences as Debussy, Stravinsky, the modern South-German mehanists, Schönberg, of course, and to go farther back, of Weber and Schumann. From the evidence of the printed score his own individuality is strong enough to fuse all this into a style that is distinctly personal, that is Ernest Toch and no other.

Toch takes to polytonality as a duck takes to water. He is not content, however, with merely combinations of keys; there are passages in which rigorous whole-tone schemes are set on one plane against definite tonalities on other planes. Toch likes dissonance. The most cursory examination of the score of the concerto will reveal the diminished and augmented octave as favorite intervals. He is of course vigorously contrapuntal, as are all thorough-going modernists. But he does not eschew melody. Melody has as much place in the score of the new piece as in Concertos of many a classic composer.

The piano concerto (without key designation but actually in the key of C major) is dedicated to the composer's wife. It is scored for the usual large orchestra with a few slight modifications. Toch asks two of the unusual clarinets in C in addition to two of the more ordinary clarinets in B-flat. He further directs that the players of the two B-flat clarinets take at certain times clarinets in D. He asks for the sonorous contrabass tuba instead of the customary bass tuba. Like Bloch last week, he uses a percussion section that requires three players in addition to the kettle-drummer. In a preliminary note Toch also says: "The orchestra does not play the rôle of accompanist to a solo instrument, but rather that of developing a consistently symphonic score." From this remark it must not be argued that the piano-part is merely an orchestral voice. By no means. The solo-opportunities are as ample as in most concertos of his romantic forbears. It is trite and true that one cannot carry water on two shoulders; but Toch ably accomplishes the dual purpose of making his piano a genuine solo-instrument and at the same time of writing a true symphonic score.

"Toch is firmly rooted in the great tradition of German classicists," says Mr. Green in the article above mentioned, "but his spirit is thoroughly modern, unsentimental (but by no means unfeeling) and immensely dynamic. From the first fragmentary exposition of the principal theme (portions of which pervade the whole of the other movements) the attention is firmly riveted. When it appears in its full form it fulfills all the expectations aroused by the initial fragment; and when after it has been leavened by a strangely beautiful polytonal second theme, it bursts out of the brass in augmentation, as the final climax of the first movement, the impression is simply overwhelming."

The three movements are: I. Molto Pesante; II. Adagio; III. Rondo Disturbato. At the beginnng the piano in stark octaves weightily announces the motiv out of which the principal theme grows. The single measure has a sevenfold repetition, in different rhythms and at different speeds. With the dominant motiv thus persistently exposed there is no excuse for any listener "getting lost." The orchestra follows with eight measures of material which is not used again until very near the end of the Concerto. Next it devotes itself to many and various repetitions of the one-measure motiv. A long and brilliant cadenza in which the favorite altered octaves are in evidence, leads into an Allegro. Clarinets announce the full theme, which becomes the subject of an extended fugal exposition. After this has passed through several stages of development, introducing several secondary themes, the piano "tenderly and quietly" introduces a second theme which alternates between a melodic lyricism and an impish piquancy. For sixteen measures the piano travels alone with this theme, after which the first violins take it up against a delicate accompaniment in the other strings and ornamental passage-work in the piano. A little later, the piano announces another contrasting theme, in even quieter mood than the preceding. The orchestra (this time an oboe and flutes) takes it up after a few measures.

When the decrescendo has continued to delicate sonorities, 'cellos and basses mysteriously return with the first motiv, pizzicato. Gradually they lead to a development of this principal theme, from which the piano emerges with a cadenza-like passage, which muted strings soon join in the second contrasting theme. The sonorities here are lovely. When the piano takes up this theme only three solo-strings continue in the ensemble. Lower strings begin another development of the principal theme; while wood-winds, muted brass and three high solo strings continue with the contrast theme. These eventually merge into a huge crescendo which develops the main theme and leads to the section in which the chief motiv is heard in augmentation—that is in notes of longer time-value than is usual for it—and powerfully in all the bass instruments. Between the first three statements of this motiv are breath-taking piano glissandos. More and more broadly the theme is developed, coming finally to a brilliant climax in which piano and orchestra share a last unison statement of the theme.

The Adagio is a movement of rare delicacy. The harmonies of Debussy are used to give all manner of tints and shades and half-shades. The style suggests somewhat the imaginative flights of a Bach in his freest fantasias, and the suggestion holds true of the piano part in many a measure and of various orchestral voices as well. Where the piano is brilliant it suggests the pianistic style of Weber. It is largely a chamber orchestra that provides accompaniment. Soloists from the strings are combined with individual voices in the winds. There are climaxes, to be sure, in which the full orchestra is used; but they are not much more than contrast against the more delicate instrumentation. The form is three-part. The theme of the first part is harmonic—shifting, swaying, subtle chords, interwoven with various contrapuntal strands. The piano sings it first, then it is developed in the orchestra. The piano also announces the contrasting theme, a long, flowing, melodic line. An oboe follows with it, after which there is development and then return to the first part.

In the "Rondo Disturbato" the composer has his little joke with his themes. A humorous effect he surely intended with his "struggle" near the end of the movement. But there is also a humor far beyond that which the composer intended. A small boy on a farm, imitating a cackling hen, might be said by his musical brother from the city, to be burlesquing Toch's theme as well as copying the fowl. In fact Mr. Sanromá possesses a program which he cherishes, on the back of which is scrawled in pencil this theme, ornamented with birds of the barnyard. Let no one misunderstand. Toch did not "lift" his theme from the poultry-yard. Nothing was further from his thought. He merely wrote a theme which should be piquant, saucy, suitable to a lively rondo and to the humorous use he was going to make of it near the end of his score. Enter Mr. Sanromá (orchestral musicians are notoriously apt at tracing "sources" and making comparisons between themes in various works) happily making noises which contain the denominator common to the musical theme and the hen on its nest. By some trick of chance, Toch, unknown to Sanromá, its also in the garden, overhears the pianist, himself succumbs to the spirit of the unintended joke, takes the discovery quickly into the house to the good Frau. Eventually composer and pianist in their glee together ornament the back of the program.

As chief contrast for this theme Toch places the most sustained theme in the Concerto. It enters in violins and 'cellos with the piano playing ornamental figuration. After which the rondo follows its usual course, as rondos should. But in the last repetition, before the lyric theme has sung itself to completion, it is rudely interrupted by the saucy main theme. Toch writes the words "The Disturbance" into the score. There comes swiftly a tremendous, cataclysmal, forbidding chord under the word of command, "Quiet!" after which there are three measures of rest with a long pause on the last measure. The lyric theme re-enters "timidly," the main theme interrupts, and we have the whole comedy over again. With a third attempt, the interrupting theme seems to gain ground; increases in vigor, but is again silenced. The fourth time it is not disturbed, it seems to have triumphed, but its triumph is short-lived; for trombones and strings, all in the highest registers, collapse to the depths by means of a sickening glissando. The composer annotates, ". . . But, but . . ." and "tearfully, likewise tragi-comically." Another long pause, and the piano, solo, goes on with the first theme, which has triumphed after all. Through another cadenza it leads to a brilliant and climactic orchestral statement of the main theme.

A. H. M.

The North

Ernest Toch

Composer of The New Piano-Concerto at The Symphony Concerts

SEE PAGE 142 FOR HERALD-GLOBE-POST CRITICISMS

Programs to Hand

From the Flute-Players' Club for concert of chamber-pieces in the gall of the Art Club next Sunday afternoo

Sonata for Flute, Viola da Gamba, Harp, Leclair
Sonata for Horn, Trumpet, Trombone..Poulenc
Three Counterpoints for Piccolo, English Horn, Violin, Violoncello..... Honegger
Quartet for Two Violins, Viola, Violoncello on The Name B-La-F, Dedicated to M. P. Belaieff:
Allegro .....Rimsky-Korsakov
Scherzo .....Liadov
Spanish Serenade .....Borodin
Finale .....Glazunov

A program to quicken expectation. The quartet made by the four Russians in honor of their patron and publisher is one of the jeux d'esprit of music. Seldom in this Western world does it come to hearing. Flute, harp, viola are a rare combination in the concert-hall. Leclair ventured it in the eighteenth century. And when within memory have horn, trumpet and trombone been mated for a chamber-piece? These sportive Parisians will try anything—once. The contributing virtuosi are Messrs. Elcus, Ludovici, Lefranc A. Zighera (Strings); Paul Bergor (Harp); Laurent (Flute); Speyer (English Horn); Valkenier (Horn); Mager (Trumpet), Rochut (Trombone).

From the Flonzaley Quartet for the second concert of their final series in Boston at Jordan Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 9:

Quartet in D major (Op. 64, No. 5)...Haydn
Sonata for Two Violins and Violoncello ...Handel (Messrs. Pochon, Betti, d'Archambeau)
Quartet in E-flat major, Op. 127...Beethoven

From Miss Gertrude Ehrhart for her concert in Jordan Hall (Mr. Slonimsky, pianist) on Monday evening, Jan. 7—with many a departure from routine and much novel music:

"Se tu m'ami" from the Ballet with Songs, 'Pulcinella" ....Pergolese-Stravinsky
Air from the Opera, "Der Freischütz"..Weber
The Ugly Duckling: Fairy Tale from Hans Christian Andersen.....Prokofiev
Three Songs to Texts of Bogdanovitch..Dukelsky
L'Amour .....Obouhov
Gaetan's Song .....Gnessin
Invocation .....Bloch
Footsteps in the Sand.....Steinert
My Little Pool—A Very Great Musician (The Melancholy Story of an Unrequited Love) .....Slonimsky
Josephine's Song from "Pinafore".....Sullivan
The Man I Love.....Gershwin
Air with Jazz Interlude from the Opera "Jonny spielt auf" .....Krenek

Incidents and Prospects

Sibelius's Third Symphony, warmly received at the Symphony Concerts last October, will be repeated tomorrow and Saturday. To make room for it Bach's Concerto drops from the program. When the orchestra visits New York next week, the Symphony will again be played.

Mr. Sanromá's concert of piano-pieces announced for Saturday afternoon, Jan. 12, in Jordan Hall, is cancelled. He will be heard [illegible] Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 17.

The prizes for 1927 from the Paderewski Fund for American Composers have been awarded to Hans Levy Heniot of Lavinia—a suburb of Chicago—for orchestral pieces, and to Homer C. Humphrey of Boston for a chamber-piece. Mr. Heniot receives $1000; Mr. Humphrey, $500. Both are music-teachers. Mr. Humphrey is organist as well.

Though no date has been set, there is fair likelihood that Yehudi Menuhin, the child-prodigy of the violin who made such stir in New York last winter, will play in Boston before the season ends.

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Dec 27 - TRANS - '28

Music and Musicians === Plays an

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Follows Ernest Toch

NOT poetry certainly, but fact. With the Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Opus 38, to be played at the Symphony Concerts tomorrow and Saturday, Mr. Koussevitzky is introducing Toch to Boston with an outstanding piece, one that has won wide praise. Said Mr. L. Dunton Green in The Chesterian, in his account of the International Musical Festival at Frankfort in 1927, "The Concerto will rank in course of time among the great pianoforte concertos of musical literature." At the same time Mr. Koussevitzky is re-introducing to Boston Mr. Jesus-Maria Sanroma, after eighteen months of study in Berlin and Paris, under Schnabel and Cortot. For the performance of this Concerto Mr. Sanroma also studied with Toch himself. At Mr. Koussevitzky's Paris concerts of 1928 Mr. Sanroma played it. He will also repeat it next week in New York.

Ernest Toch is one of the host of musicians who were intended and educated by their parents for some profession other than music. He was born in Vienna in December, 1887, and at the university studied philosophy and medicine. Reviewers speak of him as Dr. Toch—whether M. D. or Ph. D does not appear. However, in 1909 and 1910 he won the Mozart Exhibition and the Mendelssohn Exhibition, Imperial prizes for music studies, and in four consecutive years received the Austrian State Prize for composition. He studied the piano under Rehberg at Frankfort, and otherwise he is largely self-taught. In 1913 he was made Professor of Composition at the Hochschule für Musik at Mannheim. He has written largely for orchestra, chamber orchestra, and for various ensemble combinations. In style, he is a thoroughly modern eclectic. One can trace in the Piano Concerto, for example, such divergent influences as Debussy, Stravinsky, the modern South-German mechanists, Schönberg, of course, and to go farther back, of Weber and Schumann. From the evidence of the printed score his own individuality is strong enough to fuse all this into a style that is distinctly personal, that is Ernest Toch and no other.

Toch takes to polytonality as a duck takes to water. He is not content, however, with merely combinations of keys; there are passages in which rigorous whole-tone schemes are set on one plane against definite tonalities on other planes. Toch likes dissonance. The most cursory examination of the score of the concerto will reveal the diminished and augmented octave as favorite intervals. He is of course vigorously contrapuntal, as are all thoroughgoing modernists. But he does not eschew melody. Melody has its usual place in the score of the new piece as in Concertos of many a classic composer.

The piano concerto (without key designation but actually in the key of C major) is dedicated to the composer's wife. It is scored for the usual large orchestra with a few slight modifications. Toch asks two of the musical clarinets in C in addition to two of the more ordinary clarinets in B-flat. He further directs that the players of the two B-flat clarinets take at certain times clarinets in D. He asks for the octobass contrabass tuba instead of the customary bass tuba. Like Bloch last week, he uses a percussion section that requires three players in addition to the kettle-drummer. In a preliminary note Toch also says: "The orchestra does not play the rôle of accompanist to a solo instrument, but rather that of developing a consistently symphonic score." From this remark it must not be argued that the piano-part is merely an orchestral voice. By no means. The solo-opportunities are as ample as in most concertos of his romantic forbears. It is trite and true that one cannot carry water on two shoulders; but Toch ably accomplishes the dual purpose of making his piano a genuine solo-instrument and at the same time of writing a true symphonic score.

"Toch is firmly rooted in the great tradition of German classicists," says Mr. Green in the article above mentioned, "but his spirit is thoroughly modern, unsentimental (but by no means unfeeling) and immensely dynamic. From the first fragmentary exposition of the principal theme (portions of which pervade the whole of the other movements) the attention is firmly riveted. When it appears in its full form it fulfills all the expectations aroused by the initial fragment; and when after it has been leavened by a strangely beautiful polytonal second theme, it bursts out of the brass in augmentation, as the final climax of the first movement, the impression is simply overwhelming."

The three movements are: I. Molto Posante. II. Adagio. III. Rondo Disturbato. At the beginnng the piano in stark octaves weightily announces the motiv out of which the principal theme grows. The single measure has a sevenfold repetition, in different rhythms and at different speeds. With the dominant motiv thus persistently exposed there is no excuse for any listener "getting lost." The orchestra follows with eight measures of material which is not used again until very near the end of the Concerto. Next it devotes itself to many and various repetitions of the one-measure motiv. A long and brilliant cadenza in which the favorite altered octaves are in evidence, leads into an Allegro. Clarinets announce the full theme, which becomes the subject of an extended fugal exposition. After this has passed through several stages of development, introducing several secondary themes, the piano "tenderly and quietly" introduces a second theme which alternates between a melodic lyricism and an impish piquancy. For sixteen measures the piano travels alone with this theme after which the first violins take it up against a delicate accompaniment in the other strings and ornamental passage-work in the piano. A little later, the piano announces another contrasting theme, in even quieter mood than the preceding. The orchestra (this time an oboe and flutes) takes it up after a few measures.

When the decrescendo has continued to delicate sonorities, 'cellos and basses mysteriously return with the first motiv, pizzicato. Gradually they lead to a development of this principal theme, from which the piano emerges with a cadenza-like passage, which muted strings soon join in the second contrasting theme. The sonorities here are lovely. When the piano takes up this theme only three solo-strings continue in the ensemble. Lower strings begin another development of the principal theme: while wood-winds, muted brass and three high solo strings continue with the contrast theme. These eventually merge into a huge crescendo which develops the main theme and leads to the section in which the chief motiv is heard in augmentation—that is in notes of longer time-value than is usual for it—and powerfully in all the bass instruments. Between the first three statements of this motiv are breath-taking piano glissandos. More and more broadly the theme is developed, coming finally to a brilliant climax in which piano and orchestra share a last unison statement of the theme.

The Adagio is a movement of rare delicacy. The harmonies of Debussy are used to give all manner of tints and shades and half-shades. The style suggests somewhat the imaginative flights of a Bach in his freest fantasias, and the suggestion holds true of the piano part in many a measure and of various orchestral voices as well. Where the piano is brilliant it suggests the pianistic style of Weber. It is largely a chamber orchestra that provides accompaniment. Soloists from the strings are combined with individual voices in the winds. There are climaxes, to be sure, in which the full orchestra is used; but they are not much more than contrast against the more delicate instrumentation. The form is three-part. The theme of the first part is harmonic—shifting, swaying, subtle chords, interwoven with various contrapuntal strands. The piano sings it first, then it is developed in the orchestra. The piano also announces the contrasting theme, a long, flowing, melodic line. An oboe follows with it, after which there is development and then return to the first part.

In the "Rondo Disturbato" the composer has his little joke with his themes. A humorous effect he surely intended with his "struggle" near the end of the movement. But there is also a humor far beyond that which the composer intended. A small boy on a farm, imitating a cackling hen, might be said by his musical brother from the city, to be burlesquing Toch's theme as well as copying the fowl. In fact Mr. Sanromá possesses a program which he cherishes, on the back of which is scrawled in pencil this theme, ornamented with birds of the barnyard. But to continue: Toch did not "lift" his theme from the poultry-yard. Nothing was further from his thought. He merely wrote a theme which should be piquant, saucy, suitable to a lively rondo and to the humorous use he was going to make of it near the end of his score. Enter Mr. Sanromá (orchestral musicians are notoriously apt at tracing "sources" and making comparisons between themes in various works) happily making noises which contain the denominator common to the musical theme and the hen on its nest. By some trick of chance, Toch, unknown to Sanromá, is also in the garden overhears the pianist, himself succumbs to the spirit of the unintended joke, takes the discovery quickly into the house to the good Frau. Eventually composer and pianist in their glee together ornament the back of the program.

As chief contrast for this theme Toch places the most sustained theme in the Concerto. It enters in violins and 'cellos with the piano playing ornamental figuration. After which the rondo follows its usual course, as rondos should. But in the last repetition, before the lyric theme has sung itself to completion, it is rudely interrupted by the saucy main theme. Toch writes the words "The Disturbance" into the score. There comes swiftly a tremendous, cataclysmal, forbidding chord under the word of command, "Quiet!" after which there are three measures of rest with a long pause on the last measure. The lyric theme re-enters "timidly," the main theme interrupts, and we have the whole comedy over again. With a third attempt, the interrupting theme seems to gain ground; increases in vigor, but is again silenced. The fourth time it is not disturbed, it seems to have triumphed, but its triumph is short-lived; for trombones and strings, all in the highest registers, collapse to the depths by means of a sickening glissando. The composer annotates, ". . . But, but . . ." and "tearfully, likewise tragi-comically." Another long pause, and the piano, solo, goes on with the first theme, which has triumphed after all. Through another cadenza it leads to a brilliant and climactic orchestral statement of the main theme.

A. H. M.

The North

Ernest Toch

Composer of The New Piano-Concerto at The Symphony Concerts

SEE PAGE 142 FOR BOSTON GLOBE POST CRITICISMS

Programs to Hand

From the Flute-Players' Club for concert of chamber-pieces in the gall of the Art Club next Sunday afternoo

Sonata for Flute, Viola da Gamba, Harp... Leclair
Sonata for Horn, Trumpet, Trombone...Perrene
Three Contrapoints for Piccolo, English Horn, Violin, Violoncello.....Honegger
Quartet for Two Violins, Viola, Violoncello on The Name B-la-F, Dedicated to M. P. Belaieff:
Allegro.....Rimsky-Korsakov
Scherzo.....Liadov
Spanish Serenade.....Borodin
Finale.....Glazunov

A program to quicken expectation. The quartet made by the four Russians in honor of their patron and publisher is one of the jeux d'esprit of music. Seldom in this Western world does it come to hearing. Flute, harp, viola are a rare combination in the concert-hall. Leclair ventured it in the eighteenth century. And when within memory have horn, trumpet and trombone been mated in chamber-pieces? These sportive Parisians will try anything—once. The contributing virtuosi are Messrs. Eleus, Lebovici, Lefranc, A. Zighera (Strings); Paul Bazgor (Harp); Laurent (Flute); Speyer (English Horn); Valkenier (Horn); Mager (Trumpet), Rochut (Trombone).

From the Flonzaley Quartet for the second concert of their final series in Boston at Jordan Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 9:

Quartet in D major, Op. 64, No. 5.....Haydn
Sonata for Two Violins and Violoncello.....Handel
(Messrs. Pochon, Betz, d'Archambeau)
Quartet in F-flat major, Op. 127.....Beethoven

From Miss Gertrude Ehrhart for her concert in Jordan Hall (Mr. Slonimsky, pianist) on Monday evening, Jan. 7, with many a departure from routine and much novel music:

"Se ti m'ami" from the Ballet with Songs, "Pulcinella".....Pergolese-Stravinsky
Air from the Opera, "Der Freischütz"...Weber
The Ugly Duckling; Fairy Tale.....
Hans Christian Andersen.....Prokofiev
Three Songs to Texts of Bogdanovitch.Dukelsky
L'Amour.....Obouhov
Gaetan's Song.....Gnessin
Invocation.....Bloch
Pictures in the Sand.....Steinert
My Lady's Past; A Very Great Musician; The Melancholy Story of an Unrequited Love.....Slonimsky
Cosidine's Song from "Pinafore".....Sullivan
The Man I Love.....Gershwin
Air with Jazz Intermede from the Opera "Jonny spielt auf".....Krenek

Incidents and Prospects

Sibelius's Third Symphony, warmly received at the Symphony Concerts last October, will be repeated tomorrow and Saturday. To make room for it Bach's Concerto drops from the program. When the orchestra visits New York next week, the Symphony will again be played.

Mr. Sanromá's concert of piano-pieces announced for Saturday afternoon, Jan. 12, in Jordan Hall, is cancelled. He will be heard instead in Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 17.

The prizes for 1927 from the Paderewski Fund for American Composers have been awarded to Hans Levy Heniot of Ravinia—a suburb of Chicago—for an orchestral pieces, and to Homer C. Humphrey of Boston for a chamber-piece. Mr. Heniot receives $1000; Mr. Humphrey, $500. Both are music-teachers. Mr. Humphrey is organist as well.

Though no date has been set, there is a fair likelihood that Yehudi Menuhin, the child-prodigy of the violin who made such stir in New York last winter, will play in Boston before the season ends.

The South

(Walery, Paris)

Jesus-Maria Sanroma

Pianist in Toch's Concerto at The Symphony Concert

TRANS. Dec 28-29

Honegger's Program

Pieces Unheard, or Only Once Heard, in Boston

FROM Honegger in Paris, the management of the Symphony Orchestra has received the following program for the concerts at which he will be guest-composer and conductor, in Symphony Hall on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11 and 12. It consists wholly of his own pieces, viz.:

Song of Nigamon.
Summer Pastoral.
Mimed Symphony, "Horace Victorieux."
Concertino for Piano and Orchestra (Pianist: Andrée Vaurabourg-Honegger.)
Nocturne from the Opera, "Judith" (Soprano: Cobina Wright.)
Symphonic Movement, "Rugby."

"The Song of Nigamon" (1917) is relatively early work. "Summer Pastoral" is a pretty little thing with hardly a trace of modernism. "Horace Victorieux," heard and vilified at the Symphony Concerts under Mr. Monteux in 1922, is Honegger fierce and acrid. The Concertino is an amiable trifle, played at Arthur Fiedler's concert of modernist music last February. The Nocturne is an episode in Honegger's first opera, "Judith," produced by the Chicago Company two years ago. "Rugby," suggested by the movements and tensities of a football match, is only a few months old . . . Many will regret the absence of "Pacific 231," the orchestral—or locomotive—piece by which Honegger is best known in America.

MONITER

Toch's Piano Concerto Performed in Boston

Dec, 29-'28

For the eleventh program of the season, Dec. 28 and 29, Serge Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra proffered the Third Symphony of Sibelius, Toch's Piano Concerto and the concert version of Carpenter's Ballet, "Skyscrapers." The pianist was Jesús María Sanromá.

Toch's concerto, performed in Berlin and Frankfort in 1927 and played by Elly Ney with the Chicago Orchestra last season, was heard yesterday for the first time in Boston. Possibly, if it had been composed and presented to us much sooner, it might have made a more profound impression. But it is many years now since we first gazed with amazement upon "Feuerwerke," and not a few since "Horace Victorieux" burst upon our astonished vision. In the meantime, sitting at the feet of many instructors, from Stravinsky and Schönberg to Martinů and Copland, we have learned much about what may be done with tonalities, rhythms and orchestral colors. Thus nowadays, before mounting on pinions of enthusiasm, we are disposed to examine attentively the musical scene which is set before us.

Toch undoubtedly has the full equipment of the modern orchestral craftsman. Employing a huge aggregation of instruments, he can produce unpleasant sounds with the best of them. When he elects to return to the methods of the impressionists, as in his slow movement, he can even be ingratiating. But looking beneath his brave exterior, we are unable to discern what supports it. Was there substance here which required to be expressed? The musical material strikes us as undistinguished; the form and manner as highly competent, even brilliant, but in no way original. The humor, even, of the final movement is traditionally Teutonic. With regret, we are unable to share the expectation which has been expressed that this concerto "will rank in the course of time among the great pianoforte concertos of musical literature."

The concerto nevertheless had a warm reception. But this may very likely have been due in part to the playing of Mr. Sanromá, who is a musical product of Boston. He was graduated with honors from the New England Conservatory of Music and was formerly official pianist of the Boston Orchestra. For the last year and a half he has been in Europe, studying with Schnabel and Cortot. He also coached with Toch in this concerto, so that we may conclude that his interpretation of it was authentic. He accomplished a tour de force.

If we were bent on forecasting we should prefer to risk a surmise that the Third Sibelius Symphony has a better hope than the concerto of finding a permanent place in the repertory. The good impression it made on its first performance in Boston, six weeks ago, was confirmed yesterday. Mr. Koussevitzky was well advised in repeating it so soon. Carpenter's music again seemed to feel the need of its original setting on the Metropolitan Opera stage.

L. A. S.

MU

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts this week has been slightly changed from the one that had been announced. The third symphony of Sibelius will be performed instead of Bach's concerto for two flutes, violin and string orchestra. Toch's concerto for piano and orchestra will be heard for the first time in Boston and Mr. Sanroma will then play in public for the first time since his return from Europe, having studied with Cortot in Paris and Schnabel in Berlin. He played the piano part of this concerto when Mr. Koussevitzky produced the work in Paris last May. (Mr. Sanroma had studied it with the composer.)

This concerto was written at Mannheim in 1926. It was first performed at Berlin when Elly Ney gave a concert in 1927, playing in the same concert Brahms's B-flat major and Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto for good measure. She was the pianist when Mr. Stock brought out the concerto in Chicago on Feb. 3 of this year—the first performance in the United States.

Toch, born at Vienna, in 1887, at first studied medicine, also philosophy in that city; but he gave up the idea of practising as a physician, and resolved to be a musician. As a composer he is wholly self-taught, but he won the Mendelssohn prize, the Mozart prize, and four times in succession the prize offered by the Austrian government for composers. He studied piano playing at Frankfort with Willy Rehberg, a Swiss pianist and composer. The list of Toch's compositions includes an opera "The Bacchantes" (after Euripides), incidental music for a play, a 'cello concerto, a symphony for solo voices, chorus, orchestra and organ, 12 string quartets; The Chinese Flute, a chamber symphony for 14 solo instruments and a soprano voice; piano pieces and violin pieces. He also has composed music for Andersen's story of the Princess and the Pea turned into a one-act opera.

The score of the concerto contains a note saying that to the orchestra belongs development of a symphonic work: it does not take the role of an accompaniment to the piano. "The composer begs the conductor to take this fact into consideration in that which concerns the composition of the orchestra and with regard to rehearsals."

The form of the concerto is free; the music, like much that is contemporaneous in this art, is written in the atonal and polytonal manner.

Carpenter's ballet music has been performed here under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction. The ballet itself was brought out at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1926. It may be remembered that Diaghilev, meeting Carpenter in Paris, suggested a ballet with an American subject. Carpenter thought of music which should represent the hurry and

SYMPHONY IN MODERNIST PROGRAM

Dec 29

By MOSES SMITH

The current pair of Symphony concerts is something in the nature of a "Welcome Home" celebration for Jesus Maria Sanroma, young Boston pianist who, after more than a year of study abroad, returns as soloist in Ernest Toch's piano concerto. It is the first time the composer has appeared on a Boston Symphony program.

Mr. Sanroma had played this concerto at one of Mr. Koussevitzky's Paris concerts last spring. He had also studied it with the composer. His playing therefore has authority and conviction. The piano part is of great difficulty. But Mr. Sanroma had so well mastered his part that he devoted most of his attention to following the conductor's baton. He received a long ovation for his brilliant performance.

The concerto as a whole may be spoken of as wild, even in these days of savage music. Harsh and blaring dissonances are piled up one after another, a battery of percussion instruments dispenses assorted noises, and throughout the composer is writing in many keys simultaneously, or in no key at all. The sensational elements aside, there are a few beautiful passages, but a first hearing offers us no clue as to why the piece has been so warmly praised abroad.

Sibelius' third symphony in C major, heard here earlier in the year for the first time, opens the program. As we listened to this beautiful music for a second time we were increasingly mystified by the inability of conductors to make anything of this score in rehearsals. The first two movements, in Mr. Koussevitzky's version, seemed clear as daylight. Only the last movement seemed a bit puzzling. The present performance, which was evidently prepared hastily, was not so good as the first.

Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" was the last number, completing a modernist program. Coming immediately after Toch's concerto, it is not favorably placed. And yet allowing for this fact, we do not see in this work a great American picture, as others have called it. Clever it is, undoubtedly, but essentially second-rate.

BOS. DAILY ADVERTISER

December 29, 1928

San Roma Soloist In Toch Concerto

The tides of modernism beat strong upon Symphony Hall yesterday and today, when Ernst Toch's concerto for piano is given its first hearing in Boston.

Jesus Maria San Roma, young, ardent and accomplished pianist, was set to the difficult task of the solo portion of the new piece from the modernistic German. If San Roma were not so able an artist, the performance might have easily driven the conservatives from the concert hall.

For the music of Herr Toch may be called almost wildly modernistic. To the concerto form he brings new and almost unheard of rhythms, florid and warring themes, melodies set in the sharp idiom of jazz. With all this, he is well grounded in the Germanic tradition, and he proves craftsman par excellence.

If he strays from the strictures of the conventional concerto, it is because he feels he may with impunity. To his pianist he sets a monumental task, to orchestra and conductor a well-nigh insurmountable one. Upon it, Mr. Koussevitzky and his men piled vigor and ardor upon polytonal themes, hard-bitten melodies, demoniacally driven measures for brass and strings.

To make the modernistic program complete, Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," with Marie Sundelius and Joseph Lautner as soloists, completed the program. Sibelius Symphony in major had begun it.

ma[illegible] Among [illegible] Mrs. Jea[illegible] Marlow, who looks [illegible] but wa[illegible] down the [illegible] to help [illegible] and husband.

Post Dec 29

Symphony Members Entertain Conductor

For the first time in the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the members last night entertained their conductor at dinner, when Serge Koussevitzky and Madame Koussevitzky were guests of honor at a dinner dance at the Hotel Statler. The members of the orchestra and their wives made up a party of 200.

Bos. Post
Dec. 30. 1928.

Honegger to Lead Next Symphony--- Musical Notes

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

When next the Boston Symphony Orchestra plays in Boston it will be led, not by Mr. Koussevitzky but by Arthur Honegger, young but already world-renowned French composer, now on his first visit to this country. The concerts to be conducted by M. Honegger are those of Jan. 11 and 12, and the programme will consist entirely of his compositions. Of these, a "Chant de Migamon" and the tone-poem "Rugby," which describes a game of football, will be new to Boston. The other pieces are the "Pastorale d'Ete," "Horace Victorieux," the Concertino for piano and orchestra, with the composer's wife as soloist, and a Nocturne from the opera "Judith," to be sung by Cobina Wright.

* * * *

As already announced in these columns, E. Fernandez Arbos of Madrid, will succeed M. Honegger as conductor of a pair of Symphony Concerts. From 1903 to 1904, that is to say during Mr. Gericke's second term as conductor of our orchestra, Mr. Arbos set at the head of the first violins. Not a few patrons of the Symphony Concerts must remember the striking figure that the Spaniard made.

* * * *

SEE PAGE 104

DEC. 29 CRITICISM OF TRANSCRIPT.

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Globe

Music Notes and Comment

Dec 29 1928

The Boston Symphony is away this week. Next week the noted composer Honegger will make his American debut as guest conductor here in a program of his own compositions which includes the first American performance of his latest work "Rugby," an attempt to depict a football game in tones. As the title shows, Honegger has found his inspiration in the English and not the American form of the sport. Mme Honegger will play the piano solo in her husband's Concertino. Cobina Wright will sing the Nocturne from the opera "Judith," produced here by the Chicago Civic Opera two years ago and to be repeated this season with Mary Garden as Judith. The other numbers are "Chant de Migamon," "Pastorale d'Ete" and "Horace Victorieux." The last named work was produced here by Mr Monteux, but has not since been heard at the Symphony Concerts. Some will regret that Honegger is not to conduct here the tone poem about a locomotive, "Pacific 231," by which he is best known to Boston audiences.

Times.

Mephisto says in Musical America for Dec 22, like the Cleveland Orchestra, the Boston Symphony seems to have no intention of trifling with a series of companionate marriages. Since the coming of Koussevitzky five years ago, it has been among the monogamous of our musical organizations and to all intents and purposes it will continue to be so. There is a new contract just drawn up, I understand, one that favors King Koussevitzky in every way. In essence, he is to remain as long as he will with a salary, my informant tells me, to "exceed all expectations." (Whether his or the Boston trustees is beside the issue.) Presumably, at any rate, it elevates him to a financial class with Toscanini and Stokowski. Toscanini received approximately $60,000 for his half season here last year. The Stokowski figures, I understand, are not far distant.

Walter Gieseking will make a single visit to Boston this season to appear at the Sunday afternoon concerts in Symphony Hall, Jan 20. The great German pianist is welcomed as the finest living master of the subtler shadings of pianoforte playing.

A significant debut will be the recital here of Lawrence Tibbett in Symphony Hall, Sunday afternoon, Jan 27. This singer's operatic debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in a performance of Verdi's "Falstaff," is still remembered. Since then, the young baritone has taken his place as one of the foremost American singers in opera. His recital tours have been no less successful.

TRANS. Dec 28-28

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By PHILIP HALE

The program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts this week has been slightly changed from the one that had been announced. The third symphony of Sibelius will be performed instead of Bach's concerto for two flutes, violin and string orchestra. Toch's concerto for piano and orchestra will be heard for the first time in Boston and Mr. Sanroma will then play in public for the first time since his return from Europe, having studied with Cortot in Paris and Schnabel in Berlin. He played the piano part of this concerto when Mr. Koussevitzky produced the work in Paris last May. (Mr. Sanroma had studied it with the composer.)

This concerto was written at Mannheim in 1926. It was first performed at Berlin when Elly Ney gave a concert in 1927, playing in the same concert Brahms's B-flat major and Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto for good measure. She was the pianist when Mr. Stock brought out the concerto in Chicago on Feb. 3 of this year—the first performance in the United States.

Toch, born at Vienna, in 1887, at first studied medicine, also philosophy in that city; but he gave up the idea of practising as a physician, and resolved to be a musician. As a composer he is wholly self-taught, but he won the Mendelssohn prize, the Mozart prize, and four times in succession the prize offered by the Austrian government for composers. He studied piano playing at Frankfort with Willy Rehberg, a Swiss pianist and composer. The list of Toch's compositions includes an opera "The Bacchantes" (after Euripides), incidental music for a play, a 'cello concerto, a symphony for solo voices, chorus, orchestra and organ, 12 string quartets; The Chinese Flute, a chamber symphony for 14 solo instruments and a soprano voice; piano pieces and violin pieces. He also has composed music for Andersen's story of the Princess and the Pea turned into a one-act opera.

The score of the concerto contains a note saying that to the orchestra belongs development of a symphonic work: it does not take the role of an accompaniment to the piano. "The composer begs the conductor to take this fact into consideration in that which concerns the composition of the orchestra and with regard to rehearsals."

The form of the concerto is free; the music, like much that is contemporaneous in this art, is written in the atonal and polytonal manner.

Carpenter's ballet music has been performed here under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction. The ballet itself was brought out at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1926. It may be remembered that Diaghilev, meeting Carpenter in Paris, suggested a ballet with an American subject. Carpenter thought of music which should represent the hurry and

SYMPHONY IN MODERNIST PROGRAM

By MOSES SMITH

The current pair of Symphony concerts is something in the nature of a "Welcome Home" celebration for Jesus Maria Sanroma, young Boston pianist who, after more than a year of study abroad, returns as soloist in Ernest Toch's piano concerto. It is the first time the composer has appeared on a Boston Symphony program.

Mr. Sanroma had played this concerto at one of Mr. Koussevitzky's Paris concerts last spring. He had also studied it with the composer. His playing therefore has authority and conviction. The piano part is of great difficulty. But Mr. Sanroma had so well mastered his part that he devoted most of his attention to following the conductor's baton. He received a long ovation for his brilliant performance.

The concerto as a whole may be spoken of as wild, even in these days of savage music. Harsh and blaring dissonances are piled up one after another, a battery of percussion instruments dispenses assorted noises, and throughout the composer is writing in many keys simultaneously, or in no key at all. The sensational elements aside, there are a few beautiful passages, but a first hearing offers us no clue as to why the piece has been so warmly praised abroad.

Sibelius' third symphony in C major, heard here earlier in the year for the first time, opens the program. As we listened to this beautiful music for a second time we were increasingly mystified by the inability of conductors to make anything of this score in rehearsals. The first two movements, in Mr. Koussevitzky's version, seemed clear as daylight. Only the last movement seemed a bit puzzling. The present performance, which was evidently prepared hastily, was not so good as the first.

Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" was the last number, completing a modernist program. Coming immediately after Toch's concerto, it is not favorably placed. And yet allowing for this fact, we do not see in this work a great American picture, as others have called it. Clever it is, undoubtedly, but essentially second-rate.

BOS. DAILY ADVERTISER

December 29, 1928

San Roma Soloist In Toch Concerto

The tides of modernism beat strong upon Symphony Hall yesterday and today, when Ernst Toch's concerto for piano is given its first hearing in Boston.

Jesus Maria San Roma, young, ardent and accomplished pianist, was set to the difficult task of the solo portion of the new piece from the modernistic German. If San Roma were not so able an artist, the performance might have easily driven the conservatives from the concert hall.

For the music of Herr Toch may be called almost wildly modernistic. To the concerto form he brings new and almost unheard of rhythms, florid and warring themes, melodies set in the sharp idiom of jazz. With all this, he is well grounded in the Germanic tradition, and he proves craftsman par excellence.

If he strays from the strictures of the conventional concerto, it is because he feels he may with impunity. To his pianist he sets a monumental task, to orchestra and conductor a well-nigh insurmountable one. Upon it, Mr. Koussevitzky and his men piled vigor and ardor upon polytonal themes, hard-bitten melodies, demoniacally driven measures for brass and strings.

To make the modernistic program complete, Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," with Marie Sundelius and Joseph Lautner as soloists, completed the program. Sibelius Symphony in major had begun it.

ma[illegible]n the [illegible]. Among [illegible] Mrs. Jea[illegible]e Marlo[illegible], who look[illegible] but wa[illegible] down the [illegible]orium to help h[illegible] invalid husband.

BOS. Dec 29

Symphony Members Entertain Conductor

For the first time in the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the members last night entertained their conductor at dinner, when Serge Koussevitzky and Madame Koussevitzky were guests of honor at a dinner dance at the Hotel Statler. The members of the orchestra and their wives made up a party of 200.

BOS. POST
DEC. 30. 1928.

Honegger to Lead Next Symphony--- Musical Notes

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

When next the Boston Symphony Orchestra plays in Boston it will be led, not by Mr. Koussevitzky but by Arthur Honegger, young but already world-renowned French composer, now on his first visit to this country. The concerts to be conducted by M. Honegger are those of Jan. 11 and 12, and the programme will consist entirely of his compositions. Of these, a "Chant de Migamon" and the tone-poem "Rugby," which describes a game of football, will be new to Boston. The other pieces are the "Pastorale d'Ete," "Horace Victorieux," the Concertino for piano and orchestra, with the composer's wife as soloist, and a Nocturne from the opera "Judith," to be sung by Cobina Wright.

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As already announced in these columns, E. Fernandez Arbos of Madrid, will succeed M. Honegger as conductor of a pair of Symphony Concerts. From 1903 to 1904, that is to say during Mr. Gericke's second term as conductor of our orchestra, Mr. Arbos set at the head of the first violins. Not a few patrons of the Symphony Concerts must remember the striking figure that the Spaniard made.

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GLOBE

Music Notes and Comment

Dec 30 1928

The Boston Symphony is away this week. Next week the noted composer Honegger will make his American debut as guest conductor here in a program of his own compositions which includes the first American performance of his latest work "Rugby," an attempt to depict a football game in tones. As the title shows, Honegger has found his inspiration in the English and not the American form of the sport. Mme Honegger will play the piano solo in her husband's Concertino. Cobina Wright will sing the Nocturne from the opera "Judith," produced here by the Chicago Civic Opera two years ago and to be repeated this season with Mary Garden as Judith. The other numbers are "Chant de Migamon," "Pastorale d'Ete" and "Horace Victorieux." The last named work was produced here by Mr Monteux, but has not since been heard at the Symphony Concerts. Some will regret that Honegger is not to conduct here the tone poem about a locomotive, "Pacific 231," by which he is best known to Boston audiences.

Times.

Mephisto says in Musical America for Dec 22, like the Cleveland Orchestra, the Boston Symphony seems to have no intention of trifling with a series of companionate marriages. Since the coming of Koussevitzky five years ago, it has been among the monogamous of our musical organizations and to all intents and purposes it will continue to be so. There is a new contract just drawn up, I understand, one that favors King Koussevitzky in every way. In essence, he is to remain as long as he will with a salary, my informant tells me, to "exceed all expectations." (Whether his or the Boston trustees is beside the issue.) Presumably, at any rate, it elevates him to a financial class with Toscanini and Stokowski. Toscanini received approximately $60,000 for his half season here last year. The Stokowski figures, I understand, are not far distant.

Walter Gieseking will make a single visit to Boston this season to appear at the Sunday afternoon concerts in Symphony Hall, Jan 20. The great German pianist is welcomed as the finest living master of the subtler shadings of pianoforte playing.

A significant debut will be the recital here of Lawrence Tibbett in Symphony Hall, Sunday afternoon, Jan 27. This singer's operatic debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in a performance of Verdi's "Falstaff," is still remembered. Since then, the young baritone has taken his place as one of the foremost American singers in opera. His recital tours have been no less successful.

SEE PAGE 104

DEC. 29 CRITICISM OF TRANSCRIPT

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Music and M

Sport, Pastime, Two Parisians And Toch Again

Modernism at Its Best and Diversions by The Flute-

TRANS. Players DEC 31 1928

TOCH'S Concerto, repeated at the Symphony Concert of Saturday to as much applause as could be expected and with no little warmth toward Mr. Sanromá in the piano-part, is modernism as it should be. The composer is a thoroughly schooled musician, of a liberal culture—to use an old phrase—as well. Being such, he is no scorner of the musical past; has no mind to tilt at it overtly; does not believe that the art of music was new-born into the world, a naked and a noisy babe, shortly after the late war. On the other hand, he is righteously resolved to write, as he lives, in the spirit of his own day; to find for it a musical speech both appropriate and stimulating.

The concerto-form is ancient and orthodox; by common consent, even of conservatives, it much needs invigoration. Toch set himself to the task. Concertos have followed two fashions—either they were as symphonic as Brahms, or once Beethoven, could make them, with the piano as additional instrument; or they were as showy and virtuoso-like as Liszt or Saint-Saëns could fashion them. Toch would be, and is, symphonic; while he also gives the pianist individual opportunity. The romantics distilled themselves into the slow movements of concertos. Toch writes his in romantic, but unsentimental, vein; clothes and colors it with harmonies and timbres that first entered into music with Debussy and Ravel. (Once they were the modernists, the grumblers may remember; whereas now they are classics both.) Toch would be humorous in an episode of the Finale. Who but Strauss set him the example of these thematic jests? Toch begins his Concerto with sonorous proclamation. The masters—as the conservatives like to call them—were hardly averse to such resounding periods.

Toch, however, lives and works in his own time, which is this second decade of the twentieth century. (It is within belief that posterity will regard it more justly than some whose lives have overlapped into it.) In music not only would it reanimate ageing forms; it would also relax them. Hence the freedoms of Toch's Concerto, which, be it noted, are never mere vagaries but always part of a defined and sustained design. Dissonance, atonality, polytonality, have become integral parts of the music of this day. No one can know whether they will persist or how subsequent generations may utilize them. Mr. Casella, for example, believes that they are already declining. Yet to such composers as Toch they are natural, honest, urgent musical speech; while to more ears than the hide-bound choose to believe, it is also grateful and stimulating. To youngsters not a few Toch's first movement was no "welter," but clean-lined, clear-spoken music, outflung at the end with power, yielding more than once new and strange sensation that may yet pass for beauty.

Above all this is a dynamic time that exalts motion. From beginning to end, Toch's Concerto moves; strides, upswings, flings out and will not be stayed. In rhythmic vitality it never flags. Whatever the musical matter or mood, whether orchestra or pianist is in the lead, whether that orchestra is full-throated or only the murmur of a few instruments, never comes an instant of hesitation. Into the course the Concerto catches the listener and only the end releases him. Eager or reluctant, he must go on and on to new adventure—another trait of the time; to fresh and instant impression adjusting himself as best he may.

To experience these things is to feel the zest of creation; to do them is to write a music that is alive—in the image, under the impulse, with the voice, of our immediate time. No composer worthy the name can escape his time-spirit, individualist or genius though he be. It is in Rameau and in Wagner, in Beethoven, Schubert, Strauss, Debussy. May not the modernists share it and not be whipped for an unescapable course of nature? In Toch, as in Hindemith, there is that to which our youth instinctively and irresistibly answers; along with them many an elder who lives cheerfully in this realistic, materialistic, hard-bitten, hard-driven time. Believer or not, there are modernists, composing or hearing, who can be no other, if they would.

friendly audience with ingenuities. A sufficient nude lady (upon canvas) turned her back, which was comely, toward the players and preferred the society of a deep red butterfly. From another fra—for these were the galleries of the Ar Club—a youth in blue overalls with outs read legs listened unperturbed; while th and that grave gentleman, plainly s ing for his portrait, batted not so much an eye, though Poulenc dared him with Sonata for horn, trumpet and trombone and Honegger followed with three "C nterpoints" for four voices, two winds, t strings. Necessarily the Sonata w short; nor did it teem with what th learned call "thematic invention." t the trumpet, with Mr. Mager to play t, disported itself as a florid instrum t through the first movement; while the last—Rondeau—the partnered ee went nearly breathless with quick t rns and passing quips. In the interve ng slow movement Poulenc forgot tha a horn can sing and went dull. Elsewh e he was amusing without freakis ess. A Prelude for two voices; a Chor e for three; a Canon for all four was H egger's stint. His scholarship was un trusive; his invention sufficient to his ed; his counterpoint adept—the new c nterpoint that meanders dissonantly bout and keeps the voices in charac as they spin the web. To the minor ncients the modernists return with t se pastimes; but those amiable gentler n in small clothes kept no pepper-pot and spice-boxes on their writing tables.

The oney-pot was more the mode as stood ar when Mr. Laurent, Mr. Bregor and M Alfred Zighera played old Leclair's onata for flute, piano (or harp), viola gamba. The slow movements, for in oduction and middle piece, exhaled sweet and wistful melancholy, a gentle music caught from the musing air, le discreetly into the salons. The quick ovements were as gay as might be, a more salon-like, with the light tossin of figures from voice to voice, and a end two minutes before the game migh have become tedious. "Quaint" we ca these pieces nowadays, but they were as natural to eighteenth-century musi making as Honegger's "Counterpoin are to our.

Fi lly, the Russians went a-trifling—Rim y-Korsakov, Lyadov, Borodin, Gla nov, each in a movement of a stri -quartet on the theme B-A-F, wh may be read Be-la-ef, which was —o rather who was—no other than their pu sher Belaiev. They "sprang it" on hi as we should say nowadays, at a bi day dinner, after every one, as Rimsk confesses in his autobiography, "w well-wined." To the lay ear and im gination there might be more fertile an suggestive themes; but with it the fo do their prettiest. Lyadov comes of rather well in a Scherzo, hop-skip-and-a- mp; Borodin betters him with a flash of imagination into a short Spanish S enade, without so much as losing his b th or his idiom. Figures and such li carry Rimsky and Glazunov resp ctively through the first and the last A egro. Their readiness is pleasing; not o e are they banal, but there is that it the theme to turn them both plaintive. S ce it was half-past four in the afternoon, and Governor Smith was not el cted, nobody in the audience could possibly have been "well wined," but nearly everyone was amused—not least Messrs. Ecus, Lebovici, Lefranc and Zighera, playing as though across the table Belaiev and the four composers were beaming.

Of course the grave and the pure will shake their heads over these diversions. An afternoon, a Sunday afternoon, "wasted" and "music, heavenly maid," and education, and all that sort of thing. But who was not entertained, and entertainment, musically, is not always an easy thing to come by? Blessings on Poulenc's and Honegger's modernist heads! They will try anything once, which is to have an exceedingly good time in a lively world; while, with their brethren, they have brought the heavenly maid back to the salons she used cheerfully to frequent. She must have recognized old Leclair waiting at the door to bow her in again; while somewhere between the caviare and the cognac the Russian four must have toasted her. May be it was in magnums!

Incidents and Prospects

Choosing wholly from the classics, Miss Hess, the pianist, announces these pieces for her concert in Jordan Hall on Saturday afternoon next:

Variations in F minor.....Haydn
Sonata in A-flat major, Op. 110.....Beethoven
Sonata.....Schubert
Dances.....
Intermezzo in A-flat—Caprice.....Brahms
Rhapsody in G minor.....
Carneval.....Schumann

Thursday and next Saturday, Mr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra will be heard in New York at Carnegie Hall. Toch's Concerto for Piano, with Mr. Sanromá as pianist, stands on both programs. For Thursday, the other numbers are Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor for Strings, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Carpenter's "Skyscrapers"; for Saturday, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and Ravel's "Waltz." Next Sunday, on the return journey, conductor and orchestra will give a concert

"For To Please"

yesterd
noon, The Flute-Players entertained

Amusements

HERALD TRIBUNE DECEMBER 30, 1928

Mengelberg Gives Mahler Work, Bostonians Play New Concerto

The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra will give Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" (Song of the Earth) for its Carnegie Hall concerts of next Thursday afternoon and Friday night under Willem Mengelberg's direction. Margaret Matzenauer, Metropolitan Opera contralto, and Richard Crooks, tenor, will be the soloists.

"Das Lied von der Erde" is a symphony in six parts, for orchestra and vocal solos; its text is six poems taken from "The Chinese Flute," a collection of Chinese lyrics chosen and translated into German by Hans Bethge. The poems are titled "The Drinking Song of Earthly Woe," "Autumn Solitude," "Of Youth," "Of Beauty," "The Drunkard in Spring" and "The Farewell of a Friend." The work was first performed in Munich, in November, 1911, six months after Mahler's death; its first performance in the United States was by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski, on December 15, 1916. It has not been played by the two New York orchestral organizations which amalgamated this year to form the Philharmonic-Symphony, but it has been given here by the Society of the Friends of Music under Artur Bodanzky.

Mr. Mengelberg will conduct the Philharmonic-Symphony this afternoon at Carnegie Hall in a private concert for the American Association for the Advancement of Science and affiliated societies. Next Sunday, before beginning a tour, Mr. Mengelberg will lead the Philharmonic-Symphony at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, giving a Sinfonia or Overture by Johann Christian Bach, Mozart's E flat symphony and Beethoven's seventh symphony. Next Saturday morning, in Carnegie Hall, Walter Damrosch will conduct his last children's concert of the season, giving a program illustrating "Animals in Music."

Owing to the increasing lateness of subscribers, notes the management, due to traffic conditions, and the rule of not admitting latecomers during the first number, evening Philharmonic-Symphony concerts are henceforth to begin at 8:45 instead of 8:30 as before. It is hopefully noted that the extra quarter of an hour should allow the audience time enough to be punctual and hear the entire program. (Still, we doubt if it would be advisable next Friday night for Mr. Mengelberg to give the "Lied von der Erde" without pauses.)

Maurice van Praag, personnel manager of the Philharmonic-Symphony, has just been made an officer of the Academy of Fine Arts [illegible] French Ministry of Public Instruction.

At the Carnegie Hall concerts next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon Serge Koussevitzky will give the first New York performance of a piano concerto by the German composer Ernest Toch, with Jesus Maria Sanroma as soloist. Mr. Sanroma also played this work under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction in its Paris premiere last spring.

According to the description of the concerto provided by the Boston Symphony management, Toch treats the orchestra not as an accompaniment but as an independent and important part of the score. The finale, "Rondo Disturbato," is described as being in a humorous vein, in the nature of an argument between a loudly assertive and a softly persuasive theme. Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and the concert version of Carpenter's ballet, "Skyscrapers," with Marie Sundelius, soprano, formerly of the Metropolitan, and Joseph Lautner, tenor, as soloists, will be heard Thursday; Saturday's symphony will be Beethoven's "Pastoral."

The program for Friday at the Brooklyn Academy of Music has been changed and now consists of the Pastoral Symphony, Schumann's piano concerto, with Mr. Sanroma as soloist, and "Skyscrapers."

Mischa [illegible] give his only [illegible] York recital this season on Tuesday night, February 26.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra pays its second New York visit this week.

in Springfield. Thereafter, for two weeks, Mr. Koussevitzky goes on holiday.

Prokofiev, the familiar Russian, will revisit the United States next autumn as composer, conductor, pianist. Already, his agents announce, the Boston Orchestra has engaged him for seven concerts—three as pianist, possibly at one or another [illegible]

Music in The Land

New: From Strauss

AT the Philharmonic Concerts in New York last week, from Mr. Mengelberg, the orchestra and a men's choir, Strauss's new song-cycle, "Die Tageszeiten," was heard for the first times in America. Said Mr. Thompson in The Evening Post: "There are four songs in the cycle, 'Morning,' 'Noonday Peace,' 'Evening' and 'Night,' settings of nature poems by Eichendorff, to whom Wolf turned for some of his texts. They are as representative of Strauss in decline as 'Helen in Egypt.' In them he has indeed descended to the level of the Liederkranz composer. If his music is to be viewed in that light, it is as agreeable as it is uninspired. The last of the series, 'Night,' possesses the sumptuous scoring of the Strauss of an earlier day, and for this reason most nearly escapes the commonplace."

Said Mr. Gilman in The Herald Tribune: "'Helen' or no 'Helen,' Richard Strauss remains indisputably the foremost living composer, and a new work from his pen compels respectful if not hopeful attention. . . . Strauss in his excelling moments—and he has had many—is a great poet of tones. In his lesser moments—in much of 'Die Tageszeiten'—he is a sentimentalist, obtuse and slack

Continued on Following Page

oks Soloists Thursday in New Symphony

SOLOIST WITH PHILHARMONIC

Margaret Matzenauer, contralto at the Metropolitan, will sing with orchestra, Thursday

Orchestral Echoes

Ernest Toch's piano concerto will be an event of special interest at both concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to be given in Carnegie Hall, Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. This will be its first New York performance, with Jesus Sanroma as soloist. Sanroma also played at the first Parisian performance of this piece at the "Concerts Koussevitzky" last spring.

Toch treats the orchestra not as an accompaniment, but as an independent and important part of his score. The finale, entitled "Rondo Disturbato" is in humorous vein, in the nature of an argument between a loudly assertive and a softly persuasive theme. Mr. Koussevitzky will also perform at the Thursday concert Handel's concerto grosso in B minor; Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, and Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" ballet, in which the soloists will be Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Joseph Lautner, tenor.

The Saturday matinee program will include, beside Toch's Concerto, Beethoven's "Pastorale" Symphony No. 6, and Ravel's "La Valse."

* * *

s open to the American-born conctor in this country—namely, the dio and movie fields. He has conted three years at the Capitol Thea in New York, and as conductor at t Stanley Theatre in Philadelphia he h a special opportunity to gain experience in symphonic music because of he policy of the late Jules Mastbaum, owner of the theatre, to present ser us music of the highest type to mo e audiences. Mr. Harris is at present conducting for the National Broadcas g Company.

M Ossip Gabrilowitsch, President of the chubert Memorial, will direct the firs half of the program, herewith giv

Pr de to "Die Meistersinger von rnberg" .....Wagner
Co rto, Opus 23, in B minor, for piano orchestra.....Tschaikowsky
Isabelle Yalkovsky.

INTERMISSION

Sy ony No. 1, in C minor.....Brahms
Conducted by Graham Harris.

* * *

Th first free symphony concert of the s es this year in the Metropolitan Muse of Art, under David Mannes, will given Saturday evening, Jan. 5. Th rogram:

phal March from "Sigurd Josal-

also assist in arrangement of a full program of concerts for the 1929-1930 season.

* * *

Arthur Honegger, whose arrival in this country has been awaited with growing interest for some years, sailed from Havre Dec. 26, and will arrive in New York Jan. 3. He will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra the week of Jan. 6, and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra Jan. 19 and 20. Mme. Cobina Wright, who will accompany him on his trans-continental tour, will entertain him in New York before their departure, with a repetition of her celebrated Society Circus.

* * *

After a four weeks' engagement at the Stanley Theatre, Utica, as guest conductor, Alois Reiser, conductor of the Mark Strand Theatre Orchestra is back again at the theatre. Mr. Reiser's schedule called for only one week.

Modern Music Bores Europe, Says Lhevinne

Josef Lhevinne, pianist, who has just returned from an extensive

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES

DEC 1

Koussevitzky Names Brahms' Symphony

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will open its Providence season next Tuesday evening, Dec. 4, in the Albee Theatre. Koussevitzky has chosen, for the symphony of the programme, the second of Brahms in D major. This is perhaps the most popular of Brahms' four symphonies. The reason is not hard to find, for it is easily the most melodious of the four. Never was Brahms, the poet and romantic lyricist, more inspired than in this score.

Serge Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony," which is also on the programme, is, in a sense, a delightful musical joke. The modern Russian composer, who can do terrifying things in music when he wishes, for once has put modernity behind him, and composed a little 12-minute symphony in the form and style of the 18th century "as Mozart might have done it, were he living today." Beethoven's glorious "Leonore" overture No. 3 will open the programme. This master score is famous for the trumpet calls played off stage, proclaiming the deliverance of the imprisoned hero in Goethe's drama. Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun" will complete what might be called a "programme of masterpieces."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS

DEC 1

SYMPHONY SEASON OPENS HERE TUESDAY

Next Tuesday evening in the Albee theatre, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky has chosen, for the symphony of the programme, the Second of Brahms in D major. This is perhaps the most popular of Brahms' four symphonies. The reason is not hard to find, for it is easily the most melodious of the four. Never was Brahms the poet and romantic lyricist more inspired than in this score.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
TIME

DEC 3 1

For Koussevitzky

In Boston, Mrs. Alvan Tufts Fuller wife of Governor Fuller, presented Serge Koussevitzky with the first Boston Symphony Orchestra records made under his leadership for the Victor Talking Machine Co. The records were of Stravinsky's *Petrovshka* and an excerpt from the new *Apollon Musagete*, both, according to Conductor Koussevitzky, peculiarly adapt for successful recording.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
DAYTON, O.
NEWS

DEC 2 - 1928

The Boston Symphony orchestra made its first visit of the season here this past week. Of course, it is pretty well known by this time that the Boston organization has again come completely into its own under the conductorship of the able Koussevitzky. Time was, not so long ago, when it seemed that the famous orchestra was going the down grade but, immediately, the guiding hand of Koussevitzky began its effect and today this orchestra stands as it did under such eminent conductors as Gericke, Nikish and Karl Muck.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York American

DEC 2 - 1928

Art-Song Effect Heightened By Moderate Histrionic Aid; Sparks from Musical Anvil

By LEONARD LIEBLING.

THERE came to Town Hall here recently in recital, an English baritone, Herbert Heyner. Whilst singing, he used gestures, bits of pantomime, winks and nods, and reflected also in his facial expressions the moods and action of the numbers on his programme.

Leonard Liebling

Heyner's unusual methods chased fearsome tremors down the spines of the conservatives. Some of them even asserted that if such extraneous aids to interpretation became general in recital, there would follow the certain desecration and degeneration of the art of concert-singing.

Is that really so? Let us examine the question with reverence and without heated partisanship.

Heyner, aside from pantomimic illustration and facial expression, puts into his publishments also high qualities of musicianship, taste, intelligence, text-enunciation and uncommon adeptness in the interpretative and colorful use of tone. Those qualities in themselves stamp him as a ranking artist in singing and delivery. The compositions he presents comprise examples of the best styles in ancient and modern songs, and offer further evidence of his aesthetic insight and serious purpose.

* * *

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WORCESTER, MASS.
TELEGRAM

DEC 2 - 1928

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Frank A. Sedgwick is anticipating a fine program for the Hartford concert at the Capitol Theater on February 3, and if offering tickets for this concert at this time, in order that patrons may secure desired locations, and tickets may be reserved now, and will be held until January 15, or will be mailed now, if accompanied with check. The ticket sale is at McCoy's, Inc., 89 Asylum St.

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556

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES
DEC 1 - 1928

Koussevitzky Names Brahms' Symphony

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will open its Providence season next Tuesday evening, Dec. 4, in the Albee Theatre. Koussevitzky has chosen, for the symphony of the programme, the second of Brahms in D major. This is perhaps the most popular of Brahms' four symphonies. The reason is not hard to find, for it is easily the most melodious of the four. Never was Brahms, the poet and romantic lyricist, more inspired than in this score.

Serge Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony," which is also on the programme, is, in a sense, a delightful musical joke. The modern Russian composer, who can do terrifying things in music when he wishes, for once has put modernity behind him, and composed a little 12-minute symphony in the form and style of the 18th century "as Mozart might have done it, were he living today." Beethoven's glorious "Leonore" overture No. 3 will open the programme. This master score is famous for the trumpet calls played off stage, proclaiming the deliverance of the imprisoned hero in Goethe's drama. Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun" will complete what might be called a "programme of masterpieces."

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS
DEC 1 -

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
TIME
DEC 3 1 1928

For Koussevitzky

In Boston, Mrs. Alvan Tufts Fuller, wife of Governor Fuller, presented Serge Koussevitzky with the first Boston Symphony Orchestra records made under his leadership for the Victor Talking Machine Co. The records were of Stravinsky's *Petrovshka* and an excerpt from the new *Apollon Musagete*, both, according to Conductor Koussevitzky, peculiarly adapted for successful recording.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
DAYTON, O.
NEWS
DEC 2 - 1928

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York American
DEC 2 - 1928

Art-Song Effect Heightened By Moderate Histrionic Aid; Sparks from Musical Anvil

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Leonard Liebling

Heyner's unusual methods chased fearsome tremors down the spines of the conservatives. Some of them even asserted that if such extraneous aids to interpretation became general in recital, there would follow the certain desecration and degeneration of the art of concert-singing.

Is that really so? Let us examine the question with reverence and without heated partisanship.

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COURANT
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1303 Geneva Avenue
St. Paul, MN 55119

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
DEC 2 - 1928

57

Music Notes

Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky, Opens Providence Season Tuesday Night. University Glee Club and Symphony Society Announcements

Within these seven days the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Providence Symphony Society and the University Glee Club open their Providence seasons, events which even in a busier musical year than this has been would make the week seem fairly crowded. The Boston players come Tuesday night to the E. F. Albee Theatre; Providence's own symphony group plays next Sunday afternoon in Elks Auditorium, and the University singers are to be heard next Friday night in Memorial Hall. And with these, a festival of grand opera opens, the details of which are noted in another department.

◈ ◈ ◈

Walter Williams's program for this morning at St. Stephen's Church at 10:40 o'clock is as follows: Kyrie Eleison ("Cathedral Windows," opus 106, No. 1), Sigfrid Karg-Elert; chorale-prelude, "Adorn Thyself, Dear Soul," opus 122, No. 5, Johannes Brahms; chorale-prelude, "Through Adam's Fall, Debased" (Little Organ Book, No. 37), J. S. Bach; Intermezzo (Sonata in A-minor), Josef Rheinberger. In the morning service the choir will sing a Kyrie from the Mass in A-major, by Josef Rheinberger (arranged by Walter Williams), numbers from the Mass in D, by Dr. Edward C. Bairstow, choirmaster of York Minster, England, and an unaccompanied "Ave Maria," by Nicolas Gombert, a Canon of Cambrai Cathedral about 1440. In the afternoon at 5 o'clock a Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis with fauxbourdons by Fr. Vicente Ripolles will be sung for the first time in this country together with the "Cherubim Song" of Rachmaninoff. Fr. Ripolles is Canon of the Cathedral at Valencia in Spain and Professor of Gregorian Music at the Royal College of Corpus Christi in the same city.

◈ ◈ ◈

Three selections for piano and organ will comprise the musical program at the Beneficent Congregational Church this morning at 10:45 o'clock with Herbert Chandler Thrasher at the organ and Mrs. Flora R. Arnold at the piano. Their selections are the "Intermezzo" from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," Massenet's "Meditation," from "Thais," and Handel's "Largo."

◈ ◈ ◈

At the vesper service in the Central Congregational Church this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, excerpts from Handel's "The Messiah" will be rendered by the quartet and chorus. The quartet consists of Marguerite W. Shaftoe, Julia S. Gould, George Tinker and Harry A. Hughes. Miss Frances Burnham is organist.

◈ ◈ ◈

This afternoon the Chopin Club gives the second of its musical teas at Churchill House at 4 o'clock at which the program will be offered by Maria Iacovino, soprano and the Verdandi Chorus, directed by Oscar Ekeberg.

The Chaminade Club Junior holds its next meeting tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock in The Music Mansion, 88 Meeting street. In the evening, at 8 o'clock, in the same place, the Chaminade Young Artist Club will meet. Owing to the larger space at their disposal afforded by The Music Mansion, both these organizations are able to receive more members and so invite young musicians to join their ranks. The Young Artist Club membership is composed of advanced students while the Chaminade Club Junior consists of younger ones. Both clubs meet every two weeks.

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"Moyen-Age Suite," Glazounoff, Prelude, Scherzo, Serenade du Troubadour, two pianofortes, four hands, May Atwood Anderton, Lydia Bell. Christmas Songs, Peter Cornelius, "The Christmas Tree," "The Shepherds," "The Kings," "Simeon," "Christ the Friend of Children," "The Christ Child," Julia Gould. "Toy Symphony," Reinecke, Overture, Turkish March, Intermezzo, Finale, violins, Helen Keenan, Hazel Foster Hadfield, Elizabeth Allsop, Ruth Moulton; celli, Louise Waterman, Helen Grant; pianofortes, Doris Whale, Margaret Ginard, Louise Chagnon; cuckoo, Dorothy Brown; trumpets, May Atwood Anderson, Ingeborg Harklow; rattle, Marjorie Morgan; nightingales, Marian Adams, Dorothy Holmes Sperry; triangle, Elizabeth Higgins; drums, Helen Ostby, Dorothy Joslin Pearce; conductor, Lester Earle Moore.

UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB'S PROGRAM

With Miss Kathryne Ross, soprano, the University Glee Club, under the direction of Berrick Schloss, will make its bow for the season next Friday night in Memorial Hall. This is the 18th season of the singers and their 41st concert. Earl P. Perkins is accompanist for the club while Mrs. Beatrice Warden Roberts will be at the piano for Miss Ross. A selection of interest in view of the Schubert centenary will be the singing of "The Omnipotence" by Miss Ross, accompanied by the club. The program follows:

"How Beautiful Are the Feet," Handel," arranged by Archibald T. Davidson; "The Devon Maid," Franz C. Bornschein; "After Many a Dusty Mile," Edward Elgar; "The British Grenadiers," traditional air, arranged by Percy E. Fletcher, the club; "Ah! Twine No Blossoms," Gliere; "Only a Yearning Heart," Tschaikowski; "Three Cavaliers," traditional, Miss Ross. "Ain't It a Shame," negro song, arranged by Harvey B. Gaul; "Swingin' Vine," Ralph L. Grosvenor; "Plantation," M. Raul Steiner, arranged by William Stickles, the club. Aria, "Vol lo Sapete," from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni, Miss Ross.

"Song of the Canys," H. J. Stewart, incidental solo by J. C. Peel, the club. "The Omnipotence," Schubert, arranged by Liszt, Miss Ross, assisted by the club. "Prelude-Cycle of Life," Ronald; "In the Time of Roses," Reichart; "Little Shepherd's Song," Edwards; "Awakening," Golde, Miss Ross. "A Persevering Vocalist," H. Alexander Matthews, incidental solo by Byron Hudson; "In Autumn Sea," W. Gericke; "Roman Rye," Robert M. Crawford; incidental solo by Walter R. Morris, the club.

PROVIDENCE SYMPHONY OPENS CONCERT SERIES

The Providence Symphony Society, Roswell H. Fairman, conductor, starts its present series of educational concerts next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in Elks Auditorium. Mr. Fairman has chosen a substantial and attractive program which will be preceded by a brief analytical talk by James F. Prendergast, Jr., aimed to be helpful in appreciating the music and the purpose of the composer.

The soloist will be Janet D. Armour, a young coloratura soprano said to be of great promise. She is a student in the Lister Studios in Boston. With the orchestra she will sing an aria from "Traviata." The symphony is Mendelssohn's "Scotch," considered by many his finest symphony. The program will be as follows: "Scotch" Symphony in A-minor, Mendelssohn, Andante con motor, Allegro un poco agitato, Vivare non troppo, Adagio, Allegro vivacissimo, Scene and Aria, "Oh, fors' e lui," from "La Traviata," Verdi; Suite, "Woodland Sketches," MacDowell, "To a Water Lily," "A Deserted Farm," "By a Meadow Brook," "Told at Sunset;" overture, "Don Juan," Mozart.

SYMPHONIC MUSIC AT PUBLIC LIBRARY

Of the works to be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its Providence concert Tuesday night, the Providence Public Library has the following: "Overture to Lenore, No. 3," Beethoven, arranged for piano, four hands, in collections of Beethoven Overtures for Orchestra, published by Breitkopf and Hartel; in collections of Beethoven Overtures, arranged for four-hand playing, published by Peters; in a collection of Beethoven Overtures, arranged for two pianos, eight hands, by Gustav Rosler; in a series of overtures entitled "The Pianist's Library," arranged for two pianos, eight hands, published by Breitkopf and Hartel; in "The Miniature" series of orchestral scores.

There are two arrangements of Debussys "Prelude a l'Apres-midi d'un Faune," one in the form of a piano solo, transcribed by Leonard Borwick, and the other in the form of a piano duet, transcribed by Maurice Ravel.

Two Symphonies on Program of Boston Orchestra

Serge Koussevitzky
Conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra Which Opens Providence Series of Concerts Tuesday Night in E. F. Albee Theatre.

BY WALTER STOREY SMITH

That two symphonies stand on the program which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will offer, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, at the Albee Theatre next Tuesday evening, might seem to indicate that the concert will be more than usually formidable. In this instance, however, appearances are deceptive. Of these symphonies only that in the latter half of the program, Brahm's Symphony in D-major, No. 2, is likely to tax the attention of any listener in Tuesday evening's audience. The other, the so-called "Classical" Symphony, by Serge Prokofieff, is indeed a symphony in so far as its formal outlines are concerned, but its musical content is so far from weighty that at times only the composer's cleverly concealed scholarship saves his work from the reproach of obviousness.

Those who know Prokofieff through the music that is genuinely characteristic of his own tendencies and tonal faiths would never suspect him as the author of these measures—measures in which, as Felix Borowski has suggested, his intention was to "catch the spirit of Mozart and put down that which, if he were living now, Mozart might put into his scores." An ingenious fancy, if one does not inquire too closely into its accuracy. But it seems altogether probable that if Mozart was, in 1790, a child of his time, he would have been equally a child of his time in 1917 and would thus have written in an idiom at least superficially related to Prokofieff's own.

Be that as it may, it was an amusing caprice that prompted the composer of the Scythian Suite to forget his dissonances and his glaring orchestral colors and to write for the moment simply, artlessly, tunefully, seeking suavity of melody, limpidity of part-writing, harmonic blandness and orchestral euphonies. And thanks to his exuberant imagination and his easy command of all the resources of composition he could carry off successfully an undertaking which, if assumed by a lesser man, might easily have yielded only academic inanities.

The usual four movements suffice for Prokofieff in his adventure into classicism, but unconventionally he substitutes for the Minuet or Scherzo a Gavotte, a procedure for which there is no symphonic precedent. Otherwise his music will be found by those sentient in such matters to be orthodox in pattern, and by all and sundry it will be found music engagingly melodious, enticingly rhythmed and deftly scored for orchestra.

After many performances of this symphony at home and afield the Boston Orchestra now makes of it an exhilarating exercise in virtuosity, especially in the last movement where Mr. Koussevitsky is wont to push speed to the very limits of clarity.

Not before has Providence heard this music, which has been performed in Boston three times within two seasons. The remainder of the program, on the other hand, is familiar enough. For those interested in such details it may be recalled that Beethoven's Overture to Leonore No. 3 was last played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Providence under Mr. Monteux in November, 1920; that Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" was heard from this organization in Infantry Hall in November, 1925; and that Brahms's Second Symphony was conducted in Providence by Mr. Koussevitsky no longer ago than season-before-last, in February, 1927. Yet inasmuch as every piece is new to some member of every audience, a few words concerning these other works, each a masterpiece of its kind, will not be amiss.

In all, Beethoven wrote four overtures to his one and only opera, first called "Leonore" and finally known as "Fidelio." Of these the one numbered three was actually the second in order of composition, and it was discarded by its composer in favor of a simpler, more straightforward, less difficult introduction for operatic performances. But Number Three is the one that is heard as a concert-piece.

Sir George Grove called it the greatest single piece in the domain of instrumental music, and it was made the subject of a rhapsodical essay by Wagner who saw in it a vindication of his own theory that the overture to an opera should be a sort of musical synthesis of the drama to come.

In his Prelude to Mallarme's poem of the faun whose muddled brain cannot distinguish between dream and experience Debussy turned one of the pages in the book of art. With the first performance of this Prelude, at Paris, on Dec. 23, 1894, there was born, to change the metaphor, what has been called musical impressionism, an influence from which no modern composer has completely escaped, however strongly the present tendencies in composition may run counter to those of Debussy and his school.

Finally the Symphony of Brahms, although not in any sense an epoch-making work, is among the choicest flowerings of the tonal art. Less epic than the First Symphony of its composer, less moving than the Third, less profound than the Fourth, it has a peculiar charm, an especial appeal of its own. Only in the brooding, introspective, deeply-felt Adagio does this Symphony sound a sombre or a solemn note. The rest is serenity, lyric

There are arrangements of Brahms's "Symphony No. 2 in D-major," as follows: In the excellent "Analytic" series, arranged for piano solo, edited by Percy Goetschius, technically well within the grasp of the average music student; arranged for piano solo, by Robert Keller; arranged for piano duet, in an edition of his "Symphonies," published by Schirmer, arranged for two pianos, eight hands, by Robert Keller.

Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony, opus 25, has been ordered. This work was recently played by the orchestra in Boston, and an account of it is contained in the orchestra's Program Book for Oct. 26 and 27, 1928, on file in the music department.

Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, the principal number announced for the opening concert of the Providence Symphony Society, is included also in the "Analytic" series, edited by Percy Goetschius. This number has recently been added to the music collection. In addition to the arrangement for piano solo, the music collection includes all of Mendelssohn's symphonies in four-hand, and in eight-hand arrangements. The four-hand transcriptions are in a collection published by Peters, also in a collection published by Litolff, arranged by Chatwal. The eight-hand arrangements are in a collection published by Peters. A miniature orchestral score completes the list.

Among the books dealing with the symphony orchestra, recommended by Dr. W. Louis Chapman in his talk on the symphony orchestra during the past week (one of the series of "book talks," now being given at the library on Monday afternoons), were the following: "Symphonies and Their Meaning," Goepp; "Standard Symphonies," Upton; "The Orchestra and Orchestral Music," Henderson; "The Orchestral Instruments and What They Do," Mason; "Outlines of Music History," Hamilton; "How Music Developed," Henderson; "Beethoven's Nine Symphonies," Grove; "The Symphony Since Beethoven," Weingartner.

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Music Notes

Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky, Opens Providence Season Tuesday Night. University Glee Club and Symphony Society Announcements

Within these seven days the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Providence Symphony Society and the University Glee Club open their Providence seasons, events which even in a busier musical year than this has been would make the week seem fairly crowded. The Boston players come Tuesday night to the E. F. Albee Theatre; Providence's own symphony group plays next Sunday afternoon in Elks Auditorium, and the University singers are to be heard next Friday night in Memorial Hall. And with these, a festival of grand opera opens, the details of which are noted in another department.

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Walter Williams's program for this morning at St. Stephen's Church at 10:40 o'clock is as follows: Kyrie Eleison ("Cathedral Windows," opus 106, No. 1), Sigfrid Karg-Elert; chorale-prelude, "Adorn Thyself, Dear Soul," opus 122, No. 5, Johannes Brahms; chorale-prelude, "Through Adam's Fall, Debased" (Little Organ Book, No. 37), J. S. Bach; Intermezzo (Sonata in A-minor), Josef Rheinberger. In the morning service the choir will sing a Kyrie from the Mass in A-major, by Josef Rheinberger (arranged by Walter Williams), numbers from the Mass in D, by Dr. Edward C. Bairstow, choirmaster of York Minster, England, and an unaccompanied "Ave Maria," by Nicolas Gombert, a Canon of Cambrai Cathedral about 1440. In the afternoon at 5 o'clock a Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis with fauxbourdons by Fr. Vicente Ripolles will be sung for the first time in this country together with the "Cherubim Song" of Rachmaninoff. Fr. Ripolles is Canon of the Cathedral at Valencia in Spain and Professor of Gregorian Music at the Royal College of Corpus Christi in the same city.

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Three selections for piano and organ will comprise the musical program at the Beneficent Congregational Church this morning at 10:45 o'clock with Herbert Chandler Thrasher at the organ and Mrs. Flora R. Arnold at the piano. Their selections are the "Intermezzo" from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," Massenet's "Meditation," from "Thais," and Handel's "Largo."

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At the vesper service in the Central Congregational Church this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, excerpts from Handel's "The Messiah" will be rendered by the quartet and chorus. The quartet consists of Marguerite W. Shaftoe, Julia S. Gould, George Tinker and Harry A. Hughes. Miss Frances Burnham is organist.

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This afternoon the Chopin Club gives the second of its musical teas at Churchill House at 4 o'clock at which the program will be offered by Maria Iacovino, soprano and the Verdandi Chorus, directed by Oscar Ekeberg.

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UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB'S PROGRAM

With Miss Kathryne Ross, soprano, the University Glee Club, under the direction of Berrick Schloss, will make its bow for the season next Friday night in Memorial Hall. This is the 18th season of the singers and their 41st concert. Earl P. Perkins is accompanist for the club while Mrs. Beatrice Warden Roberts will be at the piano for Miss Ross. A selection of interest in view of the Schubert centenary will be the singing of "The Omnipotence" by Miss Ross, accompanied by the club. The program follows:

"How Beautiful Are the Feet," Handel," arranged by Archibald T. Davidson; "The Devon Maid," Franz C. Bornschein; "After Many a Dusty Mile," Edward Elgar; "The British Grenadiers," traditional air, arranged by Percy E. Fletcher, the club; "Ah! Twine No Blossoms," Gliere; "Only a Yearning Heart," Tschaikowski; "Three Cavaliers," traditional, Miss Ross. "Ain't It a Shame," negro song, arranged by Harvey B. Gaul; "Swingin' Vine," Ralph L. Grosvenor; "Plantation," M. Raul Steiner, arranged by William Stickles, the club. Aria, "Vol lo Sapete," from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni, Miss Ross.

"Song of the Canys," H. J. Stewart, incidental solo by J. C. Peel, the club. "The Omnipotence," Schubert, arranged by Liszt, Miss Ross, assisted by the club. "Prelude-Cycle of Life," Ronald; "In the Time of Roses," Reichart; "Little Shepherd's Song," Edwards; "Awakening," Golde, Miss Ross. "A Persevering Vocalist," H. Alexander Matthews, incidental solo by Byron Hudson; "The Autumn Sea," W. Gericke; "Roman Rye," Robert M. Crawford; incidental solo by Walter R. Morris, the club.

PROVIDENCE SYMPHONY OPENS CONCERT SERIES

The Providence Symphony Society, Roswell H. Fairman, conductor, starts its present series of educational concerts next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in Elks Auditorium. Mr. Fairman has chosen a substantial and attractive program which will be preceded by a brief analytical talk by James F. Prendergast, Jr., aimed to be helpful in appreciating the music and the purpose of the composer.

The soloist will be Janet D. Armour, a young coloratura soprano said to be of great promise. She is a student in the Lister Studios in Boston. With the orchestra she will sing an aria from "Traviata." The symphony is Mendelssohn's "Scotch," considered by many his finest symphony. The program will be as follows: "Scotch" Symphony in A-minor, Mendelssohn, Andante con motor, Allegro un poco agitato, Vivare non troppo, Adagio, Allegro vivacissimo. Scene and Aria, "Oh, fors' e lui," from "La Traviata," Verdi; Suite, "Woodland Sketches," MacDowell. "To a Water Lily," "A Deserted Farm," "By a Meadow Brook," "Told at Sunset;" overture, "Don Juan," Mozart.

SYMPHONIC MUSIC AT PUBLIC LIBRARY

Of the works to be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its Providence concert Tuesday night, the Providence Public Library has the following: "Overture to Lenore, No. 3," Beethoven, arranged for piano, four hands, in collections of Beethoven Overtures for Orchestra, published by Breitkopf and Hartel; in collections of Beethoven Overtures, arranged for four-hand playing, published by Peters; in a collection of Beethoven Overtures, arranged for two pianos, eight hands, by Gustav Rosler; in a series of overtures entitled "The Pianist's Library," arranged for two pianos, eight hands, published by Breitkopf and Hartel; in "The Miniature" series of orchestral scores.

There are two arrangements of Debussys "Prelude a l'Apres-midi d'un Faune," one in the form of a piano solo, transcribed by Leonard Borwick, and the other in the form of a piano duet, transcribed by Maurice Ravel.

Two Symphonies on Program of Boston Orchestra

Serge Koussevitzky
Conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra Which Opens Providence Series of Concerts Tuesday Night in E. F. Albee Theatre.

BY WALTER STOREY SMITH

That two symphonies stand on the program which the Boston Symphony Orchestra will offer, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, at the Albee Theatre next Tuesday evening, might seem to indicate that the concert will be more than usually formidable. In this instance, however, appearances are deceptive. Of these symphonies only that in the latter half of the program, Brahm's Symphony in D-major, No. 2, is likely to tax the attention of any listener in Tuesday evening's audience. The other, the so-called "Classical" Symphony, by Serge Prokofieff, is indeed a symphony in so far as its formal outlines are concerned, but its musical content is so far from weighty that at times only the composer's cleverly concealed scholarship saves his work from the reproach of obviousness.

Those who know Prokofieff through the music that is genuinely characteristic of his own tendencies and tonal faiths would never suspect him as the author of these measures—measures in which, as Felix Borowski has suggested, his intention was to "catch the spirit of Mozart and put down that which, if he were living now, Mozart might put into his scores." An ingenious fancy, if one does not inquire too closely into its accuracy. But it seems altogether probable that if Mozart was, in 1790, a child of his time, he would have been equally a child of his time in 1917 and would thus have written in an idiom at least superficially related to Prokofieff's own.

Be that as it may, it was an amusing caprice that prompted the composer of the Scythian Suite to forget his dissonances and his glaring orchestral colors and to write for the moment simply, artlessly, tunefully, seeking suavity of melody, limpidity of part-writing, harmonic blandness and orchestral euphonies. And thanks to his exuberant imagination and his easy command of all the resources of composition he could carry off successfully an undertaking which, if assumed by a lesser man, might easily have yielded only academic inanities.

The usual four movements suffice for Prokofieff in his adventure into classicism, but unconventionally he substitutes for the Minuet or Scherzo a Gavotte, a procedure for which there is no symphonic precedent. Otherwise his music will be found by those sentient in such matters to be orthodox in pattern, and by all and sundry it will be found music engagingly melodious, enticingly rhythmed and deftly scored for orchestra.

After many performances of this symphony at home and afield the Boston Orchestra now makes of it an exhilarating exercise in virtuosity, especially in the last movement where Mr. Koussevitsky is wont to push speed to the very limits of clarity.

Not before has Providence heard this music, which has been performed in Boston three times within two seasons. The remainder of the program, on the other hand, is familiar enough. For those interested in such details it may be recalled that Beethoven's Overture to Leonore No. 3 was last played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Providence under Mr. Monteux in November, 1920; that Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" was heard from this organization in Infantry Hall in November, 1925; and that Brahms's Second Symphony was conducted in Providence by Mr. Koussevitsky no longer ago than season-before-last, in February, 1927. Yet inasmuch as every piece is new to some member of every audience, a few words concerning these other works, each a masterpiece of its kind, will not be amiss.

In all, Beethoven wrote four overtures to his one and only opera, first called "Leonore" and finally known as "Fidelio." Of these the one numbered three was actually the second in order of composition, and it was discarded by its composer in favor of a simpler, more straightforward, less difficult introduction for operatic performances. But Number Three is the one that is heard as a concert-piece.

Sir George Grove called it the greatest single piece in the domain of instrumental music, and it was made the subject of a rhapsodical essay by Wagner who saw in it a vindication of his own theory that the overture to an opera should be a sort of musical synthesis of the drama to come.

In his Prelude to Mallarme's poem of the faun whose muddled brain cannot distinguish between dream and experience Debussy turned one of the pages in the book of art. With the first performance of this Prelude, at Paris, on Dec. 23, 1894, there was born, to change the metaphor, what has been called musical impressionism, an influence from which no modern composer has completely escaped, however strongly the present tendencies in composition may run counter to those of Debussy and his school.

Finally the Symphony of Brahms, although not in any sense an epoch-making work, is among the choicest flowerings of the tonal art. Less epic than the First Symphony of its composer, less moving than the Third, less profound than the Fourth, it has a peculiar charm, an especial appeal of its own. Only in the brooding, introspective, deeply-felt Adagio does this Symphony sound a sombre or a solemn note. The rest is serenity, lyric

There are arrangements of Brahms's "Symphony No. 2 in D-major," as follows: In the excellent "Analytic" series, arranged for piano solo, edited by Percy Goetschius, technically well within the grasp of the average music student; arranged for piano solo, by Robert Keller; arranged for piano duet, in an edition of his "Symphonies," published by Schirmer, arranged for two pianos, eight hands, by Robert Keller.

Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony, opus 25, has been ordered. This work was recently played by the orchestra in Boston, and an account of it is contained in the orchestra's Program Book for Oct. 26 and 27, 1928, on file in the music department.

Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, the principal number announced for the opening concert of the Providence Symphony Society, is included also in the "Analytic" series, edited by Percy Goetschius. This number has recently been added to the music collection. In addition to the arrangement for piano solo, the music collection includes all of Mendelssohn's symphonies in four-hand, and in eight-hand arrangements. The four-hand transcriptions are in a collection published by Peters, also in a collection published by Litolff, arranged by Chatwal. The eight-hand arrangements are in a collection published by Peters. A miniature orchestral score completes the list.

Among the books dealing with the symphony orchestra, recommended by Dr. W. Louis Chapman in his talk on the symphony orchestra during the past week (one of the series of "book talks," now being given at the library on Monday afternoons), were the following: "Symphonies and Their Meaning," Goepp; "Standard Symphonies," Upton; "The Orchestra and Orchestral Music," Henderson; "The Orchestral Instruments and What They Do," Mason; "Outlines of Music History," Hamilton; "How Music Developed," Henderson; "Beethoven's Nine Symphonies," Grove; "The Symphony Since Beethoven," Weingartner.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS
DEC 3 - 19

MUSIC LEAGUE TO GIVE THREE CONCERTS HERE

Three concerts by world-renowned musicians will be given in this city during the spring of 1929, in Infantry hall, the Music League of Providence announces. They are made possible by oversubscriptions to the fund to underwrite the Boston Symphony concert series which [illegible] here at the E. F. Albee Theatre tomorrow evening.

The Music League had hoped to have the three concerts on Tuesday evenings, but this was found impossible, due to late bookings. It was not known that Infantry hall, which has been completly renovated, was available for the series. Announcements will be mailed to subscribers late next month. Public sale of tickets for the series will begin about Feb. 15. The charge made will cover only the expenses.

The Music League announces that Jascha Heifetz, the violinist, will appear here on March 11; the soprano, Dusolina Giannini, and the Russian pianist, Alexander Brailovsky, will share a concert evening in April 9; and on May 2 the Cleviland Symphony Orchestra, with the baritone, Richard Bonelli, will appar here.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN
DEC 6

Boston Symphony

Last evening at the Albee Theatre Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, in one of his most felicitous citations, presented Dr. Serge Koussevitzk to musical Providence as one of Brown University's most distinguished sons. And if ever a son met an opportunity fair and square, that son was Koussevitzky. And the ovation he received he well merited; for seldom does a conductor anywhere favor an audience with so perfect a reading of such dissimilar scores, as that of last night.

BOSTON SYMPHONY PROGRAM

The Program

PART ONE

Beethoven—Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72.
Debussy—"Prelude a l'Apres-Midi d'un Faune."
Eclogue by S. Mallarme.
Prokofieff—"Classical," Symphony, Op. 25.
I. Allegro.
II. Larghetto.
III. Gavotte.
IV. Finale.

PART TWO

Brahms—Symphony No. 2 in D-major, Op. 73.
I. Allegro con troppo.
II. Adagio non troppo.
III. Allegretto, grazioso, quasi andantino.
IV. Allegro con spirito.

If Koussevitsky is not master of the orchestra, then the orchestra has no master. He treats it like a great ethereal instrument that thrills with eagerness to sing whatever song the human brain can devise. Alike conspicuous was his force, his delicacy, his uncanny sense of musical complexities, his skill in evoking the flashing riposte of voice against voice, and—greater than all—his felicity in synthetizing the multiplicity of tones into one perfect mood, whether it be that of the blaze of noontide, the glitter of starlight, or the soft ivory of the waning moon.

By good fortune most of the program was familiar to the audience. Not always does one have the opportunity that bids him sit and enjoy the music without thought of sequence or consequence, making no attempt nor feeling the necessity to project the hearing ahead of the sound wave in an endeavor to catch in imagination the sound that is to follow. But such an opportunity came last night; for Koussevitzky brought our three old friends, Beethoven, Brahms and Debussy, and included our young acquaintance, Prokofieff.

A Superlative "Leonore"

It is more than pleasant to hear the "Leonore" overture for the nth time and to know that the last performance was by far the best one has ever heard. It filled the mind with strange fancies, it made one wonder what there was in the name potent enough to enchant men as unlike as Beethoven and Poe, to force each to give it a setting of phantasy and romance.

The extreme delicacy of the beginning, the tender Basses such as Beethoven loved, the flutes that have made the Boston Symphony Orchestra famous, a sudden change of key in the very heart of a diminuendo that would be the despair of any other orchestra—these are some of the things that the listener might have noted; or he might have caught luminous chords that he had never noticed before, or shivered at the far-away trumpet blowing like the horns in elfland. And in the end he should have concluded that among all orchestras the Boston Symphony is the only Stradivari.

And then that poor Faun—how well the magic flute of Laurent told of his perplexities. Never until last night has a flute suggested stronger emotion than the strings; but somehow last night it beat them all in open competition. As Laurent played that little theme of one crying in the wilderness the other instruments tried to comfort and console him, until the 'cello mocked him, only to be shamed into silence by the oboe. But the poor distraught Faun seemed more befuddled than ever, until with his quaint psychology he fell asleep wondering, like other pholosophers, whether to live is to die, to breathe is to banquet, or to slumber, a sheepskin.

In Mozart's Manner

It is difficult to determine whether Prokofieff wrote as a rival of Mozart to show tnat he was equally competent to produce a work in classic form and phrase, or whether he made a delicate but pungent parody of Mozart's style, calling attention by a wink in the Gavotte to the fact that nowadays we do things otherwise and in a better manner.

His work is full of reminiscences of various sorts, humorous and otherwise. In the first movement there is a strong flavor of a Hayden rondo, while the second is redolent of Rimsky-Korsakoff. The playing of this movement was the very virtuosity of restraint, just as the last was that of velocity.

If the Symphony seemed a little muddy at the very outset, the flute and the 'cello soon clarified it, and the stream then flowed on with perhaps more force than one usually observes.

Koussevitzky roused Brahms from his too pensive mood, although he allowed him to play with his Lullaby theme and contemplate it with quiet satisfaction; and he also permitted him to sound several strange echoes of Schubert. But he made him speak out in his own person more definitely than we usually hear him speak.

M. C. W.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
TRIBUNE
DEC 5 - 19

KOUSSEVITSKY IS BACK AGAIN

Conducts Boston Symphony Orchestra in First of Four Concerts at the Albee

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, M. Serge Koussevitsky, conductor, came to Providence at the Albee Theatre last night for the first of four concerts of the 48th season. As usual, every seat in the theatre was occupied and M. Koussevitsky and the ensemble were warmly greeted. Thoughtful and appreciative friends had sent M. Koussentsky large pieces of chrysanthemums which graced each side of the conductor's stand.

For the opening program presented M. Koussevitsky presented familiar numbers with one exception—that the classical symphony by his friend, M. Prokofieff, who, it will be remembered, was a soloist at a concert in Infantry Hall several years ago with the Boston Symphony, the first year, if we recall rightly, of M. Koussevitsky's directorship. The other numbers were the overture to Leonore by Beethoven; the Prelude to I'Apres-Midi d'un Faune (the afternoon of a Faun) by Debussy, and Brahms's Second Symphony in D-major.

The Leonora Overture never fails to charm and enthrall. One of the more popular of Beethoven's works, it is played and enjoyed in the German beer gardens as one of the latest of the American flash jazz numbers in a New York night club. One never tires of its beautiful melody. Constant playing can-

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES
DEC 5 - 1928

Boston Symphony Orchestra Given Great Reception

Serge Koussevitzky Directs Program in Albee Theatre at Providence.

The first concert of the season and the 204th concert in Providence of the Boston Symphony orchestra given in the Albee Theatre last evening thrilled an audience that filled every seat in the house.

It was a remarkable reception to Serge Koussevitzky and the 108musician of this mammoth orchestra. Greeting the visitors, Dr. W. H. P. Faunce showered an abundance of praise upon them and elicited spontaneous applause. He congratulated Mr. Koussevitzky and asserted that Rhode Island was hungry for the symphony orchestra.

Music lovers found much in last evening's varied programme to appease their appetites. With commanding vigor Mr. Koussevitzky adroitly wafted his baton while standing on the platform which was banked with flowers—tokens of the high esteem and appreciation of Rhode Island followers.

Opens With Beethoven Overture.

The programme opened with Beethoven's overture, "Leonore," which won instant favor. "Leonore" begins with softened basses and reaches periods of furious outbursts from the entire orchestra which arouses a multitude of emotions. From the time of the twice-repeated trumpet call off stage until the end, the theme is as enchanting as it is pathetic. It was first played on March 29, 1806, as the overture for the opera "Fidelio, oder die eheliche Liebe."

It was in 1902 that the first performance of Debussy's "Prelude a l'Apres-Midi d'un Faune (Eglogue de S. Mallarme) was given in this country. Under the splendidly skilled direction of Mr. Koussevitzky, this selection transported hearers into a world of phantasy. Impressions of the magical faun, melancholy and passionate, are ever present.

The "Classical Symphony" by Serge S. Prokofieff has the express purpose of showing the composer's idea of how Mozart would write music if he were living now. Prokofieff actually composed a stirring and extremely Russion symphony which at times reached the depth of power and melancholy that is touching.

Plays Brahms Symphony.

If Brahms symphonies are boring one could not judge by applause which was given his "Symphony No. 2 in D-Major" last evening. It was rendered with tenderness and brilliance. The scherzo was particularly bright and graceful and the thematic development very effective.

To name the selection which made the most profound impression and which was enjoyed the most would be very difficult. Suffice to say that music lovers have already started to look forward to Jan. 15, when Mr. Koussevitzky and his gifted players return for their second concert.

musicians had the laugh on all reformers. The language of music is unintelligble to them. If they knew what it meant, confided Mr. Taylor, the battalions of reform would swing into action. But they never will, and neither will a great many who enjoyed Debussy's silver lushness last night.

A program note quoting a commentary by Felix Borowski said of the Prokofieff Symphony: "The composer's idea in writing this work was to catch the spirit of Mozart and to put down that which, if he were living now, Mozart might put into his score." That is a magnificent attempt to scale the walls of the musican heavens when it is recalled that of Mozart it was said he wrote music that he had remembered from divine voices. Whether or not M. Prokofieff succeeded we leave to more competent judges. The Brahms Symphony lost none of its loveliness from the treatment of the Boston Symphony.

Several were heard last night sighing for Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. It may be that M. Koussevitsky, who is just as engaging as ever, will satisfy us in this respect before the season is over. As for the orchestra, what can one say that it loses none of its skill with the passing years and that under the baton of M. Koussevitsky it is rapidly assuming a place at the very top of the best of the great ensembles of the world?

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS
DEC 5 - 1

-:- MUSIC -:-

A BRILLIANT CONCERT

It is a perilous undertaking to try to find a single phrase which would express the outstanding characteristic of the brilliant concert with which Mr. Koussevitzky and his Boston Symphony orchestra opened the season last night, yet the temptation is irresistible to describe it as a concert of subtle luminosity. Subtle and luminous it was from beginning to end, a series of interpretations that carried us into the very last refinements of intellectualized spirit and emotion.

No words could over praise such an evening. Words, indeed, are a poor way of trying to interpret musicianship that could only be interpreted by music itself. But at least words may be used to recognize the excellent taste with which the programme was built; here were a balance and harmony which would have delighted Plato himself.

* * *

Three of the four numbers on the programme were familiar to us, Beethoven's Leonore Overture No. 3, which age cannot wither nor custom stale; Debussy's prelude to "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune," in which the composer did with tones for Mallarme what Mallarme had not been able to do for himself with words, and Brahms's Second Symphony of which so great an authority as Felix Weingartner said; "The stream of invention has never flowed so fresh and spontaneous in other works by Brahms, and nowhere else has he colored his orchestration so beautifully."

The novelty for Providence was Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony," that work in which the young Russian essayed to show that he could, if he would, become the Mozart de nos jours. When we saw that this work was on the programme we cudgelled our brains for a distant memory, and only when we found out that the first performance of it in this country was in December, 1918, by the Russian Symphony Orchestra in New York did we find what we wanted. Then we recalled that occasion when we heard the work directed by Modest Altschuler and as venturesome a band of musicians as ever faced the public. There are persons in New York nowadays who say to each other—"Do you remember the Russian Symphony"—and when they find that memory is shared, smile at each other like old friends. It was a small orchestra, comparatively speaking, financed by Altschuler himself. When the older organizations were still doubtful of the modernists, Altschuler used to step in and defy the angels. If, on rehearing a work his aggregation of musicians performed, it seems new, we cannot help it. We still take off our hats to that daring band which knew what was good and did its best to give it to us.

* * *

Koussevitzky's reading of this symphony was amazingly brilliant. We thought more of Haydn than of Mozart while it was being played, but then, perhaps, Prokofieff also did so notwithstanding his boast. We do not care a jot whether or not this is what Mozart would have done in our day, as Prokofieff said it was; we are well content that this is a composition which, though thin at times, is full of lovely phrasing and loses nothing for its occasional sly dig at those who worship the surface more than the substance of Mozart's music.

All the eerie beauty of the world of the half-gods, the twilight of the ages, was in the playing of the Debussy piece. Not an iota of its poetic beauty was lost and much beauty that had remained hitherto unrevealed to us was brought forth with a wistful and half-fantastic poignancy that made an irresistible appeal.

The charge has often been made against the Brahms symphony that its orchestration is "muddy and grey." How anyone could sustain it in the face of such an interpretation, full of tonal beauty and clarity, as Mr. Koussevitzky gives is beyond us to account for. Not during a single phrase did he waver last night, but climbed from the beginning to the end, up a magical stairway, carrying us with him, his slaves and his admirers.

Dr. Faunce made one of those very graceful speeches of his before the concert began; how well pleased he must have been to find his distinguished words so well justified!

—R. de A. J.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SAN FRANCISCO
CHRONICLE
DEC 9 - 192

"Apollo Musagete" ("Apollo, Leader of the Muses"), Stravinsky's most recent composition, has been played in Boston and New York by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Sergei Koussevitzky conducting.

58

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS

DEC [illegible]

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M. C. W.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
TRIBUNE

DEC 5 - 1928

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The Leonora Overture never fails to charm and enthrall. One of the more popular of Beethoven's works, it is played and enjoyed in the German beer gardens as one of the latest of the American flash jazz numbers in a New York night club. One never tires of its beautiful melody. Constant playing can-

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The first concert of the season and the 204th concert in Providence of the Boston Symphony orchestra given in the Albee Theatre last evening thrilled an audience that filled every seat in the house.

It was a remarkable reception to Serge Koussevitzky and the 108musician of this mammoth orchestra. Greeting the visitors, Dr. W. H. P. Faunce showered an abundance of praise upon them and elicited spontaneous applause. He congratulated Mr. Koussevitzky and asserted that Rhode Island was hungry for the symphony orchestra.

Music lovers found much in last evening's varied programme to appease their appetites. With commanding vigor Mr. Koussevitzky adroitly wafted his baton while standing on the platform which was banked with flowers—tokens of the high esteem and appreciation of Rhode Island followers.

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It was in 1902 that the first performance of Debussy's "Prelude a l'Apres-Midi d'un Faune (Eglogue de S. Mallarme) was given in this country. Under the splendidly skilled direction of Mr. Koussevitzky, this selection transported hearers into a world of phantasy. Impressions of the magical faun, melancholy and passionate, are ever present.

The "Classical Symphony" by Serge S. Prokofieff has the express purpose of showing the composer's idea of how Mozart would write music if he were living now. Prokofieff actually composed a stirring and extremely Russion symphony which at times reached the depth of power and melancholy that is touching.

Plays Brahms Symphony.

If Brahms symphonies are boring one could not judge by applause which was given his "Symphony No. 2 in D-Major" last evening. It was rendered with tenderness and brilliance. The scherzo was particularly bright and graceful and the thematic development very effective.

To name the selection which made the most profound impression and which most would be very difficult. Suffice to say that music lovers have already started to look forward to Jan. 15, when Mr. Koussevitzky and his gifted players return for their second concert.

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A program note quoting a commentary by Felix Borowski said of the Prokofieff Symphony: "The composer's idea in writing this work was to catch the spirit of Mozart and to put down that which, if he were living now, Mozart might put into his score." That is a magnificent attempt to scale the walls of the musican heavens when it is recalled that of Mozart it was said he wrote music that he had remembered from divine voices. Whether or not M. Prokofieff succeeded we leave to more competent judges. The Brahms Symphony lost none of its loveliness from the treatment of the Boston Symphony.

Several were heard last night sighing for Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. It may be that M. Koussevitsky, who is just as engaging as ever, will satisfy us in this respect before the season is over. As for the orchestra, what can one say that it loses none of its skill with the passing years and that under the baton of M. Koussevitsky it is rapidly assuming a place at the very top of the best of the great ensembles of the world?

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS

DEC 5

-:- MUSIC -:-

A BRILLIANT CONCERT

It is a perilous undertaking to try to find a single phrase which would express the outstanding characteristic of the brilliant concert with which Mr. Koussevitzky and his Boston Symphony orchestra opened the season last night, yet the temptation is irresistible to describe it as a concert of subtle luminosity. Subtle and luminous it was from beginning to end, a series of interpretations that carried us into the very last refinements of intellectualized spirit and emotion.

No words could over praise such an evening. Words, indeed, are a poor way of trying to interpret musicianship that could only be interpreted by music itself. But at least words may be used to recognize the excellent taste with which the programme was built; here were a balance and harmony which would have delighted Plato himself.

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Three of the four numbers on the programme were familiar to us, Beethoven's Leonore Overture No. 3, which age cannot wither nor custom stale; Debussy's prelude to "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune," in which the composer did with tones for Mallarme what Mallarme had not been able to do for himself with words, and Brahms's Second Symphony of which so great an authority as Felix Weingartner said; "The stream of invention has never flowed so fresh and spontaneous in other works by Brahms, and nowhere else has he colored his orchestration so beautifully."

The novelty for Providence was Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony," that work in which the young Russian essayed to show that he could, if he would, become the Mozart de nos jours. When we saw that this work was on the programme we cudgelled our brains for a distant memory, and only when we found out that the first performance of it in this country was in December, 1918, by the Russian Symphony Orchestra in New York did we find what we wanted. Then we recalled that occasion when we heard the work directed by Modest Altschuler and as venturesome a band of musicians as ever faced the public. There are persons in New York nowadays who say to each other—"Do you remember the Russian Symphony"—and when they find that memory is shared, smile at each other like old friends. It was a small orchestra, comparatively speaking, financed by Altschuler himself. When the older organizations were still doubtful of the modernists, Altschuler used to step in and defy the angels. If, on rehearing a work his aggregation of musicians performed, it seems new, we cannot help it. We still take off our hats to that daring band which knew what was good and did its best to give it to us.

* * *

Koussevitzky's reading of this symphony was amazingly brilliant. We thought more of Haydn than of Mozart while it was being played, but then, perhaps, Prokofieff also did so notwithstanding his boast. We do not care a jot whether or not this is what Mozart would have done in our day, as Prokofieff said it was; we are well content that this is a composition which, though thin at times, is full of lovely phrasing and loses nothing for its occasional sly dig at those who worship the surface more than the substance of Mozart's music.

All the eerie beauty of the world of the half-gods, the twilight of the ages, was in the playing of the Debussy piece. Not an iota of its poetic beauty was lost and much beauty that had remained hitherto unrevealed to us was brought forth with a wistful and half-fantastic poignancy that made an irresistible appeal.

The charge has often been made against the Brahms symphony that its orchestration is "muddy and grey." How anyone could sustain it in the face of such an interpretation, full of tonal beauty and clarity, as Mr. Koussevitzky gives is beyond us to account for. Not during a single phrase did he waver last night, but climbed from the beginning to the end, up a magical stairway, carrying us with him, his slaves and his admirers.

Dr. Faunce made one of those very graceful speeches of his before the concert began; how well pleased he must have been to find his distinguished words so well justified!

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CHRONICLE

DEC 9 - 1928

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58

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS
DEC 3 - 192

MUSIC LEAGUE TO GIVE THREE CONCERTS HERE

Three concerts by world-renowned musicians will be given in this city during the spring of 1929, in Infrantry hall, the Music League of Providence announces. They are made possible by oversubscriptions to the fund to underwrite the Boston Symphony concert series which opens here at the E. F. Albee Theatre tomorrow evening.

The Music League had hoped to have the three concerts on Tuesday evenings, but this was found impossible, due to late bookings. It was not known that Infantry hall, which has been completly renovated, was available for the series. Announcements will be mailed to subscribers late next month. Public sale of tickets for the series will begin about Feb. 15. The charge made will cover only the expenses.

The Music League announces that Jascha Heifetz, the violinist, will appear here on March 11; the soprano, Dusolina Giannini, and the Russian pianist, Alexander Brailowsky, will share a concert evening on April 9; and on May 2 the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, with the baritone, Richard Bonelli, will appar here.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN
DEC 5

Boston Symphony

Last evening at the Albee Theatre Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, in one of his most felicitous citations, presented Dr. Serge Koussevitzk to musical Providence as one of Brown University's most distinguished sons. And if ever a son met an opportunity fair and square, that son was Koussevitzky. And the ovation he received he well merited; for seldom does a conductor anywhere favor an audience with so perfect a reading of such dissimilar scores, as that of last night.

BOSTON SYMPHONY PROGRAM

The Program

PART ONE

Beethoven—Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72.
Debussy—"Prelude a l'Apres-Midi d'un Faune."
Eclogue by S. Mallarme.
Prokofieff—"Classical," Symphony, Op. 25.
I. Allegro.
II. Larghetto.
III. Gavotte.
IV. Finale.

PART TWO

Brahms—Symphony No. 2 in D-major, Op. 73.
I. Allegro con troppo.
II. Adagio non troppo.
III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino.
IV. Allegro con spirito.

If Koussevitsky is not master of the orchestra, then the orchestra has no master. He treats it like a great ethereal instrument that thrills with eagerness to sing whatever song the human brain can devise. Alike conspicuous was his force, his delicacy, his uncanny sense of musical complexities, his skill in evoking the flashing riposte of voice against voice, and—greater than all—his felicity in synthetizing the multiplicity of tones into one perfect mood, whether it be that of the blaze of noontide, the glitter of starlight, or the soft ivory of the waning moon.

By good fortune most of the program was familiar to the audience. Not always does one have the opportunity that bids him sit and enjoy the music without thought of sequence or consequence, making no attempt nor feeling the necessity to project the hearing ahead of the sound wave in an endeavor to catch in imagination the sound that is to follow. But such an opportunity came last night; for Koussevitzky brought our three old friends, Beethoven, Brahms and Debussy, and included our young acquaintance, Prokofieff.

A Superlative "Leonore"

It is more than pleasant to hear the "Leonore" overture for the nth time and to know that the last performance was by far the best one has ever heard. It filled the mind with strange fancies, it made one wonder what there was in the name potent enough to enchant men as unlike as Beethoven and Poe, to force each to give it a setting of phantasy and romance.

The extreme delicacy of the beginning, the tender Basses such as Beethoven loved, the flutes that have made the Boston Symphony Orchestra famous, a sudden change of key in the very heart of a diminuendo that would be the despair of any other orchestra—these are some of the things that the listener might have noted; or he might have caught luminous chords that he had never noticed before; or shivered at the far-away trumpet blowing like the horns in elfland. And in the end he should have concluded that among all orchestras the Boston Symphony is the only Stradivari.

And then that poor Faun—how well the magic flute of Laurent told of his perplexities. Never until last night has a flute suggested stronger emotion than the strings; but somehow last night it beat them all in open competition. As Laurent played that little theme of one crying in the wilderness the other instruments tried to comfort and console him, until the 'cello mocked him, only to be shamed into silence by the oboe. But the poor distraught Faun seemed more befuddled than ever, until with his quaint psychology he fell asleep wondering, like other pholosophers, whether to live is to die, to breathe is to banquet, or to slumber, a sheepskin.

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TRIBUNE
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The Leonora Overture never fails to charm and enthrall. One of the more popular of Beethoven's works, it is played and enjoyed in the German beer gardens as one of the latest of the American flash jazz numbers in a New York night club. One never tires of its beautiful melody. Constant playing cannot cheapen it nor will it ever be dragged to a commonplace level. The great mind, working behind ears that could not hear, was incapable of any musical composition that did not carry his powerful thought and his inner beauty.

The Debussy Prelude, based upon Wallarme's poem that is as yet understood completly only by the few that have pierced its meaning of its words, is as sensuous as anything that has ever been written. It is the consummate appeal to the sensuous nature of man stripped of all safeguards and conventions. It is probably this Debussy piece that Deems Taylor had in mind when he wrote that musicians had the laugh on all reformers. The language of music is unintelligble to them. If they knew what it meant, confided Mr. Taylor, the battalions of reform would swing into action. But they never will, and neither will a great many who enjoyed Debussy's silver lushness last night.

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The police say that Regina Grammstreet yesterday.

Emile Gagnon of 41 Riley street, reported to the police that someone stole his $5 bicycle from Stearns

Police Notes.

A 15-year-old boy was found wandering around the down-town at 4:15 o'clock this morning by Patrolman Bernard Hughes. His parents, residents of Johnston, called at the police headquarters for the youngster.

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NEWS
DEC 5 - 192

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CHRONICLE
DEC 9 - 192

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
JOURNAL

DEC 9 - 1928

PRIZE SYMPHONY BY ERNEST BLOCH ASTOUNDS CRITICS

Brilliant "America" Composition Produced by Man 12 Years Ago an Alien

Rated by Judges Outstanding Among All Scores Submitted in Contest

LAWRENCE GILMAN, writing editorially in the New York Herald-Tribune upon Bloch as the composer of "America," says:

"Mr. Ernest Bloch should consider himself a fortunate man. In the prime of life (he is 48), he finds himself internationally famous, admired and warmly praised by those whose praise is best worth having, securely established as one of the foremost living composers and (one understands) materially well conditioned. As if this were not enough, Mr. Bloch, a Swiss born in Geneva, resident in the United States for only a dozen years and now a naturalized citizen, has won the prize of $3,000 offered by "Musical America" for the best American symphonic work submitted in its recently decided contest; and on the 20th and 21st of this month, the prize-winning score is to be performed simultaneously by six of our leading symphony orchestras: by the Philharmonic-Symphony Society in New York, under Mr. Damrosch; by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Mr. Gabrilowitsch; by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Koussevitzky; by the Chicago Orchestra under Mr. Stock; by the San Francisco Orchestra under Mr. Hertz; by the Cincinnati Orchestra under Mr. Reiner. Other orchestras will perform the work shortly after.

"Mr. Bloch, who 12 years ago was a visiting foreigner in the United States, and about as "American" in culture, tradition, and ideals as the king of Siam, has walked off, under the very noses of our native composers, with a prize symphony (bearing, ironically enough, the title "America") chosen from among 92 submitted scores by a jury consisting of Messrs. Leopold Stokowski, Frederick Stock, Walter Damrosch, Serge Koussevitzky and Alfred Hertz. The judges were enthusiastic. Mr. Stokowski proclaimed the work "a noble and masterly score," and congratulated "Musical America" upon "bringing to light a composition that is superbly conceived and developed." Mr. Stock said that he voted for "America" because it seemed to him "the outstandingly great work of the entire contest." Mr. Hertz praised it as "a masterpiece that may well become a classic of American symphonic literature." Mr. Damrosch has not been quoted, but is said to be equally enthusiastic.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SALT LAKE CITY
TRIBUNE

DEC 28

PROPS KNOCKED FROM MODERNISTIC MUSICAL CROWD

NEW YORK, Dec. 8 (Universal).—Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagette," done here recently by the Boston Symphony orchestra, knocked the props from under our local modernistic fraternity. It is a piece melodious, conventional in harmony, classical in spirit and contrapuntally imitative of Bach, Gluck and Handel.

The conservatives regard Stravinsky's feat as a brilliant step in advance; the radicals look upon it as a tragic bounce backward.

Stravinsky has an impish sense of humor and must be enjoying the confusion and consternation he has created in the camps of the modernistic cohorts, who so long have acknowledged him as their dauntless chief.

What are they to do now? Has Stravinsky deserted them for good? Are they to renounce him or to follow his, to them, precipitate and somewhat disgraceful retreat? And if the latter, where is their leader likely to leap next?"

Suppose they start furiously to writing fugues, minuets, sarabandes and rondos? Pan Stravinsky might then suddenly hop off in an entirely new direction, soar for hitherto unexpected heights and write a radio fantasy, a television oratorio, or an ether-wave symphony.

Meanwhile, pity the plight of the lesser modernistic crew, sitting with pen poised blinking and wondering, dazed and doleful, waiting like the betrayed Wotan, for fiery destruction or triumphant deliverance.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph

DEC 9 - 1928

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last season, decided to take a vacation in Maine. So he packed his bags, and—came to New York, and attended every rehearsal of Arturo Toscanini. Peeping Thomas says that he has watched Koussevitzky and observes him as an eternally curious student, watching those who are good, and those who are bad among the conductors.

Thomas remarks that a recent article in The Sunday Times has had a strange effect on the career of Koussevitzky. It was intended, undoubtedly, to help the Boston conductor, but it did just the very reverse. Mr. Downes rushed to the support of Mr. Koussevitzky in the article, acting as apologist, in an attempt to prove that the conductor knows his business, no matter what might be said against him. Well, as a matter of fact, the rank and file of the public never had thought that Mr. Koussevitzky didn't know how to conduct, or that he could not read a score. A few intimates had talked about the fact that he had the score played to him several times that he could thus hear it in his inner mind. But what of it?

Thomas says that the public is getting so it wants to know what clothing and bath-soap a conductor uses—his methods of preparing a score are his own. In the matter of the article, now people are beginning to question Koussevitzky's ability. . . . A noted pianist said that he understood that Leopold Stokowski, of Philadelphia, did not know when his men were playing out of tune, that he had no ear for pitch.

Such rumors are ridiculous. They are almost as foolish as those which circulated about the unfortunate Georges Zaslawsky, conductor of the late Beethoven Symphony Orchestra. People said he couldn't read music, that he would continue beating time after the finale had been reached, etc. Zaslawsky knows music, and he has a keen ear. Stokowski is one of the most sensitive musicians of our time.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
VARIETY

DEC 12 1928

Albee theatre pulled out its regular show Tuesday night to make way for the Boston Symphony orchestra, 108 musicians. Serge Koussevitzky directed before a capacity house.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

DEC 13 1928

Boston Symphony

A fine suggestion for Christmas gifts is the mailing of tickets for the Boston Symphony concert to your musical friends. They will appreciate hearing the great orchestra, under Koussevitzski's direction, as one of their most prized remembrances.

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~~CALL~~
Post

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VARIETY

DEC 12 1928

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HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

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501 McCORMICK BUILDIN
332 SO. MICHIGAN AVE

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"Dee" Dresne

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Gentle readers, can you sp[illegible] a moment or two perhaps, lend your poor harassed so[illegible] editor a sympathetic ear?

* * * *

Sh . . . I've a lurid confess[illegible] to make. I am about to de[illegible] you all. Yes, at last I have fo[illegible] sufficient courage to leave [illegible] dear old column (in trustwor[illegible] hands, of course) while I s[illegible] forth in quest of?

* * *

Well, a change of scene, a f[illegible] days of rest and quiet, resp[illegible] from worry and care—and—well you know what I mean.

* * *

But I can't call time out, p[illegible] the old Eversharp in some d[illegible] corner, grab nine or ten vali[illegible] and flee, without your assistan[illegible]

* * *

For here is the rub—in or[illegible] to fill the column and not r[illegible] the wrath of the dear ole boss must have your news at once, not sooner.

* * *

So—c'mon help erase the wr[illegible] kles from mine worried br[illegible] Keep my line busy beginning n[illegible] —for all work and no play c[illegible] make even Dee a dull girl.

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RICHARDSON BROWN.

59

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
JOURNAL

DEC 9 -

PRIZE SYMPHONY BY ERNEST BLOCH ASTOUNDS CRITICS

Brilliant "America" Composition Produced by Man 12 Years Ago an Alien

Rated by Judges Outstanding Among All Scores Submitted in Contest

LAWRENCE GILMAN, writing editorially in the New York Herald-Tribune upon Bloch as the composer of "America," says:

"Mr. Ernest Bloch should consider himself a fortunate man. In the prime of life (he is 48), he finds himself internationally famous, admired and warmly praised by those whose praise is best worth having, securely established as one of the foremost living composers and (one understands) materially well conditioned. As if this were not enough, Mr. Bloch, a Swiss born in Geneva, resident in the United States for only a dozen years and now a naturalized citizen, has won the prize of $3,000 offered by "Musical America" for the best American symphonic work submitted in its recently decided contest; and on the 20th and 21st of this month, the prize-winning score is to be performed simultaneously by six of our leading symphony orchestras: by the Philharmonic-Symphony Society in New York, under Mr. Damrosch; by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Mr. Gabrilowitsch; by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Koussevitzky; by the Chicago Orchestra under Mr. Stock; by the San Francisco Orchestra under Mr. Hertz; by the Cincinnati Orchestra under Mr. Reiner. Other orchestras will perform the work shortly after.

"Mr. Bloch, who 12 years ago was a visiting foreigner in the United States, and about as "American" in culture, tradition, and ideals as the king of Siam, has walked off, under the very noses of our native composers, with a prize symphony (bearing, ironically enough, the title "America") chosen from among 92 submitted scores by a jury consisting of Messrs. Leopold Stokowski, Frederick Stock, Walter Damrosch, Serge Koussevitzky and Alfred Hertz. The judges were enthusiastic. Mr. Stokowski proclaimed the work "a noble and masterly score," and congratulated "Musical America" upon "bringing to light a composition that is superbly conceived and developed." Mr. Stock said that he voted for "America" because it seemed to him "the outstandingly great work of the entire contest." Mr. Hertz praised it as "a masterpiece that may well become a classic of American symphonic literature." Mr. Damrosch has not been quoted, but is said to be equally enthusiastic.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SALT LAKE CITY
TRIBUNE

PROPS KNOCKED FROM MODERNISTIC MUSICAL CROWD

NEW YORK, Dec. 8 (Universal).—Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagette," done here recently by the Boston Symphony orchestra, knocked the props from under our local modernistic fraternity. It is a piece melodious, conventional in harmony, classical in spirit and contrapuntally imitative of Bach, Gluck and Handel.

The conservatives regard Stravinsky's feat as a brilliant step in advance; the radicals look upon it as a tragic bounce backward.

Stravinsky has an impish sense of humor and must be enjoying the confusion and consternation he has created in the camps of the modernistic cohorts, who so long have acknowledged him as their dauntless chief.

What are they to do now? Has Stravinsky deserted them for good? Are they to renounce him or to follow his, to them, precipitate and somewhat disgraceful retreat? And if the latter, where is their leader likely to leap next?"

Suppose they start furiously to writing fugues, minuets, sarabandes and rondos? Pan Stravinsky might then suddenly hop off in an entirely new direction, soar for hitherto unexpected heights and write a radio fantasy, a television oratorio, or an ether-wave symphony.

Meanwhile, pity the plight of the lesser modernistic crew, sitting with pen poised blinking and wondering, dazed and doleful, waiting like the betrayed Wotan, for fiery destruction or triumphant deliverance.

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New York Telegraph

DEC 9 - 1928

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last season, decided to take a vacation in Maine. So he packed his bags, and—came to New York, and attended every rehearsal of Arturo Toscanini. Peeping Thomas says that he has watched Koussevitzky and observes him as an eternally curious student, watching those who are good, and those who are bad among the conductors.

Thomas remarks that a recent article in The Sunday Times has had a strange effect on the career of Koussevitzky. It was intended, undoubtedly, to help the Boston conductor, but it did just the very reverse. Mr. Downes rushed to the support of Mr. Koussevitzky in the article, acting as apologist, in an attempt to prove that the conductor knows his business, no matter what might be said against him. Well, as a matter of fact, the rank and file of the public never had thought that Mr. Koussevitzky didn't know how to conduct, or that he could not read a score. A few intimates had talked about the fact that he had the score played to him several times that he could thus hear it in his inner mind. But what of it?

Thomas says that the public is getting so it wants to know what clothing and bath-soap a conductor uses—his methods of preparing a score are his own. In the matter of the article, now people are beginning to question Koussevitzky's ability. . . . A noted pianist said that he understood that Leopold Stokowski, of Philadelphia, did not know when his men were playing out of tune, that he had no ear for pitch.

Such rumors are ridiculous. They are almost as foolish as those which circulated about the unfortunate Georges Zaslawsky, conductor of the late Beethoven Symphony Orchestra. People said he couldn't read music, that he would continue beating time after the finale had been reached, etc. Zaslawsky knows music, and he has a keen ear. Stokowski is one of the most sensitive musicians of our time.

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Toch in New York

TRANS. JAN. 6 —

High-Water Mark

TOCH'S Concerto, Mr. Sanroma pianist, Mr. Koussevitzky as conductor, fared well in New York last week when the piece was heard at both the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra. For the reviewers, after the first performance on Thursday evening, Mr. Henderson wrote in The Sun: "If you dislike modernist music per se, no matter whether it is well or badly made, shows mastership or clumsy incompetence, you will not like Toch's Concerto. But if you can discern ability in a piece of music the idiom of which is uncongenial to you, this one should please you. Toch has not created an immortal masterpiece as some of the propaganda writers have exclaimed, but one can perceive the cause of their ecstasies. Here is actually the first clearly shaped and comprehensively purposeful work that has lately been put forth by any modernist writer. It stands out like a sculpture among masses of mere clay.

"It has well defined themes, which are related to each other and impose a homogeneous character upon the work. The rhythms are invigorating and without the lamentable monotony which spoils so much modernist composition. The Concerto reveals a mastery of form which is rare among the unchained spirits of the time. It adheres in some measure to the principles of the classic sonata, but without enslaving the fancy of the musician. The composition as a whole develops logically and is free from the jumble of futile strivings and helpless wanderings which have so discouraged those trying honestly to discover some mastery of their materials among the acclaimed progressives. Toch is perhaps not a Stravinsky, but he seems to know where he is going.

"His harmonic style is distinctly atonal, and perhaps he has over-worked the chromatic scale and its chord-derivatives in his eagerness to avoid all approach to the ancient cadences, but with his chromatics he has achieved some uncommon beauty and at times a wistful song-speech which seems to be quite his own. His slow movement is of course his weakest. The modernists have not yet found their cantilena. The long melodic line of the classics, which they discarded, has not been replaced by them with anything possessing its suave and sustained enchantment.

"But the finale, which one of the enthusiasts has described as rhythmic violence, is nothing of the sort. It is rude in spots and it rejoices in some of those abrupt pauses and jarring resumptions which are items in the modernist stock in trade. But it has vitality. It is male music, and this is true of the whole work. The scoring is marvellously clever and the piano-part is constructed so that it is an integral portion of the score and not a thing aloof.

"And the whole composition sounds. It is not always sweet upon the ear; rather it is often pungent, but it intrigues at every moment. One listens to it with interest and recognizes the presence of a musician who knows what he is doing and how to do it. The Concerto was superbly performed. Without the most flawless instrumental balance the thing would be cacophanous without doubt. Played as it was last evening by the Boston men under the magic wand of Koussevitzky, it had opulence of texture and color. Mr. Sanromá treated the piano-part in a style which proclaimed him a virtuoso of the first rank in modernist music."

After the second performance, on Saturday afternoon, The Times added: "The Concerto fully justified the enthusiastic reception of thirty-six hours before, and new discoveries were made by certain observers, as, for instance, the beauty of the second theme of the first movement, and the importance of this beautiful idea in the elaborate and electrifying developments. Again the performance was a triumph for composer, conductor and soloist. If anything, Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Sanromá outshone their previous achievements with the same score."

Doubts and Disdains

The only dissenter of moment was Mr. Thompson in The Evening Post, saying: "The Concerto is very much twentieth-century in its din, its brass, its impudence, its pile-driving vitality. It hits the listener between the eyes as perhaps no other work of its character has done. for those to whom it is that long-sought desideratum, an expression of the age, it may even be something of a knockout. For others who may be inclined to believe that to cultivate the hard-boiled and the mechanistic is to close the door at the start on any very promising musical inspiration, the question remains as to whether this is music at all.

"There are many stunning effects—stunning in the literal meaning of the word—in the more violent parts. Whether they will have any continuing musical value when they have ceased to be novel is not to be too confidently asserted on the basis of the excitement, on the one hand—or the aversion, on the other—they plainly created in performance. This reviewer was surfeited with a formulistic artificiality, a self-conscious strutting, an attitude of 'watch my smoke' in most of the first and last movements. The slow movement, if scarcely to be described as beautiful, had an utterance orderly and purposeful, with neat and often attractive turns of phrase.

"If the Stravinsky of today is right, this Concerto may be regarded as an abortive illustration of a skill worthy of a better fate; but if atonality, polytonality, mechanical din and rhythmic violence are, indeed, the signposts of the new day, then Toch has contributed a work that outclasses most of its com-

Back to Beethoven

On Saturday Mr. Koussevitzky began the concert with Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." About the performance The Times printed on Sunday the following note: "It befell that Mr. Koussevitzky captured the secret and mood of this music with the rarest felicity. He did not attempt to read a kind of emotion or color into the score that was not there. He chose his tempi with the greatest good fortune. The 'Brook' movement may completely miss its effect by being a fraction too fast or too slow. The opening movement can communicate and maintain the sensation of humming life and endless happy sing-song of nature if the interpreter is capable of such simplicity and of maintaining the unobstructed lyrical flow of Beethoven's music. Not many interpreters in this day and age can re-create such beauty and rhythm for the listener. It is also necessary to give this symphony the utmost clarity and beauty of sound. Such sound came yesterday from the instruments which gave the melodic phrases a swelling ardor and suavity of form that made the whole symphony lyrical and again bespoke the excellence of the orchestra."

ADVERTISER. BOSTON

Thursday, January 10, 1929

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Volume IV JANUARY, 1929 Number 4

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A very Happy New Year to you! To each member, individually, do I wish this Happy New Year, and to our Massachusetts Federation as a body, because we hope that the coming year will be the happiest and most prosperous that our state has ever experienced musically.

We are looking forward to the inspiration and enthusiasm for new endeavor which we are certain to derive from the Biennial meetings to be held here in June, and that is one way of making our New Year a happy one. But, the very best way for us to be happy in our organization is to make someone else happy in their musical life. And so, we wish to call attention to the notice in another column of our Bureau of Club Talent, and once more to urge our clubs, in making up their programs for the coming year, to engage at least one of our young artists, and thus help to encourage these young aspirants for musical honors.

We sponsor no one who is not worthy of a hearing, and, if we do not help in engaging these young people, how can we expect others outside of our organization to do so? Will you not, if possible, give one engagement in the coming year, to one member of our Bureau, and will you not also try to talk to your friends in the Federation of Womens' Clubs, and urge them to send engagements our way? In this way, we may make our own year happy by feeling that we have smoothed some of the stones from the sometimes rough pathway to musical fame and achievement.

And so, once more, a very happy and prosperous New Year to you all!

Very cordially yours,

MARY G. REED.

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THE LIBRETTO THE PARENT-TEACHER THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

60

Toch in New York

TRANS. JAN. 6 –

High-Water Mark

TOCH'S Concerto, Mr. Sanromá pianist, Mr. Koussevitzky as conductor, fared well in New York last week when the piece was heard at both the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra. For the reviewers, after the first performance on Thursday evening, Mr. Henderson wrote in The Sun: "If you dislike modernist music per se, no matter whether it is well or badly made, shows mastership or clumsy incompetence, you will not like Toch's Concerto. But if you can discern ability in a piece of music the idiom of which is uncongenial to you, this one should please you. Toch has not created an immortal masterpiece as some of the propaganda writers have exclaimed, but one can perceive the cause of their ecstasies. Here is actually the first clearly shaped and comprehensively purposeful work that has lately been put forth by any modernist writer. It stands out like a sculpture among masses of mere clay.

"It has well defined themes, which are related to each other and impose a homogeneous character upon the work. The rhythms are invigorating and without the lamentable monotony which spoils so much modernist composition. The Concerto reveals a mastery of form which is rare among the unchained spirits of the time. It adheres in some measure to the principles of the classic sonata, but without enslaving the fancy of the musician. The composition as a whole develops logically and is free from the jumble of futile strivings and helpless wanderings which have so discouraged those trying honestly to discover some mastery of their materials among the acclaimed progressives. Toch is perhaps not a Stravinsky, but he seems to know where he is going.

"His harmonic style is distinctly atonal, and perhaps he has over-worked the chromatic scale and its chord-derivatives in his eagerness to avoid all approach to the ancient cadences, but with his chromatics he has achieved some uncommon beauty and at times a wistful song-speech which seems to be quite his own. His slow movement is of course his weakest. The modernists have not yet found their cantilena. The long melodic line of the classics, which they discarded, has not been replaced by them with anything possessing its suave and sustained enchantment.

"But the finale, which one of the enthusiasts has described as rhythmic violence, is nothing of the sort. It is rude in spots and it rejoices in some of those abrupt pauses and jarring resumptions which are items in the modernist stock in trade. But it has vitality. It is male music, and this is true of the whole work. The scoring is marvellously clever and the piano-part is constructed so that it is an integral portion of the score and not a thing aloof.

"And the whole composition sounds. It is not always sweet upon the ear; rather it is often pungent, but it intrigues at every moment. One listens to it with interest and recognizes the presence of a musician who knows what he is doing and how to do it. The Concerto was superbly performed. Without the most flawless instrumental balance the thing would be cacophanous without doubt. Played as it was last evening by the Boston men under the magic wand of Koussevitzky, it had opulence of texture and color. Mr. Sanromá treated the piano-part in a style which proclaimed him a virtuoso of the first rank in modernist music."

After the second performance, on Saturday afternoon, The Times added: "The Concerto fully justified the enthusiastic reception of thirty-six hours before, and new discoveries were made by certain observers, as, for instance, the beauty of the second theme of the first movement, and the importance of this beautiful idea in the elaborate and electrifying developments. Again the performance was a triumph for composer, conductor and soloist. If anything, Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Sanromá outshone their previous achievements with the same score."

Doubts and Disdains

The only dissenter of moment was Mr. Thompson in The Evening Post, saying: "The Concerto is very much twentieth-century in its din, its brass, its impudence, its pile-driving vitality. It hits the listener between the eyes as perhaps no other work of its character has done, for those to whom it is that long-sought desideratum, an expression of the age, it may even be something of a knockout. For others who may be inclined to believe that to cultivate the hard-boiled and the mechanistic is to close the door at the start on any very promising musical inspiration, the question remains as to whether this is music at all.

"There are many stunning effects—stunning in the literal meaning of the word—in the more violent parts. Whether they will have any continuing musical value when they have ceased to be novel is not to be too confidently asserted on the basis of the excitement, on the one hand—or the aversion, on the other—they plainly created in performance. This reviewer was surfeited with a formulistic artificiality, a self-conscious strutting, an attitude of 'watch my smoke' in most of the first and last movements. The slow movement, if scarcely to be described as beautiful, had an utterance orderly and purposeful, with neat and often attractive turns of phrase.

"If the Stravinsky of today is right, this Concerto may be regarded as an abortive illustration of a skill worthy of a better fate; but if atonality, polytonality, mechanical din and rhythmic violence are, indeed, the signposts of the new day, then Toch has contributed a work that outclasses most of its competitors."

Back to Beethoven

On Saturday Mr. Koussevitzky began the concert with Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." About the performance The Times printed on Sunday the following note: "It befell that Mr. Koussevitzky captured the secret and mood of this music with the rarest felicity. He did not attempt to read a kind of emotion or color into the score that was not there. He chose his tempi with the greatest good fortune. The 'Brook' movement may completely miss its effect by being a fraction too fast or too slow. The opening movement can communicate and maintain the sensation of humming life and endless happy sing-song of nature if the interpreter is capable of such simplicity and of maintaining the unobstructed lyrical flow of Beethoven's music. Not many interpreters in this day and age can re-create such beauty and rhythm for the listener. It is also necessary to give this symphony the utmost clarity and beauty of sound. Such sound came yesterday from the instruments which gave the melodic phrases a swelling ardor and suavity of form that made the whole symphony lyrical and again bespoke the excellence of the orchestra."

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In Arthur Honegger the Symphony Concerts Receive a Notable Guest

For His Bostonian Audiences a Program That Is a Musical Autobiography from "Nigamon" of 1917 to "Rugby" of 1928

IT HAS come to be the custom that during the twelfth and thirteenth week of the symphonic year—exactly at mid-season—Mr. Koussevitzky tired from much rehearsing and much concert giving, receives a fortnight's holiday. In his absence notable composers and conductors come as guests. For the concerts of this week, the distinguished Parisian, Monsieur Arthur Honegger takes such place. Biographical and appreciative notes appear in the various columns of this page. But Honegger is writing his musical biography for us in the program which he has arranged: "Chant de Nigamon," of 1917, is one of his first orchestral works. "Pastorale d'Eté" and "Horace Victorieux" were first heard in 1921. "Pacific 2-3-1"—the locomotive-piece so-called—was written in 1928. The Concertino for Piano and Orchestra (pianist, Madame Honegger); the opera, "Judith" from which Madame Cobina Wright will sing The Prayer near the beginning of Act One; the three songs from "La Petite Sirène," all date from 1924 and 1925; while "Rugby" was written last summer and last autumn. Opera and oratorio aside, this program spans the full course of Honegger's creative years.

On a fly-leaf at the beginning of the score of "The Song of Nigamon" stands this legend: ". . . Tareah, the Huron, had reserved Nigamon and the other Iroquois chiefs, to burn them alive. Fire was placed at the bottom of the pyres. When the flames began to rise, Tareah leaped across them and scalped Nigamon and his companions and boxed their ears with the hair of their own heads. During all this the Iroquois sang their song of death, but when that of Nigamon began, the others remained silent—to listen." For Americans an American subject, Honegger must have reasoned when he shaped the program. And he uses at least two actual Indian themes, taken from Julien Tiersot's "Notes d'Ethnographie Musicale." The piece begins with figures rhythmic and realistic, with much percussion. Solo-voices in the strings sing a theme. There is development and more actively rhythmed measures. Then we hear a War Song of the Hurons, played in full seventh chords, in full lower strings. Later, horns bring in a Song of Iroquois Warriors. This early work, though not so complex as its successors, shows daring harmonic procedures and a fine sense of orchestral values.

The Prayer of Judith occurs near the beginning of the opera. In it Judith prays for the deliverance of her people and for success in her own attempt to assist in that deliverance. It is a music of gentle melodies in the woodwinds, of brass in plangent but quiet chords, of a vocal line gentle, reverent, pleading, with at times a suggestion of anguish.

Both the "Summer Pastoral" and the Concertino received first performances here in Boston from Mr. Arthur Fiedler's "Sinfonietta," the Pastoral two years ago, the Concertino last February. The "Summer Pastoral" is simple both in construction and orchestration. In the first and last sections, "Calme," gentle melodies are heard in the winds to the accompaniment of simple pastoral figures. The mood is drowsy. In the middle, or contrasting, section, "Vif et Gai," both winds and strings toy around bright tunes; while the whole stirs to a sprightly agitation, as the climax of the piece before the resumption of the quieter measures.

"Horace Victorieux" was composed at Paris in the winter of 1920-21. It is dedicated to Mr. Koussevitzky. After two performances in Switzerland under the excellent Mr. Ansermet, Mr. Koussevitzky gave the piece a first Parisian hearing on Nov. 11, 1921. Mr. Monteux played it in Symphony Hall a year later when it proved a hard nut for Bostonians to crack. Not few, as they now hear it, seven years later, may smile at the difficulties and resentments that then beset them. The story of this "Mimed Symphony" is that of the three Horatii who were to do battle for the Romans against the three Curiatii defending the Albans, to decide a quarrel between the two peoples. (How much more convenient than to impose a world-war for such a purpose. One to a side would have been still better.) After furious fighting all three Curiatii are wounded and two Horatii have been killed. Horatius, the survivor, quick-witted, outthinks his three adversaries. He resorts to the trick of flight, with the Curiatii in hot pursuit. When the fleetest of the three is sufficiently separated from the other two, Horatius turns and dispatches him. The second he lures to a similar fate, after which the third is an easy victim.

But when Horatius returns to Rome he finds his sister Camilla, in love with Curiatius, moaning for her dead lover instead of rejoicing with her conquering brother. Enraged, and with a curse, he runs her through. For this murder he is condemned to death, but his father defends him, saying that he did right, that Camilla had deserved her fate. The sentence is remitted and Horatius is merely compelled to pass under yoke after the manner of such soldiers as are to be sold into slavery. Honegger, however, ends with the death of Camilla. And the murder is not so long drawn out as many anoother that has been set to music. A mere thirteen measures suffice for it. For which, blessed be modernism!

After a grumbling and gnashing introduction of no more than five measures, "Horatius Triumphant" falls into eight divisions:

I. Camilla and Curiatius. "Très lent." Delicate string sonorities furnish background for a flute-solo. Later it is joined by other solo instruments. This division is largely lyric as becomes the intimate subject in hand, though its climax is ardent. It yields a "curiatius theme" which is used later.

II. Entrance of The Horatii. "Rhythmique." To an angular rhythm begun in basses and tuba the Horatii enter in fugal fashion. Honegger's habit of writing frequent fugues is cause for comment by more than one writer.) A melodic contrast soon follows and the two intermingle in all manner of harmonies, tonalities and sonorities.

III. Entrance of The Crowd preceding The Heralds. "Assez animé." We now learn that the grumbling first measures of the introduction really represent this crowd, which is of course the background for much of the piece. There are suggestions of the Horatii theme. Martial music evidently signifies the heralds. It dominates the "crowd" music.

IV. Announcement and Preperations for The Combat. "Un peu plus lent." A highly martial music in the trombones (the heralds) introduces this section. Through an "allargando" the music leads to "Lourd." Evidently the Horatii make preparation first, for this is their music, deep among heavy bass instruments. Once more we hear the "crowd" figure, once more the martial music of the heralds' proclamation. Then the Curiatii make ready in expressive solos in contrabass, bassoon, viola. It is already obvious that the Horatii will be the victors; for the lyricism of the Curiatii could not possibly prevail against their hard grimness.

V. The Combat. "Très animé." The Curiatii give good account of themselves, for they not only get in the first blows, but their lyric theme becomes almost as fierce and forbidding as that of the Horatii. The battle continues in deadly earnest with a fugue as hard as cut steel nails.

VI. Triumph of Horatius. "Un peu plus large." A very broad music, treated with exultant sonorities. A long sustained climax.

VII. Lamentations and Imprecations of Camilla. "Très lent, expressif et douloureux." Fragments of the theme of Curiatius make pitiable entrances in the strings. The brass (Horatius) angrily interferes. Woodwinds sing their own weeping tune. But the rage of the brass increases, sweeps all before it, and we are at

VIII. Murder of Camilla. "Plus vif, en pressant beaucoup." It was written above that the murder occupied thirteen measures. Five would probably be more truthful. For the last eight measures, "Très large," are more peroration than murder. In them Honegger brings his "symphony" to close.

For "Pacific 2-3-1," established these five years as repertory piece at Symphony Hall, it is only necessary to recall Honegger's own program-note:

> I have always had a passionate love for locomotives. To me they—and I love them passionately as others are pasionate in their love for horses or women—are like living creatures.
>
> What I wanted to express in "Pacific" is not the noise of an engine, but the visual impression and the physical sensation of it. These I strove to express by means of a musical composition. Its point of departure is an objective contemplation: quiet respiration of an engine in a state of immobility; effort for moving; progressive increase of speed, in order to pass from the "lyric" to the "pathetic" state of an engine of three hundred tons driven in the night at a speed of one hundred and twenty per hour. As a subject I have taken an engine of the "Pacific" type, known as 2-3-1, an engine for heavy trains of high speed.

On a sort of rhythmic pedal, sustained by the violins, is built the impressive image of an intelligent monster, a joyous giant.

The Concertino (written at Paris, September to November, 1924) is dedicated to the composer's wife, when she was still Andrée Vaurabourg. As one would expect from a Concertino, the music is not weighty. Though the whole is compressed into a single movement, it is really a fusion of three movements. There is continuous and lively dialogue between piano and orchestra. The piano has a gratefully "pianistic" part. After a single syncopated measure from the orchestra, the piano, also in a single measure announces the motif which dominates the first division. The second section, "Larghetto," is ushered in by a cantabile melody in the piano. This in turn gives way by a very active "Allegro," in which the bass maintains a persistent march rhythm.

The songs from "La Petite Sirène are settings of words by Renè Morax, derived originally from Andersen's fairy tale, "The Mermaid." They are three in number, "Song of the Sirens," "Lullaby," "Song of the Pear." The accompaniment was originally for string quartet and flute; to be played at the concerts of this week by flute together with a contingent from the string choir, without double basses. These songs are well placed on this program immediately preceding "Rugby," for like "Rugby," they are less complex than much of Honegger's earlier work. Revery is th out.

"Rugby," Honegger's was written for the firs new Orchestre Sympho that capital's endowed or men. It was written e occasion. Probably mar noisy music, but "Rugl percussion instruments. that gives the impres youthful, vigor. It is "Pacific 2-3-1" but aims Reviewers stress its ess Henri Prunières goes s "'Rugby' opens a new many abortive experime definitely entered the (Has Monsieur Prunière egger's own "Skating Or was that one of the ments"? Or is skating wonders.) The "Menes quoted in this country turn to sobriety, to cla tonal unity. This piece, ditional sonata-form, ma any picturesque element by any percussion. It poem reduced to the e music. Anti-romanticism order of the day." And tells of a "Schumanes ism," seemingly the seq sonata form.

Let no one expect, h a second theme. For closely its mood to t motiv. Though this a alyzed as sonata-form, will hear it as an expr than a single mood. a by an energetic, seethi ing, swirling mass—of case, for the subject s vigorous play. But it anything else, as long were in active and motion. It is less dis ace," indeed; but in it no means returned to ties. Being of this age tion. Being of Honeg motion humanized.

Honegger's Creed

Communicated in 1920 to Paul Landormy

I ATTACH great importance to musical architecture. I would never see it sacrificed to literary or pictorial considerations. . . . My model, above the rest, is Bach Unlike sundry "anti-impressionists," I seek no return to harmonic symplicity. I hold that we are bound to utilize the harmonic material of the school that preceded us, but to different purpose—as basis for lines and rhythms . . . I do not share the [current] inclination for music of the side-show or the vaudeville theater. On the contrary, I prefer chamber music, and symphonic music, when they are gravest and most austere.

(From the Portrait by Fernan Ochsé)

"Between Two Races, French and German, Honegger Chose to be Honegger" Andre Coeuroy

e mood through-

foot-ball piece, t concert of the nique de Paris, chestra of young xpressly for the y will expect a by" contains no It is a piece sion of sturdy, a companion to less at realism. ential simplicity. far as to say, period. After nts, sport has realm of music. s forgotten Hon- Rink" of 1922? abortive experi- ot a sport? One trel" so far not finds it a "re- ssical form, to conceived in tra- kes no appeal by and particularly is a symphonic ements of pure is decidedly the her commentator ue bit of lyric- nd theme of this

owever, too lyric this theme joins at of the main usic can be an- many a listener ssion of no more that suggested , running, leap- humanity, in this ggests a team at might have been as this anything ariously directed onant than "Hor- Honegger has by classical simplici- it is music of mo- er, it is music of

A. H. M.

The Composer and The Man in Brief Survey, with "Pacific" for His Image—The World Into Which He Entered and Prevailed

De la musique avant toute chose.

STIRRED by a gust of wind, an Æolian harp sounds a tone—a syllable of musical language. The air is full of music; and now and then happily winged Ariels unchain it for us on their magic trumpets. Then the tempest roars in chromatics; then earth and fire, water and air, shape themselves into four-part harmony. Music and nature run in parallels, never to cross, ever to counterpart. Respighi's caged nightingale is less winged than Beethoven's pastoral birds; Strauss's alpine wind-machine less ohilling than Rossini's breezy scales. Portraiture in music defeats its purpose by exposing the inaptitude of an art to measure up to life, greater as the former may be than the latter, if kept within its own uncurved course.

Few musicians are as true to these chaste ideals as Arthur Honneger, not long ago a formidable modernist, now an unopposed messenger of the new musical truth which is as inevitable to come upon us as the year 1930. At the Dantesque age, on the summit of his powers, he already gathers the rewards of his mettle. Last year Russia greeted him, and he found orchestras there that had his music well in their routine. Now America welcomes him with an uncompromising salute. Soyez le bienvenu! Curiosity whips the sentiment, and the figure of the French-Swiss composer wearing a healthy smile under a basque cap becomes the picture of the hour. He is as much excited over things American, as the curious are excited over him, and, true to his first infatuation, he never fails to inspect the locomotives that drive him hither and thither. His type is Pacific 2-3-1, according to the number of the wheels, in front, on the side, and behind. Indiscriminate newspapermen, using indiscriminate cuts to illustrate his most famous musical score, err frequently and annoyingly in these details.

Arthur Honegger took the Pacific for his inspiration as Schubert had taken the postillion. Nor is he the first to marvel in tones at the puffing monster. In his modest way, Glinka wrote a song of the railroad train; and Berlioz was tempted by the early engine. In Honegger's Symphonic Movement there are actual musical sounds in the rails vibrating under the speeding wheels, there is an obvious acceleration of beats and puffs. There is even the familiar effect of the Doppler principle—the change of pitch of the whistle of a locomotive travelling at a high rate of speed. But Honegger does not set a pair of rails, or blow the steam whistle, as a musical photographer would. All this serves him as material as the minor third of the cuckoo served our musical ancestors. The harmonics used by Honegger in the introductory bars of "Pacific" are uncannily near the actual scratchings and scrapings when an engine is first set in motion. A gramophone record made under the wheels of a 2-3-1 would have been more correct, but its application to a musical piece would have killed it outright; for all that follows is designed on a musical scale, demanding musical setting.

"Pacific" evolves in a quasi-sonata form, which, in ideal purity, is motion progressing from a slow and short introduction to a rapid rhythmic movement, either ending in a crash or symment, metrically receding into the original stillness. "Pacific" comes to a stop—and the double and triple rhythms serving as speed-regulators produce an irresistible impression on the senses. Here is almost an illusion. No wonder Jaques-Dalcroze considers "Pacific" an embodiment of a true rhythm, a masterpiece of music as sound in motion.

The melody flows abundant in "Pacific" as soon as the brakes are released; its course is smooth; scarce drum-beats mark the junctions. In "Rugby"—Honegger's glorification of football—he goes a step further, eliminating percussion altogether. A game without a crash! Plenty of commotion, but commotion by a breathless melody marked, and by riding rhythms sharpened. Music flowing full tide, full of sudden alarms and trepidations, music that excites without stunning. To some, such elimination of the most logical accessory to any music of motion and vigor, would seem an unnecessary stunt But Frank Martin, Honegger's less illustrious countryman, wrote a fox-trot for chamber orchestra without drums and lost not a whit of pulsating power. The classically inclined Hindemith does not luxuriate in percussion.

Even taken as a stunt, this general trend toward economy of means has not a little significance. Stunt and mastery are next-door neighbors. Palestrina and Bach were great stunt-performers.. There is not a vestige of human sense in writing a perfect canon, at the expense of tremendous effort and possibly crippled inspiration. We possess no multiple power of sensation to follow several independent lines of complicated counterpoint. Yet Bach's achievement in Fugue changed the face of musical history and paved the way for the great symphonists of the following centuries. A successful stunt presupposes a superior technic. Physical culture teaches us to stand on our heads that we may stand firmly on our feet. Musical culture must pursue a similar course. Modern youth achieve things that would baffle ancient wise men. There is no need to worry about scarcity of geniuses; the musical world is still in the making, and out of the present turmoil remarkable men are arising more numerous than ever.

Arthur Honegger appeared on the musical horizon during the war. Music was in a crisis, as was the entire world. Musicians, great or small, were languishing under the strain of mortifying decadence. Mallarmé was ever worrying that his sonnets were not "sufficiently obscure." They were; and to his texts sensitive musicians were setting an equally obscure, languorous, though strangely attractive music. They reveled in visions of ancient Greece, vanished gods and voluptuous nymphs. Satie had a cult of his own, perfecting the art of miniature. Exquisite raptures in nebulous tones, half-suggestions of an impossible felicity, the entire wealth of the impresisonistic palette, seemed to reign over the souls and minds of both musicians and poets. Away from this coarse life with its internecine wars and annihilating machinery! More flowers, perfumes and pretty things!

Into this world of wan decadence came Arthur Honegger. The difference between Zurich, whence he came, and Paris, where he established himself, was great. Of different make and spirit, he was not tempted by the impressionistic vapors. He was all for healthy, boisterous rhythms. His first Sonata for Violin and Piano, written between 1916 and 1918, does not betray the signs of French sensualism. He writes a "Homage to Ravel," but thereafter pays but little musical homage to the acknowledged master of French music.

In Paris during the war, he meets Mademoiselle Andrée Vaurabourg, now Madame Honegger. She plays his early Tocca'a at a meeting of the improvised Cercle Musical et dramatique Indépendant. Ever since, her style of playing, full of feminine charm, finds reflection in Honegger's piano-writing, up to the subtle and brilliant Concertino.

For sentimental reasons, Honegger may recall in this January of 1929 that exactly nine years ago, at a gathering at Darius Milhaud's, a music-reviewer, eager to help along a group of struggling young musicians, listened favorably to their efforts. On Jan. 23, 1920, an article appeared in Comœdia, that caused confusion for a number of years: "Les Six Francais; Darius Milhaud, Louis Durey, Georges Auric, Arthur Honegger, Francis Poulenc et Germaine Tailleferre." The Six had just as little in common in their musical make-up, as any six Frenchmen picked on the street would have in their physical appearance. But it was a "boost"; "The Six" were friendly; they did not consider the arbitrary grouping as being in any way harmful. The story of "The Six" proved, however, more vital than any one imagined. Some explanations on the part of Honegger and Milhaud were quickly forgotten, and the easier way of following the erroneous conception was universally adopted. At least, one of the group was thus saved from oblivion.

Honegger's first popular success came with "Pacific" in 1923. In the same year he reorchestrated "King David," the oratorio that had originally been written for a rustic theater at Mezières, scored for a wood-wind ensemble plus a solitary double-bass. Rimsky-Korsakov once said that all orchestral music could be divided into three categories: music that sounds well oven with an inexperienced orchestra; music that only a good conductor and an expert body of players can bring out to advantage; music that no conductor and no orchestra can salvage. Honegger's music sounds always well and yields itself admirably to instruments. His instrumentation is as simple as it is logical. He has a strange aversion to "fancy" instruments. True, he has written a Hymn for ten string instruments, all different ranging from ultra-violin to infra-bass at the instigation of Monsieur Léo Sir the inventor. But never once has he used such a common nuisance as the E-flat clarinet. Stravinsky sends it cackling in the most inappropriate passage of "Œdipus!"

Honegger is also universal in his tastes and abilities. Oratorio has never been held in favor among young composers, and Florent Schmitt suffered much loss of popularity on account of his addiction to large and solemn forms. Honegger, the modern, tackles huge choral masses with the sure hand of a

Continued on Following Page

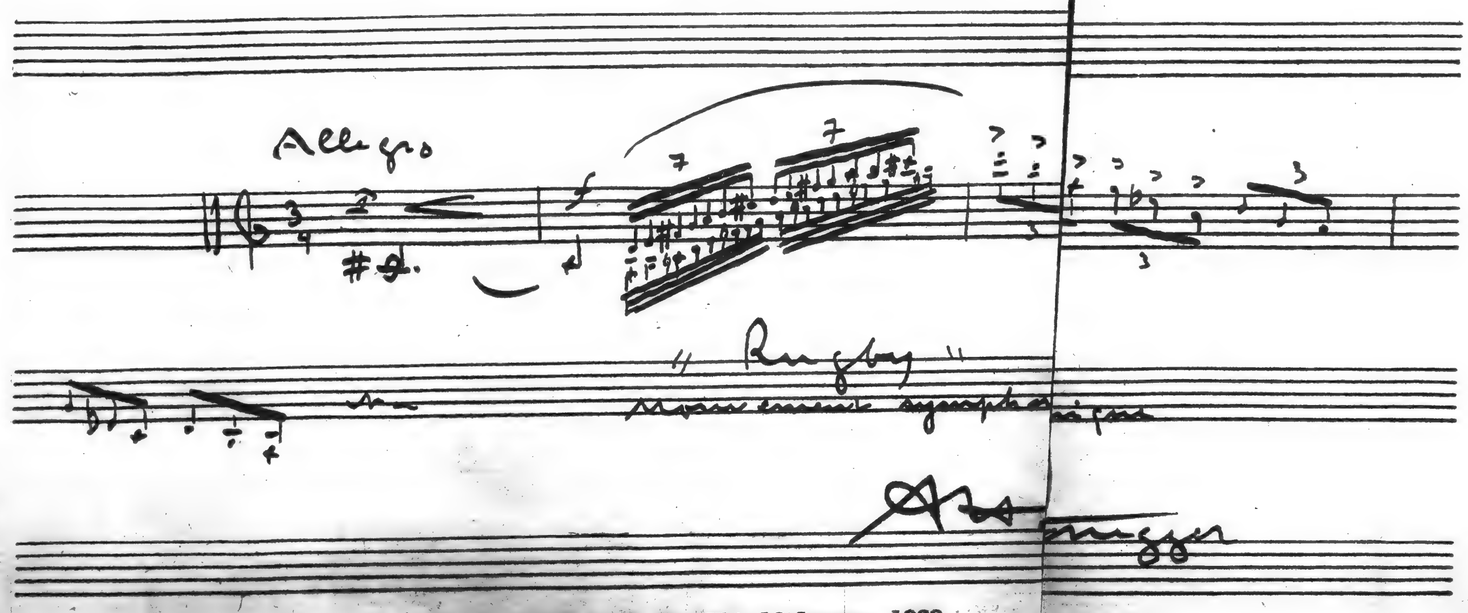
The Background

Honegger as Swiss, Lad and Youth

THOUGH Honegger belongs to French music, by nature—affirms Andre Cœuroy—he is profoundly Swiss. Born, as it happened, in France—at Le Havre in 1892—he came of a long line of German-Swiss ancestors, Protestants to boot. To Zurich, the capital of German Switzerland, he returned in the susceptible late 'teens and there made his first serious musical studies. He dwelt with his uncle, a judge in the law-courts with a taste for music, to whose memory he dedicated one of his earliest pieces. An aunt encouraged his musical bent. Soon—it was now 1911—he resolved to be composer by profession. Legend has it that in his ninth year, he was stirred by the sight and sound of Gounod's "Faust" and went home to wrtie operas of his own. Sonatas ensued though he knew next to nothing of sonata-form.

Now, however, in these summers at Zurich came the serious call. To Bach, Handel, Wagner, Strauss, Honegger, on the verge of his twenties, would add a French musical culture. He found it at the Conservatory under Gedalge, Widor and d'Indy. His Swiss citizenship, though it called him to militia-duty, kept him clear of the wastage of the German war. He could still pursue his studies in Paris, make his beginnings as composer—and these others upon this page take up the tale.

Three Measures, A Title and A Signature



Done in Boston, This 10 January, 1929

The Promise

The Ripened Honegger to Opera Now Turning

THE TIME is passed in which it could be fairly said that Honegger, as composer, was playing a four-cornered game, with Bach, Handel, the Romantics and Stravinsky each in a corner. He is now, as the line under the portrait suggests, altogether himself. His young years of musical adventure are passed. The atonality that grinds out of "Horace" and rumbles, well-lubricated by rhythm, through "Pacific 2-3-1" is no longer an end in itself; has lapsed into a potent means. Polytonality lingers as a distant memory. Honnegger's harmony tends to sobriety. His melody and his formal structures have taken a classical turn.

In opera, to which Honegger more and more devotes himself. "Judith" has proved a work of remarkable richness; while in "Antigone," he puts by both the French and the German procedure to find a course of his own. In it all things move swiftly, tersely; the atmosphere is epic; the music distills and liberates, rather than follows, the text. Honegger, wrote Monsieur Roland-Manuel, "does not magnetize us like Wagner; charm us like Debussy; shake us, like Stravinsky. He strives with us loyally"—and wins us to submission and admiration. An opera to a text by Paul Valery; an operetta drawn from Louys's gamesome "Roi Pausole," now engage him.

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TRANS. JAN 11 - 1909

Plays and P

The Composer, The Conductor, The Personage

Hearing Him in Eight Pieces His Cambridge Audience Rises to Honegger

At four minutes past eight o'clock last evening, in Sanders Theater at Cambridge, there might have been seen—as old romances used to say at the outset of Chapter One—a rather short and stocky gentleman emerging in evening clothes from the ante-room. He looked neither to right nor to left; took two at a time the steps leading to the stage, arrived upon it almost before the Symphony Orchestra could rise to salute him; then turned to face an equally applausive audience. The name of this gentleman is Arthur Honegger. He is near the end of his thirty-seventh year. By profession he is a composer of music; by the proved quality of his work, from "King David" and "Horatius Triumphant" through "Antigone" and "Rugby," a risen, significant, acknowledged figure of the new generation At the invitation of the society, "Pro-Musica," and with his wife—Mme. Andrée Vaurabourg, the pianist—at his side, he is now making a first visit to the United States. At the invitation of the Boston Orchestra, he was also making, last evening, his first appearance upon an American platform as composer-conductor. He makes a second this afternoon at Symphony Hall; a third in the same room on Saturday evening. New York, at the Philharmonic Concerts, will next scrutinize him. Thence he departs into the Middle West, journeying ultimately to California.

Like most modernist composers, or indeed musicians, Honegger—for his distinction warrants the name tout court—declines to look the part. There is not, fortunately, a professional trademark upon him. High from a broad forehead, he brushes back thick dark hair. His face is pale, full, smooth-shaven. The nose is sharp in a slightly aquiline profile; the mouth both sensitive and firm; the eyes quick and bright. His stature, which is not tall; his figure, which is not slender, suggest his German-Swiss blood. A robust geniality confirms the suggestion—as when last evening, he waved the orchestra to its feet with friendly gesture twice and thrice repeated, while far and wide beamed his countenance.

Not an affectation mars Honegger's bearing. As a lad he was good at games and, though he has now put on weight, he takes the course from ante-room to conductor's stand in unbroken, springy stride. The salute of the orchestra acknowledged—for who does not turn first to his partners in the job?—Honegger faces the audience; gives it a quick bow from the waist, European-fashion; bends his head to the continuing plaudits; is evidently eager to begin. When, however, as at the end of "Horatius Triumphant," the clapping rang long and loud, his shining face makes no secret of his pleasure. When, besides, the whole house recalled Madame Andrée again and again, he insisted that she, the pianist, and not he, the composer, of the Concertino, was the target. Once she persuaded him to the stage, but twice, thrice and four times he refused to budge from the ante-room.

Plainly Honegger is no unpractised conductor. (D'Indy schooled him and he has exercised the calling chiefly upon his own pieces). No Ravelian timidities beset him; nor, like il Signore Respighi, did he seem a trifle unfamiliar with the markings of his own scores. As plainly he had won the good will of the orchestra; whatever he bade, forthwith it accomplished. His stick is long and slender; his beat crisp and clean. At the outset of nearly every number he was a tranquil conductor. The stick gave the sign; with his left hand he rarely emphasized or shaded it. Soon, however, he was warming to and with the music. His beat waxed energetic. From his left hand emerged a characteristic gesture—the curving-in of fingers and thumb as though he were about to clench a fist. He bent forward to the orchestra, one foot from the stand upraised; settled back; rose yet again—until "Horatius Triumphant," or "Rugby," had ended in a final rush of sound. The impression was of a conductor who seeks sustained line and cumulative design rather than subtle shadings or polished minutiæ. Yet upon the "Summer Pastoral" his hand was as light, the tone as transparent, as the music itself. Lightly, also, he took the Concertino crisp, bright, pointed, to the end.

In that piece came the heyday of Mad ame Andrée—Mme. Andrée Vaurabourg Honegger the program solemnly style her. As pianists go, she is an ingratiatin figure—young, comely, friend to simpl cities of manner and dress, bearing her self with the taste and the distinctio of a high-bred French woman who i quiet fashion knows also the world. Fro the piano she draws a tone light, bright crisp and supple. Toward the music be fore her she is susceptible and self-subor dinating. Her sensibility to the modern ist idiom stands clear; yet about it she weaves from herself a charm to conquer the resentful. Her version of the Concertino—with Monsieur Arthur at every turn unobtrusively considering her—was persuasion and pleasure. Spelled was th audience until the moment came for ap plause to snap the magic. Not for minute did it stay its hands.

For the music itself, a program of ten numbers—to count each "Siren Song" as a separate item—seemed threateningly long. In outcome it was shorter than those of most Symphony Concerts. For a modernist had set it and brevity is their habit. (Call Toch of the recent Concerto the exception that proves the rule.) The new "Rugby," for example, is barely twelve minutes long; the familiar "Pacific 2-3-1," shorter; the "Summer Pastoral" and the "Concertino" concise; while only the mimed symphony of "Horace Victorieux" exceeds the quarter hour. Nor did the music of a single composer pall, couched though it was, for the most part, in variations of a single idiom. By report, only one anti-modernist à l'outrance, driven to exasperation by "Horatius Triumphant," overtly quitted the concert-room.

As a matter of fact, the early "Chant de Nigamon" is as harmless, to the most conservative ear, as any minor symphonic poem on the late-nineteenth-century model. The "Summer Pastoral" is pleasing lyric verse in tones, far removed from any dreadsome idiom; while the Concertino, whatever the speech, teems with élan, wit and what a new word calls "musicality." Even the fragment from the operatic "Judith" and the three songs out of "La Petite Sirène" prevailed orchestrally over the dullness of the singing. By this time every one who has not "passed out" (as the young gentleman of the University rudely put it) has agreed to "Pacific 2-3-1"; while "Rugby," freer from quasi-realistic detail, excels even that piece as high, imaginative achievement with the rhythmic energy and the dynamic variety of sound in motion. As for "Horace Victorieux," it remains to this day one of the masterpieces of musical modernity. Since its atonal speech is now familiar and therefore endurable, none needs hear it with gnashing of teeth and murmurs of impotent rage. But of these matters there will be occasion to write after the Symphony Concert today. H. T. P.

Herald Jan 11

MU

NOTES ON CONCERTS

By PHILIP HALE

It is hardly necessary to remind the concertgoers of Boston that Arthur Honegger will, as an honored guest, conduct the Symphony orchestra this afternoon and tomorrow night. The hall should be completely filled if only through curiosity to see the man to whom a locomotive engine and a football game suggested musical impressions. The program, consisting wholly of his compositions, includes one of his earliest and one of his latest. "Chant de Nigamon" was written as an exercise for the orchestral class at the Paris Conservatory and it was first performed there under his direction. The argument is taken from a story by Gustave Aimard about the Hurons and Iroquois; how one tribe burned their prisoners alive, scalped them; nevertheless, the unfortunates suspended their death chant to hear the solo of their chief, Nigamon. The "Pastorale d'Ete" has been performed here by the Boston Sinfonietta. These players have also performed the Concertino for piano and orchestra (Pauline Danforth, pianist). The pianist this week will be Mme. Andree Vaurabourg Honegger. "Horatius Victorious" and "Pacific 231"—which has been added to the program since the first announcement—have been performed by the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mme. Cobina Wright, a soprano, which has sung in Boston, will now sing Judith's "Prayer" from the opera in which Mary Garden portrayed at the Boston Opera House the patriotically bloodthirsty heroine. Mme. Wright will also sing three songs with the accompaniment of flute, violins, violas and 'cellos.

Mr. Fernandez-Arbos, who will conduct the Symphony concerts next week, has arranged this program: Wagner, Overture to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Halfter, Sinfonietta, Ravel, Alborado del Grazioso"; Albeniz-Arbos, "Evocation," "La Feta-Dieu a Seville," and "Triana" (orchestration of piano pieces in the suite "Iberia"); Turina, "La Procession del Rocio"; De Falla, Three Dances from the ballet "The Three-Cornered Hat."

Incidents and Prospects

Mr. Koussevitzky intends sooner or later to bring Bach's Mass in B minor to performance at Symphony Hall; but not, as rather foolish rumors run, during the present season. The chorus—probably from Cambridge—must be trained long and arduously. It is years since the Mass has been heard in Boston.

As the schedule runs for the concerts on Sunday afternoons at Symphony Hall, [illegible] Metropolitan Opera

TRANS JAN 11 -09

MONITOR JAN. 12

Honegger in America

By L. A. SLOPER

ARTHUR HONEGGER, who is perhaps the most interesting of the group of clever young Parisians who once advertised themselves so well as "The Six," has embarked upon a tour of the United States. His first American appearances were made this week as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its concerts in Cambridge and Boston; Mr. Koussevitzky having retired for his annual mid-winter vacation.

The French composer, offering a program of his own works, permitted us to trace his development from his student days, when he wrote "Chant de Nigamon," to the recent "Rugby." Intermediate stages were represented by the "Pastorale d'été," "Horace Victorieux," the Concertino, "Pacific 2-3-1," three songs from "La Petite Sirène" and the Prayer of Judith, about to depart for the tent of Holofernes, from the opera "Judith." With all this, there was hardly room for "King David," which many persons consider his masterpiece.

"Chant de Nigamon," although a student effort, is not a composition that might have been written by any student in an orchestral class. In his treatment of the American Indian themes, the composer showed a remarkable knowledge of the orchestra. In the "Summer Pastoral" he chose to reveal his capacity for simple charm and ingratiating melody; but the charm does not escape a certain monotony. Possibly Honegger at the time was preparing, in a rural retreat, the attack on the Curiatii.

Certainly "Horace" came as a stupendous contrast. This musical battle picture we had heard some years ago from Mr. Monteux. The passage of time naturally has deprived it of the power to bewilder us. We are able now to view it calmly and to understand it without difficulty. This gives us a better opportunity to appreciate its rhythmic vigor and its orchestral mastery. It leaves us, however, somewhat doubtful of the value of its substance.

The Concertino

M. Honegger really was able to provide a surprisingly contrasted program from his own works. Thus the Concertino showed another of his many sides, introducing a touch of jazz in its final section. This is a pleasant, lively piece, which we should not care to find any longer. The piano part was played by Mme. Andrée Vaurabourg Honegger, whose personal charm and dexterity at the keyboard completely won the audience.

The opera, "Judith," was most successful in its choral parts. The Prayer of Judith, however, we remember as impressive in its restraint, on the stage. In Symphony Hall, yesterday, it failed to make a similar effect. This probably was due in part to the fact that Mme. Cobina Wright, the singer, though she has an agreeable voice, appeared to have little notion of the meaning of the words she was singing. This may also have been the reason why the other songs left so faint an impression.

It has been said that "Rugby" marks an advance over "Pacific 2-3-1," because it contains less descriptive realism. Would it not be more accurate to say that the composer has merely omitted the detailed verbal description of the progress of events which he supplied in the case of the earlier work?

If this concert did not convince us that Honegger is one of the first line composers, it did serve to draw attention to a peculiarity of his compositions which seems to constitute an identifying idiom. This is the persistent use of a brief and rugged figure in the doublebasses, tuba and trombones, which serves variously to portray an Indian dance, the entrance of Roman gladiators, the exertions of a laboring locomotive and the movements of football players.

As a conductor M. Honegger showed himself lucid and authoritative, even if not so vivid an expositor of his own compositions as such an artist of the baton as Mr. Koussevitzky. The opportunity of seeing him and of hearing his own interpretations of his works was warmly appreciated by the audience of yesterday.

HONEGGER IS GUEST AT SYMPHONY

Bos AMER JAN 12

By MOSES SMITH

Arthur Honegger, guest conductor at this week's pair of Symphony concerts, is a rare bird—a composer who can conduct. Together with a concert in Sanders Theater on Thursday evening, these concerts constitute the American debut of the distinguished Swiss-French composer.

To grace the occasion there is an all-Honegger program, a group of pieces which give an excellent summary, presumably, of his development as an artist. Only music from his superb "King David" is missing; perhaps a chorus could not be assembled.

At any rate, here we were listening for the first time to "Chant de Nigamon," an orchestral trifle about American Indians, composed in 1917 and containing scarcely a suggestion of the Honegger who was to startle the world with his ultra-modernism. Then there was a Prayer from the recent opera, "Judith," music of suggestion; and three songs from "La Petite Sirene," music of cleverness, lightly orchestrated. These vocal numbers were sung by Cobina Wright, who clung tenaciously to the printed page before her, and who was obviously inadequate for the role she was filling.

"Pastorale d'Ete," music of tenderness "Horace Victorieux," first performed here in M. Monteux' day—music which cannot be described in a single phrase. It is a vivid program—symphony, with the classical Horatius for subject-matter. By all odds it was the most rugged, the most substantial music of the day. Scarcely less meaty is "Rugby," having the well-known game for subject.

Then the high point—at least for the audience—of the concert, the Concertino for piano and orchestra, with the charming Mme. Honegger as soloist. Her playing was delightful, deserving the remarkable demonstration that followed it. The music is clever, intellectual; I don't think it comes from the heart.

To conduct a whole program of one's own music is to subject oneself to trial by ordeal, the audience being the ordeal. Honegger came out of it with overwhelming success.

TRAV. JAN. 12,

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GLOBE JAN 12

HONEGGER CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Noted Composer Leads Program of His Works

"Rugby," New Football Piece Heard for First Time In America, Pleases

Arthur Honegger, noted Swiss composer, appeared as guest conductor at yesterday's Boston Symphony concert. His interpretations of a program filled with his own works were of unusual interest. "Rugby," the new tone poem suggested by a football game, was played for the first time in Boston on this program. Honegger's American debut as conductor was made Thursday evening at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, in the same numbers the Boston subscribers are hearing, including the first performance in America of "Rugby."

Andree Vaurabourg (Mme Arthur Honegger) was very warmly applauded for her admirable playing of the piano solo in her husband's Concertino. Cobina Wright, an American soprano now living in New York, sang an air from the opera "Judith," and three songs from "La Petite Sirene."

Honegger, now 36, is world famous as the composer of the oratorio "King David," heard here last year; the operas "Judith," given here two years ago and to be repeated by the Chicago Opera Jan 29; "Antigone," the tone poem about a locomotive "Pacific 231," familiar to Boston audiences from many performances, and other works. His visit to Boston is an event to be remembered with the coming in former seasons of d'Indy, Richard Strauss, Stravinsky, and Ravel. This young modernist seems certain of a prominent place in the history of music in the 20th century.

Stocky and strongly built, of medium height, Honegger looks as much like an athlete or a young business man as like a musician. Only his face, surmounted by a high forehead and a mass of thick black curly hair betrays at a second glance the musician's sensitiveness lightening its heavy features.

He conducts with rather clumsy sweeping gestures, obviously intent on conveying his ideas about interpretation to the players, and completely oblivious of the presence of the audience. He is, in fact, not by profession a conductor, but a musician able to make his talent and his thorough understanding of the orchestra felt by players and audience.

The program, revised at the last moment by the welcome addition of "Pacific 231," ranged from the "Chant de Nigamon," written in 1917 as a student exercise in composition at the Paris Conservatoire to "Rugby," completed last Summer. It represented the development of Honegger's great gift as fully as was possible in the concert hall. It proved that his individual and powerful style has been logically developed.

Logic, indeed, is in Honegger's music a quality that verges almost on a defect. In "Horace Victorieux," for example, the rigor with which he carries through a long work a single train of musical thought results in a monotony of effect certainly not intentional.

Polyphony is as natural a musical idiom to Honegger as it was to Bach. His counterpoint is, of course, very "free" in the technical sense of the term. Yet his treatment of rhythm lacks the flexibility that lends the illusion of freedom to Bach's student fugues.

In the main Honegger's style escapes the selfconscious and imitative eclecticism that impairs the work of too many modern composers. He writes for orchestra with the modern technique that makes the old distinction between the four choirs of the orchestra almost insignificant.

The great thing about his music is that he has something to say, and notable skill in saying it in his own style. One felt yesterday that his music is never pictorial, never really descriptive of actual life, and wondered at his persistent following of the 19th century fashion of giving program titles to his work. Perhaps it is merely a business man's instinct for publicity. Pieces purporting to describe steam engines and football players are sure to be talked about by persons who would ignore them as pure music.

"Rugby," the only important work new to Boston on yesterday's program, does not sound at all like a football game. There is no imitation of actual noises, merely a solidly put together piece of music with a form and a substance that command respect from the intellect and stir the emotions of the listener.

The "Pastorale" and the concertino prove that Honegger has in him a lyric contemplative romatic strain that derives from the German music, with which his spiritual affinities so plainly lie. His musical, as well as his actual genealogy, stems from German and Protestant rather than from French and sceptical sources. His parents were from Zurich, where he studied and lived as an adolescent. It is a meaningless accident that he was born in France and now lives in Paris.

The orchestra did its best for Honegger, and must have satisfied him. His wife, a fine pianist, was a thoroughly satisfactory interpreter of the difficult solo part in the concertino. But he was unfortunate in the singer chosen for his vocal works. P. R.

TRANS. JAN 11 - 1929

Plays and P

The Composer, The Conductor, The Personage

Hearing Him in Eight Pieces His Cambridge Audience Rises to Honegger

At four minutes past eight o'clock last evening, in Sanders Theater at Cambridge, there might have been seen—as old romances used to say at the outset of Chapter One—a rather short and stocky gentleman emerging in evening clothes from the ante-room. He looked neither to right nor to left; took two at a time the steps leading to the stage, arrived upon it almost before the Symphony Orchestra could rise to salute him: then turned to face an equally applausive audience. The name of this gentleman is Arthur Honegger. He is near the end of his thirty-seventh year. By profession he is a composer of music: by the proved quality of his work, from "King David" and "Horatius Triumphant" through "Antigone" and "Rugby," a risen, significant, acknowledged figure of the new generation. At the invitation of the society, "Pro-Musica," and with his wife—Mme. Andrée Vaurabourg, the pianist—at his side, he is now making a first visit to the United States. At the invitation of the Boston Orchestra, he was also making, last evening, his first appearance upon an American platform as composer-conductor. He makes a second this afternoon at Symphony Hall; a third in the same room on Saturday evening. New York, at the Philharmonic Concerts, will next scrutinize him. Thence he departs into the Middle West, journeying ultimately to California.

Like most modernist composers, or indeed musicians, Honegger—for his distinction warrants the name—tout court—declines to look the part. There is not, fortunately, a professional trademark upon him. High from a broad forehead, he brushes back thick dark hair. His face is pale, full, smooth-shaven. The nose is sharp in a slightly aquiline profile; the mouth both sensitive and firm; the eyes quick and bright. His stature, which is not tall; his figure, which is not slender, suggest his German-Swiss blood. A robust geniality confirms the suggestion—as when last evening, he waved the orchestra to its feet with friendly gesture twice and thrice repeated, while far and wide beamed his countenance.

Not an affectation mars Honegger's bearing. As a lad he was good at games and, though he has now put on weight, he takes the course from ante-room to conductor's stand in unbroken, springy stride. The salute of the orchestra acknowledged—for who does not turn first to his partners in the job?—Honegger faces the audience; gives it a quick bow from the waist, European-fashion; bends his head to the continuing plaudits; is evidently eager to begin. When, however, as at the end of "Horatius Triumphant," the clapping rang long and loud, his shining face makes no secret of his pleasure. When, besides, the whole house recalled Madame Andrée again and again, he insisted that she, the pianist, and not he, the composer, of the Concertino, was the target. Once she persuaded him to the stage, but twice, thrice and four times he refused to budge from the ante-room.

Plainly Honegger is no unpractised conductor. (D'Indy schooled him and he has exercised the calling chiefly upon his own pieces). No Ravelian timidities beset him; nor, like il Signore Respighi, did he seem a trifle unfamiliar with the markings of his own scores. As plainly he had won the good will of the orchestra; whatever he bade, forthwith it accomplished. His stick is long and slender; his beat crisp and clean. At the outset of nearly every number he was a tranquil conductor. The stick gave the sign; with his left hand he rarely emphasized or shaded it. Soon, however, he was warming to and with the music. His beat waxed energetic. From his left hand emerged a characteristic gesture—the curving-in of fingers and thumb as though he were about to clench a fist. He bent forward to the orchestra, one foot from the stand upraised; settled back; rose yet again—until "Horatius Triumphant," or "Rugby," had ended in a final rush of sound. The impression was of a conductor who seeks sustained line and cumulative design rather than subtle shadings or polished minutiæ. Yet upon the "Summer Pastoral" his hand was as light, the tone as transparent, as the music itself. Lightly, also, he took the Concertino crisp, bright, pointed, to the end.

In that piece came the heyday of Madame Andrée—Mme. Andrée Vaurabourg Honegger the program solemnly style her. As pianists go, she is an ingratiatin figure—young, comely, friend to simpl cities of manner and dress, bearing her self with the taste and the distinctio of a high-bred French woman who i quiet fashion knows also the world. Fro the piano she draws a tone light, bright crisp and supple. Toward the music be fore her she is susceptible and self-subor dinating. Her sensibility to the modern ist idiom stands clear; yet about it she weaves from herself a charm to conquer the resentful. Her version of the Concertino—with Monsieur Arthur at every turn unobtrusively considering her—was persuasion and pleasure. Spelled was the audience until the moment came for applause to snap the magic. Not for minute did it stay its hands.

For the music itself, a program of ten numbers—to count each "Siren Song" as a separate item—seemed threateningly long. In outcome it was shorter than those of most Symphony Concerts. For a modernist had set it and brevity is their habit. (Call Toch of the recent Concerto the exception that proves the rule.) The new "Rugby," for example, is barely twelve minutes long; the familiar "Pacific 2-3-1," shorter; the "Summer Pastoral" and the "Concertino" concise; while only the mimed symphony of "Horace Victorieux" exceeds the quarter hour. Nor did the music of a single composer pall, couched though it was, for the most part, in variations of a single idiom. By report, only one anti-modernist à l'outrance, driven to exasperation by "Horatius Triumphant," overtly quitted the concert-room.

As a matter of fact, the early "Chant de Nigamon" is as harmless, to the most conservative ear, as any minor symphonic poem on the late-nineteenth-century model. The "Summer Pastoral" is pleasing lyric verse in tones, far removed from any dreadsome idiom: while the Concertino, whatever the speech, teems with élan, wit and what a new word calls "musicality." Even the fragment from the operatic "Judith" and the three songs out of "La Petite Sirène" prevailed orchestrally over the dullness of the singing. By this time every one who has not "passed out" (as the young gentleman of the University rudely put it) has agreed to "Pacific 2-3-1"; while "Rugby," freer from quasi-realistic detail, excels even that piece as high, imaginative achievement with the rhythmic energy and the dynamic variety of sound in motion. As for "Horace Victorieux," it remains to this day one of the masterpieces of musical modernity. Since its atonal speech is now familiar and therefore endurable, none needs hear it with gnashing of teeth and murmurs of impotent rage. But of these matters there will be occasion to write after the Symphony Concert today. H. T. P.

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NOTES ON CONCERTS

By PHILIP HALE

It is hardly necessary to remind the concertgoers of Boston that Arthur Honegger will, as an honored guest, conduct the Symphony orchestra this afternoon and tomorrow night. The hall should be completely filled if only through curiosity to see the man to whom a locomotive engine and a football game suggested musical impressions. The program, consisting wholly of his compositions, includes one of his earliest and one of his latest. "Chant de Nigamon" was written as an exercise for the orchestral class at the Paris Conservatory and it was first performed there under his direction. The argument is taken from a story by Gustave Aimard about the Hurons and Iroquois; how one tribe burned their prisoners alive, scalped them; nevertheless, the unfortunates suspended their death chant to hear the solo of their chief, Nigamon. The "Pastorale d'Ete" has been performed here by the Boston Sinfonietta. These players have also performed the Concertino for piano and orchestra (Pauline Danforth, pianist). The pianist this week will be Mme. Andree Vaurabourg Honegger. "Horatius Victorious" and "Pacific 231"—which has been added to the program since the first announcement—have been performed by the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mme. Cobina Wright, a soprano, which has sung in Boston, will now sing Judith's "Prayer" from the opera in which Mary Garden portrayed at the Boston Opera House the patriotically bloodthirsty heroine. Mme. Wright will also sing three songs with the accompaniment of flute, violins, violas and 'cellos.

Mr. Fernandez-Arbos, who will conduct the Symphony concerts next week, has arranged this program: Wagner, Overture to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Halfter, Sinfonietta, Ravel, Alborado del Grazioso"; Albeniz-Arbos, "Evocation," "La Feta-Dieu a Seville," and "Triana" (orchestration of piano pieces in the suite "Iberia"); Turina, "La Procession del Rocio"; De Falla, Three Dances from the ballet "The Three-Cornered Hat."

Incidents and Prospects

Mr. Koussevitzky intends sooner or later to bring Bach's Mass in B minor to performance at Symphony Hall; but not, as rather foolish rumors run, during the present season. The chorus—probably from Cambridge—must be trained long and arduously. It is years since the Mass has been heard in Boston.

As the schedule runs for the concerts on Sunday afternoons at Symphony Hall, [illegible] Metropolitan Opera

TRANS JAN 11-29

MONITOR JAN. 12

Honegger in America

By L. A. SLOPER

ARTHUR HONEGGER, who is perhaps the most interesting of the group of clever young Parisians who once advertised themselves so well as "The Six," has embarked upon a tour of the United States. His first American appearances were made this week as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its concerts in Cambridge and Boston; Mr. Koussevitzky having retired for his annual mid-winter vacation.

The French composer, offering a program of his own works, permitted us to trace his development from his student days, when he wrote "Chant de Nigamon," to the recent "Rugby." Intermediate stages were represented by the "Pastorale d'été," "Horace Victorieux," the Concertino, "Pacific 2-3-1," three songs from "La Petite Sirène" and the Prayer of Judith, about to depart for the tent of Holofernes, from the opera "Judith." With all this, there was hardly room for "King David," which many persons consider his masterpiece.

"Chant de Nigamon," although a student effort, is not a composition that might have been written by any student in an orchestral class. In his treatment of the American Indian themes, the composer showed a remarkable knowledge of the orchestra. In the "Summer Pastoral" he chose to reveal his capacity for simple charm and ingratiating melody; but the charm does not escape a certain monotony. Possibly Honegger at the time was preparing, in a rural retreat, the attack on the Curiatii.

Certainly "Horace" came as a stupendous contrast. This musical battle picture we had heard some years ago from Mr. Monteux. The passage of time, naturally has deprived it of the power to bewilder us. We are able now to view it calmly and to understand it without difficulty. This gives us a better opportunity to appreciate its rhythmic vigor and its orchestral mastery. It leaves us, however, somewhat doubtful of the value of its substance.

The Concertino

M. Honegger really was able to provide a surprisingly contrasted program from his own works. Thus the Concertino showed another of his many sides, introducing a touch of jazz in its final section. This is a pleasant, lively piece, which we should not care to find any longer. The piano part was played by Mme. Andrée Vaurabourg Honegger, whose personal charm and dexterity at the keyboard completely won the audience.

The opera, "Judith," was most successful in its choral parts. The Prayer of Judith, however, we remember as impressive in its restraint, on the stage. In Symphony Hall, yesterday, it failed to make a similar effect. This probably was due in part to the fact that Mme. Cobina Wright, the singer, though she has an agreeable voice, appeared to have little notion of the meaning of the words she was singing. This may also have been the reason why the other songs left so faint an impression.

It has been said that "Rugby" marks an advance over "Pacific 2-3-1," because it contains less descriptive realism. Would it not be more accurate to say that the composer has merely omitted the detailed verbal description of the progress of events which he supplied in the case of the earlier work?

If this concert did not convince us that Honegger is one of the first line composers, it did serve to draw attention to a peculiarity of his compositions which seems to constitute an identifying idiom. This is the persistent use of a brief and rugged figure in the doublebasses, tuba and trombones, which serves variously to portray an Indian dance, the entrance of Roman gladiators, the exertions of a laboring locomotive and the movements of football players.

As a conductor M. Honegger showed himself lucid and authoritative, even if not so vivid an expositor of his own compositions as such an artist of the baton as Mr. Koussevitzky. The opportunity of seeing him and of hearing his own interpretations of his works was warmly appreciated by the audience of yesterday.

HONEGGER IS GUEST AT SYMPHONY

Bos AMER JAN 12

By MOSES SMITH

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TRANS. JAN. 12 –

The Afternoon Of Honegger Full-Rounded

The Symphony Concert Arrays Eight of His Pieces, Variously Voiced

IN CAMBRIDGE the audience at the Symphony Concerts applauds as though it had come together for an occasion and was heartily enjoying it. In Boston, at the matinée, the assembled company claps considering, cautiously, self-consciously, as though it were not quite sure of its pleasure and were wondering whether "correct" motives prompted it. Consequently, Monsieur Honegger seemed less warmly received in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon than he had been on Thursday evening in Sanders Theater. Even so, plaudits were plentiful at every opportunity—the entrances of the composer-conductor, the end of the better-liked pieces, the moment when he waved the orchestra to its feet, shook its collective hand upon the wrist of Mr. Burgin; stood framed in the crescent, alert, grateful, happy.

Whatever the difference between the two audiences, on both banks of the Charles clapping was longest and loudest at the close of the Concertno. In it Madame Honegger renewed every agreeable impression of the evening; laid again upon hearers what her compatriots call a "very personal" spell; while Monsieur Arthur was once more model of discretion as composer, conductor—and husband. The matinée audience does not escort charm and gayety into Symphony Hall. Madame Andrée led them both to a stage where, since the day of Mademoiselle Germaine Tailleferre, there has been no such apparition. "She's young" seemed to come in an overt whisper from every quarter of the hall. . . . For his part, Monsieur Honegger put by the morning coat of conductorial convention for the short jacket and striped trousers of current European mode; at second appearance was more urgent, and more confident, with the orchestra; drew from it more polished or more puissant performance.

As at Cambridge, eight numbers—to count collectively the songs from "La Petite Sirène"—filled the program. Two—Nigamon's orchestral song and "Summer Pastoral"—may be counted early Honegger. Into a middle period fall "Horatius Triumphant" and "Pacific 2-3-1";! while to a later and a present day belong the Concertino and "Rugby." For the purposes of the concert, somewhere in a limbo of their own hovered the fragment from the opera, "Judith"—her Prayer to Jehovah in Act One—and the three songs out of "La Petite Sirène" suggested by Andersen's tale of the little mermaid. "Judith" is drama in music; exists, therefore, in true and living self nowhere but in the theater. Only to students and connoisseurs of opera (there are such futile persons) was the Prayer of much interest—as illustration of Honegger's swift, salient operatic speech as though the shape, speed and substance of the word were on the instant fused into the shape, speed and substance of the music; as example, again, of the illusion or the emotion single instruments, stripped or hushed, may evoke.

In turn, the three "Siren Songs," sung to flute and a few strings, hinted at the increasing fineness of hand and choiceness of means in Honegger, that in quick sensibility he may seize, project, dissolve, a mood. Call them adroit, sensitive trifles — a caress, a motion and a laugh. . . . All four of these vocal numbers suffered from the inability of the singer to convey the musical substance or assimilate the musical style—much less to enhance and individualize either. Must high-placed French composers, paying notable visits to the United States, have some singing millstone, hung by an American management, about their necks? For Ravel, last year, it was Mme Lisa Roma; for Honegger of yesterday it was Mme. Cobina Wright.

Nor, as the stock-phrase of old-fashioned reviewing went, need "Nigamon's Song" or "Summer Pastoral" detain us long. Which of us, having done more or less decent work in maturity, does not turn back with secret affection to the exercises of student-years? A certain reviewer, not without present place and quality, still lays hand upon heart and declares that he wrote his best article as a junior at Cambridge for the long-defunct Harvard Monthly. Even so with "Nigamon's Song." On Friday, as on Thursday, this music of the tortured Iroquois in the midst of the torturing Hurons, finally awed to silence, seemed but symphonic poem on the German model for advanced practice in composition. Possibly Honegger had been reading in Chateaubriand or Cooper about "the noble red man." Certainly he had absorbed the theory and practice of the symphonic poem, German-fashion—even to its frequent obscurity. For though Nigamon's death-song stayed savage hands and softened savage hearts, it is not easy to follow across Honegger's staves. Yet, for prophecy, in the piece go both readiness and vigor.

Honegger still passes the holiday months in German Switzerland whence he came. In landscape and atmosphere, in homely sights and sounds familiar and cherished, he found the moods, out of them made the music, for "Summer Pastoral"—the murmurous, musing, beginning; through the middle measures gentle gayety drifting out of the distance to thread the revery; the revery itself melting, as drowsy day-dreams do, into the summer glow. Yet note the lightening hand of Honegger. "Nigamon" was written stub-fingered. "Summer Pastoral" runs in fine lines to fine shadings; the musical matter gives out aromas; fancy chooses it; grace and delicacy conduct it.

By so much "Summer Pastoral" may lead the way to the Concertino—the present flower, as Madame Andrée plays it, of the lighter Honegger. It is brief—yet not for lack of diverse matter or variety of mood. It is written as one writes in joy of the work growing under mind and hand. Every measure is transparent, every note falls into just place. The musical movement is supple and alert Here runs Honegger's melody; there his animated counterpoint; a few pages onward, his zest for fugue—he can even turn it playful; everywhere his harmonic readiness, his sensibility to timbres. Honegger, however, lives in his own time, and 1924 is the date upon the Concertino. Hence the piano as instrument of percussion as well as means to pseudo-song; hints of atonality and polytonality seductive, almost cooing: in the finale a syncopated dance; while over the way from the bassoons and the violas something very like jazz. (The austere programist will have it "a street song.") And all done with an infectious verve and charm as musical as the matter. A good leave-taking for the fanciful, the adept, the smiling Honeggers—since to do justice to Madame Andrée they must indeed be plural.

Through "Horatius Triumphant," "Pacific 2-3-1," the new "Rugby," the other and, as the books will surely say, the greater Honegger. The "mimed symphony" of the triple Roman combat, of the passionful and murdered Camilla received yesterday its meed of applause. Seemingly, the atonality and the polytonality of a music that lays on and spares not, irritated few ears, exasperated few mouths. Yet no longer ago than 1922, when Mr. Monteux, greatly daring, produced the self-same piece in that self-same room, feminine voices screamed with scornful resentment and senile lips quavered out gutter-epithets. Now intent listening and fervent applause. Are we at last agreed that the music of this immediate time is fundamentally and pervasively music of dissonance; that to it our perceptions are becoming accustomed, understanding, responsive, as they gradually attuned themselves first to Wagner, then to Debussy; that at the imagination, the will, the hands, of a Stravinsky or a Honegger, this dissonance becomes a means to power and beauty, the more such for their strangeness? Have we gained at last the victory over prejudices by which we see that atonality, polytonality and the kindred modernisms are but new instruments to old ends, to be used or disused, enforced or softened, as they may serve the purpose of the composer? Through yesterday's concert—blessed be the Divine Justice!—the signs were favorable.

Unmistakably, and after six years, this mimed symphony of Roman legend is modernist music of poignant beauty and impinging power. It is not easy to sit unmoved before the measures that sing the fated loves of Camilla of the Horatii and her Curatius; or that sharpen her agony and revolt when by her brother's hand her lover falls. She screams out imprecation—for "Horace Victorieux" is intrinsically tonal drama—and the page pierces with power. The brother runs her through—and the page seethes with the swift savagery of the deed; then swells into the silence that upon these Romans fell. Along the way to this climax other deeds of tonal power and musico-dramatic imagination. Vividly the two motivs contrast the combatants, foretell the victory; there the heralds proclaim—for once tersely; before and behind the crowd grinds; and ever, as it seems, the undernote of the fated Camilla.

Honegger writes a stark, sinewy music; grave, austere, the composer's eye and ear fixed on the object, not a measure of rambunctious rhetoric or romantic palaver; the high Roman fashion; the heroics of Corneille's tragedy hard-bitten into a stripped realism. Nor is "Horatius Triumphant" merely a music of delineation and of mimed drama. Beyond both, it has its own integrity and vitality, into them has fused all else. Two-fold, from Honegger conducting and composing now came "Horace Victorieux." Thereby, no doubt, it was glamoured. Yet from it sounded high imagination and large mastery into music transfusing drama. The way was clear for "Judith," "Antigone," and Honegger fertilizing a sterile stage.

Then to the other mastery—over the music of motion. To us in America "Pacific 2-3-1"—the locomotive piece—first disclosed it. Being human, and therefore decently light-minded, the delineative details primarily amused us. We heard "the joyous monster," as a Parisian commentator named it, chugging into motion, straining to grip the rails. From it sounded the whistle, even according to the rules; at the end it was braked—there is no other word for the sound—to a stop. (Honegger, by the way, speeds up the Pacific beyond the usual; but brings it to less graphic standstill.) As descriptive music, the piece would have been forgotten in a year. Upon listening imagination and preserving recollection it laid hold by far more remarkable traits.

Here at last was a music primarily of motion. Seventy-five miles to the hour the Pacific raced the rails and spanned the night. Honegger rhythmed the pace; sang the song of the motion, filled the staves with the zest and glow of such riding of earth, air and darkness. Even the counterpoint felt the thrill. The imagining was bold and sure; the accomplishing masterly. Our day, our living, by no means inglorious, had entered into symphonic music, Honegger for its voice. Here were its steel and speed, here its rasp and clatter rhythmed and made music. By such titles, not as mere locomotive piece, "Pacific 2-3-1" endured. To this day we that love our own time shamelessly, may not hear it without emotion.

In succession, but to far fine achievement, now stands "Rugby," already labelled the football piece. (Honegger finds locomotives amusing, even haunting. Therefore legend about "Pacific." Honegger once played football; still follows the game. Therefore legend—already accumulating—about "Rugby," no more than four months old. Under any other name it would have sounded as potent. Here again is a music of motion, variously and intensively rhythmed — abrupt, broken, hastened, checked, beaten down, struggling upward. It upsprings from motivs developed and conducted in contrast, rivalry, struggle, combat. They are wrought into a mêlée of counterpoint—a Parisian found the phrase—that in both graphic and musical impression transcends "Pacific."

In this polyphony the game—if game there is—is played changefully, excitedly, dynamically. The zest of it, the joy of it—this is European, not collegiate football, football seen and heard through the imagination—burst here and there into songful measures, full-throated, elate. The end flings up a sturdy victory. And all by musical means used in musical imagery to musical illusion. For his purpose Honegger needs neither atonality nor polytonality; tosses away with as free a gesture the percussion group. Here again is music of our time, our living, our sport—and not merely are they machines; music built upon the foundations of the fathers, yet speaking our language in our voice to our answering emotions. "The ancients were the ancients"—composers included —"but we"—listening to music—"are people of today."

H. T. P.

The Prague Singers For Second Hearing

The Prague Teachers' Chorus, under its intensely musical and equally resourceful conductor, Method Dolezil, last evening gave its second performance hereabouts, when it appeared at Sanders Theater under the auspices of the division of music and the division of fine arts of Harvard University. The concert was provided by Mrs. Coolidge, generous patron of the arts Needless to say, not all who sought admission

Above The Keyboard

Andree Vaurabourg-Honegger
Pianist and Wife to the Eminent Composer

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Jan 12 Herald

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Mme. Andree Vaurabourg Honegger was the pianist; Mme. Cobina Wright, the soprano singer. "Pacific 2, 3, 1," was added to the program that had been announced. The orchestra rose to their feet when Mr. Honegger came on the platform; the audience welcomed him warmly.

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Mr. Monteux brought out "Horatius" for the first time in this country and by so doing disturbed the equanimity of orthodox Bostonians; woke them from their constitutional composure. Since that shock was administered by Mr. Monteux, these good people have learned resignation, they are prepared in a measure for what they consider the worst to come. Today "Horatius" probably no longer seems to them amorphous, horridly cacophonous and chaotic; some pages may appear deliberately brutal, but the subject is not one for mellifluous strains. Here one finds the true Honegger, standing on his feet, apart from the others, raising his own voice, virile, at times raucous, conscious of his own strength, a man to be reckoned with.

In marked contrast with "Horatius," which was originally for a mimed performance on the stage, is the "Summer Pastorale" with its pleasing poetical remembrances of country life and surroundings; amiable music, deftly made, with the to be expected employment of professionally pastoral instruments; music that a composer of less individuality might have signed after a restful vacation; music that charms the ears while it is playing; is vaguely remembered.

In "Pacific 231" and "Rugby" the true Honegger steps boldly forth, the man of the commanding position among composers of today. "Rugby" has been aptly described as a "melee of bodies", two football teams, two themes, "lyric dynamism". And in this symphonic movement Honegger shows that he can command at will a long, sweeping melody. As for "Pacific, 231" it might well bear for its motto Walt Whitman's lines to a locomotive:

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Mme. Wright was not the woman to sing the music from "Judith." She has not the voice for it; there was no emotion, no spiritual exaltation in her performance. She was a little more fortunate in the short light and tripping "Song of the Peer."

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Bos. Daily Adv
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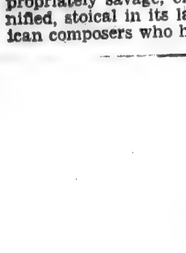

Arthur Honegger

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For the rest, the program was of infinite variety; the soft languor of the lovely "Pastorale d'Ete"; the frankly French conception of the American Indian in "Chant de Nigamon"; the clever concertino, the agreeable cycle of little songs. Honegger's style is varied, his genius has many facets. Well may his music fill an entire afternoon.

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The world of music is revolving rapidly these days. Not so long ago the name of Arthur Honegger was one with which to frighten the musically timid. Yesterday afternoon Monsieur Honegger led the Symphony Orchestra through an entire programme of his compositions, and the audience, far from protesting, applauded most of them with genuine fervor and, in a far larger proportion than is customary at the Friday matiness, sat the concert through.

KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS

Many pictured likenesses have made Honegger's face familiar to the readers of musical periodicals, the scanners of music-pages in the daily press. It is a strong face, rather massive in contour and surmounted by a shock of unruly black hair. Seen in the flesh the composer gives as a man the impression of energy and vitality that is created by his music. Thick-set, of medium stature, he has few of the graces of the prima-donna conductor, but he leads an orchestra as one familiar with the essentials of the craft and, what is more to the point, as one who knows what he wants and obtains it with no excess of gesture.

Next March Honegger will pass his 37th birthday. Already he has established himself as the leading figure among the newer composers of France. This is not a day of musical masterpieces, but he has made at least one in his "King David," produced here last spring by the Symphony Orchestra and the choirs of Harvard and Radcliffe. And to judge by a single hearing, he has made another in the tone-poem "Rugby" (he styles it an orchestral movement), played yesterday for the first time in Boston.

"Rugby" Good Music

Those who expected in this latest Honegger score a repetition of the somewhat crass realism of the locomotive piece, "Pacific 2-3-1" were doomed to disappointment. Save in the general suggestion of conflict and motion there is little in "Rugby" of either the externals or internals of a football match. There is, in fact, a recurring lyric theme of a marked, if fleeting, beauty that is difficult to place in such surroundings. Perhaps it has reference to the fair devotees of the sport. But regarded solely as a composition, "Rugby" seems to have in it the elements that make for life. Beyond doubt it will become a part of the standard orchestral repertory. "Pacific 2-3-1" which, by the way, concluded the concert of yesterday, seems to have come to stay; and "Rugby" is far the finer piece of the two.

To begin the concert Monsieur Honegger offered an early composition on an American Indian subject, "The Song of Nigamon," that is little more than a worthy student-exercise. The Prayer from the opera "Judith," sung by Cobina Wright, strengthened the impression made by the opera itself, that the solo passages are relatively ineffective. Three songs with orchestra from "La Petite Sirene" proved of slight interest—though they might have been more convincingly sung—and another early work, "A Summer Pastoral," played here once by Mr. Fiedler's Sinfonietta, has no more than a passing charm.

"Horace Victorieux"

With the ensuing number, the mimed symphony "Horace Victorieux," introduced here by Mr. Monteux in 1922 to a generally perplexed and even resentful audience, the real, the characteristic Honegger emerged. This music that vividly describes the victory of the Roman Horatius over the three Alban Curiatii and his subsequent murder of his own sister, because she lamented the death of one of the vanquished, has a power that is inescapable. Six years of modernist music have tempered somewhat the sting of its dissonances. But it is not for those who delight only in agreeable sounds. Yet yesterday's audience received the piece with undisguised enthusiasm. Verily we are making progress.

Between "Rugby" and "Pacific 2-3-1" came yesterday the Concertino for piano and orchestra, the solo part played by the composer's wife, Mme. Andree Vaurabourg Honegger. This Concertino, which was performed here last season by Pauline Danforth at a chamber concert of modern music, is a piece that should disconcert no one. The final movement, a sort of polite and modified jazz, pleased particularly yesterday, and there was much applause for Mme. Honegger, who played with a crystal-clear tone and delightful sense of rhythm.

Music Notes and Comment

GLOBE JAN 13-

E. Fernandez Arbos, the illustrious Spanish musician, will be the guest conductor at the next regular pair of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to be given in Symphony Hall, next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Jan 18 and 19. Senor Arbos is known to Boston as concert master of this orchestra for the single season of 1903-04, when he succeeeded Franz Kneizel. Indeed, Arbos as a young man was a famous violin virtuoso.

Born in Madrid, he studied the violin there as a boy, and perfected his technique under Vieuxtemps of Brussels, and Joachim of Berlin. Touring Europe in the 90s, he became a foremost virtuoso of that period. It was in 1904 that he devoted his career more particularly to conducting. He has long been at the head of the Symphony Orchestra of Madrid, likewise conducting in London for many seasons, and conducting concerts more recently in Paris, Rome, and Petrograd.

Last season he visited America and conducted concerts in New York, when he brought out some Spanish music with much success.

Spanish scores, including his own transcriptions of Albeniz will constitute the larger part of his program here.

Programs to Hand TRANS

From Mr. Fernandez-Arbos of Madrid for his concerts, as guest-conductor, with the Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoon, Jan. 18, and Saturday evening, Jan. 19—for the most part music of Spanish composers:

Prelude to the Opera, "Die Meistersinger," ..... Wagner
Sinfonietta in D major ..... Halffter
Alborada del Grazioso ..... Ravel
(Orchestral Version)
Suite, "Iberia," ..... Albeniz
(Scored for Orchestra by Arbos)
The Procession of Rocio ..... Turina
Three Dances from the Ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat" ..... de Falla

Boston Post Jan 14

COMPOSER RIDES IN CAB OF ENGINE

Arthur Honegger, French composer, who incorporated the wheezes and whistles of a railroad engine into a musical composition entitled "Pacific 2-3-1," yesterday enjoyed a ride in an engine cab from the South Station to Providence.

The young composer, who since boyhood has made locomotives his hobby, is visiting this country for what he declares is to be the last time. He stepped out of the cab at Providence thrilled over the experience and then boarded the 5 o'clock express for New York City, where he is to appear as guest conductor.

Rattle 2400 Years Old

A child's rattle shaped like a hedgehog was unearthed in the ruined city of Kish and is said to date back to about 500 B. C.

THE BOSTON HERALD, MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1929

COMPOSER HELPS DRIVE BIG LOCOMOTIVE

Arthur Honegger took his first ride in an engine cab yesterday on the run from Boston to Providence. The group, just before the start, includes (left to right), Ralph Bradley, Engineer F. J. Waldon, Mme. Honegger, the composer, and Boaz Piller, member of Boston Symphony orchestra.

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The world of music is revolving rapidly these days. Not so long ago the name of Arthur Honegger was one with which to frighten the musically timid. Yesterday afternoon Monsieur Honegger led the Symphony Orchestra through an entire programme of his compositions, and the audience, far from protesting, applauded most of them with genuine fervor and, in a far larger proportion than is customary at the Friday matiness, sat the concert through.

KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS

Many pictured likenesses have made Honegger's face familiar to the readers of musical periodicals, the scanners of music-pages in the daily press. It is a strong face, rather massive in contour and surmounted by a shock of unruly black hair. Seen in the flesh the composer gives as a man the impression of energy and vitality that is created by his music. Thick-set, of medium stature, he has few of the graces of the prima-donna conductor, but he leads an orchestra as one familiar with the essentials of the craft and, what is more to the point, as one who knows what he wants and obtains it with no excess of gesture.

Next March Honegger will pass his 37th birthday. Already he has established himself as the leading figure among the newer composers of France. This is not a day of musical masterpieces, but he has made at least one in his "King David," produced here last spring by the Symphony Orchestra and the choirs of Harvard and Radcliffe. And to judge by a single hearing, he has made another in the tone-poem "Rugby" (he styles it an orchestral movement), played yesterday for the first time in Boston.

"Rugby" Good Music

Those who expected in this latest Honegger score a repetition of the somewhat crass realism of the locomotive piece, "Pacific 2-3-1" were doomed to disappointment. Save in the general suggestion of conflict and motion there is little in "Rugby" of either the externals or internals of a football match. There is, in fact, a recurring lyric theme of a marked, if fleeting, beauty that is difficult to place in such surroundings. Perhaps it has reference to the fair devotees of the sport. But regarded solely as a composition, "Rugby" seems to have in it the elements that make for life. Beyond doubt it will become a part of the standard orchestral repertory. "Pacific 2-3-1" which, by the way, concluded the concert of yesterday, seems to have come to stay; and "Rugby" is far the finer piece of the two.

To begin the concert Monsieur Honegger offered an early composition on an American Indian subject, "The Song of Nigamon," that is little more than a worthy student-exercise. The Prayer from the opera "Judith," sung by Cobina Wright, strengthened the impression made by the opera itself, that the solo passages are relatively ineffective. Three songs with orchestra from "La Petite Sirene" proved of slight interest—though they might have been more convincingly sung—and another early work, "A Summer Pastoral," played here once by Mr. Fiedler's Sinfonietta, has no more than a passing charm.

"Horace Victorieux"

With the ensuing number, the mimed symphony "Horace Victorieux," introduced here by Mr. Monteux in 1922 to a generally perplexed and even resentful audience, the real, the characteristic Honegger emerged. This music that vividly describes the victory of the Roman Horatius over the three Alban Curiatii and his subsequent murder of his own sister, because she lamented the death of one of the vanquished, has a power that is inescapable. Six years of modernist music have tempered somewhat the sting of its dissonances. But it is not for those who delight only in agreeable sounds. Yet yesterday's audience received the piece with undisguised enthusiasm. Verily we are making progress.

Between "Rugby" and "Pacific 2-3-1" came yesterday the Concertino for piano and orchestra, the solo part played by the composer's wife, Mme. Andree Vaurabourg Honegger. This Concertino, which was performed here last season by Pauline Danforth at a chamber concert of modern music, is a piece that should disconcert no one. The final movement, a sort of polite and modified jazz, pleased particularly yesterday, and there was much applause for Mme. Honegger, who played with a crystal-clear tone and delightful sense of rhythm.

Music Notes and Comment

GLOBE JAN 13-

E. Fernandez Arbos, the illustrious Spanish musician, will be the guest conductor at the next regular pair of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to be given in Symphony Hall, next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Jan 18 and 19. Senor Arbos is known to Boston as concert master of this orchestra for the single season of 1903-04, when he succeeeded Franz Kneizel. Indeed, Arbos as a young man was a famous violin virtuoso.

Born in Madrid, he studied the violin there as a boy, and perfected his technique under Vieuxtemps of Brussels, and Joachim of Berlin. Touring Europe in the 90s, he became a foremost virtuoso of that period. It was in 1904 that he devoted his career more particularly to conducting. He has long been at the head of the Symphony Orchestra of Madrid, likewise conducting in London for many seasons, and conducting concerts more recently in Paris, Rome, and Petrograd.

Last season he visited America and conducted concerts in New York, when he brought out some Spanish music with much success.

Spanish scores, including his own transcriptions of Albeniz will constitute the larger part of his program here.

Programs to Hand TRANS

From Mr. Fernandez-Arbos of Madrid for his concerts, as guest-conductor, with the Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoon, Jan. 18, and Saturday evening, Jan. 19—for the most part music of Spanish composers:

Prelude to the Opera, "Die Meistersinger," ..... Wagner
Sinfonietta in D major ..... Halffter
Alborada del Grazioso ..... Ravel
(Orchestral Version)
Suite, "Iberia," ..... Albeniz
(Scored for Orchestra by Arbos)
The Procession of Rocio ..... Turina
Three Dances from the Ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat" ..... de Falla

Boston Post Jan 14

COMPOSER RIDES IN CAB OF ENGINE

Arthur Honegger, French composer, who incorporated the wheezes and whistles of a railroad engine into a musical composition entitled "Pacific 2-3-1," yesterday enjoyed a ride in an engine cab from the South Station to Providence.

The young composer, who since boyhood has made locomotives his hobby, is visiting this country for what he declares is to be the last time. He stepped out of the cab at Providence [illegible] over the experience and then boarded the 5 o'clock express for New York City, where he is to appear as guest conductor.

Rattle 2400 Years Old

A child's rattle shaped like a [illegible] hog was unearthed in the ruins of Kish and is said to date back to about 500 B. C.

THE BOSTON HERALD, MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1929

COMPOSER HELPS DRIVE BIG LOCOMOTIVE

Arthur Honegger took his first ride in an engine cab yesterday on the run from Boston to Providence. The group, just before the start, includes (left to right), Ralph Bradley, Engineer F. J. Waldon, Mme. Honegger, the composer, and Boaz Piller, member of Boston Symphony orchestra.

JANUARY 17, 1929

Players --- The So

Again The New Generation

Ernesto Halffter (Alban)

Entering the Symphony Concerts from The Music of Spain

Out of Spain The Conductor And The Music

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The Sinfonietta was written at Madrid between 1923 and 1927 and is dedicated to "mon cher maitre, Manuel de Falla, en hommage." It is scored for one each of the four usual woodwinds—flute, oboe, clarinet and bassoon; two horns, one trumpet, one trombone; tympani and two snare-drums, one smaller than the other; solo violin, 'cello, contrabass; and the usual string quintet. The four movements are designated Pastorella; Adagio; Allegretto vivace (Minuetto); Allegro giocoso. In the first division both themes bear out the pastoral label. The first is well accented, is heard principally in woodwinds and horns; while the second is less rhythmical and is carried often by solo instruments, as the flute or the first violin. There is a closing theme that is entirely rhythmical, made of the alternation of two chords (tonic and dominant), played by the strings with the back of the bow, together with woodwinds, while the solo violin sounds in high harmonics. The score contains many unusual orchestral effects—much use of harmonics; glissandi in the double-basses, considerable solo measures for double bass. The whole is sensitively, deftly, "openly" scored. There is no sign of the hand of the beginner. The "working-out section" introduces some new material. Halffter avoids a formal recapitulation, and in conclusion develops portions of the second theme, with much emphasis on the closing theme.

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Mr. Arbos has orchestrated many of Albeniz's pieces out of the set called collectively "Iberia," and described as "twelve scenes from different corners of Spain inspired by the rhythms, harmonies and turns of phrase from Spanish popular music, particularly the songs and dances of Andalusia.' Much description is unnecessary as these pieces are heard frequently in piano recitals. For the present program Mr. Arbos has chosen "Evocation" (Allegretto expressivo), "Corpus Christi at Seville." Triana.' In connection with the second the listener must remember the custom of the cathedral at Seville in preceding high festivals with dancing in the patio and even at the altar—a custom said in one legend to have received the sanction if not the special blessing, of the Pope. The piece begins, then, with dance figures; adds brilliance to brilliance; with these at white heat proceeds to choral measures, ending in quiet, religious mood. Mr. Arbos's orchestrations are masterful, brilliant, pointing both the exotic coloring implied in these pieces and the irresistible punch of the rhythms.

Joaquin Turina is another Spanish composer and scholar, born at Seville in 1882. He is no less know as writer on musical subjects than as composer. Although he is as "Spanish' as either Albeniz or de Falla, his outlook is said to be entirely different. "La Procession del Rocio," his chief symphonic work, has been called "a brilliant orchestral study which never fails to make its effect." It is dedicated to Mr. Arbos. On the first page of the score is this program:

> Every year in the month of June the Procession of Roses, in which the best families of the city take part in their carriages, makes its entry into Triana in honor of the Holy Virgin, whose banner is carried to the strains of music in the midst of a brilliant cavalcade, on a chair of silver drawn by a team of oxen. Triana is in festival array. "Soleares" (the French of this program note does not attempt to translate) are succeeded by seguidillas, a drunkard surprises a "garrotin," but the songs and dances are interrupted by the arrival of the procession, announced by flute and drum. The religious theme, several times played, bursts out triumphantly, mixed with strains of the royal march. Bells ringing a full peal add to the sum of the various sounds. The festal songs and dances are again taken up and continue vaguely until the end of the piece.

It is hardly necessary to add further analysis to so complete a description. Suffice it to say that the score is divided into two sections, "Triana en fete" and "La Procession," the latter, of course, introduced by flute solo. . . . Of the three dances from de Falla's ballet "The Three-Cornered Hat" it is probably no more necessary to speak than of Wagner's prelude: Mr. Monteux, Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Cassella have all played them.

A. H. M.

Concert-Chronicle

Incidents and Prospects

Mr. Koussevitzky will return to his post at the supplementary concert of the Symphony Orchestra next Monday evening, with Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Franck's Symphony upon his program. He will divide the ensuing pair of regular Symphony Concerts, on Jan. 25 and 26, between Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, in which he has never been heard in Boston, and Mr. Bloch's Rhapsody, "America," first played a month ago.. In the concluding "Anthem," a chorus from Harvard and Radcliffe will again assist.

Herald Jan. 19

MUSIC

SPANISH MUSIC

By PHILIP HALE

Enrique Fernandez-Arbos, a guest, conducted the 13th concert of the Boston symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, where 25 years ago he sat on the platform as the concertmaster of that orchestra. His program was as follows: Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Halffter, Sinfonietta D major; Ravel, Alborada del Grazioso; Alberiz-Arbos, "La Fete-Dieu a Seville," "Triana"; Turina, "La Procession del Rocio"; De Falla, three dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat." The sinfonietta by Halffter and the piano pieces by Alberiz as orchestrated by Mr. Arbos were played for the first time in Boston; the music by Ravel and Turina for the first time at these concerts. Mr. Koussevitsky handed over to Mr. Arbos the superb orchestra which during the years of his engagement he has shaped and fashioned until, according to the testimony of visiting conductors acquainted with bands in Europe and this country, it is now without an equal. Mr. Arbos played upon this instrument as a musician and a virtuoso; a conductor, respecting the composers; ever mindful of them; without disturbing and unwelcome personal display, yet shining by the service he rendered them. To speak in detail of his qualities as a conductor would be superfluous, if not impertinent, for his reputation has long been established in Europe; his ability was fully recognized last season in New York, where the conducted several concerts.

Take for example his interpretation yesterday of Wagner's Prelude. He remembered first of all that "The Mastersingers" is a comedy; that the Prelude is joyous. We have heard performances even in German opera houses, when one would have thought from the manner in which this musice was read that the opera was one

"Presenting Thebes, or, Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine."

Joyous, but with due consideration of the sections representing the square-toed, pedantic mastersingers; not forgetful of the lyric passages for Walther and Eva; a performance characterized by clarity even when there was extreme contrapuntal complexity; a buoyant spirit maintained throughout; a continuous flow of melody in which various episodes were not separate streams but tributaries to the mighty rush of the musical river, indispensable to the continuity. While there was an ever present regard for details, they too contributed to the general effect and did not appear as if they were all-important.

The spirit, the beauty, and the strength of the performance were at once appreciated by the audience. The conductor and the orchestra were enthusiastically applauded; the former wes thrice called to the platform. And enthusiasm reigned throughout the concert.

Of the Spanish music, familiar and unfamiliar, Halffter's Sinfonietta and the "Triana" of Albeniz, brilliantly orchestrated by Mr. Arbos, made the deepest impression. Ravel's orchestration of his piano piece is ingenious but "Alborada" cannot be ranked among his better works either in the original or in the magnified and enriched form. There are measures that promise something entrancing to come, but there is no arrival. Turina's "Procession" is not so interesting as the description of the festival, printed by way of explanation in the score. The subject of the "Procession" and that of "Le Fete-Dieu" are about the same; the former is a too literal translation into tones panoramic music; music for a film; the latter is gorgeous impressionism, if that word may be allowed.

Halffter is a young man but he has not been swept off his feet by contemporary influences, neither by Stravinsky nor by the preachers of atonality and polytonality. He is not so devoted to folk song that this Sinfonietta cannot make a universal appeal; yet it is evident that he is Spanish in musical feeling and expression. He has a pronounced sense of rhythm; he is not afraid to let drums have an important role (he uses two side drums); there are many hints at dance forms; nor does he require a huge orchestra to say what he has to say. The Pastorale is charmingly simple and melodious. The Adagio is too long. It contains fine passages, the prevailing mood holds the attention for the greater part; the technical treatment inspires respect; but Halffter could not stop after he had, for the audience at least, exhausted his subject. The Finale has more character than the Minuet. With the reservation made, the Sinfonietta is not an ordinary, not a conventional work. The composer has musical ideas, skill in expressing them and making the most of them. He does not shun melody or the semblance of melody, nor does he go far afield in the wish to avoid what some consider "too obvious."

If music can be said to dazzle by its brilliance, "Triana" is an amazing example. The piano piece calls loudly for orchestral color, dash, swing, rhythmic frenzy;; it might be called an admirable study for a master's instrumentation. The piano piece, when the pianist has the requisite technic and fiery imagination, it itself exciting; as Mr. Arbos has scored it, the music is intoxicating.

A concert that gave great pleasure. A proof of this is that only one or two before the final number left the hall, panting for tea, eager for social chatter.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Bloch's epic rhapsody "America."

Players --- The Sc

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The Adagio is expressive, distributed mainly among solo instruments—violin, 'cello, flute, horn. The chief contrast involves music with much delicate flute-embroidery. The Minuetto is entirely in the old tradition. The theme is full-bodied and aristocratic. Midway is a melodic trio. The form, with its cadences, and double bars and repetitions, follows the classical minuet. The finale is rhapsodic in character and form, now brilliant and exultant, now expressive and delicate, now "burlesqued." Probably the composer reaches the height of his originality (and he is an original young artist) in this movement. Altogether the Sinfonietta is clear proof that originality is possible with the use of not much more than the old devices of classicism and romanticism. Hitherto Halffter has been known to Bostonians only by a Debussyan String Quartet once played by "The Flonzaleys."

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Mr. Arbos has orchestrated many of Albeniz's pieces out of the set called collectively "Iberia," and described as "twelve scenes from different corners of Spain inspired by the rhythms, harmonies and turns of phrase from Spanish popular music, particularly the songs and dances of Andalusia.' Much description is unnecessary as these pieces are heard frequently in piano recitals. For the present program Mr. Arbos has chosen "Evocation" (Allegretto expressivo), "Corpus Christi at Seville." Triana.' In connection with the second the listener must remember the custom of the cathedral at Seville in preceding high festivals with dancing in the patio and even at the altar—a custom said in one legend to have received the sanction if not the special blessing, of the Pope. The piece begins, then, with dance figures; adds brilliance to brilliance; with these at white heat proceeds to choral measures, ending in quiet, religious mood. Mr. Arbos's orchestrations are masterful, brilliant, pointing both the exotic coloring implied in these pieces and the irresistible punch of the rhythms.

Joaquin Turina is another Spanish composer and scholar, born at Seville in 1882. He is no less know as writer on musical subjects than as composer. Although he is as "Spanish' as either Albeniz or de Falla, his outlook is said to be entirely different. "La Procession del Rocio," his chief symphonic work, has been called "a brilliant orchestral study which never fails to make its effect." It is dedicated to Mr. Arbos. On the first page of the score is this program:

> Every year in the month of June the Procession of Roses, in which the best families of the city take part in their carriages, makes its entry into Triana in honor of the Holy Virgin, whose banner is carried to the strains of music in the midst of a brilliant cavalcade, on a chair of silver drawn by a team of oxen. Triana is in festival array. "Soleares" (the French of this program note does not attempt to translate) are succeeded by seguidillas, a drunkard surprises a "garrotin," but the songs and dances are interrupted by the arrival of the procession, announced by flute and drum. The religious theme, several times played, bursts out triumphantly, mixed with strains of the royal march. Bells ringing a full peal add to the sum of the various sounds. The festal songs and dances are again taken up and continue vaguely until the end of the piece.

It is hardly necessary to add further analysis to so complete a description. Suffice it to say that the score is divided into two sections, "Triana en fete" and "La Procession," the latter, of course, introduced by flute solo. . . . Of the three dances from de Falla's ballet "The Three-Cornered Hat" it is probably no more necessary to speak than of Wagner's prelude: Mr. Monteux, Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Cassella have all played them.

A. H. M.

Concert-Chronicle

Incidents and Prospects

Mr. Koussevitzky will return to his post at the supplementary concert of the Symphony Orchestra next Monday evening, with Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Franck's Symphony upon his program. He will divide the ensuing pair of regular Symphony Concerts, on Jan. 25 and 26, between Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, in which he has never been heard in Boston, and Mr. Bloch's Rhapsody, "America," first played a month ago.. In the concluding "Anthem," a chorus from Harvard and Radcliffe will again assist.

MUSIC

SPANISH MUSIC

By PHILIP HALE

Enrique Fernandez-Arbos, a guest, conducted the 13th concert of the Boston symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, where 25 years ago he sat on the platform as the concertmaster of that orchestra. His program was as follows: Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Halffter, Sinfonietta D major; Ravel, Alborada del Grazioso; Alberiz-Arbos, "La Fete-Dieu a Seville," "Triana"; Turina, "La Procession del Rocio"; De Falla, three dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat." The sinfonietta by Halffter and the piano pieces by Alberiz as orchestrated by Mr. Arbos were played for the first time in Boston; the music by Ravel and Turina for the first time at these concerts. Mr. Koussevitsky handed over to Mr. Arbos the superb orchestra which during the years of his engagement he has shaped and fashioned until, according to the testimony of visiting conductors acquainted with bands in Europe and this country, it is now without an equal. Mr. Arbos played upon this instrument as a musician and a virtuoso; a conductor, respecting the composers; ever mindful of them; without disturbing and unwelcome personal display, yet shining by the service he rendered them. To speak in detail of his qualities as a conductor would be superfluous, if not impertinent, for his reputation has long been established in Europe; his ability was fully recognized last season in New York, where the conducted several concerts.

Take for example his interpretation yesterday of Wagner's Prelude. He remembered first of all that "The Mastersingers" is a comedy; that the Prelude is joyous. We have heard performances even in German opera houses, when one would have thought from the manner in which this musice was read that the opera was one

"Presenting Thebes, or, Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine."

Joyous, but with due consideration of the sections representing the square-toed, pedantic mastersingers; not forgetful of the lyric passages for Walther and Eva; a performance characterized by clarity even when there was extreme contrapuntal complexity; a buoyant spirit maintained throughout; a continuous flow of melody in which various episodes were not separate streams but tributaries to the mighty rush of the musical river, indispensable to the continuity. While there was an ever present regard for details, they too contributed to the general effect and did not appear as if they were all-important.

The spirit, the beauty, and the strength of the performance were at once appreciated by the audience. The conductor and the orchestra were enthusiastically applauded; the former wes thrice called to the platform. And enthusiasm reigned throughout the concert.

Of the Spanish music, familiar and unfamiliar, Halffter's Sinfonietta and the "Triana" of Albeniz, brilliantly orchestrated by Mr. Arbos, made the deepest impression. Ravel's orchestration of his piano piece is ingenious but "Alborada" cannot be ranked among his better works either in the original or in the magnificd and enriched form. There are measures that promise something entrancing to come, but there is no arrival. Turina's "Procession" is not so interesting as the description of the festival; printed by way of explanation in the score. The subject of the "Procession" and that of "Le Fete-Dieu" are about the same; the former is a too literal translation into tones; panoramic music; music for a film; the latter is gorgeous impressionism, if that word may be allowed.

Halffter is a young man but he has not been swept off his feet by contemporary influences, neither by Stravinsky nor by the preachers of atonality and polytonality. He is not so devoted to folk song that this Sinfonietta cannot make a universal appeal; yet it is evident that he is Spanish in musical feeling and expression. He has a pronounced sense of rhythm; he is not afraid to let drums have an important role (he uses two side drums); there are many hints at dance forms; nor does he require a huge orchestra to say what he has to say. The Pastorale is charmingly simple and melodious. The Adagio is too long. It contains fine passages, the prevailing mood holds the attention for the greater part; the technical treatment inspires respect; but Halffter could not stop after he had, for the audience at least, exhausted his subject. The Finale has more character than the Minuet. With the reservation made, the Sinfonietta is not an ordinary, not a conventional work. The composer has musical ideas, skill in expressing them and making the most of them. He does not shun melody or the semblance of melody, nor does he go far afield in the wish to avoid what some consider "too obvious."

If music can be said to dazzle by its brilliance, "Triana" is an amazing example. The piano piece calls loudly for orchestral color, dash, swing, rhythmic frenzy; it might be called an admirable study for a master's instrumentation. The piano piece, when the pianist has the requisite technic and fiery imagination, it itself exciting; as Mr. Arbos has scored it, the music is intoxicating.

A concert that gave great pleasure. A proof of this is that only one or two before the final number left the hall, panting for tea, eager for social chatter.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Bloch's epic rhapsody "America."

66

ARBOS CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

Spanish Musician Wins Heartfelt Applause

Pieces by Halffter, Ravel, Albeniz, Wagner and De Falla Heard

Globe Ja 19

Enrique Fernandez Arbos, conductor of the Orquesta Sinfonica at Madrid, Spain, was guest conductor at yesterday's Boston Symphony concert. Mr Arbos is not a stranger to Boston, though he had not before conducted here. In the season 1903-4, he served as concert master of the Boston Symphony, then conducted by Gericke, and was heard in chamber concerts. To many in yesterday's audience he was an old acquaintance, to be cordially welcomed. The heartfelt and prolonged applause after each number on the program was a tribute to his remarkable skill as conductor, not the usual polite and meaningless hand-clapping.

Mr Arbos chose a program which proved that his native country has produced significant orchestral music. Except for Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude and Ravel's "Alborada del Grazioso," every number was by a Spaniard. Halffter, Albeniz, Turina and De Falla were the composers represented.

The performance of Wagner's familiar prelude with which the concert began was the finest heard here in recent seasons. For a parallel one must go back to the days of Dr Muck. Mr Arbos' magnificent sense of rhythm and his rare ability to make the structure of music obvious to the listener while thrilling him with its emotional power are just what this music needs. Mr Arbos, a thorough musician, is a conductor able to get from an orchestra the kind of performance he wants and the music requires. His reading of this number alone proved that he deserves to be numbered with the foremost conductors.

In the modern pieces that filled the rest of the program, the same ability to attain brilliant and stirring performances with no sacrifice of clarity or precision of detail compelled the listener's wholehearted admiration for Mr Arbos' conducting. Seldom does the Friday audience applaud through an afternoon with the warmth it showed yesterday.

Ernesto Halffter, previously known here only by a piece played two years ago by the Flonzaley Quartet, has in the Sinfonietta in D major heard yesterday written one of the most spirited and ingratiating of modern pieces of light music, unless Mr Arbos' genius beguiled the listener. Each of its four movements is thoroughly enjoyable. The style is not violently modern.

Ie recalled Kodaly's "Hari Janos," rather than Honegger or Stravinsky, though Halffter, like the rest of the younger generation, has been influenced by 18th-century music. If Haydn had been born in 1905, as Halffter was, he would probably have written music like this—music which ought to take a permanent place in the orchestral repertory.

Halffter, born in the 20th century, shows none of the desire to use Spanish "local color" which betrays the 19th century romantic influence on Turina, de Falla, Albeniz and Ravel. His music has at least the cosmopolitanism of the 18th century, if not the universality of the masterpieces that are beyond age and time.

Granada and Seville have a picturesque appeal that has caught the fancy of many musicians, most of them foreigners like Bizet and Ravel, and Rimsky Korsakoff. The 19th century rule for writing Spanish music was to borrow the intriguing rhythms of Spanish popular dances and explain in a program note the scenery and incidents supposedly depicted in tones.

When done by a foreigner like Ravel this sort of thing is utterly artificial. Even when the local color is genuine, as is the work of Turina, Albeniz and de Falla, who employ Spanish rhythms and Spanish turns of melody with at least the illusion of spontaneity, this national music seems mannered and not devoid of affectation.

Mr Arbos' orchestration of piano pieces by Albeniz stood the test of comparison with Ravel's marvelous orchestration of his own "Alborada," written for piano. Rhythm, color, vivacity animated yesterday's concert. Mr Arbos should be heard here again as conductor. One would like to hear what he could do to other classics after delighting in his conducting of the "Meistersinger" prelude.

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Enrique Fernandez Arbós of Madrid, who 25 years ago was concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday occupied the dais at Symphony Hall. He is acting as guest conductor for the second week of the Koussevitzkyan hibernation. He was welcomed with unusual warmth by audience and orchestra, and the concert was punctuated by mutual felicitations of conductor, players and listeners.

If Mr. Arbós had been quite unknown, he would have established himself at once as an authoritative orchestral director by his rousing performance of the "Meistersinger" Prelude. Austere Wagnerites may find his reading "not Wagner," but upon one who had enjoyed of late a little too much of the neo-Bayreuthian devotional atmosphere, this bustle had the effect of a sea turn.

Every guest conductor must bring a novelty. Mr. Arbós had selected the D major Sinfonietta of Ernesto Halffter Escriche. So far as we recall, this is the first composition of Halffter's to be heard in Boston except the "Quartettino per archi," which the Flonzaley Quartet introduced two years ago. The Sinfonietta confirmed the excellent impression of the composer formed on that occasion. There has been some disputation whether the manner is more like that of Bach, of Handel or of Haydn. There are evidences of all these influences, and of that of Mozart as well. But what we like about the piece is its individuality and restraint.

Perhaps we have heard too much Honegger of late as well as too much Wagner. At all events, we are relieved to encounter again this young Spaniard, who can write a score that depends for its effect neither on extra-musical sounds nor on feeble echoes of the masters. Halffter does not find it necessary to issue a manifesto with his work, explaining that it implies a new theory of æsthetics, or, on the other hand, a "return" to this, that or the other classic school. Simply he sets down his own musical thoughts (and pleasing thoughts they are), using the forms that have been bequeathed to him by his predecessors, and employing modern harmonic and rhythmic resources with discretion.

If he does not require a swollen orchestra, reinforced with strange percussion devices, neither does he strive for effect by approximating the negation of sound. His score strikes us as honest, expert, transparent, witty and fanciful. We shall not be so reckless as to declare that the mantle of Bach is about to fall upon the shoulders of Halffter, but we are certain that the works of Halffter we have heard are in the direct classical line, and we have a notion that they are more significant than many opi of better advertised composers.

Ravel's "Alborado del Grazioso," vividly performed, closed the first half of the program. Thereafter we were made to feel that it is possible to hear too much Spanish music at a sitting. This feeling was roused by the sequence of Albeniz's "Fête-Dieu à Séville" and "Triana," orchestrated by Mr. Arbós; Turina's "La Procession del Rocio," and three dances from De Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat." The audience nevertheless received gladly this rather theatrical fare, and remained to pay further tribute to the conductor.

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MONITOR
JAN. 19 - '29

Post Jay. 19

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HAS CHANGED BUT LITTLE

To speak first of the man, Mr. Arbos has changed outwardly but little since last he appeared in Symphony Hall. His hair retains its raven blackness though his beard has grayed, and a slight stoop makes him seem a shade less tall. In conducting he is energetic, clear-cut, generally economical of motion and a trifle angular. By report the orchestra warms to him as a man. Clearly it responded to him as musician and as conductor.

In return he expressed his pleasure in the band by graciously bidding the players to rise at the end of nearly every number on the programme. The audience participated in and heightened this general good-will; from first to last the applause yesterday was more than commonly plentiful and hearty.

His Spanish Pieces

In detail Mr. Arbos' Spanish pieces were a Sinfonietta by the 24-year-old Ernesto Halffter, composed when that precociously gifted pupil of De Falla was but 19; two numbers from Albeniz's piano suite "Iberia" in Mr. Arbos' orchestration; Turina's "La Procession del Rocio"; and three dances from De Falla's ballet "The Three-Cornered Hat."

Of these pieces Halffter's Sinfonietta was new to Boston, as were Mr. Arbos' transcriptions, and Turina's "luminous fresco," to use a phrase bestowed upon it by Debussy, had been played here only by the orchestra of the MacDowell Club and by the People's Symphony.

Halffter's Sinfonietta in its general character suggests the suites of Handel and Bach, but it is Spanish for all that, and an extraordinary work to have come from so young a composer. There is some repetitiousness but no uncertainty of touch.

Albeniz Very Effective

More conventionally Spanish is Turina's Tableau Symphonique, brilliant and colorful. So effective were Albeniz's pieces, the Triana especially, in Mr. Arbos' version, that it would be a pleasure to hear others of the set. Ravel's "Alborado" is diverting; and so are De Falla's dances, although this music is less distinctive than the composer's "El Amor Brujo."

As programme-making per se such preponderance of music of a single type might be questioned, but there was no mistaking the audience's enjoyment of the concert. The performances of this Spanish music amply confirmed Mr. Arbos' reputation in it. Keenly he feels, vividly he imparts its rhythm and color. The "Meistersinger" Prelude, however, was too shrilled-voiced, tonally too high-pitched, over-violent in the brass. Wagner with sauce espagnole, a stimulating dish for those who relish a new point of view and are not disturbed by racial contradictions.

EVENING AMERICAN
JANUARY 19, 1929

ARBOS LEADS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Spanish music interpreted by a Spanish musician, Enrique F. Arbos, was the point of chief interest at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Last week Honegger, French composer and conductor, led the concerts. This week Mr. Arbos brought to us gentle music from the land of torrid sunshine, also music of the dance—sometimes passionate, sometimes boisterous, but always gay.

After a virile interpretation of Wagner's Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," a Sinfoniette by the Spaniard Halffter (first time in Boston), gave us opportunity to judge the merits of both composer and conductor. Precision of beat and respect for artistic proportion marked the excellent interpretation of the conductor, and to him we are devoid of sensationalism, clear in its intent, essentially melodic in character and above all having every indication of being sincerely expressed.

Unquestionably there is yet other new music, not "modern" that we should be permitted to hear.

The composer, only 24 years old, shows marked feeling for orchestral writing and feeling in the use of instruments, though the unity of the composition was disturbed by a last movement almost frivolous, seemingly out of place.

To the next numbers, "Alborada del Grazioso" by Ravel, and an arrangement of Albeniz's "Iberia" by the conductor, Mr. Arbos, there was brought out a beautiful panorama of colors that only the palette of a Spaniard could display. "La Procession del Rocio" by Turina and three dances by De Falla closed the program. Once again has a visiting artist made a distinct contribution to the dignity and superb musicianship of the orchestra, rare as these occasions have been.

GLOBE JAN 20

Music Notes and Comment

Mr Koussevitzky returns to his duties as conductor of the Boston Symphony tomorrow night at the third Monday concert, for which he has set a program of repertory pieces. Yehudi Menuhin will not appear at this concert, and his appearance in the Sunday concerts is still not definitely settled.

For the regular series Mr Koussevitzky plans to repeat Bloch's "America," which he is going also to perform in New York next week. The only other number will be Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, a work hitherto neglected by Koussevitzky, who has let it go unheard since he came here, though it is one of the greatest of classic symphonies.

Bos. HERALD-
AY, JANUARY 20, 1929

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

The 14th regular pair of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in Symphony hall next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Mr. Koussevitzky will then repeat Ernest Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America," which had its first performance here several weeks ago. This prize winning composition, which has been played all over the United States, is dedicated to Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, and follows the growth of this country from the day of the Indians and early settlers, through the civil war, to the present jazz age, finally looking towards a more ideal future and culminating in a hymn to America. The hymn will be sung as before by a chorus —the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club.

Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct as an opening number Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony in C major. It has not yet been heard here under his direction.

66

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Halffter's Sinfonietta in its general character suggests the suites of Handel and Bach, but it is Spanish for all that, and an extraordinary work to have come from so young a composer. There is some repetitiousness but no uncertainty of touch.

Albeniz Very Effective

More conventionally Spanish is Turina's Tableau Symphonique, brilliant and colorful. So effective were Albeniz's pieces, the Triana especially, in Mr. Arbos' version, that it would be a pleasure to hear others of the set. Ravel's "Alborado" is diverting; and so are De Falla's dances, although this music is less distinctive than the composer's "El Amor Brujo."

As programme-making per se such preponderance of music of a single type might be questioned, but there was no mistaking the audience's enjoyment of the concert. The performances of this Spanish music amply confirmed Mr. Arbos' reputation in it. Keenly he feels, vividly he imparts its rhythm and color. The "Meistersinger" Prelude, however, was too shrilled-voiced, tonally too high-pitched, over-violent in the brass. Wagner with sauce espagnole, a stimulating dish for those who relish a new point of view and are not disturbed by racial contradictions.

EVENING AMERICAN

JANUARY 19, 1929

ARBOS LEADS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Spanish music interpreted by a Spanish musician, Enrique F. Arbos, was the point of chief interest at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Last week Honegger, French composer and conductor, led the concerts. This week Mr. Arbos brought to us gentle music from the land of torrid sunshine, also music of the dance—sometimes passionate, sometimes boisterous, but always gay.

After a virile interpretation of Wagner's Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," a Sinfonietta by the Spaniard Halffter (first time in Boston), gave us opportunity to judge the merits of both composer and conductor. Precision of beat and respect for artistic proportion marked the excellent interpretation of the conductor, and to him we are devoid of sensationalism, clear in its intent, essentially melodic in character and above all having every indication of being sincerely expressed.

Unquestionably there is yet other new music, not "modern" that we should be permitted to hear.

The composer, only 24 years old, shows marked feeling for orchestral writing and feeling in the use of instruments, though the unity of the composition was disturbed by a last movement almost frivolous, seemingly out of place.

To the next numbers, "Alborada del Grazioso" by Ravel, and an arrangement of Albeniz's "Iberia" by the conductor, Mr. Arbos, there was brought out a beautiful panorama of colors that only the palette of a Spaniard could display. "La Procession del Rocio" by Turina and three dances by De Falla closed the program. Once again has a visiting artist made a distinct contribution to the dignity and superb musicianship of the orchestra, rare as these occasions have been.

GLOBE JAN 20

Music Notes and Comment

Mr Koussevitzky returns to his duties as conductor of the Boston Symphony tomorrow night at the third Monday concert, for which he has set a program of repertory pieces. Yehudi Menuhin will not appear at this concert, and his appearance in the Sunday concerts is still not definitely settled.

For the regular series Mr Koussevitzky plans to repeat Bloch's "America," which he is going also to perform in New York next week. The only other number will be Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, a work hitherto neglected by Koussevitzky, who has let it go unheard since he came here, though it is one of the greatest of classic symphonies.

Bos. HERALD-
AY, JANUARY 20, 1929

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

The 14th regular pair of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in Symphony hall next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Mr. Koussevitzky will then repeat Ernest Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America," which had its first performance here several weeks ago. This prize winning composition, which has been played all over the United States, is dedicated to Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, and follows the growth of this country from the day of the Indians and early settlers, through the civil war, to the present jazz age, finally looking towards a more ideal future and culminating in a hymn to America. The hymn will be sung as before by a chorus —the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club.

Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct as an opening number Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony in C major. It has not yet been heard here under his direction.

Again "Classics" And Koussevitzky

ON a page of the program for the third of the Monday evening series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra appeared a notice explaining the plan of the Tuesday afternoon series: "Mr. Koussevitsky will again, as last season, make five programs from the "classics." The word is intended in its broader sense to signify both the works which have held their place in the general estimation for a considerable time, and the newer works which today are accepted as models of their kind."

That is an admirable paragraph. It applies equally to the concerts of the Monday series, and the concert last evening was a most fitting example. Of the works that have held their place for a considerable time, few can be more representative than Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" and Franck's "Symphony in D Minor." And for a newer work—broadly speaking—what could better serve as model of its kind than Ravel's Choreographic Poem, "The Waltz"—the sum, essence, body, heart and, mayhap, soul, of all waltzes of all time? In so planning a concert, moreover, Mr. Koussevitzky exposes the rudiments and essentials of balanced program-making. For beginning, the gentle loveliness of Schubert; for closing, the sonorotie of Father Franck; in between, the glittering surfaces, sardonic harmonies and provocative rhythms of which Ravel is so notable a master. That Mr. Koussevitzky understands the audiences of Monday, or of any day—was the evidence of the applause. Upon "The Unfinished Symphony," and upon the conductor and orchestra which manifested it for them, the devotees of Schubert—and they are as legion as mankind—lavished their favor. Mr. Koussevitzky, called back to the stage, brought the orchestra to their feet. The exulting euphonies of Franck's symphony—ending a concert of unashamed and outspoken "standard pieces"—produced a like result. Nor was Ravel neglected in these tributes. The implication of the burst of clapping following "The Waltz" was as plain as could be: "Bravo! We like that, too; and everything you give us." Again conductor and orchestra stood together.

There are other points of merit in Mr. Koussevitzky's choice of numbers. Every piece came from the easily accessible repertory shelves. Mr. Koussevitzky has extracted each of them on several occasions this season. Consequently, every note is many times familiar to conductor and musicians alike. Upon these numbers they may spend their finest abilities and most expressive ardors. The occasion is not one of an important "first performance," with its attendant anxieties, hopes and promises. There are those who will say that the audiences of Monday evenings are doubly favored not only because they hear the masterpieces of musical literature which please them, but because they are present on those occasions when, through force of circumstances, the orchestra is in a state of super-efficiency.

It was in such a state that the orchestra played last evening. Schubert's Symphony was refined until it became the very essence of musical beauty. The inspiration of the composer and the intuition of the conductor united in a single, gently moving stream. The musicians, their ensemble technique perfected to a point unrivalled before this day of transcendental orchestras, played as though the resistance of instruments were nothing. To what contrasting result was this same technique responsible in Ravel's "The Waltz!" If this composition has failed to "come off" properly in previous performance this season, last evening it wanted nothing in nervous vitality, in mocking accent, in frenzied pace, in seductive glamour, in slithering and dazzling instrumental color. For these sophisticated measures there scarcely could have been better contrast than the virtuous and sonorous symphony of Franck. Mr. Koussevitzky opened their arms to this music. . . . There have been some exceptional terms set down here. The performance was one of exceptional brilliance.

N. M. J.

TRANS. JAN. 22

TWO SYMPHONIES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Schubert's "Unfinished" and Franck in D Minor

Globe Jan 22

Mr Koussevitzky put two familiar symphonies on the program of last night's Boston Symphony concert, the third of the current Monday series, so that the program :an as follows: "Unfinished Symphony," Schubert; "La Valse," Ravel; Symphony in D minor, Franck. The audience applauded typical Koussevitzky interpretations of these familiar pieces with more warmth than they would have shown for any save the most celebrated of soloists.

Of the music on last night's program there is little that needs be said. Schubert has been discussed from every angle, possible and impossible, during the past months, because an ingenious advertising man beguiled the musical world into celebrating the centenary of his death with a pomp and circumstance which would have amazed him. But the way in which centenaries are advertised, or pass, as others have done, unnoted, is not a musical story.

Franck has long passed, on the word of his pupil, d'Indy, for a sainted mystic writing music fit only to be heard in an imaginary cathedral. There are those who think that Franck was human, perhaps all too human, musically, akin spiritually to Liszt rather than to Palestrina. Among them, if last night's performance may serve as proof, is Mr Koussevitzky. His possibly overdramatized version of the one symphony Franck left behind him was human to the point of hysterics.

Ravel's "La Valse" served, as usual, to display the virtuosity of conductor and orchestra. But, as before, one wished Mr Koussevitzky would note and obey the direction "In the movement of a Viennese waltz" written by Ravel in the score and exemplified by the composer's interpretation of the piece here last season.

Mr Koussevitzky's way with music is not, however, to obey the composer's directions with humility and scholarly devotion. On the contrary, he invariably gives to the audience just what he himself feels in the music. Last night he again seemed to feel that Schubert wrote his "Unfinished Symphony" in the vein later cultivated with great popular success by Tchaikovsky in the celebrated "Pathetic Symphony," and conducted accordingly. When the Schubert symphony was played this season in the regular series Mr Koussevitzky interpreted it more lyrically and less dramatically. Last night's version was the one he first revealed to a somewhat astonished, but for the most part delighted, audience here several seasons ago.

Mr Koussevitzky's way with an orchestra, as last night's concert, the first following his midseason vacation, proved, is to emphasize climaxes, and to polish those outstanding bits of the score that the audience is sure to notice, to whip himself, players and listeners into an emotional frenzy, in which little matters like precision of ensemble, clean-cut attacks, playing exactly the right notes at exactly the right instant, are sometimes neglected.

The conductor's way with music greatly pleases the majority in his audiences. There is, however, a recalcitrant minority, which emits grumbles from time to time.

The next concert in this series will be given Feb 11.

P. R.

Post Jan 22

THIRD OF SYMPHONY MONDAYS

Orchestra Again Under Koussevitzky's Master Hand

Fresh from the fortnight's vacation which he now takes in the midst of each Symphony season, Mr. Koussevitzky last evening led the Boston Symphony Orchestra through the third of the supplementary series of Monday evening concerts.

IN FAMILIAR NUMBERS

Although last evening's audience had not been deprived of Mr. Koussevitzky's presence it received him and applauded him quite as cordially as though he had returned to them from a temporary absence. And after an interim of guest-conductors at the Symphony concerts proper it was a pleasure again to hear the orchestra under the direction of the man who has brought it to its present high estate.

The programme of last evening, made of pieces very much in the current repertory of the orchestra, listed Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, Ravel's choreographic poem "The Waltz" and the symphony of Cesar Franck.

The performance last evening of Ravel's enticing composition was one of unusual brilliance. However unorthodox Mr. Koussevitzky's version of Schubert's symphony, it is both interesting and effective in its own right. And as for the symphony of Franck, with each repetition of the piece Mr. Koussevitzky seems to come closer to a sympathetic understanding of the composer, and as he does so his interpretation of the Symphony gains in eloquence as well as in fidelity to its author's purposes and intentions.

REPEAT EPIC "AMERICA" AT SYMPHONY

JAN 26 EVE. AMER

By MOSES SMITH

An audience which had not seen Serge Koussevitzky in almost a month greeted him warmly at the first of this week's symphony concerts at Symphony Hall. He signalized his return to the conductor's stand by arranging an unusual program containing only two works, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Ernest Bloch's prize-winning "America," which was first played here five weeks ago.

The performance of the symphony was of almost unspeakable perfection—we say "unspeakable" because it was a nervous strain on the listener to hear the last movement played at such a dazzling rate of speed. You felt that the thing was going to fall to pieces at any moment. Yet it never did, so remarkably has this orchestra been shaped by Mr. Koussevitzky.

The first movement, according to his reading, had a somewhat Beethovenish character in spots, and the opening of the slow movement dragged. These things aside, the symphony was played as it has not been since the legendary days "before the war." You might have felt, on looking at the massed strings, that there were too many of them. But in actual performance they lacked not a whit of suppleness and, on the other hand, gave added body to this masterpiece.

It would be fashionable to say that a second—or, in the case of this writer, third—hearing of the Bloch Rhapsody shows up even more the reputed weaknesses of the score. It has even been called insincere. Never having posed as a model of fashion, I can blithely set down my renewed impression that the work, while not a masterpiece, has some very great music in it; that the first two movements are finely conceived; and that only the last part of the third movement, containing the now notorious anthem, is disappointing.

To say that the piece is a hodgepodge of many tunes is a criticism equally applicable to Chabrier's "Espana" and similar works by Ravel, Rimsky-Korsakoff and others. Yet these things continue to live in the concert hall.

TWO NUMBERS FILL SYMPHONY CONCERT

Bloch's 'America,' Mozart's 'Jupiter' Symphony

GLOBE JAN 26

Patriotic Close of Bloch's Prize Composition Wins Applause

Two numbers filled the program of yesterday's Symphony concert, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, and Bloch's "America," the prize composition first performed at these concerts Dec 21 and 22 last. Mr Koussevitzky, who was one of the judges in the contest arranged by Musical America, has several times publicly proclaimed his belief that Bloch's score is a masterpiece.

Reviewers in Boston, as in the other cities where the work was given simultaneously last month, for the most part expressed disappointment with the music. Yesterday, as at the first performance, the audience, stirred by the patriotic climax on a new national anthem which closes Bloch's "epic rhapsody," applauded loud and long. Next week Mr Koussevitzky will conduct "America" in New York, where some dissatisfaction seems to have been felt with previous performances conducted by Mr Damrosch.

There is no need to say more about Bloch's music than that the second hearing strengthened the unfavorable impression of its musical value explained at length in the Globe of Dec 22. Whether Mr Koussevitzky and the judges, or the reviewers for leading newspapers in most American cities boasting symphony orchestras, are right about the merits and demerits of Bloch's Rhapsody, only time will tell. What really determines the place in musical history of a new composition is whether it can stand the test of repeated performances. The 20th rather than the second hearing of Bloch's "America" will give occasion for prophecy as to its ultimate place in history.

Mozart's C major symphony, usually called, nobody knows quite why "Jupiter," is one of the few symphonies which by common consent rank with the best of Beethoven's. It is even possible that in another 50 years this and the G minor symphony written in the same year, 1788, may put Mozart's fame above that of Beethoven. Certainly there are now many young modernists who worship the Mozart of these symphonies, of the operas "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro," and scoff at the Beethoven of the "Eroica" and the choral finale of the Ninth Symphony.

When they become austere, baldheaded authorities, they will no doubt worship Mozart still, and dislike Beethoven even more. Then perhaps a new generation of young modernists will rediscover Beethoven, and feel that to exalt him they must disparage Mozart. Less supercilious persons will no doubt continue to do as they now do, and enjoy both Mozart and Beethoven without seeking to compare them.

After the doors of the hall had been closed at the beginning of yesterday's concert and the audience had settled down, the orchestra rose as one man. There was a dramatic pause. Then Mr Koussevitzky, bowing and smiling, made his way amid the plaudits of his men and of the audience, to his place at the conductor's stand. One wondered for a moment why his entrance was so dramatic. Then one remembered that he had been absent at the last two concerts in this series on his midseason vacation. But when he conducted last Monday in the Monday series there was no unusual demonstration.

This little incident was characteristic of the man. Given the slightest pretext for dramatizing a situation or a piece of music, it is his nature to emphasize whatever theatrical quality can be found in it. His success as a conductor is bound up with this histrionic instinct. It has been said of many celebrated actors that whatever spot they occupied became the center of the stage. Mr Koussevitzky is always in the center of the stage at the concerts he conducts, and nobody in the audience can ignore him.

In Mozart's symphony he felt the dramatic intensity of the first movement, the pathos of the slow movement, the grace of the minuet, and the brilliance of the finale, and made his audience feel these qualities. His reading was not in accordance at all points with the score. He found in the music things that no other conductor before Koussevitzky had detected there. He was not especially concerned that every player should play exactly the right note at exactly the right instant, tolerating slipshod details of performance that would have brought down on the careless players the wrath of a Toscanini or a Muck.

But to the vast majority of the audience, who care only for generalized emotional impressions from music, who do not notice small details, who do not particularly heed traditions, who come to the Symphony concerts because of Koussevitzky rather than because of Mozart, yesterday's performance was undoubtedly stirring and delightful.

With Bloch's rhapsody music better suited than Mozart's to Koussevitzky's talents and method, he was even more successful in wringing from the score the last drop of emotion. Here his only error was failure to bring out clearly some of the American tunes quoted, as, for instance, "Old Hundred" and "Dixie," which those listeners who read the analysis in the programs were listening for, and which no native American would fail to recognize.

There are no Symphony concerts in Boston next week.

P. R.

Jan 26 MU

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Koussevitzky, returning from his vacation of a fortnight, conducted yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall the 14th concert (48th season) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The program comprised Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America."

The symphony, a flawless work of art and beauty was played in flawless manner. The performance was the first under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction at these concerts.

What is more to be said? Yet one may ask if "The marriage of Figaro" was not in Mozart's head when he wrote the second section of the opening Allegro. One can hear Susanna roguishly singing, mocking the court, or arousing Figaro's jealousy Has there not too much been said about the marvelous display of science in the construction of the Finale? The wonder of it is that this display does not impress the hearers unduly. To him it is merely gay and charming music. It ravishes his ear without his taking interest in the technical devices, even if he could recognize and understand them. If the title should be "Symphony in C major with the fugue," the word "fugue" would not fill his soul with dismal foreboding. There has been only one Mozart, as there has been only one Handel.

It is not known who gave the title "Jupiter" to this symphony. There is nothing in the music that reminds one of Jupiter Tonans, Jupiter Fulgurator, Jupiter Pluvius; or of the god, who assuming various disguises, came down to earth, where by his adventures with women, semi-divine or mortals of common clay, he excited the jealous rage of Juno. The music is not of an Olympian mood. It is intensely human in its loveliness and its gaiety.

There are several reasons why Mr. Bloch's rhapsody should gain momentary popularity. First of all it has a story attached to the music; the audience is told what the composer attempted to and what it is to expect. There is attentive listening so that "Old Hundred" shall not go by unrecognized. There is joy when the orchestra plays "Pop Goes the Weasle" for the Virginia reel. This or that hearer hums "Old Folks at Home" when he hears the melody from the orchestra. In the third section there is a forcible reminder of an apartment house in process of construction and one Bostonian noble dame may whisper to another: "Do you think they'll allow them to go up on Arlington street, spoil the skyline and ruin the Public Garden? What a shame!"

Yes, this Rhapsody is panoramic music therefore more to be enjoyed by many than music that is only music. And so there are persons who look on anecdoted paintings, as Frith's "Derby Day" and "The Railway Station," as triumphs of art.

Not that Mr. Bloch's rhapsody is wholly without some fine or impressive pages.

The opening of the second section with its introductory solo for the English horn establishes a mood. The long crescendo leading to the anthem is well contrived and powerful, but what a little mouse to come out of this mountainous preparation! There was a Grecian gentleman who apologized for the stateliness and pomp of the funeral procession when the corpse was only his little 2-year-old girl. Does Mr. Bloch really believe that he has invented the anthem to be sung by all Americans when their hearts are aglow with patriotism? Or was he exhausted by the crescendo of preparation? Did his Muse forsake him, saying: "You have been fortunate with borrowed themes; now let's see you compose one for your grand climax?" O lame and impotent conclusion.

The singers were those at the first performance on the 21st of last December: Members of the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Cub.

The concert wil be repeated tonight.

Next week the orchestra will give concerts in Baltimore, Richmond, Washington, New York, Brooklyn and Hartford. The program of Feb. 8, 9 will be as follows: Bach, Brandenburg concerto No. 4 for violin, two flutes and strings. Mozart, piano concerto, A major (Nicolai Orloff, pianist). Strauss, "Also sprach Zarathustra."

Programs to Hand JAN.

From Mr. Koussevitzky, for t[illegible] of the supplementary matinées o[illegible] Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday, Feb

Brandenburg Concerto in G major, No. 4, for Violin, Two Flutes and String Orchestra ..... Bach
Symphony in C major, No. 41, "Jupiter" Mozart
Symphony in E-flat major, No. 3, "Eroica" Beethoven

From Mr. Koussevitzky for the concert of the Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge on Thursday evening, Feb. 7:

Brandenburg Concerto in G major, No. 4, for Violin, Two Flutes and String Orchestra ..... Bach
Symphony in C major, No. 41, "Jupiter" Mozart
"Clouds" and "Fêtes" from The Nocturnes Debussy
Gymnopédics ..... Satie-Debussy
Choreographic Poem, "The Waltz" ..... Ravel

From Mr. Koussevitzky for the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8 and 9:

Brandenburg Concerto in G major, No. 4, for Violin, Two Flutes and String Orchestra ..... Bach
Concerto in A major for Piano with Orchestra ..... Mozart
Pianist: Nicolai Orlov
Tone-Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra" .. Strauss

TRANS.

BOSTON SYMPHONY

The second of the Monday night concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra was conducted last evening in Symphony hall by Mr. Koussevitzky. The program contained nothing of alarm; on the contrary, the selections were Schubert's "unfinished" Symphony, Ravel's "The Waltz," and Cesar Franck's Symphony. These compositions are familiar and have often been discussed. They were none the less welcomed by the audience, whose enjoyment of the music itself and the performance was evident.

Schubert's symphony, which fortunately was not finished, so that the hearer is left with the thought of the charming lyricism of the slow movement, is well contrasted with Franck's in which the anxiety and doubt expressed in the opening allegro are answered by the jubilation of the finale. There are two ways of understanding Ravel's "Waltz": one of a Viennese waltz, with introduction and coda; one as a symphonic poem with the chief motif in waltz rhythm, but with slackening and accelerating the pace. Mr. Koussevitzky prefers the second manner, and thus gives more importance perhaps to the music than it deserves if it simply is taken in the Viennese manner, or as a parody, as has been suggested by some. The orchestral performance was brilliant throughout.

Again "Classics" And Koussevitzky

ON a page of the program for the third of the Monday evening series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra appeared a notice explaining the plan of the Tuesday afternoon series: "Mr. Koussevitsky will again, as last season, make five programs from the "classics." The word is intended in its broader sense to signify both the works which have held their place in the general estimation for a considerable time, and the newer works which today are accepted as models of their kind."

That is an admirable paragraph. It applies equally to the concerts of the Monday series, and the concert last evening was a most fitting example. Of the works that have held their place for a considerable time, few can be more representative than Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" and Franck's "Symphony in D Minor." And for a newer work—broadly speaking—what could better serve as model of its kind than Ravel's Choreographic Poem, "The Waltz"—the sum, essence, body, heart and, mayhap, soul, of all waltzes of all time? In so planning a concert, moreover, Mr. Koussevitzky exposes the rudiments and essentials of balanced program-making. For beginning, the gentle loveliness of Schubert; for closing, the sonorities of Father Franck; in between, the glittering surfaces, sardonic harmonies and provocative rhythms of which Ravel is so notable a master. That Mr. Koussevitzky understands the audiences of Monday, or of any day—was the evidence of the applause. Upon "The Unfinished Symphony," and upon the conductor and orchestra which manifested it for them, the devotees of Schubert—and they are as legion as mankind—lavished their favor. Mr. Koussevitzky, called back to the stage, brought the orchestra to their feet. The exulting euphonies of Franck's symphony—ending a concert of unashamed and outspoken "standard pieces"—produced a like result. Nor was Ravel neglected in these tributes. The implication of the burst of clapping following "The Waltz" was as plain as could be: "Bravo! We like that, too; and everything you give us." Again conductor and orchestra stood together.

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N. M. J.

TRANS. JAN. 22

TWO SYMPHONIES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Schubert's "Unfinished" and Franck in D Minor

Globe Jan 22

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P. R.

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Gymnopédies ..... Satie-Debussy
Choreographic Poem, "The Waltz" ..... Ravel

From Mr. Koussevitzky for the concerts of the Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8 and 9:

Brandenburg Concerto in G major, No. 4, for Violin, Two Flutes and String Orchestra ..... Bach
Concerto in A major for Piano with Orchestra ..... Mozart
Pianist: Nicolai Orlov
Tone-Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra" .. Strauss

TRANS.

BOSTON SYMPHONY

The second of the Monday night concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra was conducted last evening in Symphony hall by Mr. Koussevitzky. The program contained nothing of alarm; on the contrary, the selections were Schubert's "unfinished" Symphony, Ravel's "The Waltz," and Cesar Franck's Symphony. These compositions are familiar and have often been discussed. They were none the less well comed by the audience, whose enjoyment of the music itself and the performance was evident.

Schubert's symphony, which fortunately was not finished, so that the hearer is left with the thought of the charming lyricism of the slow movement, is well contrasted with Franck's, in which the anxiety and doubt expressed in the opening allegro are answered by the jubilation of the finale. There are two ways of understanding Ravel's "Waltz": one of a Viennese waltz, with introduction and coda; one as a symphonic poem with the chief motif in waltz rhythm, but with slackening and accelerating the pace. Mr. Koussevitzky prefers the second manner, and thus gives more importance perhaps to the music than it deserves if it simply is taken in the Viennese manner, or as a parody, as has been suggested by some. The orchestral performance was brilliant throughout.

Post Jan 22

THIRD OF SYMPHONY MONDAYS

Orchestra Again Under Koussevitzky's Master Hand

Fresh from the fortnight's vacation which he now takes in the midst of each Symphony season, Mr. Koussevitzky last evening led the Boston Symphony Orchestra through the third of the supplementary series of Monday evening concerts.

IN FAMILIAR NUMBERS

Although last evening's audience had not been deprived of Mr. Koussevitzky's presence it received him and applauded him quite as cordially as though he had returned to them from a temporary absence. And after an interim of guest-conductors at the Symphony concerts proper it was a pleasure again to hear the orchestra under the direction of the man who has brought it to its present high estate.

The programme of last evening, made of pieces very much in the current repertory of the orchestra, listed Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, Ravel's choreographic poem "The Waltz" and the symphony of Cesar Franck.

The performance last evening of Ravel's enticing composition was one of unusual brilliance. However unorthodox Mr. Koussevitzky's version of Schubert's symphony, it is both interesting and effective in its own right. And as for the symphony of Franck, with each repetition of the piece Mr. Koussevitzky seems to come closer to a sympathetic understanding of the composer, and as he does so his interpretation of the Symphony gains in eloquence as well as in fidelity to its author's purposes and intentions.

REPEAT EPIC "AMERICA" AT JAN 26 SYMPHONY EVE.

By MOSES SMITH

An audience which had not seen Serge Koussevitzky in almost a month greeted him warmly at the first of this week's symphony concerts at Symphony Hall. He signalized his return to the conductor's stand by arranging an unusual program containing only two works, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Ernest Bloch's prize-winning "America," which was first played here five weeks ago.

The performance of the symphony was of almost unspeakable perfection—we say "unspeakable" because it was a nervous strain on the listener to hear the last movement played at such a dazzling rate of speed. You felt that the thing was going to fall to pieces at any moment. Yet it never did, so remarkably has this orchestra been shaped by Mr. Koussevitzky.

The first movement, according to his reading, had a somewhat Beethovenish character in spots, and the opening of the slow movement dragged. These things aside, the symphony was played as it has not been since the legendary days "before the war." You might have felt, on looking at the massed strings, that there were too many of them. But in actual performance they lacked not a whit of suppleness and, on the other hand, gave added body to this masterpiece.

It would be fashionable to say that a second—or, in the case of this writer, third—hearing of the Bloch Rhapsody shows up even more the reputed weaknesses of the score. It has even been called insincere. Never having posed as a model of fashion, I can blithely set down my renewed impression that the work, while not a masterpiece, has some very great music in it; that the first two movements are finely conceived; and that only the last part of the third movement, containing the now notorious anthem, is disappointing.

To say that the piece is a hodgepodge of many tunes is a criticism equally applicable to Chabrier's "Espana" and similar works by Ravel, Rimsky-Korsakoff and others. Yet these things continue to live in the concert hall.

TWO NUMBERS FILL SYMPHONY CONCERT

Bloch's 'America,' Mozart's 'Jupiter' Symphony

GLOBE JAN 26

Patriotic Close of Bloch's Prize Composition Wins Applause

Two numbers filled the program of yesterday's Symphony concert, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, and Bloch's "America," the prize composition first performed at these concerts Dec 21 and 22 last. Mr Koussevitzky, who was one of the judges in the contest arranged by Musical America, has several times publicly proclaimed his belief that Bloch's score is a masterpiece.

Reviewers in Boston, as in the other cities where the work was given simultaneously last month, for the most part expressed disappointment with the music. Yesterday, as at the first performance, the audience, stirred by the patriotic climax on a new national anthem which closes Bloch's "epic rhapsody," applauded loud and long. Next week Mr Koussevitzky will conduct "America" in New York, where some dissatisfaction seems to have been felt with previous performances conducted by Mr Damrosch.

There is no need to say more about Bloch's music than that the second hearing strengthened the unfavorable impression of its musical value explained at length in the Globe of Dec 22. Whether Mr Koussevitzky and the judges, or the reviewers for leading newspapers in most American cities boasting symphony orchestras, are right about the merits and demerits of Bloch's Rhapsody, only time will tell. What really determines the place in musical history of a new composition is whether it can stand the test of repeated performances. The 20th rather than the second hearing of Bloch's "America" will give occasion for prophecy as to its ultimate place in history.

Mozart's C major symphony, usually called, nobody knows quite why "Jupiter," is one of the few symphonies which by common consent rank with the best of Beethoven's. It is even possible that in another 50 years this and the G minor symphony written in the same year, 1788, may put Mozart's fame above that of Beethoven. Certainly there are now many young modernists who worship the Mozart of these symphonies, of the operas "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro," and scoff at the Beethoven of the "Eroica" and the choral finale of the Ninth Symphony.

When they become austere, bald-headed authorities, they will no doubt worship Mozart still, and dislike Beethoven even more. Then perhaps a new generation of young modernists will rediscover Beethoven, and feel that to exalt him they must disparage Mozart. Less supercilious persons will no doubt continue to do as they now do, and enjoy both Mozart and Beethoven without seeking to compare them.

After the doors of the hall had been closed at the beginning of yesterday's concert and the audience had settled down, the orchestra rose as one man. There was a dramatic pause. Then Mr Koussevitzky, bowing and smiling, made his way amid the plaudits of his men and of the audience, to his place at the conductor's stand. One wondered for a moment why his entrance was so dramatic. Then one remembered that he had been absent at the last two concerts in this series on his midseason vacation. But when he conducted last Monday in the Monday series there was no unusual demonstration.

This little incident was characteristic of the man. Given the slightest pretext for dramatizing a situation or a piece of music, it is his nature to emphasize whatever theatrical quality can be found in it. His success as a conductor is bound up with this histrionic instinct. It has been said of many celebrated actors that whatever spot they occupied became the center of the stage. Mr Koussevitzky is always in the center of the stage at the concerts he conducts, and nobody in the audience can ignore him.

In Mozart's symphony he felt the dramatic intensity of the first movement, the pathos of the slow movement, the grace of the minuet, and the brilliance of the finale, and made his audience feel these qualities. His reading was not in accordance at all points with the score. He found in the music things that no other conductor before Koussevitzky had detected there. He was not especially concerned that every player should play exactly the right note at exactly the right instant, tolerating slipshod details of performance that would have brought down on the careless players the wrath of a Toscanini or a Muck.

But to the vast majority of the audience, who care only for generalized emotional impressions from music, who do not notice small details, who do not particularly heed traditions, who come to the Symphony concerts because of Koussevitzky rather than because of Mozart, yesterday's performance was undoubtedly stirring and delightful.

With Bloch's rhapsody music better suited than Mozart's to Koussevitzky's talents and method, he was even more successful in wringing from the score the last drop of emotion. Here his only error was failure to bring out clearly some of the American tunes quoted, as, for instance, "Old Hundred" and "Dixie," which those listeners who read the analysis in the programs were listening for, and which no native American would fail to recognize.

There are no Symphony concerts in Boston next week.

P. R.

67 1 Herald

Jan 26 MU

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Koussevitzky, returning from his vacation of a fortnight, conducted yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall the 14th concert (48th season) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The program comprised Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony and Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America."

The symphony, a flawless work of art and beauty was played in flawless manner. The performance was the first under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction at these concerts.

What is more to be said? Yet one may ask if "The marriage of Figaro" was not in Mozart's head when he wrote the second section of the opening Allegro. One can hear Susanna roguishly singing, mocking the court, or arousing Figaro's jealousy Has there not too much been said about the marvelous display of science in the construction of the Finale? The wonder of it is that this display does not impress the hearers unduly. To him it is merely gay and charming music. It ravishes his ear without his taking interest in the technical devices, even if he could recognize and understand them. If the title should be "Symphony in C major with the fugue," the word "fugue" would not fill his soul with dismal foreboding. There has been only one Mozart, as there has been only one Handel.

It is not known who gave the title "Jupiter" to this symphony. There is nothing in the music that reminds one of Jupiter Tonans, Jupiter Fulgurator, Jupiter Pluvius; or of the god, who assuming various disguises, came down to earth, where by his adventures with women, semi-divine or mortals of common clay, he excited the jealous rage of Juno. The music is not of an Olympian mood. It is intensely human in its loveliness and its gaiety.

There are several reasons why Mr. Bloch's rhapsody should gain momentary popularity. First of all it has a story attached to the music; the audience is told what the composer attempted to and what it is to expect. There is attentive listening so that "Old Hundred" shall not go by unrecognized. There is joy when the orchestra plays "Pop Goes the Weasle" for the Virginia reel. This or that hearer hums "Old Folks at Home" when he hears the melody from the orchestra. In the third section there is a forcible reminder of an apartment house in process of construction and one Bostonian noble dame may whisper to another: "Do you think they'll allow them to go up on Arlington street, spoil the skyline and ruin the Public Garden? What a shame!"

Yes, this Rhapsody is panoramic music therefore more to be enjoyed by many than music that is only music. And so there are persons who look on anecdoted paintings, as Frith's "Derby Day" and "The Railway Station," as triumphs of art.

Not that Mr. Bloch's rhapsody is wholly without some fine or impressive pages.

The opening of the second section with its introductory solo for the English horn establishes a mood. The long crescendo leading to the anthem is well contrived and powerful, but what a little mouse to come out of this mountainous preparation! There was a Grecian gentleman who apologized for the stateliness and pomp of the funeral procession when the corpse was only his little 2-year-old girl. Does Mr. Bloch really believe that he has invented the anthem to be sung by all Americans when their hearts are aglow with patriotism? Or was he exhausted by the crescendo of preparation? Did his Muse forsake him, saying: "You have been fortunate with borrowed themes; now let's see you compose one for your grand climax?" O lame and impotent conclusion.

The singers were those at the first performance on the 21st of last December: Members of the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club.

The concert wil be repeated tonight.

Next week the orchestra will give concerts in Baltimore, Richmond, Washington, New York, Brooklyn and Hartford. The program of Feb. 8, 9 will be as follows: Bach, Brandenburg concerto No. 4 for violin, two flutes and strings. Mozart, piano concerto, A major (Nicolai Orloff, pianist). Strauss, "Also sprach Zarathustra."

Again "Classics" And Koussevitzky

ON a page of the program for the third of the Monday evening series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra appeared a notice explaining the plan of the Tuesday afternoon series: "Mr. Koussevitsky will again, as last season, make five programs from the "classics." The word is intended in its broader sense to signify both the works which have held their place in the general estimation for a considerable time, and the newer works which today are accepted as models of their kind."

That is an admirable paragraph. It applies equally to the concerts of the Monday series, and the concert last evening was a most fitting example. Of the works that have held their place for a considerable time, few can be more representative than Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" and Franck's "Symphony in D Minor." And for a newer work—broadly speaking—what could better serve as model of its kind than Ravel's Choreographic Poem, "The Waltz"—the sum, essence, body, heart and, mayhap, soul, of all waltzes of all time? In so planning a concert, moreover, Mr. Koussevitzky exposes the rudiments and essentials of balanced program-making. For beginning, the gentle loveliness of Schubert; for closing, the sonoroties of Father Franck; in between, the glittering surfaces, sardonic harmonies and provocative rhythms of which Ravel is so notable a master. That Mr. Koussevitzky understands the audiences of Monday, or of any day—was the evidence of the applause. Upon "The Unfinished Symphony," and upon the conductor and orchestra which manifested it for them, the devotees of Schubert—and they are as legion as mankind—lavished their favor. Mr. Koussevitzky, called back to the stage, brought the orchestra to their feet. The exulting euphonies of Franck's symphony—ending a concert of unashamed and outspoken "standard pieces"—produced a like result. Nor was Ravel neglected in these tributes. The implication of the burst of clapping following "The Waltz" was as plain as could be: "Bravo! We like that, too; and everything you give us." Again conductor and orchestra stood together.

There are other points of merit in Mr. Koussevitzky's choice of numbers. Every piece came from the easily accessible repertory shelves. Mr. Koussevitzky has extracted each of them on several occasions this season. Consequently, every note is many times familiar to conductor and musicians alike. Upon these numbers they may spend their finest abilities and most expressive ardors. The occasion is not one of an important "first performance," with its attendant anxieties, hopes and promises. There are those who will say that the audiences of Monday evenings are doubly favored not only because they hear the masterpieces of musical literature which please them, but because they are present on those occasions when, through force of circumstances, the orchestra is in a state of super-efficiency.

It was in such a state that the orchestra played last evening. Schubert's Symphony was refined until it became the very essence of musical beauty. The inspiration of the composer and the intuition of the conductor united in a single, gently moving stream. The musicians, their ensemble technique perfected to a point unrivalled before this day of transcendental orchestras, played as though the resistance of instruments were nothing. To what contrasting result was this same technique responsible in Ravel's "The Waltz!" If this composition has failed to "come off" properly in previous performance this season, last evening it wanted nothing in nervous vitality, in mocking accent, in frenzied pace, in seductive glamour, in slithering and dazzling instrumental color. For these sophisticated measures there scarcely could have been better contrast than the virtuous and sonorous symphony of Franck. Mr. Koussevitzky opened their arms to this music. . . . There have been some exceptional terms set down here. The performance was one of exceptional brilliance.

N. M. J.

TRANS.
JAN. 22

TWO SYMPHONIES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Schubert's "Unfinished" and Franck in D Minor

Globe Jan 22

Mr Koussevitzky put two familiar symphonies on the program of last night's Boston Symphony concert, the third of the current Monday series, so that the program ran as follows: "Unfinished Symphony," Schubert; "La Valse," Ravel; Symphony in D minor, Franck. The audience applauded typical Koussevitzky interpretations of these familiar pieces with more warmth than they would have shown for any save the most celebrated of soloists.

Of the music on last night's program there is little that needs be said. Schubert has been discussed from every angle, possible and impossible, during the past months, because an ingenious advertising man beguiled the musical world into celebrating the centenary of his death with a pomp and circumstance which would have amazed him. But the way in which centenaries are advertised, or pass, as others have done, unnoted, is not a musical story.

Franck has long passed, on the word of his pupil, d'Indy, for a sainted mystic writing music fit only to be heard in an imaginary cathedral. There are those who think that Franck was human, perhaps all too human, musically, akin spiritually to Liszt rather than to Palestrina. Among them, if last night's performance may serve as proof, is Mr Koussevitzky. His possibly overdramatized version of the one symphony Franck left behind him was human to the point of hysterics.

Ravel's "La Valse" served, as usual, to display the virtuosity of conductor and orchestra. But, as before, one wished Mr Koussevitzky would note and obey the direction "In the movement of a Viennese waltz" written by Ravel in the score and exemplified by the composer's interpretation of the piece here last season.

Mr Koussevitzky's way with music is not, however, to obey the composer's directions with humility and scholarly devotion. On the contrary, he invariably gives to the audience just what he himself feels in the music. Last night he again seemed to feel that Schubert wrote his "Unfinished Symphony" in the vein later cultivated with great popular success by Tchaikovsky in the celebrated "Pathetic Symphony," and conducted accordingly. When the Schubert symphony was played this season in the regular series Mr Koussevitzky interpreted it more lyrically and less dramatically. Last night's version was the one he first revealed to a somewhat astonished, but for the most part delighted, audience here several seasons ago.

Mr Koussevitzky's way with an orchestra, as last night's concert, the first following his midseason vacation, proved, is to emphasize climaxes, and to polish those outstanding bits of the score that the audience is sure to notice, to whip himself, players and listeners into an emotional frenzy, in which little matters like precision of ensemble, clean-cut attacks, playing exactly the right notes at exactly the right instant, are sometimes neglected.

The conductor's way with music greatly pleases the majority in his audiences. There is, however, a recalcitrant minority, which emits grumbles from time to time.

The next concert in this series will be given Feb 11.

P. R.

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Orchestra Again Under Koussevitzky's Master Hand

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IN FAMILIAR NUMBERS

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The performance last evening of Ravel's enticing composition was one of unusual brilliance. However unorthodox Mr. Koussevitzky's version of Schubert's symphony, it is both interesting and effective in its own right. And as for the symphony of Franck, with each repetition of the piece Mr. Koussevitzky seems to come closer to a sympathetic understanding of the composer, and as he does so his interpretation of the Symphony gains in eloquence as well as in fidelity to its author's purposes and intentions.

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Herald Jan 22

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Schubert's symphony, which fortunately was not finished, so that the hearer is left with the thought of the charming lyricism of the slow movement, is well contrasted with Franck's, in which the anxiety and doubt expressed in the opening allegro are answered by the jubilation of the finale. There are two ways of understanding Ravel's "Waltz": one of a Viennese waltz, with introduction and coda; one as a symphonic poem with the chief motif in waltz rhythm, but with slackening and accelerating the pace. Mr. Koussevitzky prefers the second manner, and thus gives more importance perhaps to the music than it deserves if it simply is taken in the Viennese manner, or as a parody, as has been suggested by some. The orchestral performance was brilliant throughout.

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GLOBE JAN 26

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The symphony, a flawless work of art and beauty was played in flawless manner. The performance was the first under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction at these concerts.

What is more to be said? Yet one may ask if "The marriage of Figaro" was not in Mozart's head when he wrote the second section of the opening Allegro. One can hear Susanna roguishly singing, mocking the court, or arousing Figaro's jealousy Has there not too much been said about the marvelous display of science in the construction of the Finale? The wonder of it is that this display does not impress the hearers unduly. To him it is merely gay and charming music. It ravishes his ear without his taking interest in the technical devices, even if he could recognize and understand them. If the title should be "Symphony in C major with the fugue," the word "fugue" would not fill his soul with dismal foreboding. There has been only one Mozart, as there has been only one Handel.

It is not known who gave the title "Jupiter" to this symphony. There is nothing in the music that reminds one of Jupiter Tonans, Jupiter Fulgurator, Jupiter Pluvius; or of the god, who assuming various disguises, came down to earth, where by his adventures with women, semi-divine or mortals of common clay, he excited the jealous rage of Juno. The music is not of an Olympian mood. It is intensely human in its loveliness and its gaiety.

There are several reasons why Mr. Bloch's rhapsody should gain momentary popularity. First of all it has a story attached to the music; the audience is told what the composer attempted to and what it is to expect. There is attentive listening so that "Old Hundred" shall not go by unrecognized. There is joy when the orchestra plays "Pop Goes the Weasle" for the Virginia reel. This or that hearer hums "Old Folks at Home" when he hears the melody from the orchestra. In the third section there is a forcible reminder of an apartment house in process of construction and one Bostonian noble dame may whisper to another: "Do you think they'll allow them to go up on Arlington street, spoil the skyline and ruin the Public Garden? What a shame!"

Yes, this Rhapsody is panoramic music therefore more to be enjoyed by many than music that is only music. And so there are persons who look on anecdoted paintings, as Frith's "Derby Day" and "The Railway Station," as triumphs of art.

Not that Mr. Bloch's rhapsody is wholly without some fine or impressive pages.

The opening of the second section with its introductory solo for the English horn establishes a mood. The long crescendo leading to the anthem is well contrived and powerful, but what a little mouse to come out of this mountainous preparation! There was a Grecian gentleman who apologized for the stateliness and pomp of the funeral procession when the corpse was only his little 2-year-old girl. Does Mr. Bloch really believe that he has invented the anthem to be sung by all Americans when their hearts are aglow with patriotism? Or was he exhausted by the crescendo of preparation? Did his Muse forsake him, saying: "You have been fortunate with borrowed themes; now let's see you compose one for your grand climax?" O lame and impotent conclusion.

The singers were those at the first performance on the 21st of last December: Members of the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Cub.

The concert wil be repeated tonight.

Next week the orchestra will give concerts in Baltimore, Richmond, Washington, New York, Brooklyn and Hartford. The program of Feb. 8, 9 will be as follows: Bach, Brandenburg concerto No. 4 for violin, two flutes and strings. Mozart, piano concerto, A major (Nicolai Orloff, pianist). Strauss, "Also sprach Zarathustra."

TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1929

Symphony

Bloch and His Rhapsody with Mozart Paired

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Upon that program stood no more than two numbers. Before the intermission came Mozart's Symphony in C major, known as the "Jupiter"; after it, Ernest Bloch's prize-winning "Epic Rhapsody," with title "America." To hear the four Mozartean movements is to hear a sum of supreme masteries, the mastery of a great composer weaving patterns that glint and glisten, that sing their song, that now and again pile strength upon strength; the mastery of a great conductor guiding his orchestra past pitfall after pitfall and giving to the elusive Mozart revealing voice; the mastery of a great orchestra—for none but the greatest orchestras can cope with the difficulties of simplicity which are the essence of Mozartean style. Granted that the slow movement was nearer an Adagio than an Andante, that the fugued Finale was a riot of speed and virtuosity. In the same breath one will glory also in the clear picture which conductor and men gave of qualities which are the very soul of Mozart, the vigors of the beginning, giving way at once to a measure of song, passing soon to themes as light and fragile as many a composer of "fairy music" has never been able to compass. All three, vigor, song, grace are here combined in a blend that is a marvel to behold, whether one consider work of composer, of conductor, or of orchestra. No less did one warm to the loveliness of the melody which is the Andante, or to the elasticity of the supple dance-rhythm which is the Mozartean minuet. But the crowning achievement of this performance was the Finale. Mozart, like Mr. Honegger of a fortnight ago, has a warm spot in his heart for the writing of fugues. And so in this finale, which composers of his day generally cast in the light rondo form, Mozart tosses fuga expositions into a fully developed sonata form. Is the result one of heaviness, o of weight? It is not. Only for th student is such analysis of importance For the rest of us, this finale moves with a lightness and a gayety, with a snap and a sparkle, which all the rondos imaginable have not been able to give t many another symphonic finale. But t give forth such qualities demands virtuosity in orchestra and conducto above that of one or another complex difficult, modern score. Mr. Koussevitzky and his men achieved a triumph in it On many a program such playing o Mozart's great symphony (it was Mr Koussevitzky's first performance of here in Boston) would have been an even in itself. But with performance of th much advertised "America" impending it was evident that minds of many the audience were more occupied wi the piece to come than with the grea music that was passing before them.

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One more of the puzzling questions may rightfully be considered. Is it wise for a composer to lay aside his natural language and the language of his time, and adopt a language which is historically a closed book? This is what his ideal of "simplicity" brings us to. This music, with all its excellences is not music of 1928. Except the caricature of the present, almost every note of it might have been written at the opening of the century. Has not that idiom run its course? Can any æsthetically useful purpose be accomplished by bringing it back, no matter how well the temporary return may be accomplished?

As to performance, Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra and his chorus gave a superb production yesterday. One heard more of the native folk-material which forms the basis for all the episodes than one did a month ago, but still without producing a scattered effect, or one lacking in any way in unity. After all, the building up of the "America" motif, in performance as on paper, is the dominating idea of the whole. A. H. M.

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Post Jan 26

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AV. N 26 1929

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Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America," which is probably the most important contribution to music in recent years, was heard for the second time this season at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The beauty and magnificence of the reading given this great piece by Mr. Koussevitzky drew bursts of applause from different parts of the hall before the number had come to an end—so helpless were some in their appreciation.

The composer has dedicated his masterpiece to his country, and to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, whose vision, he asserts, upheld the inspiration of this work. It is lofty in purpose; it is based on an ideal. Throughout is woven the history of the country, its spiritual development. It is in three movements, and the program outlines the sequence as follows: The soil, the Indians, the Mayflower, the landing of the Pilgrims, hours of joy, hours of sorrow, the present, the future.

It moves definitely, magnificently, decisively, rising to stirring crescendos, diminishing to whispers, threading across its imposing tapestry our folk songs, measures of jazz, and at last, an anthem which the composer hopes will become known and beloved and which well deserves the honor of becoming our national anthem. It was sung yesterday by a chorus composed of members of the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club.

The rhapsody followed Mozart's symphony in C major, which is known as "Jupiter." Many have questioned the source of that title. Some maintain that the serene, godlike splendor of the music occasioned the name. Others think that its impressive beauty and power are responsible. Masters have called it "the overpowering, great, fiery, pathetic, sublime symphony in C." And it is all that. Under the baton of Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday it was sublime. The large audience received it with delight and repeatedly recalled Mr. Koussevitzky to the platform.

JANUARY 28, 1929

Concert-Chronicle

TRANS JAN 28

"Nothing Too Much"

IT IS Mr. Koussevitzky's reasonable habit to repeat in the course of a season one or more pieces that he has lately produced or revived. Usually there is no demur. The pleased are pleased again. The mistrustful find their doubts confirmed, which is another sort of human satisfaction. The music itself often bears well this immediate rehearing. At the Symphony Concerts of last Friday and Saturday the conductor so repeated Mr. Bloch's Symphonic Rhapsody, "America," produced on Dec. 21 and 22. And for the first time, during his five years in Boston, letters questioning a repetition come to this department. Here follows one sufficiently representative, from a practised, open mind and usually well-content subscriber. He addresses The Transcript over his signature; but prefers it withheld from print. The letter:

> No sooner had it been announced that Mr. Koussevitzky was to repeat—within so short a time after its inaugural performances here—Mr. Bloch's "America," than a number of subscribers decided to remain away in mild protest. May I, as one of them, express certain sentiments that were shared by many who attended the repetition through force of habit, or through a spirit of fairness to the piece. Lest any suspicion of racial antagonism enter, may I explain that all to whom I refer are of Jewish descent, and most of them of American birth. They would doubtless agree that Bloch is among the master composers of the day, and that Koussevitzky is of like eminence among contemporary conductors.
>
> But the prize-winning "America" had been played, virtually at the same time, by five leading orchestras of the country. The second movement, after a plethora of verbal interpretation, had been broadcast over a nation-wide chain of radio stations. Mr. Damrosch, indeed, promises shortly to "air" the entire epic rhapsody in the same continental fashion. "Mein Liebchen," as Heine once sang, "was willst du mehr?"
>
> Neither the reception in Boston nor that in New York was of a nature to suggest immediate repetition. Why, then, in the face of obvious satiety, the sudden return of an undistinguished music that had been artificially raised to distinction? The less charitable of those for whom I speak, discovering that our conductor was to take the rhapsody to New York—as if Gotham had plainly not had its fill of the piece—were so discourteous as to suggest that Mr. Koussevitzky was warming his hands once more over this glowing coal before transporting it to Newcastle.
>
> Great composers and great composers, like us lesser mortals, have their off-days. "America" some of us felt, was, for Bloch as artist and for Koussevitzky and the other judges of the contest, such an imperfect day. In any case, both Bloch and our conductor are in merit and artistic reward rich enough to ponder the justice of this complaint from their juniors.

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Symphony Orchestra Plays Bloch's "America" for Second Time

Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America," which is probably the most important contribution to music in recent years, was heard for the second time this season at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The beauty and magnificence of the reading given this great piece by Mr. Koussevitzky drew bursts of applause from different parts of the hall before the number had come to an end—so helpless were some in their appreciation.

The composer has dedicated his masterpiece to his country, and to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, whose vision, he asserts, upheld the inspiration of this work. It is lofty in purpose; it is based on an ideal. Throughout is woven the history of the country, its spiritual development. It is in three movements, and the program outlines the sequence as follows: The soil, the Indians, the Mayflower, the landing of the Pilgrims, hours of joy, hours of sorrow, the present, the future.

It moves definitely, magnificently, decisively, rising to stirring crescendos, diminishing to whispers, threading across its imposing tapestry our folk songs, measures of jazz, and at last, an anthem which the composer hopes will become known and beloved and which well deserves the honor of becoming our national anthem. It was sung yesterday by a chorus composed of members of the Radcliffe Choral Society and the Harvard Glee Club.

The rhapsody followed Mozart's symphony in C major, which is known as "Jupiter." Many have questioned the source of that title. Some maintain that the serene, godlike splendor of the music occasioned the name. Others think that its impressive beauty and power are responsible. Masters have called it "the overpowering, great, fiery, pathetic, sublime symphony in C." And it is all that. Under the baton of Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday it was sublime. The large audience received it with delight and repeatedly recalled Mr. Koussevitzky to the platform.

JANUARY 28, 1929

Concert-Chronicle

TRANS

"Nothing Too Much"

IT IS Mr. Koussevitzky's reasonable habit to repeat in the course of a season one or more pieces that he has lately produced or revived. Usually there is no demur. The pleased are pleased again. The mistrustful find their doubts confirmed, which is another sort of human satisfaction. The music itself often bears well this immediate rehearing. At the Symphony Concerts of last Friday and Saturday the conductor so repeated Mr. Bloch's Symphonic Rhapsody, "America," produced on Dec. 21 and 22. And for the first time, during his five years in Boston, letters questioning a repetition come to this department. Here follows one sufficiently representative, from a practised open mind and usually well-content subscriber. He addresses The Transcript over his signature; but prefers it withheld from print. The letter:

> No sooner had it been announced that Mr. Koussevitzky was to repeat—within so short a time after its inaugural performances here—Mr. Bloch's "America," than a number of subscribers decided to remain away in mild protest. May I, as one of them, express certain sentiments that were shared by many who attended the repetition through force of habit, or through a spirit of fairness to the piece. Lest any suspicion of racial antagonism enter, may I explain that all to whom I refer are of Jewish descent, and most of them of American birth. They would doubtless agree that Bloch is among the master composers of the day, and that Koussevitzky is of like eminence among contemporary conductors.
>
> But the prize-winning "America" had been played, virtually at the same time, by five leading orchestras of the country. The second movement, after a plethora of verbal interpretation, had been broadcast over a nation-wide chain of radio stations. Mr. Damrosch, indeed, promises shortly to "air" the entire epic rhapsody in the same continental fashion. "Mein Liebchen," as Heine once sang, "was willst du mehr?"
>
> Neither the reception in Boston nor that in New York was of a nature to suggest immediate repetition. Why, then, in the face of obvious satiety, the sudden return of an undistinguished music that had been artificially raised to distinction? The less charitable of those for whom I speak, discovering that our conductor was to take the rhapsody to New York—as if Gotham had plainly not had its fill of the piece—were so discourteous as to suggest that Mr. Koussevitzky was warming his hands once more over this glowing coal before transporting it to Newcastle.
>
> Great composers and great composers, like us lesser mortals, have their off-days. "America" some of us felt, was, for Bloch as artist and for Koussevitzky and the other judges of the contest, such an imperfect day. In any case, both Bloch and our conductor are in merit and artistic reward rich enough to ponder the justice of this complaint from their juniors.

TRANS
JAN — 26. '29

Less Than the Need

From the Ranks Comes a Word About the Pension Fund At Symphony Hall

WITH regard to its Symphony Orchestra the city of Boston, without any false modesty, can challenge comparison with New York, or Chicago. And, perhaps, Boston may feel it has even a shade the better of the comparison—save in one respect [writes Paul Shirley, viola player in the orchestra]. This city does not fall short in artistic or cultural values, nor in the quality of the individual artists who make up its wonderful orchestral ensemble. Mr. Koussevitzky is one of the relatively great conductors of our day. And no city has shown a more loyal and consistent appreciation of the representative institution founded by Major Higginson than has Boston.

Where Boston lags far behind New York, Chicago and other cities (and one is ashamed to have to admit it), is in the treatment of the individual players who collectively make the Boston Symphony Orchestra what it is. The employees' pension fund is today an accepted feature of all business life. Loyal, faithful service in the same organization for a series of years, which bring those who serve to the threshold of old age, is acknowledged by a pension. This pension is not a gift, it is not a charity, it is merely justice; the putting into effect one of those basic ideas of what is humanly fair and square and which has been accepted by "big business" the world over.

Not to mince words, the Boston Symphony pension fund as it now exists is a joke. It would probably never have come into existence had not Major Higginson laid the foundation with a gift of $5000, and given much time and consideration during his presidency toward increasing it. Yet today, after many years of hard struggling on the part of members of the orchestra, working "on their own," the fund is so small, so burdened with pensions payable, that a Boston Symphony player must qualify as totally incapacitated in order to obtain $500 a year from it.

A member of the New York Philharmonic or of the Chicago Symphony, in cities whose wealthy music-lovers have not been afraid to dig down into their pockets and provide a fund worthy of the name, can look forward, when his days of active service are over, to decent comfort. It does not call for much computation to establish how "comfortable" an incapacitated Boston Symphony player would be on $500 a year.

The existing situation is one that does no credit to Boston. If the city's men of wealth are not so ostentatious in the display of their resources as New Yorkers or Chicagoans, they are none the less able, and easily able, to rectify the present deplorable state of affairs. Boston may be said, quite truthfully, to have developed and supported the cultural values of life at a time when other American cities hardly knew what they were all about. And to this day here men of great wealth are men of great culture, whose appreciation of the arts is based on actual knowledge and sympathy to a degree not to be found elsewhere.

This deplorable condition, which makes Boston look cheap in other eyes, and which lends itself all too readily to unjust and insidious comment on New England parsimony, is one for which no individual member of the Boston Symphony board of trustees probably can be held responsible.

At the root of the matter is the fact that while the Boson Symphony is a quasi-public insitution, practically Boston's best known and most admired cultural representative, famous wherever music is cultivated in the United States—its pension fund is regarded as the personal and private affair of the orchestra members. But at their wish, to be sure. But on the principle of "thus it ever has been, is ,and ever shall be," those who should take the matter in hand wash their hands of it. After all, no Boston Symphony player can ever become totally destitute. If absolutely incapacitated, he always will have his $500 per annum (or less) to which he may look forward!

The artists who give the best years of their lives to maintaining the artistic traditions and prestige of Boston's orchestra have to try and save enough out of a decidedly modest wage to scrape together sufficient for their old age. And they are quite as much exposed to the blows of untoward fortune as anyone else. In the great symphony orchestras of other cities an adequate pension fund provision is regarded as one of the common decencies. Art-supporting millionaires in other cities see to it that the faithful "old horses" of their great symphony orchestras are not turned out after they have been worked out, to browse on the scant financial herbage of $500 a year.

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(Reprinted from Musical America)

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MERIDAN, CONN.
RECORD

JAN 3 - 1929

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The Boston Symphony was the first symphony orchestra in America to have its own music hall, and giving a series of symphony concerts. The Boston orchestra at that time was backed financially by Colonel Higginson of Boston, who made up the deficit every season, while he lived, the deficit being a large sum in those days. The original orchestra numbered only about sixty players, while now, there are one hundred twelve musicians, a number of whom have been imported from the first rank orchestras of Europe.

The orchestra, at present gave 67 concerts in Boston, with all tickets being subscribed for at the beginning of the season. The only way a ticket can be secured for the Boston concerts, is by subscribers being out of town, returning their seats to be resold to the box office. Besides the Boston concerts, they make four or five weekly tours of the larger cities each season, Hartford being considered most fortunate through the efforts of Frank A. Sedgwick to be included in their itinerary for a great many years. The orchestra has been brought to the highest pinnacle of perfection under the past five years direction of Sergei Koussevitzky, and is now recognized as America's great symphony orchestra. Koussevitzky gives every summer in Paris, the "Concerts Koussevitzky" being considered the most important musical event of the Paris musical season. The Paris papers give Mr. Koussevitzky unstinted and most lavish praise of his wonderful interpretations of the old classic symphonies and the modern French and Russian music, which electrified his fashionable audiences. The Hartford concert is only a month away, February 3, and the seat sale is now in progress at McCoy's Music store, 89 Asylum street, Hartford. Mail orders filled in order of their receipt.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD

JAN 4 - 1929

Conspicuously seated in a lower tier box yesterday evening at the Boston Symphony Concert at Carnegie Hall was Arthur Honegger, Franco-Swiss composer, lately arrived from Paris. With him was his American colleague, Aaron Copland. Occupying the adjoining loge were Alfred Knopf, the publisher, and Mrs. Knopf. . . . Visible in the back of the hall at the same event were Gdal Saleski, author and 'cellist; Josef Achron and Lazar Saminski, composers, and Aaron Baron, critic.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

JAN 2 - 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony orchestra leaves Boston this week on one of its weekly tours of cities outside of Boston, finishing with concerts next Friday in Brooklyn, and New York on Saturday. They return to Boston then for the regular Boston series, until their next tour, the latter part of this month, which finishes with the Hartford concert here on February 3. The tickets for this concert are now on sale at McCoy's, and reservations are being made, and mail orders filled, accompanied by check, in order of their receipt. It is advisable to make reservations now for this premier musical event of the season. The orchestra is giving the finest concerts and programs of its entire career, and Hartford is most fortunate in having this opportunity of hearing this remarkable organization, under the spirited direction of Sergie Koussevitzky, noted as one of four greatest conductors of the world. The orchestra numbers 112 musicians, all of whom will appear at the Hartford concert. A brilliant program has been promised, and will be announced shortly.

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HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

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The coming visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be the foremost occasion in Hartford's musical season. The distinguished orchestra and its remarkable Russian conductor, Koussevitzky will appear at the Capitol Theater on Sunday afternoon February 3.

When Sergei Koussevitzky returned from his summer in Europe, he brought some significant new scores, and many special plans for this season in America This season is the great orchestra's forty-eighth with the orchestra and conductor giving the most brilliant and finished rendition of programs of its entire existence. Mr. Koussevitzky is making the program for Hartford with especial care, combining the finest of the classical music with the most important of the new music. Announcement of the program will be made in a few days by Frank A. Sedgwick.

The early offering of tickets gives a special apportunity of securing preferred locations. Phone reservations will be accepted and mail orders filled, accompanied by check.

During the summer Mr. Koussivtzky conducted the annual "Concert Koussevitzky" in Paris at which he introduced no less than 13 works to the Parisian public, including Carpenter's "Skyscrapers." Koussenvtzky also listened to much new music and conferred with composers.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE

JAN 5 - 1929

The Boston Symphony.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussewitsky conducting, gave the second of its Brooklyn concerts under the auspices of the Institute of Arts and Sciences at the Academy of Music last evening. The soloist was Jesus Maria Sanroma, a young Central American pianist frequently identified with the activities of this body of musicians. He played the Schumann Piano Concerto in a program which opened with Beethoven's Sixth ("Pastoral") Symphony and closed with the familiar concert arrangement of John Alden Carpenter's ballet, "Skyscrapers."

Mr. Sanroma's performance of Schumann's music was marked by delicate poetic fervor in interpretation, as well as by much skill and assurance in execution. In view of such abilities as he revealed, it appears rather odd that his appearances are so limited in number and that one knows next to nothing about him. Pianists of far less adequate equipment, both as technicians and as artists, have with no trouble achieved more popularity.

Schumann's Concerto was the most interesting portion of the program. Among the Beethoven symphonies the Sixth is of relative unimportance, a lengthy and prolix work whose monotony of mood was only emphasized in Mr. Koussewitsky's reading. The playing of the orchestra, however, gave much pleasure, and applause was enthusiastic when occasion called for it.

T. W.

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COURANT

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION

JAN 4 - 1929

Music

Boston Orchestra Here To-night.

By FELIX DEYO

John Alden Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," a ballet of modern American life, will be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, at the Academy of Music to-night. The Chicago composer wrote this piece to describe a picture in rhythms and sounds of New York's frenetic existence, with its characteristic violent alternation between work and play. The "work" is depicted, in its original stage setting (as produced at the Metropolitan Opera House) with a scene showing the framework of a great steel structure, and "play" introduces a scene in Coney Island in which jazz singers and dancers are introduced. The concert version employs solo voices, those of to-night being Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Joseph Lautner, tenor.

The symphony to-night will be Beethoven's "Pastoral" (No. 6). Schumann's A minor piano concerto introduces Jesus Maria Sanroma to Brooklyn, as soloist. Senor Sanroma is a young American musician of Central American parents. He has appeared with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on several occasions and also in recitals at Berlin, Paris, Madrid and Barcelona.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN

JAN 3 - 1929

Conductor of Boston Symphony Which Gives Concert Here Sunday

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

The annual concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra under the auspices of Springfield Young Men's Christian association will be given at the Auditorium Sunday afternoon at 3. Admission to the concert will be by ticket only. Free tickets may be secured at the Y. M. C. A. and music stores. Those desiring seats reserved in advance may make arrangements by calling the "Y." The doors of the Auditorium will open at 2.15, but reserved seats will be held until 3 when the concert will start.

Serge Koussevitzky, famous Russian leader of the orchestra, will conduct the concert here. The program will consist of selections from such famous composers as Prokofieff, Debussy, Ravel and Brahms. The symphony from the latter composer will be No 2 in D major, opus 73.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK WORLD

JAN 4 - 1929

MUS

By Samuel Cho

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Carnegie Hall, 8.30 P. M. Soloists, Jesus Maria Sanroma, pianist; Marie Sundelius, soprano; Joseph Lautner, tenor.

Concerto Grosso for Strings, No. 12, in B Minor.....Handel
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 38.....Toch
Mr. Sanroma
Symphony in B Minor (Unfinished).Schubert
Skyscrapers.....Carpenter
Mme. Sundelius and Mr. Lautner

A concerto for piano and orchestra by Ernst Toch was the new matter advanced at the second Boston Symphony concert at Carnegie Hall last night. The soloist for this was Mr. Jesus Maria Sanroma, a gifted pianist who has come to the aid of the Bostonians at other times in the past.

Mr. Toch's concerto was written in the spring of 1926. Two years is a long time in the life of a modernist composition, and the interval between it's birth and last night's exhibition had drawn many of its atonal and polytonal teeth. Nevertheless, the piece succeeded in capturing one's attention for a good part of the performance. This was not so much due, I suspect, to the importance of the contents as to the relentless pace of the composition, its rhythmic audacity, its masterly orchestration and last, but not least, the brilliant treatment it received at the hands of Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Sanroma.

The concerto is one of those compositions which orchestras finish with a flourish and conductor and soloist smile at each other as at a tricky prank, safely executed. To say that the music, for all its effectiveness, means nothing is dangerous, for it leaves one open to the question "does the Schubert 'Unfinished' mean anything?" Yet, though one cannot exactly define the "meaning" of good music, one is certain that it means something in the sense that it induces an emotional experience.

Mr. Toch's concerto gave this listener, at least, no emotional experience. The confidence with which the composer spread his material, his nervi-ness, so to speak, was amusing and his command over the orchestra provided piquant or sonorous effects. For me the piece was audacious nonsense though it may have been a masterpiece for last night's players and audience.

Mr. Koussevitzky further divulged praiseworthy interpretations of Handel's Concerto Grosso in B Minor, Schubert's Symphony in the same key and Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," the last with the assistance of Miss Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Joseph Lautner, tenor.

Less Than the Need

From the Ranks Comes a Word About the Pension Fund At Symphony Hall

WITH regard to its Symphony Orchestra the city of Boston, without any false modesty, can challenge comparison with New York, or Chicago. And, perhaps, Boston may feel it has even a shade the better of the comparison—save in one respect [writes Paul Shirley, viola player in the orchestra]. This city does not fall short in artistic or cultural values, nor in the quality of the individual artists who make up its wonderful orchestral ensemble. Mr. Koussevitzky is one of the relatively great conductors of our day. And no city has shown a more loyal and consistent appreciation of the representative institution founded by Major Higginson than has Boston.

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The existing situation is one that does no credit to Boston. If the city's men of wealth are not so ostentatious in the display of their resources as New Yorkers or Chicagoans, they are none the less able, and easily able, to rectify the present deplorable state of affairs. Boston may be said, quite truthfully, to have developed and supported the cultural values of life at a time when other American cities hardly knew what they were all about. And to this day her men of great wealth are men of great culture, whose appreciation of the arts is based on actual knowledge and sympathy to a degree not to be found elsewhere.

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When Sergei Koussevitzky returned from his summer in Europe, he brought some significant new scores, and many special plans for this season in America This season is the great orchestra's forty-eighth with the orchestra and conductor giving the most brilliant and finished rendition of programs of its entire existence. Mr. Koussevitzky is making the program for Hartford with especial care, combining the finest of the classical music with the most important of the new music. Announcement of the program will be made in a few days by Frank A. Sedgwick.

The early offering of tickets gives a special opportunity of securing preferred locations. Phone reservations will be accepted and mail orders filled, accompanied by check.

During the summer Mr. Koussivitzky conducted the annual "Concert Koussevitzky" in Paris at which he introduced no less than 13 works to the Parisian public, including Carpenter's "Skyscrapers." Koussevitzky also listened to much new music and conferred with composers.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE

JAN 5 - 1929

The Boston Symphony.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky conducting, gave the second of its Brooklyn concerts under the auspices of the Institute of Arts and Sciences at the Academy of Music last evening. The soloist was Jesus Maria Sanroma, a young Central American pianist frequently identified with the activities of this body of musicians. He played the Schumann Piano Concerto in a program which opened with Beethoven's Sixth ("Pastoral") Symphony and closed with the familiar concert arrangement of John Alden Carpenter's ballet, "Skyscrapers."

Mr. Sanroma's performance of Schumann's music was marked by delicate poetic fervor in interpretation, as well as by much skill and assurance in execution. In view of such abilities as he revealed, it appears rather odd that his appearances are so limited in number and that one knows next to nothing about him. Pianists of far less adequate equipment, both as technicians and as artists, have with no trouble achieved more popularity.

Schumann's Concerto was the most interesting portion of the program. Among the Beethoven symphonies the Sixth is of relative unimportance, a lengthy and prolix work whose monotony of mood was only emphasized in Mr. Koussewitsky's reading. The playing of the orchestra, however, gave much pleasure, and applause was enthusiastic when occasion called for it.

T. W.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

JAN 2 - 1929

Boston Symphony

The Boston Symphony Orchestra leaves Boston this week on one of its weekly tours of cities outside of Boston, finishing with concerts next Friday in Brooklyn, and New York on Saturday. They return to Boston then for the regular Boston series, until their next tour the latter part of this month, which finishes with the concert here on February 3. The tickets for this concert are now on sale at McCoy's, and reservations are being made, and mail orders filled accompanied by a check, in order of their receipt. It is advisable to make your reservations now for this premier musical event of the season. The orchestra is giving the finest concerts, and programs of their entire career, and Hartford is most fortunate in having this splendid opportunity of hearing this remarkable organization, under the spirited direction of Sergie Koussevitzky, noted as one of four greatest conductors of the world. The orchestra numbers 112 musicians, all of whom will appear at the Hartford concert. A brilliant program has been promised, and will be announced very soon.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

JAN 4 - 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY

The coming visit of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be the foremost occasion in Hartford's musical season. The distinguished orchestra and its remarkable Russian conductor, Koussevitzky, will appear at the Capitol theater on Sunday afternoon, February 3.

When Sergei Koussevitzky returned from his summer in Europe, he brought some significant new scores and many special plans for this season in America.

This season is the great orchestra's forty-eighth, with the orchestra and conductor giving the most brilliant and finished rendition of programs of its entire existence. Mr. Koussevitzky is making the program for Hartford with especial care, combining the finest of the classical music with the most important of the new music. Announcement of the program will be made in a few days by Frank A. Sedgwick.

The early offering of tickets gives a special opportunity of securing preferred locations. Phone reservations will be accepted and mail orders filled, accompanied by check.

During the summer Mr. Koussevitzky conducted his annual "Concerts Koussevitzky" in Paris at which he introduced no less than thirteen works to the Parisian public, including Carpenter's "Skyscrapers." Koussevitzky also listened to much new music and conferred with composers. Before he returned, he had several weeks of well earned recreation spent in mountain climbing with the composer Prokokieff in the French Alps. The Boston Symphony recently made several phonograph records for Victor Talking Machine company. Tickets at McCoy's, incorporated.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION

JAN 4 - 1929

Music

Boston Orchestra Here To-night.

By FELIX DEYO

John Alden Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," a ballet of modern American life, will be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, at the Academy of Music to-night. The Chicago composer wrote this piece to describe a picture in rhythms and sounds of New York's frenetic existence, with its characteristic violent alternation between work and play. The "work" is depicted, in its original stage setting (as produced at the Metropolitan Opera House) with a scene showing the framework of a great steel structure, and "play" introduces a scene in Coney Island in which jazz singers and dancers are introduced. The concert version employs solo voices, those of to-night being Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Joseph Lautner, tenor.

The symphony to-night will be Beethoven's "Pastoral" (No. 6). Schumann's A minor piano concerto introduces Jesus Maria Sanroma to Brooklyn, as soloist. Senor Sanroma is a young American musician of Central American parents. He has appeared with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on several occasions and also in recitals at Berlin, Paris, Madrid and Barcelona.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN

JAN 3 - 1929

Conductor of Boston Symphony, Which Gives Concert Here Sunday

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

The annual concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra under the auspices of Springfield Young Men's Christian association will be given at the Auditorium Sunday afternoon at 3. Admission to the concert will be by ticket only. Free tickets may be secured at the Y. M. C. A. and music stores. Those desiring seats reserved in advance may make arrangements by calling the "Y." The doors of the Auditorium will open at 2.15, but reserved seats will be held until 3 when the concert will start.

Serge Koussevitzky, famous Russian leader of the orchestra, will conduct the concert here. The program will consist of selections from such famous composers as Prokofieff, Debussy, Ravel and Brahms. The symphony from the latter composer will be No 2 in D major, opus 78.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK WORLD

JAN 4 - 1929

MUS

By Samuel Cho

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Carnegie Hall, 8.30 P. M. Soloists, Jesus Maria Sanroma, pianist; Marie Sundelius, soprano; Joseph Lautner, tenor.

Concerto Grosso for Strings, No. 12, in B Minor ..... Handel
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 38 ..... Toch
Mr. Sanroma
Symphony in B Minor (Unfinished) ..... Schubert
Skyscrapers ..... Carpenter
Mme. Sundelius and Mr. Lautner

A concerto for piano and orchestra by Ernst Toch was the new matter advanced at the second Boston Symphony concert at Carnegie Hall last night. The soloist for this was Mr. Jesus Maria Sanroma, a gifted pianist who has come to the aid of the Bostonians at other times in the past.

Mr. Toch's concerto was written in the spring of 1926. Two years is a long time in the life of a modernist composition, and the interval between it's birth and last night's exhibition had drawn many of its atonal and polytonal teeth. Nevertheless, the piece succeeded in capturing one's attention for a good part of the performance. This was not so much due, I suspect, to the importance of the contents as to the relentless pace of the composition, its rhythmic audacity, its masterly orchestration and last, but not least, the brilliant treatment it received at the hands of Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Sanroma.

The concerto is one of those compositions which orchestras finish with a flourish and conductor and soloist smile at each other as at a tricky prank, safely executed. To say that the music, for all its effectiveness, means nothing is dangerous, for it leaves one open to the question "does the Schubert 'Unfinished' mean anything?" Yet, though one cannot exactly define the "meaning" of good music, one is certain that it means something in the sense that it indutes an emotional experience.

Mr. Toch's concerto gave this listener, at least, no emotional experience. The confidence with which the composer spread his material, his nervi-ness, so to speak, was amusing and his command over the orchestra provided piquant or sonorous effects. For me, the piece was audacious nonsense though it may have been a masterpiece for last night's players and audience.

Mr. Koussevitzky further divulged praiseworthy interpretations of Handel's Concerto Grosso in B Minor, Schubert's Symphony in the same key and Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," the last with the assistance of Miss Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Joseph Lautner, tenor.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TIMES
JAN 4 - 1929

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Yesterday, so far as orchestral concerts were concerned, was a day of extremely brilliant conducting, as also of compositions which had unusual interest. The concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, in the evening in Carnegie Hall, introduced as a novelty the piano concerto of Ernest Toch, with Jesus Sanroma as soloist. This concerto is nearly three years old, having been composed in the Spring of 1926, and there were performances in Europe prior to one heard by the writer at the Frankfurt Music Festival of July, 1927. The conducting and the very brilliant interpretation of the work last night were responsible for much that was not made clear by the Frankfurt performance. Toch's concerto, in fact, now appears as one of the most mettlesome and arresting scores that have come in some time from any composer of the modern German school. The sheer certainty and élan of the writing are breath-taking, and these qualities are felt by the listener whether or not his ear and his power of musical analysis are quick enough to follow Mr. Toch's electrical manifestations.

Here is a piece of real modern music—not music composed with the deliberate intention to be modern at all costs, but music written in a language which is the composer's own. To say that Toch had struck a wholly new and individual vein in his work would be a shooting the mark, since he has unquestionably affinities with the later Hindemith, and is well-couched in the ideas of the Schönberg school. But these ideas, and others, have been assimilated in such a way that the piece, which is a whole symphony in three long movements, takes on a very personal character, and indicates a new and extremely vigorous temperament in contemporaneous music.

The music is specifically of the present twentieth century. Of romanticism it has none, although—hist—there was a passing moment of Debussy, and strange did Debussy sound in that galley! But here is no soft feeling, no sentimental ardors. The accents are rather those of stark strength, with clean, clear, astringent progressions of the voices, as they contend against each other in vigorous play. There is nothing affected, nothing decadent. The dominant note is force and health, and somewhat sardonic humor. Perhaps in a later day we will feel a quality that we recognize as true and deep emotion in the slow movement. Elsewhere there is sweeping, rhythmical power, and the finale is mad waggery. All this with the employment of an immense orchestra, as big as any used by Richard Strauss, including the organ and contra-bass tuba, and a piano part of immense technical and rhythmic difficulty, which was played with complete mastery by Mr. Sanroma, who exhibited as technician and musician a competency which is exceptional and which was imperatively demanded by the occasion.

The rhythmical problems of the Toch concerto are complicated for the piano as they are for the orchestra. Problems of balance were equally difficult, requiring of the soloist the soundest knowledge and musical instinct. Mr. Sanroma, who had studied the concerto with the composer, evidently knew the score as he knew his piano part. He was able to watch the conductor like a cat, which was strictly necessary, and he fully appreciated the fact that the rôle of the piano was that of one important part in a composition pre-eminently symphonic. Mr. Koussevitzky was indeed fortunate in his soloist as the composer was fortunate in his conductor. One trembles to think what a fraction of a slip on the part of any one would have meant with such a score. Again, the thought occurs that the composer should have been present. Mr. Toch, a man who is modest as he is distinguished in music, would have been happy in this performance. The audience, in part, disapproved of the intense modernness of the score of what is assumed to be the synonym of modernity, its dissonance. A majority, however, applauded heartily and persistently an audacious, logically built and very exhilarating concerto-symphony.

The other elements of the program were Handel's concerto grosso for string orchestra, Schubert's B minor symphony—was it because of the year of grace?—and John Alden Carpenter's music for the ballet, "Skyscrapers," which Mr. Koussevitzky has already played here in superlative fashion. The writer cannot speak of Handel's music, played by the strings, in a way that excited admiration from certain individuals of authority who were present. The first movement of the Schubert symphony was given a simple and not unduly individualized reading and Mr. Koussevitzky dared to take the slow movement at a tempo that most conductors who find it difficult to sustain long melodies avoid. But we care less for Mr. Koussevitzky's Schubert than for other of his interpretations. Mr. Carpenter's ballet held its own for brilliancy and effect, in the wake of Toch's concerto, and also gave great pleasure to the audience.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE
JAN 4 - 1929

MUSIC

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

From Mahler to Toch: A Day's Symphonic Contrasts at Two Orchestral Concerts

Concert by the Philharmonic-Symphony Society, William Mengelberg conducting. Soloists, Margaret Matzenauer, contralto; Richard Crooks, tenor; at Carnegie Hall, yesterday afternoon.

PROGRAM

1. "Das Lied von der Erde"..... MAHLER

Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting. Soloists, Jesus Maria Sanroma, pianist; Marie Sundelius, soprano; Joseph Lautner, tenor.

PROGRAM

1. Concerto Grosso for strings, No. 12, in B minor ..... HANDEL
2. Concerto for piano and orchestra, Op. 38 ..... TOCH
   Mr. Sanroma
   (First time in New York)
3. Symphony in B minor ("Unfinished") ..... SCHUBERT
4. Skyscrapers ..... CARPENTER
   Mme. Sundelius and Mr. Lautner

NOTHING could more vividly have pointed the contrast between our own musical day and that which is past than the two outstanding works upon yesterday's symphonic programs: Mahler's "Lied von der Erde," which Mr. Mengelberg revived for us at the Philharmonic-Symphony matinee, and the new piano concerto by Ernest Toch played by Mr. Sanroma at last night's Boston Symphony concert under Mr. Koussevitzky. Here, almost cheek by jowl, were our immediate musical past and our musical present, in two vivid and compact embodiments—perhaps not quite the best samples of each that Mr. Mengelberg and Mr. Koussevitzky might have found, but certainly representative ones.

* * *

When Mahler some twenty years ago composed his "Lied von der Erde" (which is, of course, no novelty in New York), he built a considerable monument to that musical romanticism which, like so many other things good and bad, was shortly to be swallowed up at Armageddon. Mahler was almost the last of the nineteenth-century romanticists who survived into the twentieth. Unlike his colleague Richard Strauss, who is now, alas, but an incarnate legend, he had the good fortune to be cut off in full flower—in his artistic prime, before his talent had become deciduous. "Das Lied von der Erde" is the essential Mahler: it reveals him, betrays him, sums him up.

* * *

Mahler was the Senancour of his musical generation—the generation that succeeded Wagner's. We hear again and again in his music, and nowhere more insistently than in "Das Lied von der Erde," the very voice of Senancour—"Sensibility which no words can express, charm and torment of our vain years! Vast consciousness of a nature everywhere greater than we are, and everywhere impenetrable!" Almost Mahler might have said, in Goethe's words, that he had consecrated himself to the worship of sorrow; and in "Das Lied von der Erde" this unconquerable melancholy, these poignant protestations against the mystery and the fleetingness and the pain of life, cry out of the music.

* * *

The romantic subjectivity that lies at the heart of most nineteenth-century music shaped the work of Mahler at its most deeply characteristic, and gave it its passionate inwardness, its piercing and its sad sincerity. Listening to the final measures of "Das Lied von der Erde," with the contralto voice murmuring its reiterated "Ewig! Ewig!" above the dying sonorities of the muted strings and harps and celesta, while the flute and oboe sustain the A of that unresolved suspension which is the fitting musical comment upon Mahler's life, we remember the epitaph that Senancour desired for himself: "*Eternité, deviens mon asile.*"

It is easy to believe that Mahler would have found that thought a sympathetic one. Indeed, his intimate disciple, Mr. Paul Stefan, tells us almost as much: that in "Das Lied von der Erde" he took bitter and prophetic leave of a world which his nature estopped him from viewing as a friendly dwelling place, and turned his vision elsewhere—toward some mysteriously sheltering sanctuary of the spirit. Certainly the strangely tragic peace, the mood of sorrowful assuagement, that broods upon the dying cadences of "Das Lied von der Erde," sing to us of the essential Mahler, that maimed spirit—again, like Senancour, "profoundly incomplete, profoundly unsuccessful, profoundly touching."

* * *

This, clearly enough, is nineteenth century romanticism in one of its typical aspects. Here we have the artist of infinite sensibility, bruised by life, oppressed by "the burden of the mystery of all this unintelligible world," and crying out to us his pain and his bewilderment in music whose song, again in the tradition of its era, has "dipt its wings in tears." Here we are very far, of course, from the noble and epic pathos of the gods of an earlier nineteenth-century generation — for Mahler had nothing of their elevation and their sanity and the power of their soaring flight. He shared their sensitivity and their passion and their deep awareness, but not their valor and their strength. And that, perhaps, is why the more towering among those nineteenth century gods—Beethoven and Wagner and Brahms—romantics though they indubitably were, belong not really to their era, but to the ages that their wings may easily overspread.

* * *

And now turn to our own beloved generation, as represented by Mr. Ernest Toch, young and a German and, of course, a professing and diligent modernist, whose new concerto for piano we heard at last night's Boston Symphony concert a few hours after Mahler's canticle of the baffling earth had sung itself into quietude and resignation.

It could never be said of Ernest Toch, as Mr. Santayana said of those philosophers who (like Mahler) believe that existence is illusion, that "they are without one ray of humor and are persuaded that the universe, too, must be without one." Mr. Toch's humor is beyond dispute. If he has any lingering doubts of the uproarious comicality of the universe and of the absurdity of one's taking it too seriously, he has kept them, for the most part, elaborately suppressed. His music is wholly of our day—unshadowed, unquestioning, affirmative; it is through with the doubts and the self-torturings of the Romantic Age, its passionate cries and its haunted sensibility.

Margaret Matzenauer

Contralto soloist in yesterday's performance of Mahler's "Lied von der Erde"

It will traffic a bit, now and again, with what an elder time called beauty—there are poetic and lovely moments in this concerto; but, like nature itself, it guards its loveliness with thorns. If you are determined to pluck a rose in Mr. Toch's beguiling garden, you will find it exceptionally well supplied with prickliness.

* * *

You may, perhaps, entertain the suspicion that a good deal of the polytonalism of our day—this overconscientious thorn-growing, as exemplified in certain passages in Mr. Toch's concerto—is nullified by its obviousness. It seems, at times, a bit too easy. The result that Mr. Toch secures in the first movement of his concerto, for instance, when he sets a tune in C major against an accompaniment figure in F sharp major, seems scarcely rewarding enough to have compensated him for the nuisance of writing in so many sharps for the left hand. Bach did things that were quite as "daring," and made them a good deal more interesting. Perhaps it would be charitable to assume that at such moments our young modernist is merely Toching in his sleep.

But there are other times when Mr. Toch's polytonalism and atonality cease to be merely overworked formulas and become vehicles of musical power, saliency, and charm: as when, in the development section of his first movement, he weaves a rich and lucent tissue of sound out of delicately alien tonalities. And there are other moments, as in the Adagio, when Mr. Toch forgets to be only a conventional child of his time and becomes (may heaven forgive him!) a poet in tones, spinning musical magic out of new and shining stuffs.

* * *

We find his musical "humor" somewhat less detaining. It is said that Mr. Toch was delighted to be told by an appreciative friend that the chief theme of his Finale, a "Rondo Disturbato," as he calls it, suggested an imitation of a cackling hen. It does, indeed, and it is a merry enough theme. But we should enjoy it with a keener zest if we could forget its more musically effective prototypes in the famous clavecin piece by Rameau, "La Poule," composed in 1736, and in the "Gallina et Gallo," composed by Rameau's worthy predecessor, Johann Jakob Walther, in 1688, to say nothing of the high-spirited hen in Saint-Saens's "Carnival des Animaux."

Mr. Toch's harlequinade at the close of his Finale, in which this theme is made sidesplitting by its adornment with clusters of semitones and showers of trombone glissandi, is doubtless, however, pure Toch.

* * *

So our representative twentieth-century piece of music, you see, is rather a mixed affair, with bluster, and comicality, and a slightly furtive beauty, and abounding health and confidence, dancing an exuberant round. Certainly we have traveled a long way from our musical Senancour, with his sorrows and his doubts and his impassioned questionings. Have we discovered a more desirable resting place for the spirit of music? Perhaps. But who shall say?

* * *

It remains only to be added, concerning the performance of "Das Lied von der Erde" in the afternoon, that it was made memorable by the superb interpretation of Mr. Mengelberg and his orchestra, and by the poised and beautiful singing of Mme. Matzenauer, who, though she had given us the Brünnhilde of "Die Walküre" the night before, traversed the difficult music of Mahler as if Wagner and his prodigious exactions had been weeks behind her.

As for the performance of Toch's concerto, it is not easy to imagine it turned off more brilliantly, with an apter and more telling style, than Mr. Sanroma, the pianist of the evening, brought to it. And Mr. Koussevitzky, the master of ceremonies, of course, directed the work as if he believed in it heart and soul—as, no doubt, he does.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. SUN
JAN 4 - 1929

Boston Symphony Concert

Marie Sundelius and Joseph Lautner Are Soloists at Performance at Carnegie Hall.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the second of its evening concerts in Carnegie Hall last night. The program comprised Handel's concerto grosso in B minor for strings, Ernst Toch's piano concerto, Schubert's unfinished symphony and John Alden Carpenter's "Skyscrapers." The pianist was Senor Jesus Maria Sanroma. The solo singers in Mr. Carpenter's delineative fantasy were Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Joseph Lautner, tenor. Mr. Toch's concerto was recently produced in Boston, where it seems to have stirred the commentators to a liberal use of laudatory adjectives.

It was composed in Mannheim, where Mr. Toch lives, in 1906 and played by the heroic Elly Ney in Berlin the following year. Mr. Koussevitzky introduced it to Paris at one of his series of concerts in that city last year. Senor Sanroma was the soloist on that occasion. There are warnings both within and without the score. That in the score avers that the development of a symphonic work belongs to the orchestra and requests conductors not to lose sight of that vital fact. Mr. Koussevitzky did not. The extraneous warnings made by the program annotator are that the form of the concerto is free, that it has varied tempi and that it "like much that is contemporaneous in this art, is written in the atonal and polytonal manner."

Mr. Toch studied medicine as well as music and is furthermore a doctor of philosophy. One should expect much of him. As a matter of fact nothing of the scientist or the medico appears in his concerto. If you dislike modernist music per se, no matter whether it is well or badly made, shows mastership or clumsy incompetence, you will not like Toch's concerto. But if you can discern ability in a piece of music whose idiom is uncongenial to you, this one should please you. Toch has not created an immortal masterpiece as some of the propaganda writers have exclaimed, but one can perceive the cause of their ecstasies. Here is actually the first clearly shaped and comprehensively purposeful work that has lately been put forth by any modernist writer. It stands out like a sculpture among masses of mere clay.

It has well defined themes, which are related to each other and impose a homogeneous character upon the work. The rhythms are invigorating and without the lamentable monotony which spoils so much modernist composition. The concerto reveals a mastery of form which is very rare among the unchained spirits of the time. It adheres in some measure to the principles of the classic sonata, but without enslaving the fancy of the musician. The composition as a whole develops logically and is free from the jumble of futile strivings and helpless wanderings which have so discouraged those trying honestly to discover some mastery of their materials among the loudly acclaimed progressives. Toch is perhaps not a Stravinsky, but he seems to know where he is going.

His harmonic style is distinctly atonal, and perhaps he has overworked the chromatic scale and its chord derivatives in his eagerness to avoid all approach to the ancient cadences, but with his chromatics he has achieved some uncommon beauty and at times a certain wistful song speech which seems to be quite his own. His slow movement is of course his weakest. The modernists have not yet found their cantilena. The long melodic line of the classics, which they discarded, has not been replaced by them with anything possessing its suave and sustained enchantment.

But the finale, which one of the enthusiasts has described as rhythmic violence, is nothing of the sort. It is rude in spots and it rejoices in some of those abrupt pauses and jarring resumptions which are items in the modernist stock in trade. But it has vitality. It is male music, and this is true of the whole work. The scoring is marvellously clever and the piano part is constructed so that it is an integral part of the score and not a thing apart.

And the whole composition sounds. It is not always sweet upon the ear; rather it is often pungent, but it intrigues at every moment. One listens to it with interest and recognizes the presence of a musician who knows what he is doing and how to do it. The concerto was superbly performed. Without the most flawless instrumental balance the thing would be cacophonous without doubt. Played as it was last evening by the Boston men under the magic wand of Koussevitzky, it had opulence of texture and color. Senor Sanroma treated the piano part in a style which proclaimed him a virtuoso of the first rank in modernist music.

The Philharmonic-Symphony Society performed Gustave Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. This work was called by its composer a symphony with contralto and tenor solos; to a commonplace observer it appears to be an elongated song cycle. It was introduced to New York on February 1, 1922, by the Society of the Friends of Music in Carnegie Hall and repeated on February 17. The same organization gave it behind closed doors in the Town Hall on February 25, 1923. It has not been heard since that occasion until yesterday.

Mahler worshipers declare that it is a masterpiece. Contemplative biographers have asserted that by this and the ninth symphony this musician must stand or fall. Too many essays on Mahler have already been written; this shall not be another. "Das Lied von der Erde" is an uneven and prolix setting of lyrics by four Chinese poets of the eighth century. They were not prohibitionists. The titles of the poems selected by Mahler are "Drinking Song of the Woefulness of the Earth," "The Lonely One in Autumn," "Of Youth," "Of Beauty," "The Drunken One in the Spring" and "The Farewell."

The best of these are "Of Youth," "Of Beauty" and the final one. So plangent is the effect of this closing song that the auditor is likely to forget some of the feeble matter gone before and depart with the impression that he has really heard a master work. Mahler sometimes rose to fervid utterance, but most of the time he plodded laboriously through devious pages scattering insignificant details as he went. It is impossible to escape the conviction that most of his music is the result of painful effort to be great. He was not great or there would be no evidence of effort. "Das Lied von der Erde" is the best he gave us and it is good in spots. But between the spots it is deadly dullness dressed up in pretentious orchestration and accompanied with some of the worst kind of writing for the voice.

Mme. Matzenauer sang her songs yesterday with surpassing skill and with feeling. She sang them without a score; they were plainly old friends and dear to her. They owed most of their impressiveness to her art and sincerity. One wondered at her affection. Richard Crooks was the tenor and his valiant assaults on the arid and mechanical music allotted to him commanded admiration. He did the best he could, but the music prevailed.

Mr. Mengelberg conducted with a conductor's unfailing faith in Mahler. They all seem to adore him and never can understand why their emotions are not shared by those who are not reading the scores and imagining vain things. The excellent musicians of the Philharmonic played the composition of the former conductor of the organization with fidelity and consummate art. The audience was entirely respectful. Once or twice it seemed even well pleased.

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St. Paul, MN 55119

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EVE. POST
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However, this is not a flower to blush unseen, or, to mix the metaphor, to sigh unheard. Modesty, reserve, sensitiveness are not its cardinal qualities. It is very much twentieth century in its din, its brass, its impudence, its pile-driving vitality. It hits the listener between the eyes as perhaps no other work of its character has done. For those to whom it is that long-sought desideratum, an expression of the age, it may even be something of a knockout. For others who may be inclined to believe that to cultivate the hard-boiled and the mechanistic is to close the door at the start on any very promising musical inspiration, the question remains as to whether this is music at all.

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The music is a prescient and weary gesture by Mahler signifying the end of all desire. The words of the much adapted Chinese poems of which it is a setting reveal the man resigned at last to bitter disillusion; reveal him, too, faced toward death, which he knew could not be far off, with something like longing—longing for rest from the struggle and frustration that dogged him throughout his days. The gayety in several of the songs is pathetic in its tinkling lustrelessness; but more profoundly pathetic is the sheer inability of the man to express adequately his most deeply felt emotion.

Toch, if his new piano concerto is an indication, has gone over to the noisemakers, strings, wind and drums. The piece is atonal music without reservation, built almost wholly on the Schoenbergian twelve-tone scale. It is an apparently self-conscious attempt to outdo both Schoenberg and Bela Bartok and it is fearfully difficult and trying to listen to. There is quite evidently a programme of some sort behind it and it seems to us rather foolish on the composer's part not to have disclosed what it is. At a first hearing the piece is fairly baffling but at the same time unconvincing. Mr. Sanroma handled the piano part brilliantly.

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A double ration of orchestral concerts at Carnegie Hall yesterday was rather more a matter of the taste of conductors than of audiences, at least so far as concerned the new and unfamiliar music that was brought forward. In the afternoon, Willem Mengelberg occupied himself, the Philharmonic Orchestra and a contralto and tenor with Mahler's pretentious but sadly impotent "The Song of the Earth"—Mahler being one of the Dutch conductor's irrepressible loves. In the evening, Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra, with the help of Jesus Maria Sanroma as soloist, introduced the Austrian Ernst Toch's new piano conerto—Toch being one of the convictions in his modernistic gospel.

Mahler's music still has its ardent and suspiciously shrill partisans in Germany and Austria, and a few in Holland, of whom Mr. Mengelberg is one. But in New York, which never appreciated Mahler as even the great conductor he was—one of the greatest four we have ever listened to—New York has always shrugged a cold shoulder at Mahler the composer. His ten symphonies, among which "The Song of the Earth" is usually numbered, although it is really a song-cycle in six parts, are nearly all grandiose in plan and intention and lamentably feeble in result.

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Mahler's music still has its ardent and suspiciously shrill partisans in Germany and Austria, and a few in Holland, of whom Mr. Mengelberg is one. But in New York, which never appreated Mahler as even the great conductor he was—one of the greatest four we have ever listened to—New York has always shrugged a cold shoulder at Mahler the composer. His ten symphonies, among which "The Song of the Earth" is usually numbered, although it is really a song-cycle in six parts, are nearly all grandiose in plan and intention and lamentably feeble in result.

Now and again some imported conductor ventures a performance of one or another of the symphonies, but the outcome is always disastrous and none of them really has a hold on the orchestral repertoire hereabouts. "The Song of the Earth," which Mahler wrote three years before his death in 1911 immediately following his last Winter here as conductor of the Philharmonic, was first performed in America by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra twelve years ago, but he never brought it to New York. The Friends of Music gave it here six years ago and yesterday's performance was only its second.

The music is a prescient and weary gesture by Mahler signifying the end of all desire. The words of the much adapted Chinese poems of which it is a setting reveal the man resigned at last to bitter disillusion; reveal him, too, faced toward death, which he knew could not be far off, with something like longing—longing for rest from the struggle and frustration that dogged him throughout his days. The gayety in several of the songs is pathetic in its tinkling lustrelessness; but more profoundly pathetic is the sheer inability of the man to express adequately his most deeply felt emotion.

Toch, if his new piano concerto is an indication, has gone over to the noisemakers, strings, wind and drums. The piece is atonal music without reservation, built almost wholly on the Schoenbergian twelve-tone scale. It is an apparently self-conscious attempt to outdo both Schoenberg and Bela Bartok and it is fearfully difficult and trying to listen to. There is quite evidently a programme of some sort behind it and it seems to us rather foolish on the composer's part not to have disclosed what it is. At a first hearing the piece is fairly baffling but at the same time unconvincing. Mr. Sanroma handled the piano part brilliantly.

72

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BROOKLYN EAGLE

JAN 4 - 1929

Music of the Day

By EDWARD CUSHING

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The appellation of "German Gershwin" ought to be explained. The only other piano solo of recent years which may be mentioned as resembling the present composition is that famous "Rhapsody in Blue." This, though not the slightest detail is reminiscent, nor the merest melodic or rhythmic line similar, one to the other.

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Conducts Philharmonic - Symphony Orchestra in Brooklyn tomorrow afternoon, at the Academy of Music.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
UNION

JAN 5 - 1929

Boston Symphony in 35th Concert

Koussevitzky Will Lead Music at Auditorium Tomorrow.

Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its 35th concert in Springfield when it will appear in the Municipal Auditorium under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. tomorrow afternoon. The well known symphony concert aggregation will be conducted by Serge Koussevitzky. The program will open at 3 o'clock. Admission is by ticket only, to be procured free of charge at the Y. M. C. A. or music stores.

The program follows:

PROGRAM.

Prokofieff, "Classical" Symphony, Op. 25
Allegro.
Larghetto.
Gavotte.
Finale.
Debussy, "Prelude a nl'Apres-Midi d'u Faune," Mallarme
Ravel, "La Valse," Choregraphic Poem.
Brahms, Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73
Allegro non troppo.
Adagio non troppo.
Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino.
Allegro con spirito.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES

JAN 5 - 1929

Boston Symphony Concert

E. Fernandez Arbos, the famous Spanish conductor, will be guest conductor at the Boston Symphony concert at the Albee Theatre, Providence, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 15. The Spanish musician, on a visit to this country last season, conducted the New York Symphony Society in New York, and brought out some Spanish music with great success. Spanish scores, including his own fine transcription of Albenez's suite, "Iberia," will be a feature of his programme in Providence.

Arbos will be remembered by some as the concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the single season of 1903-4, when he succeeded Franz Kneizel. Indeed, Arbos as a young man was a famous violin virtuoso.

Born in Madrid, he studied the violin there as a boy, and perfected his technique under Vieuxtemps of Brussels and Joachim of Berlin. Touring Europe in the nineties, he became a foremost virtuoso of that period. It was in 1904 that he devoted his career more particularly to conducting. He has long been at the head of the Symphony orchestra of Madrid, likewise conducting in London for many seasons, and conducting concerts more recently in Paris, Rome and Petrograd.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
TIMES

JAN 5 - 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Serge Koussevitzky's refined and imaginative [illegible] enhanced the pastoral atmosphere of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony at last night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music.

The orchestra also played Schumann's Concerto in A Minor, with ardor, assisted by Jesus Maria Sanmora, a young pianist endowed with charm and flaire.

The presentation of Carpenter's Skyscrapers was assisted by Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Joseph Lautner, tenor.

C. E. H.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

JAN 5 - 1929

* * *

The Boston Symphony orchestra, which is to a[illegible]n this city in February, is giving a concert in New York this afternoon, following another successful program on Thursday evening in Carnegie hall. Serge Koussevitzky conducted, and the soloist was [illegible] Maria Sanroma, pianist, who is to appear in this city soon. This artist gave the first New York performance of Ernest Toch's "Piano Concerto" at this afternoon's concert. Mr. Koussevitzky also presented the famous "Unfinished Symphony, by Schubert, the "Concerto Crosso" written for strings, by Handel, and Carpenter's "Skyscrapers".

72

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Boston Symphony in 35th Concert

Koussevitzky Will Lead Music at Auditorium Tomorrow.

Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its 35th concert in Springfield when it will appear in the Municipal Auditorium under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. tomorrow afternoon. The well known symphony concert aggregation will be conducted by Serge Koussevitzky. The program will open at 3 o'clock. Admission is by ticket only, to be procured free of charge at the Y. M. C. A. or music stores.

The program follows:

PROGRAM.

Prokofieff, "Classical" Symphony, Op. 25
Allegro.
Larghetto.
Gavotte.
Finale.
Debussy, "Prelude a nl'Apres-Midi d'u Faune." Mallarme
Ravel, "La Valse," Choregraphic Poem.
Brahms, Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73
Allegro non troppo.
Adagio non troppo.
Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino.
Allegro con spirito.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES

JAN 5 - 1929

Boston Symphony Concert

E. Fernandez Arbos, the famous Spanish conductor, will be guest conductor at the Boston Symphony concert at the Albee Theatre, Providence, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 15. The Spanish musician, on a visit to this country last season, conducted the New York Symphony Society in New York, and brought out some Spanish music with great success. Spanish scores, including his own fine transcription of Albeniz's suite, "Iberia," will be a feature of his programme in Providence.

Arbos will be remembered by some as the concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the single season of 1903-4, when he succeeded Franz Kneizel. Indeed, Arbos as a young man was a famous violin virtuoso.

Born in Madrid, he studied the violin there as a boy, and perfected his technique under Vieuxtemps of Brussels and Joachim of Berlin. Touring Europe in the nineties, he became a foremost virtuoso of that period. It was in 1904 that he devoted his career more particularly to conducting. He has long been at the head of the Symphony orchestra of Madrid, likewise conducting in London for many seasons, and conducting concerts more recently in Paris, Rome and Petrograd.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
TIMES

JAN 5 - 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Serge Koussevitzky's refined and imag[illegible] enhanced the pastoral atmosphere of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony at last night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music.

The orchestra also played Schumman's Concerto in A Minor, with ardor, assisted by Jesus Maria Sanmora, a young pianist endowed with charm and flaire.

The presentation of Carpenter's Skyscrapers was assisted by Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Joseph Lautner, tenor.

C. E. H.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

JAN 5 - 1929

* * *

The Boston Symphony orchestra, which is to a[illegible]n this city in February, is giving a concert in New York this afternoon, following another successful program on Thursday evening in Carnegie hall. Serge Koussevitzky conducted, and the soloist was [illegible] Maria Sanroma, pianist, who is to appear in this city soon. This artist gave the first New York performance of Ernest Toch's "Piano Concerto" at this afternoon's concert. Mr. Koussevitzky also presented the famous "Unfinished Symphony, by Schubert, the "Concerto Grosso" written for strings, by Handel, and Carpenter's "Skyscrapers".

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TIMES
JAN 6 - 1929

MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

Koussevitzky at His Best.

Mr. Koussevitzky, who is often adjudged a modernist and a virtuoso, rather than a classicist or conservative among conductors, chose to open the program given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall with Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony. In some respects this is the most difficult of the Beethoven symphonies to interpret worthily and interestingly for a modern audience. For these are not pastoral days. The city dweller entering a concert hall from the glare and clamor of the White Way is prone to snort at the innocent antics of Beethoven's peasants and to fall asleep by Beethoven's brook. For this concertgoer are the instrumental clangors and harmonic planes of a Stravinsky or a Bloch, describing our era, and not the murmurs of wood and field, the simple songs, the naïve but very suggestive depiction of Beethoven's thunderstorm, and the orchestra which seems to emerge, like nature herself, radiant and singing, in the path of the tempest!

It befell, however, that Mr. Koussevitzky captured the secret and mood of this music with the rarest felicity. He did not attempt to read a kind of emotion or color into the score that was not there. He chose his tempi with the greatest good fortune. The "Brook" movement may completely miss its effect by being a fraction too fast or too slow. The opening movement can communicate and maintain the sensation of humming life and endless happy singsong of nature if the interpreter is capable of such simplicity and of maintaining the unobstructed lyrical flow of Beethoven's music. In it there is truly the respiration of nature, the pulse of the soil. Not many interpreters in this day and age can re-create such beauty and rhythm for the listener. It is also necessary to give this symphony the utmost clarity and beauty of sound. Such sound came yesterday from the instruments which gave the melodic phrases a swelling ardor and suavity of form that made the whole symphony lyrical and again bespoke the excellence of the orchestra.

The Toch piano concerto, introduced in New York last Thursday, night, was repeated with Jesus Sanroma as the soloist. The work fully justified the enthusiastic reception of thirty-six hours before and new discoveries were made by certain observers, as, for instance, the beauty of the second theme of the first movement, and the importance of this beautiful idea in the elaborate and electrifying developments. Again the performance was a triumph for composer, conductor and solosit. If anything, Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Sanroma outshone their previous achievements with the same score. The end of this occasion was Ravel's " Le Valse," brilliant and sardonic as ever, an admirable vehicle for the virtuoso conducting of Mr. Koussevitzky.

Symphonic E[illegible]e Reappears.

The [illegible] the sections to other sections of the overture. The wind instruments, however, are improving. There is reasont oexpect more and better from them next season.

The performance which gave the strongest proof of the qualities and capacities of the new orchestra was the accompaniment of Prokofieff's difficult concerto. The piano part was played very effectively by Mr. Stassevitch, who unites with his knowledge of the violin a virtuoso's technique and fluency on the keyed instrument. But this would not have been enough to represent the difficult score, which has complicated rhythms for the ensemble, and other problems of technique and musicianship without the excellent performance of the orchestra. The accompaniment had hardly a flaw, a fact of which only a very efficient orchestra would be capable. This was an admirable representation of a concerto which is glib in the modern manner, brilliant, superficial and hollow.

Nevertheless, it is very doubtful whether symphonic ensembles will ever parallel orchestras conducted by musicians of mastery and imagination when it comes to spontaneous and creative performance. But it is evident that players who rehearse together on their own responsibilities, relying upon individual efforts and capacities for musical results, are capable of accomplishment which is interesting and impressive, valuable for the lessons it teaches and the standards of ensemble that it maintains. The audience last night was very enthusiastic. There was special approval of Mr. Stossevitch and the players after the Prokofieff concerts.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York American
JAN 6 - 1929

3 ORCHESTRAS GIVE CONCERTS

By GRENA BENNETT.

Carnegie Hall housed three different orchestral organizations yesterday. The Philharmonic, conducted by Walter Damrosch, gave a concert for children in the morning; the Boston Symphony, conducted by Serge Koussevitsky, performed to a capacity audience in the afternoon; the American Symphonic Ensemble, without a conductor, was heard in the evening.

SPECIALITY PROGRAMME.

Mr. Damrosch prepared a programme that glorified members of the bird, fish, insect and animal kingdoms. His list consisted of the Donkey music in Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," the Elephant and the Aquarium in Saint-Saens' "Carnival of Animals," the Nightingale and Cuckoo themes from Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony; Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Bumble Bee," Liadov's "Dance of the Mosquito," and Strauss' "Dragon Fly."

Mr. Damrosch beamed on his young subscribers and his remarks and analyses were received with evident delight.

FAULTLESS RENDITION.

The Bostonian's matinee programme began with Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, presented with superb musicianship and a full realization of its many and varied melodious moods. These glorious musical figures stood out crystal clear, yet ever maintained the proportion of beautiful gems faultlessly set. The performance was deservedly applauded.

Toch's Concerto, held over from Thursday evening's concert in the same hall, was the second number, with Jesus Maria Sanroma again officiating as piano soloist. The programme ended with Ravel's orchestral poem, "La Valse."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK WORLD
JAN 6 - 1929

The Boston Orchestra Again

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitsky conducting. Carnegie Hall, 2.30 P. M. Soloist, Jesus Maria Sanroma, pianist.

Symphony No. 6, in F Major (Pastoral) ..... Beethoven
Concerto for piano and orchestra, Op. 38 ..... Toch
Mr. Sanroma
La Valse ..... Ravel

Mr. Koussevitzky repeated Ernest Toch's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra at the Boston Orchestra's matinee at Carnegie Hall yesterday. Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony preceded the concerto and Ravel's "La Valse" closed the program.

A second hearing of Mr. Toch's modernist composition only served to affirm the impression the work made on this reviewer at the Boston Symphony's Thursday evening's concert. The concerto's significance—it is significant because it manages to hold the attention of the listener, something which cannot be said of many modernist compositions—seems to be due to its unrelenting speed and its bizarre orchestration. Cantalina is not a strong point with the composers of the moment, not because, as they would have us think, they shun melody on principle but because they are unable to write good tunes. When they do go in for broad slow stretches of music they usually achieve that much boredom, as witness Mr. Tanzman's Oriental opera, excerpts from which recently enabled Mr. Mengelberg to provoke a demonstration of disapproval from the usual polite Philharmonic-Symphony audience.

By some happy instinct Mr. Toch in his concerto refrains from laying too much stress on cantalina. One does not mind what there is of it because one's mind, even in the adagio, is still under the influence of the rush and roar of the first and third movements. So too the slow theme of the first movement is in itself pretty uninteresting stuff, but the composer gives you no chance to become aware of the fact. Before you are able to exercise your judgment Mr. Toch turns on his accelerator and you are once more in the maelstrom of a headlong succession of notes.

For the "Pastoral" Symphony Mr. Koussevitzky contrived a well-balanced and colorful performance and for the Ravel piece one that throbbed with rhythmical passion.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE
JAN 6 - 1929

3 Orchestras Share Day in Carnegie Hall

Walter Damrosch Makes His Season's Last Appearance in Concert for Children

Three orchestras occupied Carnegie Hall yesterday. In the morning session Walter Damrosch conducted the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in his last children's concert of the season, directing and discoursing on a program illustrating "Animals in Music." Several of the animals represented were members of the engaging Saint-Saens menagerie titled "Le Carneval des Animaux." This was Mr. Damrosch's last scheduled appearance with the Philharmonic-Symphony this season.

In the afternoon the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second New York Saturday concert of the season. Serge Koussevitzky repeated his novelty of Thursday night, Ernest Toch's concerto for piano and orchestra, Jesus Maria Sanroma, Porto Rican musician, again played the piano part in this up-to-date work, which was received with somewhat reserved applause.

"Pastoral" Played Admirably

Mr. Koussevitzky opened his program with Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, played with the admirable balance and clarity of tone which characterizes the work of this orchestra. The third and last number was Ravel's "La Valse," which received a spirited interpretation with a rhythmic nuance contributing effectively to the presumably-intended Viennese atmosphere of the work.

But this latest hearing led us to wonder whether "La Valse" is destined for a permanent or long-held position in the orchestral active lists, as it appeared to be soon after its first production.

The conductorless American Symphonic Ensemble, which had made a successful debut last November, completed Carnegie Hall's musical day in the evening with the first concert of a subscription series of three. The program consisted of the Mozart symphony in C. major, known as the "Jupiter," Prokofieff's third piano concerto and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet." For the concerto, which has been played here by the composer himself, Paul Stassevitch, the concertmaster, took temporary leave of his violin to take part as the solo pianist in a smooth, well balanced performance of the work.

Orchestra Plays Commendably

The orchestra gave a very commendable performance of the Mozart symphony. Touches of weightiness and coloring not including the more subtle gradations could be noticed, but the general unity and finish of the performance deserved praise. An audience of fair size proved distinctly enthusiastic.

Another orchestral concert of the evening was the opening of the free Saturday night series at the Metropolitan Art Museum, where David Mannes conducted a program with Tchaikovsky's

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
TRIBUNE
JAN 6 - 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT

Arbos, Noted Spanish Guest Conductor, Here on Jan. 15

E. Fernandez Arbos, the famous Spanish conductor, is coming to America to appear as guest over the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the week of Jan. 13, and will therefore lead the Providence Symphony Concert at the Albee Theatre on Tuesday evening, Jan. 15, as well as the regular Boston concerts of Jan. 18 and 19. The Spanish musician visited this country last season to conduct the New York Symphony Society in New York, when he brought out some Spanish music with great success. Spanish scores, including his own fine transcription of Albeniz Suite, "Iberia," will be a feature of his program here.

Arbos will be remembered by some as the concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the single season of 1903-4, when he succeeded Franz Kneizel. Indeed, Arbos as a young man was a famous violin virtuoso.

Born in Madrid, he studied the violin there as a boy, and perfected his technique under Vieuxtemps of Brussels and Joachim of Berlin. Touring Europe in the 90s he became a foremost virtuoso of that period. It was in 1904 that he devoted his career more particularly to conducting. He has long been at the head of the Symphony Orchestra of Madrid, likewise conducting in London for many seasons, and conducting concerts more recently in Paris, Rome and Petrograd.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
STAR
JAN 6 - 1929

Koussevitsky Is Re-engaged.

SERGE KOUSSEVITSKY, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be heard in concert at Poli's Theater January 30 and March 5, under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene, has been re-engaged as conductor of that famous orchestra for an indefinite period at a salary that is said to "exceed all expectations."

Koussevitsky will conduct both Washington performances of the Boston Symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
JAN 6 - 1929

Music Students Will Enjoy Boston Symphony

A remarkable opportunity is afforded the music student, of great educational value in attending the Boston Symphony concert, Feb. 3, at the Capitol Theater. To hear the effects of the string choirs, wood winds, brasses, percussian instruments and harps, directed by Koussevitzky. Gives the student a chance to study the effects and hear the different tone colorings of the great orchestra consisting of 112 musicians.

The Boston Symphony orchestra met with great success on its recent trip. The public and the press of Chicago—and Chicago has had for many years an orchestra of the first rank—were enthusiastic in praise of Mr. Koussevitzky and the players.

Mr. Stinson, in the Chicago Journal, said that Mr. Koussevitzky on occasion is "on easy terms with greatness."

Mr. Goldberg of the Herald Examiner referring to Ravel's "Daphne and Chloe" as the "high light" of the evening: "In its shifting colors and extraordinary blending of timbers it came near to being a miracle of orchestral playing."

Mr. Moore of the Tribune about Mr. Koussevitzky: "A disciplinarian and a driver at the same time. No traditionalist he, but a dynamic leader who believes that the way to present music is to play it up for all it is worth, and if he gives a tweek to your nerves in the operation, so much the better. You at least know he is there. At the same time, he is perfectly balanced and sane. In at least as much of his program as I was able to hear, distortion had no place in his scheme, though emphasis, and sometimes unexpected emphasis, did most decidedly. He is a musical exhilarator."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
HERALD
JAN 6 - 1929

Boston Symphony

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will be heard in concert at Poli's Theater on January 30, and again on March 5, under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene, has been re-engaged as conductor of that famous orchestra for an indefinite period at a salary that is said to "exceed all expectations." Koussevitzky will conduct both Washington performances of the Boston Symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph
JAN 6 - 1929

Boston Symphony

YESTERDAY afternoon's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky repeated the Toch "Concerto for Piano and Orchestra" with Jesus Maria Sanroma. Beethoven's "Pastorale" Symphony and Ravel's "Choreographic poem, "La Valse," were added.

Not in many a symphony concert have we heard Beethoven as it was presented under the guidance of the intense and masteriy Koussevitzky. The "impressions on arriving in the country" contained the tableaux in its clearest form possible; the large stretch of land, dotted with clumps of the greenest trees imaginable, the bluest of skies with pleasant tufts of white billowy clouds, and the slightest and most delicate of breezes; upon this carpet of green "the jolly country folk gathered," and they were as jolly as happy people could be, as they danced by ones, twos and threes and sometimes in larger numbers; they were light and not ungraceful, and the rustic air clung about them. How they scampered for protection when the storm started.

We're sure from the way Mr. Koussevitzky handled them that he knows each one of his little country people personally. He was given enthusiastic applause.

The Ravel "Waltz" was not as light and fantastic as we had anticipated, but coming directly after the Toch Concerto, we could hardly expect the orchestra to have regained its poise so quickly. Some of the harshness and blatancy still lingered around the edges of the Waltz, but considering all, it quite capped an afternoon of genuine pleasure. B. L. C.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD
JAN 7 - 1929

BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Probably no dictum of Beethoven in reference to the interpretation of his works is so widely known as the constantly quoted phrase regarding the "Pastoral" Symphony, which tersely states that he intended its imagery to be understood as "more the expression of feeling than painting." At the Boston Symphony concert in Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon, Mr. Koussevitzky reversed this admonition, putting full emphasis on the programmatic aspects of the masterpiece in a reading primarily external and objective. Furthermore, his revolutionary scheme of approach relegated the first three movements to the background, in favor of the "Storm," and reserved the richest hues of the palette for the final Rondo. To carry out this arbitrary and startling conception, the first movement was metronomically four-square, with no give in rhythm anywhere, except two ritards, introduced to mark off the three sections of the development. The "Brook" was taken at a pace that stressed the "Molto moto" of the time indication until the Andante became virtually an Allegretto. Sunlight sparkled on the waters as they tripped past, but surely no human onlooker was hinted at in this scene as the conductor unfolded it. The "jolly" gathering of country folk turned out to be a sober affair such as the Pilgrim Fathers might easily have countenanced, and went at a shame-faced halting gait.

And then followed a "Storm" in which Mr. Koussevitzky set to work with all the effectiveness of Jupiter Pluvius in his prime. Here he came into his stride, with a realism and virtuosity that were fairly breathtaking. Surely no other conductor within memory has quite equaled the Boston leader in evoking those uncanny roaring blasts that swept in undulating chromatics down and up the strings, just before the climactic outbreak of the Coda.

In the Finale the marvelous clarity of all that preceded was maintained, despite the unexampled wealth of tone employed throughout these concluding pages. If the first three movements were highly questionable, the rest was little short of phenomenal. A repetition of Toch's piano concerto, with Jesus Maria Sanroma as soloist, and the Bostonians' well-known rendition of Ravel's "La Valse" completed the program. N. S.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN
JAN 7 - 1929

KOUSSEVITZKY AGAIN SHOWS HIS GREAT ABILITY

Brilliantly Conducts Boston Symphony Orchestra in Widely-Varied Program at Auditorium Here

By FRANCIS REGAL

Serge Koussevitzky conducted the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday in its concert at the Auditorium, which for a good many years has been the great feature of the Young Men's Christian association Sunday afternoon entertainments. It assured the public a chance to hear at least one fine concert in lean years, and interest in it is all the greater now that Springfield has a symphony orchestra of its own which is steadily building up interest in symphonic music—its members hurried through their own rehearsal in order to hear the concert and could be picked out here and there in the audience by their instruments, which they had to bring with them. It was a large audience, quite filling the hall, and an exceptionally attentive audience; possibly the keenness of its interest, on which many people commented, is partly a result of the growing habit of listening to radio programs—Springfield's music lovers were much disappointed when the broadcasting of the Boston concerts was discontinued.

The program was by no means an exacting one, so far as the listener was concerned, and opened ingratiatingly with Prokofieff's "Classical" symphony, a clever essay in the style of Mozart, written in 1917 by this ultra-modern Russian. It is pure pastiche, of course, but if the composer writes with his tongue in his cheek it is in no spirit of burlesque, but apparently to see what he could do with the old-fashioned material. His idea, according to Felix Borowski, was "to catch the spirit of Mozart and put down that which, if he were living now, Mozart might put into his scores." But he has caught the form rather than the spirit, for it is easier to fill in the do-mi-sol-mi of the Alberti bass than to fill even a single bar with the pure sunshine of Mozartian melody. It is skilful work, and pleasant, even interesting to hear, yet even more interesting would have been the "Jupiter" symphony, or the G minor, by Mozart, which seldom figure on our programs.

The charm of the Prokofieff symphony depended in great part on its exquisite interpretation by Mr Koussevitzky, whose consummate skill as a conductor has seldom been so strikingly shown as in yesterday's concert, which called notably for delicacy, precision and grace. It is hard to conceive of a more perfect performance of Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," and even a deaf person might have grasped something of its beauty by watching the subtle and flowing motions of the conductor. It was as remarkable in its way as the intricate glitter of the Ravel choreographic poem, "The Valse," which was played with great brilliance and esprit. In theme and treatment this work bears an obvious resemblance to Schelling's "Victory Ball," but in orchestration and in its rhythmical complexities it is even more interesting; it is worth giving if only as a tour de force, and Mr Koussevitzky made it that.

The only really serious work of the afternoon was the Brahms symphony in D major, No 2, and it was interesting to see how conductor and orchestra adjusted themselves to its weightier burden when they reassembled after the intermission. Here was something very different from Prokofieff's clever sham antique or Debussy's charming impressionism, or Ravel's sardonic fantasy. Of the four Brahms symphonies this is the one which the public best knows and takes to most kindly; it has found a place in popular esteem not very far below that of any of the Beethoven symphonies except the Fifth, and it gains surely if slowly in public favor. Mr Koussevitzky gave it an admirable interpretation, putting aside all the airy lightness of style which marked his leading of the lighter works and bringing out the full depth of the composer. It was not a sensational program, yet such perfection in the treatment of widely different styles was sufficient to show him as one of the greatest of living orchestral conductors.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
UNION
JAN 7 - 1929

Fine Concert by Boston Symphony

Large, Attentive Audience Enjoys Program in Auditorium.

By WILLARD M. CLARK.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky conductor, gave its annual concert under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. yesterday afternoon in the Auditorium. A large and attentive audience listened to a superb interpretation of one of the finest programs the orchestra has presented here in years.

Each year finds the orchestra in finer form and yesterday it seemed on a par with either the Philharmonic or Philadelphia Symphony orchestras. What orchestra can rival its brasses and wood winds or achieve the delicate pianissimi heard yesterday? Once again the audience was fascinated by the grace and authority of Conductor Koussevitsky, beau brummel of conductors.

The program had been chosen most with an eye to variety and also to show Mr. Kussevitsky at his best. Few there are who equal him in the interpretation of the moderns. Equally at home he seemed in his reading of the lovely "D major symphony" of Brahms. We believe that this is the first time the work has been played in the city. There has always been discussion about the greatness of this symphony. Be it great or not it affords many moments of extreme pleasure. Its melodies are interesting and its reflective serenity grips one as the passages unfold. It was played with sensitive conception of its calm beauty.

Quite different was the opening number, the "Classical" symphony by Prokofieff. According to program notes the work was written as Mozart might have written it had he been writing for the present day orchestra. It is a pleasant work gay and humorous in style and not lacking in melodic interest. The symphony was completed in 1917 and the first performance in this country was given by the Russian Symphony Orchestra in New York. The work has a Mozartian atmosphere but the composer lacks the melodic facility of Mozart.

Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" has been played here before and by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The performance yesterday seemed entirely new. It was performed as exquisitely as one could imagine. From the first lovely notes from the flute of Georges Laurent, superb player that he is, one reveled in tonal beauty. Seldom is one privileged to hear such wealth of tonal color, such rounding of phrase as was revealed in this performance. It may well take its place as one of the great moments.

In striking contrast was the Ravel Choregraphic Poem "La Valse." This barbaric work loses some of its effectiveness when played as a program number. It is interesting as an orchestral study and more than reminiscent of portions of Schelling's "Victory Ball."

It may be another year before Springfield has the opportunity of hearing a major orchestra again but it is safe to predict that those present today will long remember this fine program so magnificently played.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. SUN
JAN 7 - 1929

Boston Symphony Gives Second Matinee Concert

The second matinee concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place on Saturday in Carnegie Hall. The opening number, Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony, received a smooth, well-balanced reading from Mr. Koussewitzky, though his tempis provided some moments of prolonged dullness in the final parts. The gentle and reassuring call of the cuckoo and other nonexaggerated effects employed by the composer in depicting a thunderstorm and other scenes of country life, formed sharp contrast, but with a characterizing eloquence quite complete to the up-to-date clarion toned, sharply colored Toch concerto for piano and orchestra, which followed in the list, as a novelty repetition from Thursday's concert.

The performance of the symphony brought prolonged plaudits for conductor and orchestra, and the enthusiasm of the large audience found vent again for Jesus Maria Sanroma, piano soloist, and the orchestral players, due to their presentation, wholly remarkable for virtuosic brilliance of Toch's composition. The concert came to a close with a superbly colored performance of "La Valse," by Ravel.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
JAN 7 - 1929

NO SHARPER musical contrast could have been placed before the audience which heard the Boston Symphony concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon than that which placed Ernest Toch's piano concerto and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony in juxtaposition. The modern work, again very brilliantly played by Mr. Koussevitzky's orchestra, with Jesus Sanroma as soloist, did not improve with a second hearing. How would it have sounded if it had been listened to twenty, thirty, forty times like the Beethoven Sixth Symphony? Doubtless only a fanatical admirer could expect it ever to be played so many times. There are engaging pages in this concerto, particularly in the first and second movements — though the latter seemed interminable to the reviewer at the rehearing Saturday—but there is also much that is formula and bravado. Little or none of it can be regarded as transcending its flash (and din) of style. If it is very showily alive now, longevity is scarcely to be predicted for any work so patently a product of mechanistic, rather than emotional or spiritual concepts.

The symphony was superbly played in all that pertained to quality of the ensemble. Mr. Koussevitzky has given few finer examples of his ability to build an edifice of glorious tone. The Brook sang divinely, the Storm was a masterfully wrought climax rather than the sometimes insipid example of limited descriptive resources. The tendency was toward a fast tempo, particularly in the slow movement, but all was justified in the interrelation of the parts, leading into a tonally resplendent finale. The other work of the afternoon was Ravel's "La Valse," a familiar and successful repetition from past Koussevitzky programs.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
JAN 7 - 1929

MUSIC STUDENTS WILL ENJOY BOSTON SYMPHONY

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Mr. Moore of the Tribune about Mr. Koussevitzky: "A disciplinarian and a driver at the same time. No traditionalist he, but a dynamic leader who believes that the way to present music is to play it up for all it is worth, and if he gives a tweek to your nerves in the operation, so much the better. You at least know he is there. At the same time, he is perfectly balanced and sane. In at least as much of his program as I was able to hear, distortion had no place in his scheme, though emphasis, and sometimes unexpected emphasis, did most decidedly. He is a musical exhilarator."

Pinal:

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
NEWS
JAN 7 - 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT DELIGHTS SPRINGFIELD PEOPLE

A large and appreciative audience gathered at the Springfield Young Men's Christian association concert in the Auditorium yesterday to enjoy a concert given by the Boston Symphony orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, one of the greatest living orchestral leaders.

Brahms symphony in D major, No 2, which was the most serious work on the program and was admirably interpreted by the orchestra under the direction of Mt Koussevitzky, the full depth and meaning of the composer being sounded by the aggregation of musicians.

The program opened with Prokofieff's "Classical" symphony, a skillfull work written by the composer in 1917 after the style of Mozart, very much in the manner one writes modern English in the style of Samuel Pepys, the composer writing in a very light and delightful manner in old-time style.

Dubussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," was given a most perfect rendition and Ravel's "The Valse," also delighted the audience with its beautiful rhythm, which the orchestra emphasized not too obviously while playing with brilliance and esprit.

The afternoon program which was not too exacting, nevertheless was one carried through with much charm of execution, with Mr Koussevitzky displaying consummate skill as a conductor.

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD
JAN 8 - 1929

At a recent dinner tendered to Serge Koussevitzky by the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the city of Lowells and Cabots, the musical entertainment of the evening consisted of innumerable xylophone solos by one L. White.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
JAN 9 - 1929

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SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

To say that genius is born and not made savors of banality. What indeed can define genius, or place its limits, or trace its origins? To attempt to do so almost invariably leads to confusion. But in its presence even the slow-witted recognize something that is so difficult to define. To see genius work one need only to go to Boston's Symphony hall on a Friday afternoon or Saturday evening. For at those times the Boston Symphony orchestra is giving its concerts, and its leadership is in the hands of a true genius of the art of conducting—Serge Koussevitzky.

In Boston Mr. Koussevitzky's work has been chiefly one of refinement of standards. The Boston Symphony orchestra has acquired world fame under Dr. Karl Muck. The amiable and correct Henry Rabaud did not go far on the road to progress with the reorganized orchestra after the war. To his successor, Pierre Monteaux is due much of the credit for the recapturing of standards that had been temporarily lost. During his regime the Boston Symphony orchestra again became quickly an orchestra of the first rank. In this condition Mr. Koussevitzky found it,—a group of excellent players, excellently routined, having large accomplishments to their credit (such as the production of Stravinsky's "Le Source du Printemps" at the time accounted an undertaking of the first magnitude) awaiting only the touch of the impelling force of genius to take it out of the rank and file of "first rank orchestras" and to place it in a position of leadership among them. This force Serge Koussevitzky has been able abundantly to supply. Music students are taking advantage of the opportunity of hearing the Hartford concert at the Capitol theater February 3, by securing tickets moderately priced in the balconies and lower floors. The ticket sale is at McCoy's.

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
UNION
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The annual concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra sponsored by the Y. M. C. A. has been for many years the outstanding musical event of the winter season in Springfield. In recent years it has been an even more important event than before because of the almost complete lack of other concerts of comparable quality. The Y. M. C. A. deserves the fullest commendation for continuing to bring the orchestra to Springfield in the face of great difficulties. In a sense, it has been performing a civic service. Whether or not it can continue longer to do so now seems to depend entirely upon the attitude of the public that it has so generously endeavored to serve.

The statistics of the last concert indicates plainly that a crisis has been reached. For the first time in the history of the concerts, the orchestra last Sunday played to empty seats in the Auditorium. It has been assumed that the inclement weather may have kept many away, although it would seem that in view of the paucity of concerts in Springfield this winter, in view of the recognized fame of the orchestra and its conductor, and finally, in view of the fact that no admission was charged, the Auditorium should have been filled notwithstanding the shower of rain that fell an hour before concert time.

The collection taken is an even more depressing index of the lack of interest manifested in this concert by the public of Springfield. It was the smallest ever taken at these concerts. The audience of approximately three thousand contributed the miserly total of $737.38 to defraying the expenses. Although this was increased to $978.38 through the sale of a few reserved seats, the Y. M. C. A. must meet a deficit of approximately $1700 on this concert, the payment of which wipes out the funds realized from the sale of season tickets to the Sunday meetings. In order to provide the public of Springfield with the symphony concert, the Y. M. C. A. is obliged to conduct the remainder of its Sunday meetings this year on the collections taken at each meeting, which it can do only with the greatest difficulty, if at all.

The Y. M. C. A. can scarcely be blamed if it decides that it can no longer afford to bring the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Springfield at its own expense. The future of more than this single concert would seem to be involved. Within the last five years for lack of popular support the number of public concerts in Springfield has been reduced to a bare two or three. The Steinert series of concerts is no longer given, except for an occasional recital. The other concerts in the Y. M. C. A. course have necessarily been abandoned. The Music Festival is continued only with difficulty and on a much reduced scale, both in quantity and quality The Springfield Symphony Orchestra continues to give generally adequate concerts, but it can receive little encouragement for improving its standards in a community that seems manifestly disinterested in the best orchestral music.

The facts are unpalatable, but equally unavoidable. The time seems plainly to have come for a showdown. If Springfield desires to continue in the future as in the past to be known as a musical community, it can do so by giving concrete manifestation of its willingness to cooperate with the Y. M. C. A. in supporting the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This may as well be the test case. If hearty popular support can be given to these concerts, other musical agencies may be justifiably encouraged to continue their efforts to supply Springfield with good music. If such support cannot be won for an enterprise of such proved merit, other musical groups in planning their activities may by that sign know how little to expect.

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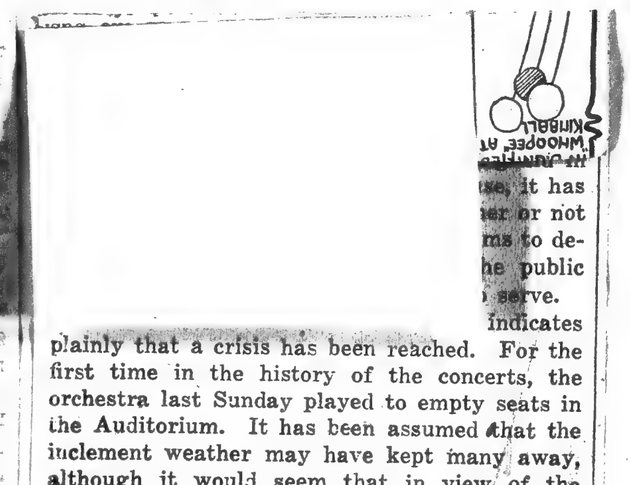
The outstanding recitals of the week were those of Miss Rose Zulalian, contralto, New Year's night; Arthur Hackett, tenor, Saturday afternoon; Roland Hayes, tenor, Sunday afternoon; Andres Segovia, guitarist, Sunday afternoon; Miss Beatrice Harrison, 'cellist, Sunday evening, and young Yehudi Menuhin, the marvelous boy of the violin, Sunday evening.

The Mélomane.



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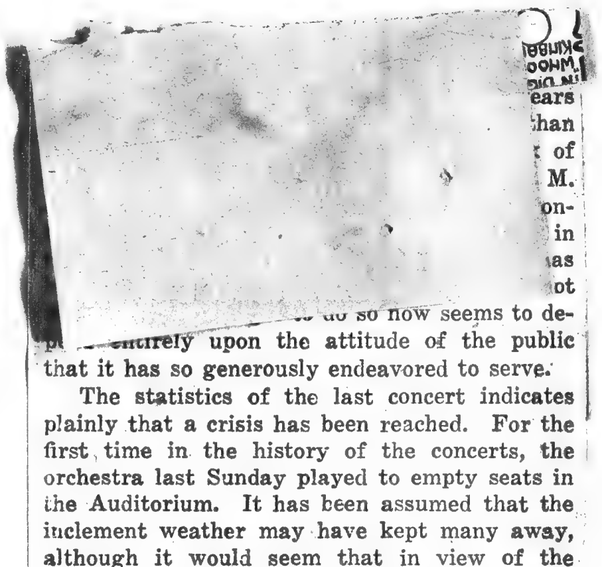
indicates plainly that a crisis has been reached. For the first time in the history of the concerts, the orchestra last Sunday played to empty seats in the Auditorium. It has been assumed that the inclement weather may have kept many away, although it would seem that in view of the paucity of concerts in Springfield this winter, in view of the recognized fame of the orchestra and its conductor, and finally, in view of the fact that no admission was charged, the Auditorium should have been filled notwithstanding the shower of rain that fell an hour before concert time.

The collection taken is an even more depressing index of the lack of interest manifested in this concert by the public of Springfield. It was the smallest ever taken at these concerts. The audience of approximately three thousand contributed the miserly total of $737.38 to defraying the expenses. Although this was increased to $978.38 through the sale of a few reserved seats, the Y. M. C. A. must meet a deficit of approximately $1700 on this concert, the payment of which wipes out the funds realized from the sale of season tickets to the Sunday meetings. In order to provide the public of Springfield with the symphony concert, the Y. M. C. A. is obliged to conduct the remainder of its Sunday meetings this year on the collections taken at each meeting, which it can do only with the greatest difficulty, if at all.

The Y. M. C. A. can scarcely be blamed if it decides that it can no longer afford to bring the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Springfield at its own expense. The future of more than this single concert would seem to be involved. Within the last five years for lack of popular support the number of public concerts in Springfield has been reduced to a bare two or three. The Steinert series of concerts is no longer given, except for an occasional recital. The other concerts in the Y. M. C. A. course have necessarily been abandoned. The Music Festival is continued only with difficulty and on a much reduced scale, both in quantity and quality The Springfield Symphony Orchestra continues to give generally adequate concerts, but it can receive little encouragement for improving its standards in a community that seems manifestly disinterested in the best orchestral music.

The facts are unpalatable, but equally unavoidable. The time seems plainly to have come for a showdown. If Springfield desires to continue in the future as in the past to be known as a musical community, it can do so by giving concrete manifestation of its willingness to cooperate with the Y. M. C. A. in supporting the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This may as well be the test case. If hearty popular support can be given to these concerts, other musical agencies may be justifiably encouraged to continue their efforts to supply Springfield with good music. If such support cannot be won for an enterprise of such proved merit, other musical groups in planning their activities may by that sign know how little to expect.



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76

THIS CLIPPING FROM
TORONTO, CANADA
MAIL & EMPIRE

JAN 12 1929

Music in New York

BY JOHN ALAN HAUGHTON.

New York, Jan. 11.—[illegible]th the Philharmonic giving Mahler's Lied von der Erde, the Boston Symphony introducing a new pianist in a [illegible] concerto, and the leaderless orchestra at it again, things took a step upward after the musical doldrums of the previous week. The resumption of Carmen into the repertoire of the Metropolitan also added interest, as did the reappearance of La Jeritza in Rosenkavalier the previous evening, after all he had said on the subject; but of this more later.

Mr. Mengelberg, as has been said before, is bent upon making America like Mahler whether it wants to or not. Remembering, perhaps, the timidity with which Wagner was received on this side of the Atlantic and the furore he created when once a foothold was obtained the Dutch conductor hopes, possibly, to repeat the phenomenon. But alas! Mahler is no Wagner and Mengelberg is no Leopold Damrosch, and Mahler does not seem to be making much of a dent in our musical consciousness.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding, as was said in the story of Miss Betty Arundale, the performance was an impressive one which Mengelberg gave of Mahler's Lied von der Erde, which, for the benefit of those unfamiliar with it, is a longish symphony with solo parts for contralto and tenor suggested by some Chinese meditation on Life, Death, the Seasons and what not. The soloists in the present instance were Margaret Matzenauer, contralto of the Metropolitan, and Richard Crooks, tenor not of the Metropolitan. Especially notable was Mme. Matzenauer's singing of the contralto sections. As someone said of her in opera, when she comes on the stage, you know someone is there. This quality of personality extends to Mme. Matzenauer's concert singing as well, and very beautiful was all she did with Mahler's work. Admirers of Mr. Crooks' singing, also, must have found much that gave them pleasure in his [illegible] conducting, [illegible] was done for the [illegible] of a [illegible]

For the pair of concerts of the Boston [illegible] Koussevitzky provided interesting programs, giving at the second the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven and Ravel's rather dull La Valse. At the first, the Unfinished of Schubert was played, Handel's B Minor Concerto Grosso, Carpenter's Skyscrapers Suite with Marie Sundelius and Joseph Lauther as soloists. At both concerts Jesus Sanroma, pianist, was heard in Toch's Concerto, a novelty.

Naturally, Mr. Sanroma and the Toch work are the apices of interest. One may take for granted that the two symphonies were impeccably given, as well as Mr. Carpenter's highly-contrasting work, and that of Mr. Handel; also, if Mr. Koussevitzky will play the Ravel Valse at all, he played it well.

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The Concerto leaves one with a curious galvanized feeling. It is all so rapid, so sharply cut with a quality of steel about it. There is no sentimentality, no romanticism. It is all power, brilliancy, the efficiency of metal, metal with a sardonic sense of humor, if such a thing were possible. One could never lie back with closed eyes during a performance, as in the Schumann A Minor, or the Tchaikovsky, or the Rubinstein. You have to keep sitting up and taking notice. Just by this much one is left fatigued.

Mr. Sanroma's performance was magnificent in every way. His technique was more than equal to the difficulties encountered, and it must be supposed that hsi interpretation was an authentic one. By way of contrast, and probably in order to show that his talents were not confined to ultra modern things, Mr. Sanroma played the Schumann A Minor Concerto at a concert in Brooklyn between his two performances of the Toch in Manhattan. Unfortunately, the writer was unable to attend this concert.

With regard to the concert by the Leaderless Orchestra, or the Am[illegible] Symphony, as it is officially called, it must be recorded that their performance was an improvement upon the previous one. The program included the Jupiter Symphony of Mozart, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and the Prokofieff Piano Concerto played by Paul Sassievitch, who acts as concert master for the Ensemble.

The hypothesis of the conductorless orchestra still seems to beg the question. Doubtless its members, freed from the stigma of having to follow the leadership of anyone, play with their souls unfettered in the mood which the musicians under the grateful domination of Mr. Koussevitzky or Mr. Gabrilowitsch never feel. If this is true, however, results would seem to prove that the unfettering of so much soul-stuff at one time is not an unmitigated blessing musica'ly speaking, that is. The Ensemble plays well, but it cannot honestly be said to have any soaring quality of brilliance or shading which the best personally-conducted orchestras do not exhibit. Perhaps the evocations of one soul neutralize those of another. It might easily happen this way. So far as can yet be seen, the only thing in its favor is that it saves the salary of a conductor, but one suspects that this amount, however small or large, is straightway swallowed up in extra rehearsals. Who knows?

Mr. Sassievitch has been heard before. He appeared with some orchestra or other, within the last few years, as a double-barrelled soloist, playing a piano concerto and a violin ditto. He did well with the Prokofieff, which is not an easy work under any circumstances, and it must be said that the orchestra gave him careful and musicianly support.

The Schubert Memorial gave its second concert, bringing forth Isabelle Yakovsky, pianist, in the Tchaikovsky Concerto, and Graham Harris, conductor, in the Brahms C Minor Symphony.

How they do go on, these young things; Hardened symphonic angels of years of experience put off the shoes from their feet before attempting this Brahms Symphony, and only an artist with the maturity which Life alone can give, can bring forth what is in the Tchaikovsky. The results in this case were what might have been expected, good, even excellent performances, but nothing to write home about. Mr. Harris has had a lot of experience and is even now getting some more, conducting one of the big motion picture orchestras here, but can this help him with his mighty Brahms? And does one swallow in Carnegie Hall make a symphonic summer? The wonders.

At the Metropolitan La Jeritza did the handsome thing, and although she had not sung "Rosenkavalier" for four years and had no costumes here, and though she was booked for the first "Carmen" of the season the following day at the matinee, she volunteered to fill in for Grete Stueckgold, who was still ill, and thus save the management from having to substitute another opera. They had had to do this the night before when Ponselle was unable to appear in "Norma."

Octavian still seems La Jeritza's handsomest part, for in this role alone of all she has played at the Metropolitan does she have a chance to show her superlative abilities as a comedienne. And who, among all who have sung it, can look as she looks at her entrance in the second act with the silver rose? Her work throughout this performance was of a high order and reflected great credit upon her. Florence Easton, as the Feldmarschallin, repeated her splendid characterization, and sang even better than usual.

Another substitute in the cast was Queena Mario, who arose from a sick bed to sing Editha Fleischer's role of Sophie, a role which formerly was her own property. Miss Mario obviously saved her voice in the second act, but in the third sang with all her accustomed beauty of tone. Richard Mayr's Baron Ochs was indifferent, as usual. He is the least satisfactory singer heard to date in the part.

The following day La Jeritza sang "Carmen" at the matinee. It is not her best part, nor even her second best, but it has improved since last season. Martinelli was the Jose, and in the third act the two fought with pretty fightings that threatened to become serious. Queena Mario again substituted, this time for Lucrezia Bori as Micaela, and won rounds of applause for her Prayer.

It was a week of substitutions. Instead of "Norma" on Thursday, "Aida" was sung, with Jacobo in the part, though why this singer was not put into Miss Ponselle's role in "Norma" and the opera let to stay, is the management's affair. Miss Jacobo knows "Norma," and, as a matter of fact, made her first American appearance in the role several years back at the Manhattan Opera House. The night before that flu played the deuce with things. "Walkuere" was the opera, with Easton as Bruennhilde and Stueckgold as Sieglinde, while Matzenauer was cast for Fricka, Mme. Stueckgold being still hors de combat, Mme. Easton sang her part, Mme. Matzenauer sang Mme. Easton's part, and Julia Claussen was pressed into service to substitute for Mme. Matzenauer as Fricka.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

JAN 12 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY

In establishing the orchestra in 1881, Mr. Higginson wished to add interest and stimulation by securing a more romantic and exotic figure as conductor. George Henschel, then a versatile composer, had just made a spectacular appearance at a concert of the Harvard Musical association, Higginson was amazed by the effects that Henschel achieved from the orchestra, approached him with an offer to lead the new organization. He made a tremendous success and created a profound impression, and as time went on, the concerts grew steadily in popularity.

Gericke was ideally fitted to carry on. He was a drill master, whose insatiable desire for perfection was only equalled by his foresight in obtaining it. Following the classical period of Mr. Gericke, came the romantic ones of Nikish and Pauer. The former found a body of musicians at his disposal exquisitely trained and perfected in their technique. Emil Paur succeeded him. Again brilliance and energy held the stage. Dr. Karl Muck, by special permission of the German emperor, was taken from the conductorship of the Royal Opera House in Berlin. To many he represents the peak of musicianship and the perfection of the art of conducting. Of Max Fiedler, another fine musician it is hard to speak adequately. Rabaud, the French composer took the reins for a single season, to be succeeded by Pierre Monteaux. Koussevitzky came next. His dynamic personality and the dramatic power swept all before him. To the old ones Koussevitzky brought daring ideas which have had the undeniable effect of stimulating renewed interest in the classics. Tickets for the Hartford concert February 3, on sale at McCoy's.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS

JAN 12 1929

NOTED SPANIARD TO CONDUCT ORCHESTRA

A program featuring notable contemporary Spanish music is announced by E. Fernandez Arbos, the celebrated Spanish conductor, who is to lead the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as guest, at its second Providence concert, in the Albee theatre, next Tuesday evening. Mr. Arbos will open the evening with Wagner's prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," and also perform the symphony of Joseph Haydn in G-major. The latter part of the program will consist of Spanish music, in the performance of which Arbos holds a special reputation. This will include two numbers, "Triana" and "La Fete-Dieu a Seville," from the piano suite, "Iberia" by Albeniz, which Mr. Arbos has arranged for orchestra. There will also be three dances from de Falla's ballet, "El Sombrero de Tres Picos" ("The Three-Cornered Hat"), and Ravel's "Alborada del Grazioso."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
TRIBUNE

JAN 13 1929

Arbos Prepares Program for Symphony Orchestra

The program will be as follows at the second Boston Symphony concert of the season, in the Albee Theatre, next Tuesday evening.

E. Ferandez Arbos, celebrated Spanish conductor, will open the evening with Wagner's Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," and also perform the Symphony of Joseph Haydn, in G major (B. & H. No 13). The latter part of the programme will consist of Spanish music, in the performance of which Arbos holds a special reputation. This will include two numbers—"Triana" and "La Fete-Dieu a Seville," from the Piano Suite, "Iberia" by Albeniz, which Mr. Arbos has arranged for orchestra. There will also be three dances from de Falla's ballet, "El Sombrero de Tres Picos" ("The Three Cornered Hat"), and Ravel's "Alborada del Grazioso."

Arbos arrived in America last Tuesday on his special trip here for the purpose of conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston and Providence. He conducted the same Spanish scores with much success in a series of guest appearances in New York last season. The Spanish musician began his career as violin virtuoso of great brilliance, and is remembered by some as concertmaster of this orchestra, following Franz Kneisel in the season of 1903-4.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
HERALD

JAN 13 1929

BOSTON IS STILL HUB OF MUSIC

Symphony Hall Continues to Rest Proudly on Its Four Walls.

By GEORGE SMITH
Music Critic of The Syracuse Harald

THE very word "Boston" is practically certain to call up pictures in our minds. To some it immediately suggests Beacon Hill, the Common, Trinity Church, and Harvard. To others there appear fabulous visions of well browned Baked Beans, or of sea-food dinners fresh from Cape Cod. To those who enjoy the more exact arrangement of our more modern American cities, there may arise a painful remembrance of crooked streets, paths always bringing the bewildered visitor back to Scollay Square with a sort of pitiless certainty.

Strangers holding such pleasantly romantic pictures in their minds' eyes would be somewhat non-plussed to see the city of their particular dreams today. They might find that there are Bostonians of several years residence who are only dimly aware that Beacon Street has an internationally broadcast legend; many of these present-day citizens will clamly tell you that Beacon Street is that street which crosses Commonwealth Avenue at Kenmore Subway Station. Thousands of its busy denizens flitter across Boston Common without a passing thought for the ground they tramp. And as for baked beans in a Boston restaurant! they are as prevalent as chop suey in Hong Kong, from all accounts.

THE old byways, in the old section, are, to be sure, fortuously enough arranged, but the new Boston is spacious, regular, "New Yorkish," and ill suits the ladies who use it as a background for clothes of the vintage 1904. It may safely be said that for a person engaged in a research study of millinery of the past, this charming city is without peer as hunting ground. The hats, to say the least, go back many years. Some of the younger generation succeed with appalling accuracy in resembling their grandparents.

Boston is not without theaters. To name a few of the legitimate playhouses we might cite: The theaters Plymouth, Hollis, Wilbur, Colonial, Tremont, Copley, Repertory, Schubert, Majestic. There are motion picture palaces, great and small, without count. But the inhabitants of this extraordinary city, once notable for its enthusiastic reception of Shaw plays, go quietly and decorously to renderings of such nursery-room playlets as "Charley's Aunt"—and consider it a rare bit. Books of the more audacious sort, usually published in naught New York, are carefully kept away from impressionable Bostonians by discerning and upright censors.

IT IS scarcely necessary to relate that Symphony Hall continues to rest proudly on its four walls bordering Huntington and Massachusetts Avenues. In this solemn building the Boston Symphony Orchestra holds [illegible] the baton of the popular and talented M. Koussevitzky. The concerts are attended as ever by loyal patrons who at times are a bit alarmed at the array of Russian music on the programs. Beethoven looks clamly down upon both the Boston families and the Russian pianists from his personal Symphony Hall. Of late, Beethoven has a right to appear satisfied; his music has been royally treated in Symphony Hall. Of late, Beethovan has also witnessed, along with the Boston gentry, the triumphant pianism of M. Horowitz, who, be it said, has stirred the Bostonese to what might fairly be called their very depths.

Recitals continue at a great rate in Jordan Hall, scene of hundreds of debuts. The Peoples Symphony Orchestra plays in the ball-room of the new Hotel Statler, led by Mr. Wenat. The sumptuous opera house (The Boston Opera House) provides the scene for an annual short season of opera, generally given by the Chicago Opera Company—for Boston has no opera company of its own.

16

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MAIL & EMPIRE
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HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
JAN 12 1929

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
HERALD
JAN 13 1929

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Symphony Hall Continues to Rest Proudly on Its Four Walls.

By GEORGE SMITH
Music Critic of The Syracuse Herald

THE very word "Boston" is practically certain to call up pictures in our minds. To some it immediately suggests Beacon Hill, the Common, Trinity Church, and Harvard. To others there appear fabulous visions of well browned Baked Beans, or of sea-food dinners fresh from Cape Cod. To those who enjoy the more exact arrangement of our more modern American cities, there may arise a painful remembrance of crooked streets, paths always bringing the bewildered visitor back to Scollay Square with a sort of pitiless certainty.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
TORONTO, CANADA
MAIL & EMPIRE

JAN 12 1929

Music in New York

BY JOHN ALAN HAUGHTON.

New York, Jan. 11.— ith the Philharmonic giving Mahler Lied von der Erde, the Boston Symph y introducing a new pianist in a ne concerto, and the leaderless orchest at it again, things took a step up ard after the musical doldrums of the previous week. The resumption of C men into the repertoire of the Metro itan also added interest, as did t reappearance of La Jeritza in Rosen valier the previous evening, after al e had said on the subject; but of th more later.

Mr. Mengelberg, as as been said before, is bent upon aking America like Mahler whether it ants to or not. Remembering, perhap the timidity with which Wagner s received on this side of the Atlant and the furore he created when once foothold was obtained the Dutch ductor hopes, possibly, to repeat the enomenon. But out alas! Mahler is Wagner and Mengelberg is no old Damrosch. and Mahler does not to be making much of a dent in musical consciousness.

Nevertheless, and no ithstanding, as was said in the stor of Miss Betty Arundale, the perform ce was an impressive one which Me elberg gave of Mahler's Lied von der rde, which, for the benefit of those u miliar with it, is a longish symphony with solo parts for contralto and ten suggested by some Chinese medi on on Life, Death, the Seasons an what not. The soloists in the preser instance were Margaret Matzenauer, ontralto of the Metropolitan, and Richa Crooks, tenor not of the Metropol n. Especially notable was Mme. Ma enauer's singing of the contralto sec ns. As someone said of her in ra, when she comes on the stage, know someone is there. This qu y of personality extends to Mm Matzenauer's concert singing as well, nd very beautiful was all she did with Mahler's work. Admirers of Mr. rooks' singing, Edo, must have found uch that gave them pleasur ge con- ducting, s to say was done w the direction of a the pair of concerts of the Bos- Symphony Kousse vitzky pro- vided interesting programs, giving at the second the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven and Ravel's rather dull La Valse. At the first, the Unfinished of Schubert was played, Handel's B Minor Concerto Grosso, Carpenter's Skyscrapers Suite with Marie Sundelius and Joseph Lauther as soloists. At both concerts Jesus Sanroma, pianist, was heard in Toch's Concerto, a novelty.

Naturally, Mr. Sanroma and the Toch work are the apices of interest. One may take for granted that the two symphonies were impeccably given, as well as Mr. Carpenter's highly-contrasting work, and that of Mr. Handel; also, if Mr. Koussevitzky will play the Ravel Valse at all, he played it well.

The Toch Concerto is some three years old and after two or three hearings in various music centres of Europe, it was one of the admired numbers at the Congress of Cacophony at Frankfort in 1927. The work is lengthy, almost of symphonic length, and besides a piano part of Herculean proportions and difficulties, utilizes an immense orchestra. Not the least feat in the performances was the team-work between soloist and conductor. Mr. Sanroma is said to have studied the work with the composer, which accounts for his very obvious familiarity with the score, as well as with his solo parts.

The Concerto leaves one with a curious galvanized feeling. It is all so rapid, so sharply cut with a quality of steel about it. There is no sentimentality, no romanticism. It is all power, brilliancy, the efficiency of metal, metal with a sardonic sense of humor, if such a thing were possible. One could never lie back with closed eyes during a performance, as in the Schumann A Minor, or the Tchaikovsky, or the Rubinstein. You have to keep sitting up and taking notice. Just by this much one is left fatigued.

Mr. Sanroma's performance was magnificent in every way. His technique was more than equal to the difficulties encountered, and it must be supposed that hsi interpretation was an authentic one. By way of contrast, and probably in order to show that his talents were not confined to ultra modern things, Mr. Sanroma played the Schumann A Minor Concerto at a concert in Brooklyn between his two performances of the Toch in Manhattan. Unfortunately, the writer was unable to attend this concert.

With regard to the concert by t Leaderless Orchestra, or the A ially called, must be recorded that their p rmance was a improvement upon the previous one. he program included the Jupiter Sy phony of Mozart, Tchaikovsky's "Ro o and Juliet" and the Prokofieff Pia Concerto played by Paul Sassievitch who acts as concert master for the Ensemble.

The hypothesis the conductorless orchestra still seem to beg the question. Doubtless it members, freed from the stigma of ving to follow the leadership of anyo play with their souls unfettered in mood which the musicians under the ateful domination of Mr. Koussevitzk or Mr. Gabrilowitsch never feel. his is true, however, results would m to prove that the unfettering of so uch soul-stuff at one time is not an mitigated blessing musica'ly speak g, that is. The Ensemble plays we but it cannot honestly be said to ave any soaring quality of brilliance shading which the best personally- conducted orchestras do not exhibit. Perhaps the evocations of one soul neutralize those of another. It might easily happen, this way. So far as can yet be seen, the only thing in its favor is that it saves the salary of a nductor, but one suspects that this amount, however small or large, is st ightway swallowed up in extra rehears s. Who knows?

Mr. Sassievitch been heard before. He appeared with some orchestra or other, within the last few years, as a double-barrelled soloist, playing a piano concerto a a violin ditto. He did well with th Prokofieff, which is not an easy wo under any circumstances, and it ust be said that the orchestra gave h careful and musicianly support.

The Schubert morial gave its second concert, br ging forth Isabelle Yakovsky, pianis in the Tchaikovsky Concerto, and G ham Harris, conductor, in the Brah C Minor Symphony.

How they do go on, these young things; Hardene symphonic angels of years of experie e put off the shoes from their feet efore attempting this Brahms Symphe y, and only an artist with the matu y which Life alone can give, can br forth what is in the Tchaikovsky. T results in this case were what migh have been expected, good, even exce nt performances, but nothing to write ome about. Mr. Harris has had a lo of experience and is even now gettin some more, conducting one of the motion picture orchestras here, can this help him with his mighty hms? And does one swallow in Carne Hall make a symphonic summer? e wonders.

At the Metropoli h La Jeritza did the handsome thing, a although she had not sung "Ros nkavalier" for four years and had no costume s here, and though she was booked for the first "Carmen" of the season the following day at the matinee, she vol teered to fill in for Grete Stueckgold, who was still ill, and thus save the ma agement from having to substitute ano er opera. They had had to do this night before when Ponselle was u able to appear in "Norma."

Octavian still sees La Jeritza's handpiest part, for in this role alone of all she has played at the Metropolitan does she have a chance to show her superlative abilities as a comedienne. And who, among all who have sung it, can look as she looks at her entrance in the second act with the silver rose? Her work throughout this performance was of a high order and reflected great credit upon her. Florence Easton, as the Feldmarschallin, repeated her splendid characterization, and sang even better than usual.

Another substitute in the cast was Queena Mario, who ar e from a sick bed to sing Editha Fl cher's role of Sophie, a role which fo merly was her own property. Miss M rio obviously saved her voice in the s cond act, but in the third sang with her accustomed beauty of tone. Richard Mayr's Baron Ochs was indifferent, as usual. He is the least satisfactory singer heard to date in the part.

The following day La Jeritza sang "Carmen" at the matinee. It is not her best part, nor even her second best, but it has improved since last season. Martinelli was the Jose, and in the third act the two fought with pretty fightings that threatened to become serious. Queena Mario again substituted, this time for Lucrezia Bori as Micaela, and won rounds of applause for her Prayer.

It was a week of substitutions. Instead of "Norma" on Thursday, "Aida" was sung, with Jacobo in the part, though why this singer was not put into Miss Ponselle's role in "Norma" and the opera let to stay, is the management's affair. Miss Jacobo knows "Norma," and, as a matter of fact, made her first American appearance in the role several years back at the Manhattan Opera House. The night before that flu played the deuce with things. "Walkuere" was the opera, with Easton as Bruennhilde and Stueckgold as Sieglinde, while Matzenauer was cast for Fricka, Mme. Stueckgold being still hors de combat, Mme. Easton sang her part. Mme. Matzenauer sang Mme. Easton's part, and Julia Claussen was pressed into service to substitute for Mme. Matzenauer as Fricka.

An impressario's life is not a happy one!

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NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE
JAN 13 1929

Mengelberg Ends Season Here; Honegger Leads Two Concerts

Willem Mengelberg will close his season with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra this week, conducting a concert at the Metropolitan Opera House this afternoon and the Thursday night and Friday afternoon pair at Carnegie Hall, bidding farewell to the subscribers to these three series with Richard Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," which Strauss dedicated to him and his Amsterdam orchestra, the Concertgebouw. The Dutch conductor sails Friday midnight on the Majestic to resume his direction of the latter organization.

Scipione Guidi, concertmaster of the Philharmonic-Symphony, and Hans Lange, assistant concertmaster, will be the soloists on Thursday and Friday in Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins and orchestra. In his other capacity of assistant conductor Mr. Lange will lead the Philharmonic-Symphony in the students' concert next Saturday night and the concert of next Sunday afternoon, January 20, both at Carnegie Hall, in Brahms's fourth symphony. The rest of these concerts will be devoted to compositions of Arthur Honegger, who will make his New York debut as concertmaster.

For the conservative "Pastorale d'Ete" Mr. Honegger has substituted as his first number one of his latest works, "Rugby," first heard in Paris last fall and introduced to America last Friday by Mr. Honegger with the Boston Symphony. The second number, a concertino for piano and orchestra, in which the composer's wife, Andree Vaurabourg, will be the soloist, is also new to New York, though it has been heard in Cincinnati and Boston.

According to an article by the French critic, Henry Prunieres, published in "The New York Times," Honegger, who is a sport fan, told a sports writer that when looking at a football game he felt the musical equivalent of the feelings aroused and could visualize an orchestral piece expressing them. The sports writer forthwith announced that Honegger was working on a piece named "Rugby" and, while the composer had not thought of doing so, he began to consider the idea, and wrote the piece at the request of the new Paris Symphonic Orchestra for its first concert, under Ansermet. "Abrupt, broken, syncopated rhythms marvelously express the feeling of frustrated effort we experience on seeing a Rugby game," wrote M. Prunieres. Mr. Honegger, on his arrival here, said that the work had won him considerable publicity in the French sporting press and had been played recently between the halves of the France-England international Rugby match at Paris.

Mr. Honegger will conclude his program with his well known "Pacific 231."

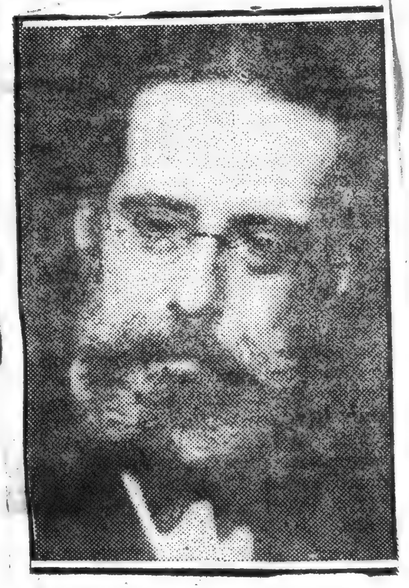
Arturo Toscanini was to have begun his half of the Philharmonic-Symphony season next week, but, tired by his season at La Scala, in Milan, which included special activities to celebrate his thirtieth year at that opera house, he has put off his arrival to February 14 and his first concerts to Thursday night and Friday afternoon, February 21-22. Who will act as guest conductors for the intervening twelve concerts has not yet been announced. There are a number of conductors active in this country at the moment, but, as two orchestras, the Detroit and St. Louis Symphonies, are having entire seasons under guest conductors, and many of the others are having guest leaders for part of their seasons, the delay in Mr. Toscanini's arrival offers Arthur Judson no slight problem.

According to the revised schedule, Mr. Toscanini will conduct twenty-seven Philharmonic-Symphony subscription concerts in Manhattan and two in Brooklyn from February 21 to April 14.

Enrique Fernandez Arbos, the Spanish conductor, who appeared as a guest last season with the New York Symphony, arrived last week for an American visit, which includes four weeks with the St. Louis Symphony, four concerts with the Detroit Symphony and a week with the Boston Symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
TRIBUNE
JAN 13 1929

Enrique Fernandez Arbos



Celebrated Spanish conductor will officiate at next Tuesday's Boston Symphony Orchestra concert.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH
JAN 13 1929

Studies Orchestral Score— Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will appear in concert at the City Auditorium this month, gives intense study daily to proper interpretation of the great instrumental classics.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
JAN 13 1929

Music Notes

Noted Spanish Conductor and Spanish Music Feature Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert Tuesday Night.—Other Programs of Week. Roland Hayes on Spirituals.

In Segovia last night and E. Fernandez Arbos, who is to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra next Tuesday night in the Albee Theatre, Providence is having a somewhat concentrated Spanish wave not only in music but in that country's eminent musical personalities.

Though the Symphony's program is not so near all-Spanish as was first intimated—it had to await Mr. Arbos's arrival in this country last week for final adjustment—there are interesting examples of Spain's modern awakening in the musical world. There are Albeniz's "Iberia" suite and three dances from De Falla's ballet, "El Sombrero de Tres Picos" or "The Three-Cornered Hat." Then there will be a Spanish number by the Frenchman, Ravel, "Alborada del Grazioso."

Mr. Arbos has a special reputation for the performance of Spanish works and during his career as a conductor has brought much of his countrymen's music to the orchestral stage. The Albeniz suite, originally a work for the piano, Mr. Arbos transcribed for orchestra. It is a sort of Spanish panorama and considered the most important of Albeniz's piano compositions. From it Arbos will present two movements, "Fete Dieu a Seville" and "Triana."

From De Falla's ballet three dances have been selected, "The Neighbors," "Dance of the Miller" and "Final Dance." The action of the ballet is taken from a Spanish tale by Pedro de Alaracon, which had served previously as the basis for Hugo Wolf's single opera, "Der Corregidor." This Corregidor, the wearer of the three-cornered hat as badge of office, is a petty, pompous magistrate of a Spanish village, and an elderly amorist as well. Brilliant and straightforward, as critics have called it, the music tells its own story. The three dances, by the way, were introduced hereabouts by Mr. Monteux.

If the late 19th and 20th centuries have witnessed indisputably a gradual disappearance of the truly great from the sphere of musical composition, these periods have, for compensation, seen a recrudence of musical activity in countries long moribund in this respect, such as Spain and England, together with an emancipation in Italy from the thralldom of the opera house.

The first of the present-day crop of Spanish composers of note was Isaac Albeniz (1861-1909), a musician of French and Germain training, but of strongly patriotic leanings. Though he wrote an oratorio and some orchestral pieces, Albeniz was chiefly active as composer for the pianoforte and as such has long been represented liberally on recital programs. Manual de Falla is an outstanding figure among the living music-makers of Spain. Mr. Arbos has become a sort of apostle of them and others among the newer Spanish composers.

He conducted some Spanish scores with much success in a series of guest appearances in New York last season and is making a special trip to the United States this season to lead the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Providence and Boston.

Mr. Arbos is no stranger to this part of the country nor to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In 1903 he followed Franz Kneisel as concertmaster of the Boston Symphony for a season; and played now and then a solo violinist. He began his career as a violin virtuoso but of late years has devoted himself to orchestral conducting in which he has gained renown and is considered by common consent the most eminent among Spanish wielders of the baton.

In addition to hearing his famed interpretations of Spanish music the audience at the Symphony will have a demonstration of what he can do with Wagner, in the "Meistersinger" prelude, and Haydn, in the G-major Symphony, No. 13. The symphony has been played by Mr. Koussevitzky in practically every city in which the orchestra has appeared except Providence. The first of a second set of symphonies, it was written in 1787. Haydn's first set of six was written for a society in Paris known as the "Concert de la Loge Olympique." The symphonies got such names as "The Bear," "The Hen," "The Queen of France."

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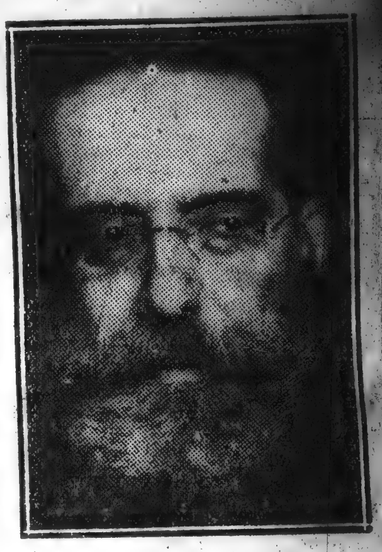

E. Fernandez Arbos
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TIMES DISPATCH
JAN 13 1929

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The appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra here marks the third attraction in the artists' course of five concerts presented by Mrs. Wilson Greene and T. Michaux Moody, assisted by Miss Vera Palmer, seats for which are now obtainable at the box office at Walter D. Moses and Company.

"Mr. Koussevitzky has always believed in the power of music to make its appeal to the masses," continued Mr. Meyer. "But the music in his opinion, must be the best of music and must be superlatively performed. He is thus dead set against the idea of 'playing down' to the masses in order gradually to 'educate' them. With his own orchestra he was able to perform experiments, putting to the test his convictions. In the summer of 1909 he chartered a steamer plying the Volga, embarked with his Russian orchestra, and gave concerts in the river towns. The scheme proved so successful that it was repeated each summer until Mr. Koussevitzky came to America in 1924."

This conductor goes to Paris each summer where he gives a series of concerts. Mrs. Wilson-Greene was in the audience at one of them last season and she has declared that Mr. Koussevitzky is quite as popular there as he is in Boston, where he has been asked to head the orchestra for the remainder of his active career.

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HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
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Emil Paur succeeded him. Again brilliance and energy held the stage. Pauer substituted a "dramatic intensity" that found high favor with his audience and critics. Dr. Karl Muck, by special permission of the German Emperor, was taken from the conductorship of the Royal Opera House in Berlin. To many he represents the peak of musicianship and the perfection of the art of conducting. A man of broader sweep of mind and imagination, he went beyond Gericke in his capacity for expression, while still keeping the same powerful grip on the technical abilities and training of the orchestra.

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Koussevitzky came next. His dynamic personality and the dramatic power swept all before him. There were new works to be sure, but not so comprehensible after all, while to the old ones Koussevitzky brought new and daring ideas and readings, which have had the undeniable effect of stimulating renewed interest in the classics.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE
JAN 13 1929

Mengelberg Ends Season Here; Honegger Leads Two Concerts

Willem Mengelberg will close his season with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra this week, conducting a concert at the Metropolitan Opera House this afternoon and the Thursday night and Friday afternoon pair at Carnegie Hall, bidding farewell to the subscribers to these three series with Richard Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," which Strauss dedicated to him and his Amsterdam orchestra, the Concertgebouw. The Dutch conductor sails Friday midnight on the Majestic to resume his direction of the latter organization.

Scipione Guidi, concertmaster of the Philharmonic-Symphony, and Hans Lange, assistant concertmaster, will be the soloists on Thursday and Friday in Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins and orchestra. In his other capacity of assistant conductor Mr. Lange will lead the Philharmonic-Symphony in the students' concert next Saturday night and the concert of next Sunday afternoon, January 20, both at Carnegie Hall, in Brahms's fourth symphony. The rest of these concerts will be devoted to compositions of Arthur Honegger, who will make his New York debut as concertmaster.

For the conservative "Pastorale d'Ete" Mr. Honegger has substituted as his first number one of his latest works, "Rugby," first heard in Paris last fall and introduced to America last Friday by Mr. Honegger with the Boston Symphony. The second number, a concertino for piano and orchestra, in which the composer's wife, Andree Vaurabourg, will be the soloist, is also new to New York, though it has been heard in Cincinnati and Boston.

According to an article by the French critic, Henry Prunieres, published in "The New York Times," Honegger, who is a sport fan, told a sports writer that when looking at a football game he felt the musical equivalent of the feelings aroused and could visualize an orchestral piece expressing them. The sports writer forthwith announced that Honegger was working on a piece named "Rugby" and, while the composer had not thought of doing so, he began to consider the idea, and wrote the piece at the request of the new Paris Symphonic Orchestra for its first concert, under Ansermet. "Abrupt, broken, syncopated rhythms marvelously express the feeling of frustrated effort we experience on seeing a Rugby game," wrote M. Prunieres. Mr. Honegger, on his arrival here, said that the work had won him considerable publicity in the French sporting press and had been played recently between the halves of the France-England international Rugby match at Paris.

Mr. Honegger will conclude his program with his well known "Pacific 231."

Arturo Toscanini was to have begun his half of the Philharmonic-Symphony season next week, but, tired by his season at La Scala, in Milan, which included special activities to celebrate his thirtieth year at that opera house, he has put off his arrival to February 14 and his first concerts to Thursday night and Friday afternoon, February 21-22. Who will act as guest conductors for the intervening twelve concerts has not yet been announced. There are a number of conductors active in this country at the moment, but, as two orchestras, the Detroit and St. Louis Symphonies, are having entire seasons under guest conductors, and many of the others are having guest leaders for part of their seasons, the delay in Mr. Toscanini's arrival offers Arthur Judson no slight problem.

According to the revised schedule, Mr. Toscanini will conduct twenty-seven Philharmonic-Symphony subscription concerts in Manhattan and two in Brooklyn from February 21 to April 14.

Enrique Fernandez Arbos, the Spanish conductor, who appeared as a guest last season with the New York Symphony, arrived last week for an American visit, which includes four weeks with the St. Louis Symphony, four concerts with the Detroit Symphony and a week with the Boston Symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
TRIBUNE
JAN 13 1929

Enrique Fernandez Arbos

Celebrated Spanish conductor will officiate at next Tuesday's Boston Symphony Orchestra concert.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH
JAN 13 1929

Studies Orchestral Score— Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will appear in concert at the City Auditorium this month, gives intense study daily to proper interpretation of the great instrumental classics.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
JAN 13 1929

Music Notes

Noted Spanish Conductor and Spanish Music Feature Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert Tuesday Night.—Other Programs of Week. Roland Hayes on Spirituals.

In Segovia last night and E. Fernandez Arbos, who is to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra next Tuesday night in the Albee Theatre, Providence is having a somewhat concentrated Spanish wave not only in music but in that country's eminent musical personalities.

Though the Symphony's program is not so near all-Spanish as was first intimated—it had to await Mr. Arbos's arrival in this country last week for final adjustment—there are interesting examples of Spain's modern awakening in the musical world. There are Albeniz's "Iberia" suite and three dances from De Falla's ballet, "El Sombrero de Tres Picos" or "The Three-Cornered Hat." Then there will be a Spanish number by the Frenchman, Ravel, "Alborada del Grazioso."

Mr. Arbos has a special reputation for the performance of Spanish works and during his career as a conductor has brought much of his countrymen's music to the orchestral stage. The Albeniz suite, originally a work for the piano, Mr. Arbos transcribed for orchestra. It is a sort of Spanish panorama and considered the most important of Albeniz's piano compositions. From it Arbos will present two movements, "Fete Dieu a Seville" and "Triana."

From De Falla's ballet three dances have been selected, "The Neighbors," "Dance of the Miller" and "Final Dance." The action of the ballet is taken from a Spanish tale by Pedro de Alaracon, which had served previously as the basis for Hugo Wolf's single opera, "Der Corregidor." This Corregidor, the wearer of the three-cornered hat as badge of office, is a petty, pompous magistrate of a Spanish village, and an elderly amorist as well. Brilliant and straightforward, as critics have called it, the music tells its own story. The three dances, by the way, were introduced hereabouts by Mr. Monteux.

If the late 19th and 20th centuries have witnessed indisputably a gradual disappearance of the truly great from the sphere of musical composition, these periods have, for compensation, seen a recrudence of musical activity in countries long moribund in this respect, such as Spain and England, together with an emancipation in Italy from the thralldom of the opera house.

The first of the present-day crop of Spanish composers of note was Isaac Albeniz (1861-1909), a musician of French and Germain training, but of strongly patriotic leanings. Though he wrote an oratorio and some orchestral pieces, Albeniz was chiefly active as composer for the pianoforte and as such has long been represented liberally on recital programs. Manual de Falla is an outstanding figure among the living music-makers of Spain. Mr. Arbos has become a sort of apostle of them and others among the newer Spanish composers.

He conducted some Spanish scores with much success in a series of guest appearances in New York last season and is making a special trip to the United States this season to lead the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Providence and Boston.

Mr. Arbos is no stranger to this part of the country nor to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In 1903 he followed Franz Kneisel as concertmaster of the Boston Symphony for a season; and played now and then a solo violinist. He began his career as a violin virtuoso but of late years has devoted himself to orchestral conducting in which he has gained renown and is considered by common consent the most eminent among Spanish wielders of the baton.

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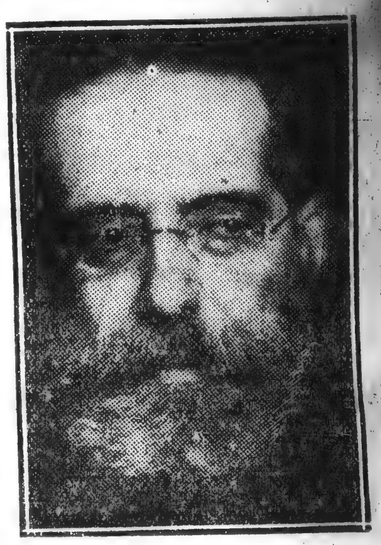

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TIMES DISPATCH
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COURANT
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BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN
JAN 13 1929

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Active And Interesting Events Follow Doldrums Which Overcast Season Earlier

Philharmonic, Leaderless Orchestra And Jeritza's Singing At Metropolitan Provide High Spots

By JOHN ALAN HAUGHTON
Special Correspondence.
NEW YORK.

WITH the Philharmonic giving Mahler's Lied von der Erde, the Boston Symphony introduced a new pianist in a new concerto, and the leaderless orchestra at it again, things took a step upward after the musical doldrums of the previous week. The resumption of Carmen into the repertoire of the Metropolitan also added interest, as did the reappearance of La Jeritza in Rosenkavalier the previous evening, after all she had said on the subject, but of this more later.

Mr. Mengelberg, as has been said before, is bent upon making Americ like Mahler whether it wants to or not. Remembering, perhaps, the timidity with which Wagner was received on this side of the Atlantic and the furor he created when once a foothold was obtained, the Dutch conductor hopes possibly to repeat the phenomenon. But alas! Mahler is no Wagner and Mengelberg is no Leopold Damrosch. And Mahler does not seem to be making much of a dent in our musical consciousness.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, as was said in the story of Miss Betty Arundale, the performance was an impressive one which Mengelberg gave of Mahler's Lied von der Erde, which, for the benefit of those unfamiliar with it, is a longish symphony with solo parts for contralto and tenor, suggested by some Chinese meditation on life, death, the seasons and whatnot. The soloists in the present instance were Margaret Matzenauer, contralto, of the Metropolitan, and Richard Crooks, tenor, not of the Metropolitan.

Especially notable was Mme. Matzenauer's singing of the contralto sections. As some one said of her in opera, when she comes on the stage you know some one is there. This quality of personality extends to Mme. Matzenauer's concert singing as well, and very beautiful was all she did with Mahler's work. Admirers of Mr. Crooks' singing also must have found much that gave them pleasure. Mr. Mengelberg needless to say, with the direction of a true disciple.

Interesting Programs For Boston Symphony

For the pair of concerts of the Boston Symphony, Mr. Koussevitzky provided interesting programs, giving at the second the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven and Ravel's rather dull La Valse. At the first the Unfinished of Schubert was played, Handel's B Minor Concerto Grosso, Carpenter's Skyscrapers Suite, with Marie Sundelius and Joseph Lauther as soloists. At both concerts Jesus Sanroma, pianist, was heard in Toch's Concerto, a novelty.

Naturally, Mr. Sanroma and the Toch work are the apices of interest. One may take for granted that the two symphonies were impeccably given, as well as Mr. Carpenter's highly contrasting work, and that of Mr. Handel, also that if Mr. Koussevitzky played the Ravel Valse at all, he played it well.

The Toch Concerto is some three years old and after two or three hearings in various music centers of Europe it was one of the admired numbers at the Congress of Cacophony at Frankfort in 1927. The work is lengthy, almost of symphonic length, and, besides a piano part of Herculean proportions and difficulties, utilizes an immense orchestra. Not the least feat in the performances was the teamwork between soloist and conductor. Mr. Sanroma is said to have studied the work with the composer, which accounts for his very obvious familiarity with the score as well as with his solo parts.

The Concerto leaves one with a curious galvanized feeling. It is all so rapid, so sharply cut with a quality of steel about it. There is no sentimentality, no romanticism. It is all power, brilliancy, the efficiency of metal with a sardonic sense of humor, if such a thing were possible. One could never lie back with closed eyes during a performance as in the Schumann A Minor, or the Rubinstein, or the Tchaikovsky, or the Rubinstein. You have to keep sitting up and taking notice. Just by this much one is left fatigued.

Mr. Sanroma's performance was magnificent in every way. His technique was more than equal to the difficulties encountered, and it must be supposed that his interpretation was an authentic one. By way of contrast, and probably in order to show that his talents were not confined to ultra-modern things, Mr. Sanroma played the Schumann A Minor Concerto at a cooncert in Brooklyn between his two performances of the Toch in Manhattan.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS
JAN 16 1929

-:- MUSIC -:-

A SPANISH LEADER

It would have been wiser of Senor E. Fernandez Arbos who led the Boston Symphony Orchestra here last night to put the overture from "Die Meistersinger" at the end of his programme instead of at the beginning. In spots the interpretation of Wagner's comic masterpiece was so brilliant that we cannot recall having heard any more brilliant; in spots it was so dull, and the players were so unresponsive, that we have seldom heard anything duller. But whatever we may say of the interpretation, this music was so far ahead as music of anything that followed that we felt like the guest at the feast who was faced with the roast before the hors d'oeuvres..

In his conduting of the overture we noted in Senor Arbos a certain inclination, which was even more emphasized in the Haydn symphony which was the second number on the programme. This was what may be called a pedagogical inclination; we had the unpleasant feeling that Senor Arbos was either inordinately proud of his reading, thus falling into the error of over-emphasizing it, or inordinately anxious as to our ignorance, thus falling into the error of overdoing his willingness to enlighten us.

Senor Arbos introduced the majority of the audience to some Spanish music with which it was not on familiar terms. In his interpretation of these pieces he showed a thoroughly Spanish knowledge of the internal rhythms of dance forms, and he showed also, in one piece especially, his knowledge that in his country. west and east, orientalism and occidentalism, mysticism and realism blend as they do nowhere else.

R. de A. J.

PROV. JOURNAL JAN. 16

Allowing a Glimpse of Iberian Music

Arbos of Madrid, Exponent of the New Spanish School, Brings an Exotic Note in Conducting as Guest of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Here

Last evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, played the second concert of the season, under the direction of E. Fernandez Arbos, the guest-conductor for the occasion at the E. F. Albee Theatre.

Senor Arbos was rather coolly received as he took his place on the stand for the first time, possibly because in appearance he did not meet the requirements of the popular prima donna-conductor of the day; but he grew phenomenally during the performance of the first two numbers, and at the close of the Symphony he received a veritable ovation, audience and orchestra alike

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
TRIBUNE
JAN 16 1929

Boston Symphony Concert Is Most Delightful

Audience Recalls Senor Arbos, Guest Conductor, Several Times

A delighted audience recalled Maestro E. Fernandez Arbos several times at the conclusion of the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Providence season in the E. F. Albee Theater, last night. Senor Arbos, who is director of the Orquesta Sinfonica in Madrid, was the guest conductor. M. Koussevitsky has upon several occasions led the symphony at Madrid.

Senor Arbos, who has taken a leading part in his own country encouraging the development of musical talent and furthering the works of young Spanish modernists, urging them to tune their new conceptions to the rhythm of Spain, is a short man, somewhat shy and without the monumental eccentricities of Sir Henry Beecham that so amused a Providence audience last season. Bearded and haloed by baldness, he did not conform to the type we associate with Spain. But his graciousness and the spell of the music he drew from the ensemble won him the plaudits of the evening before the concert was over.

Wagner's Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg" and Haydn's Symphony in G major were the conventional numbers with which Senor Arbos opened the concert. Every conductor interprets Wagner and Haydn to his heart's desire, reading into them his own creative faculties. Arbos differed from the scholarly Koussevitsky as Koussevitsky differs from the flashy Stokowski. Though there is a difference of opinion as to the worth of the various conductors and composers, according to the individual's own standard, the fact remains that there is a general standard, and Senor Arbos satisfied.

The Spanish numbers particularly pleased the audience.

Two numbers from Albeniz's suite, "Iberia," arranged by Senor Arbos were rich in coloring matter and the tempo and sounds of Spain. Three dances from "The Three Cornered Hat" by Manuel de Falla, the musical idol of Spain, the adopted son of at least four provinces, had a swing and a verve that were delightful. Ravel's "Alborada del Grazioso," which the program informs us is impossible of translation, was a typically modernist number, bringing to music that laughing irony, that delicate joshing, which cause many people to believe that the new school is not substantially erected.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH
JAN 18 1929

Wide Interest Shown In Boston Orchestra

An order has just been received from Hampton, Va., for thirty seats for the concert to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the City Auditorium the night of January 29, which indicates the wide interest being created in the visit of this great body of 112 musicians with its famous conductor, Serge Koussevitzky. Demands on the box office at Walter D. Moses and Company are such as to show emphatically that the orchestra will be greeted by an audience like the one that welcomed Fritz Kreisler on his recent visit here when the house was completely filled.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
JAN 18 1929

Boston Symphony

Several numbers of unusual interest and brilliance should make an event of the first significance in the coming concert here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in the Capitol Theater, on Sunday afternoon, February 3.

Serge Koussevitzky will present as the principal number on the program Cesar Franck's "Symphony in D-minor," which has been called the greatest symphony of the last half century and certainly the greatest of the French school of music. Cesar Franck, the Belgian composer, filled his masterpiece with imposing sonorities and lyric beauty. The course of the symphony from its slow and mysterious introduction to its exalted close is a gradual ascent from darkness into the splendid altitudes which reflect the soaring spirit of the "organist of St. Clothilde." The middle movement and Allegretto has a beautiful song for the English horn solo and is the first instance of the use of this instrument in a symphony.

Like Bach, Franck was a man of strong faith and like the earlier master, he loved to compose in the seclusion of his organ loft. The orchestral music of both is often suggestive of the organ and this symphony in particular has an organ-like resonance in the stirring course of the brass choir.

Franck's mighty score has taken its permanent place in the repertories of symphony orchestras the world over and he is universally accepted as probably the most glorious affirmation of faith in modern music.

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78

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WITH the Philharmonic giving Mahler's Lied von der Erde, the Boston Symphony introduced a new pianist in a new concerto, and the leaderless orchestra at it again, things took a step upward after the musical doldrums of the previous week. The resumption of Carmen into the repertoire of the Metropolitan also added interest, as did the reappearance of La Jeritza in Rosenkavalier the previous evening, after all she had said on the subject, but of this more later.

Mr. Mengelberg, as has been said before, is bent upon making Americans like Mahler whether it wants to or not. Remembering, perhaps, the timidity with which Wagner was received on this side of the Atlantic and the furor he created when once a foothold was obtained, the Dutch conductor hopes possibly to repeat the phenomenon. But alas! Mahler is no Wagner and Mengelberg is no Leopold Damrosch. And Mahler does not seem to be making much of a dent in our musical consciousness.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, as was said in the story of Miss Betty Arundale, the performance was an impressive one which Mengelberg gave of Mahler's Lied von der Erde, which, for the benefit of those unfamiliar with it, is a longish symphony with solo parts for contralto and tenor, suggested by some Chinese meditation on life, death, the seasons and whatnot. The soloists in the present instance were Margaret Matzenauer, contralto, of the Metropolitan, and Richard Crooks, tenor, not of the Metropolitan.

Especially notable was Mme. Matzenauer's singing of the contralto sections. As some one said of her in opera, when she comes on the stage you know some one is there. This quality of personality extends to Mme. Matzenauer's concert singing as well, and very beautiful was all she did with Mahler's work. Admirers of Mr. Crooks' singing also must have found much that gave them pleasure. Mr. Mengelberg's [illegible] needless to say, [illegible] with the de[illegible]n of a tr[illegible]ciple.

Interesting Programs For Boston Symphony

For the pair of concerts of the Boston Symphony, Mr. Koussevitzky provided interesting programs, giving at the second the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven and Ravel's rather dull La Valse. At the first the Unfinished of Schubert was played, Handel's B Minor Concerto Grosso, Carpenter's Skyscrapers Suite, with Marie Sundelius and Joseph Lauther as soloists. At both concerts Jesus Sanroma, pianist, was heard in Toch's Concerto, a novelty.

Naturally, Mr. Sanroma and the Toch work are the apices of interest. One may take for granted that the two symphonies were impeccably given, as well as Mr. Carpenter's highly contrasting work, and that of Mr. Handel, also that if Mr. Koussevitzky played the Ravel Valse at all, he played it well.

The Toch Concerto is some three years old and after two or three hearings in various music centers of Europe it was one of the admired numbers at the Congress of Cacophony at Frankfort in 1927. The work is lengthy, almost of symphonic length, and, besides a piano part of Herculean proportions and difficulties, utilizes an immense orchestra. Not the least feat in the performances was the teamwork between soloist and conductor. Mr. Sanroma is said to have studied the work with the composer, which accounts for his very obvious familiarity with the score as well as with his solo parts.

The Concerto leaves one with a curious galvanized feeling. It is all so rapid, so sharply cut with a quality of steel about it. There is no sentimentality, no romanticism. It is all power, brilliancy, the efficiency of metal with a sardonic sense of humor, if such a thing were possible. One could never lie back with closed eyes during a performance as in the Schumann A Minor, or the Tchaikovsky, or the Rubinstein. You have to keep sitting up and taking notice. Just by this much one is left fatigued.

Mr. Sanroma's performance was magnificent in every way. His technique was more than equal to the difficulties encountered, and it must be supposed that his interpretation was an authentic one. By way of contrast, and probably in order to show that his talents were not confined to ultra-modern things, Mr. Sanroma played the Schumann A Minor Concerto at a cooncert in Brooklyn between his two performances of the Toch in Manhattan.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS
JAN [illegible]

-:- MUSIC -:-

A SPANISH LEADER

It would have been wiser of Senor E. Fernandez Arbos who led the Boston Symphony Orchestra here last night to put the overture from "Die Meistersinger" at the end of his programme instead of at the beginning. In spots the interpretation of Wagner's comic masterpiece was so brilliant that we cannot recall having heard any more brilliant; in spots it was so dull, and the players were so unresponsive, that we have seldom heard anything duller. But whatever we may say of the interpretation, this music was so far ahead as music of anything that followed that we felt like the guest at the feast who was faced with the roast before the hors d'oeuvres.

In his conduting of the overture we noted in Senor Arbos a certain inclination, which was even more emphasized in the Haydn symphony which was the second number on the programme. This was what may be called a pedagogical inclination; we had the unpleasant feeling that Senor Arbos was either inordinately proud of his reading, thus falling into the error of over-emphasizing it, or inordinately anxious as to our ignorance, thus falling into the error of overdoing his willingness to enlighten us.

Senor Arbos introduced the majority of the audience to some Spanish music with which it was not on familiar terms. In his interpretation of these pieces he showed a thoroughly Spanish knowledge of the internal rhythms of dance forms, and he showed also, in one piece especially, his knowledge that in his country, west and east, orientalism and occidentalism, mysticism and realism blend as they do nowhere else.

R. de A. J.

PROV. JOURNAL JAN. 16

Allowing a Glimpse of Iberian Music

Arbos of Madrid, Exponent of the New Spanish School, Brings an Exotic Note in Conducting as Guest of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Here

Last evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, played the second concert of the season, under the direction of E. Fernandez Arbos, the guest-conductor for the occasion at the E. F. Albee Theatre.

Senor Arbos was rather coolly received as he took his place on the stand for the first time, possibly because in appearance he did not meet the requirements of the popular prima donna-conductor of the day; but he grew phenomenally during the performance of the first two numbers, and at the close of the Symphony he received a veritable ovation, audience and orchestra alike giving him the acclaim of an Olympian victor.

The concert opened with the number that happened to close the concert of the guest-conductor of last year, Wagner's Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg," that fine old "war-horse," ever ready, when needed, to take his place in line to serve the call of the hour. As we recall the performance last year, Sir Henry Beecham took the old steed at a clip that made the tempos of such men as Carl Muck, Anton Seidl, Theodore Thomas and many of the later generation sound like a funeral procession. Senor Arbos, more conservative in his tempo, gave the seekers after sensation few thrills from any eccentric interpretation.

The symphony on the whole, despite the applause that greeted its close, was something of a disappointment to those who still think well of Haydn. The playing of the orchestra was far from flawless, the very first attack being a crow-hop, as they say in athletics, with others more exaggerated following here and there through the various movements.

The tone of the strings was often hard and forced, as though every violinist and 'cellist were testing the power of his instrument. The 'cellos got the great tone that they were striving for, but they sacrificed all quality for mere power. The violins lost their resonance and the rich string quality that one is accustomed to hear, and the whole effect, instead of being restful and pleasant to hear, became at times nerve-racking because of its very roughness. Or should we expect Haydn to sound like a wooden-shoe performance, angular and mechanical, with nothing of that larger humanity that the classic is thought to comprehend?

The second part of the concert was interesting on account of the richness of colors depicted and the virtuosity demanded of the players, and their quick response to that demand. Here, too, Senor Arbos seemed to put the orchestra more at ease, becoming more economical of gesture and so less confusing. His arrangement of the Albeniz Suite is fully capable of arousing in the curious an uncommon interest, the Triana number being in itself as unusual as it is lovely.

The three dances of De Falla were played with zest and verve that made them strong favorites of the concert, while Ravel's Alborada del Grazioso was as enigmatical as its title, and capable of expressing anything that the admirers of that ironical and mildly cynical composer came to read into his text.

The audience came curious to hear what the newer composers of Spain have been accomplishing, and there was a fitness that the two glimpses at Iberian music should have been afforded under the baton of the chief exponent of that school.

M. C. W.

Guest Conductor, eral Times

A delighted audience recalled Maestro E. Fernandez Arbos several times at the conclusion of the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Providence season in the E. F. Albee Theater, last night. Senor Arbos, who is director of the Orquesta Sinfonica in Madrid, was the guest conductor. M. Koussevitsky has upon several occasions led the symphony at Madrid.

Senor Arbos, who has taken a leading part in his own country encouraging the development of musical talent and furthering the works of young Spanish modernists, urging them to tune their new conceptions to the rhythm of Spain, is a short man, somewhat shy and without the monumental eccentricities of Sir Henry Beecham that so amused a Providence audience last season. Bearded and haloed by baldness, he did not conform to the type we associate with Spain. But his graciousness and the spell of the music he drew from the ensemble won him the plaudits of the evening before the concert was over.

Wagner's Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg" and Haydn's Symphony in G major were the conventional numbers with which Senor Arbos opened the concert. Every conductor interprets Wagner and Haydn to his heart's desire, reading into them his own creative faculties. Arbos differed from the scholarly Koussevitsky as Koussevitsky differs from the flashy Stokowski. Though there is a difference of opinion as to the worth of the various conductors and composers, according to the individual's own standard, the fact remains that there is a general standard, and Senor Arbos satisfied.

The Spanish numbers particularly pleased the audience.

Two numbers from Albeniz's suite, "Iberia," arranged by Senor Arbos were rich in coloring matter and the tempo and sounds of Spain. Three dances from "The Three Cornered Hat" by Manuel de Falla, the musical idol of Spain, the adopted son of at least four provinces, had a swing and a verve that were delightful. Ravel's "Alborada del Grazioso," which the program informs us is impossible of translation, was a typically modernist number, bringing to music that laughing irony, that delicate joshing, which cause many people to believe that the new school is not substantially erected.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH
JAN 1 81929

Wide Interest Shown In Boston Orchestra

An order has just been received from Hampton, Va., for thirty seats for the concert to be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the City Auditorium the night of January 29, which indicates the wide interest being created in the visit of this great body of 112 musicians with its famous conductor, Serge Koussevitzky. Demands on the box office at Walter D. Moses and Company are such as to show emphatically that the orchestra will be greeted by an audience like the one that welcomed Fritz Kreisler on his recent visit here when the house was completely filled.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
JAN 18 1929

Boston Symphony

Several numbers of unusual interest and brilliance should make an event of the first significance in the coming concert here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in the Capitol Theater, on Sunday afternoon, February 3.

Serge Koussevitzky will present as the principal number on the program Cesar Franck's "Symphony in D-minor," which has been called the greatest symphony of the last half century and certainly the greatest of the French school of music. Cesar Franck, the Belgian composer, filled his masterpiece with imposing sonorities and lyric beauty. The course of the symphony from its slow and mysterious introduction to its exalted close is a gradual ascent from darkness into the splendid altitudes which reflect the soaring spirit of the "organist of St. Clothilde." The middle movement and Allegretto has a beautiful song for the English horn solo and is the first instance of the use of this instrument in a symphony.

Like Bach, Franck was a man of strong faith and like the earlier master, he loved to compose in the seclusion of his organ loft. The orchestral music of both is often suggestive of the organ and this symphony in particular has an organ-like resonance in the stirring course of the brass choir.

Franck's mighty score has taken its permanent place in the repertories of symphony orchestras the world over and he is universally accepted as probably the most glorious affirmation of faith in modern music.

The seat sale is at McCoy's.

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TIMES
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With rare thoroughness, Mr. Higginson worked out a plan by which he founded the orchestra and hired a conductor, guaranteeing all the musicians a season's salary. Concerts were to be given at nominal prices, the deficit to be paid from h's own pocket. During the first season, 1881-82, a series of twenty concerts was given. This policy has continued uninterrputedly, only the number presented in Boston alone this season is sixty-five, besides several in New York and other cities.

Mr. Higginson was not only the founder, but he was the director and the guiding intelligence of the orchestra until 1918, one year before his death. He left its management in the hands of a board of directors with Judge Frederick P. Cabot, president, that carries on the task he begun. Salaries and other expenses have risen so amazingly that the work of managing the orchestra is declared now more difficult than ever. A deficit is said to be inevitable, the big job being to keep it down to a minimum. The founder is said to have spent more than $1,000,000 on the Boston Symphony, which is now regarded as probably the foremost orchestra in this country and one of the greatest in the world.

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Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, will bring his famous orchestra to Richmond on Tuesday, January 29th. (Schervee Photo)

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WORCESTER, MASS.
TELEGRAM
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Albany, N. Y.

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POST
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In the four years that have elapsed since Mr. Koussevitzky took over the baton, he has enormously developed the orchestra's technical and interpretative resources with the result that popular attendance, which has grown at an amazing rate, has reached an unprecedented mark this season. To the regular series of 24 pairs of concerts in Symphony Hall, of Boston, on Friday afternoon and Saturday evenings Koussevitzky has added performances until today, it has become necessary to avoid lengthy trips in order that Boston's demand for concerts may be more nearly met.

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With rare thoroughness, Mr. Higginson worked out a plan by which he founded the orchestra and hired a conductor, guaranteeing all the musicians a salary. Records are recorded only were associated are recorded only in treatises on the stage, but "Blossom Time" continues touring the country with undimming glory, and if the box office receipts are any criterion with an increasing popularity.

The most detailed theatrical tour of this country will not consume seven years—nor half of seven years. The long life of "Blossom Time" in New York

Mr. Higginson was not only the founder, but he was the director and the guiding intelligence of the orchestra until 1918, one year before his death. He left its management in the hands of a board of directors with Judge Frederick P. Cabot, president, that carries on the task he begun. Salaries and other expenses have risen so amazingly that the work of managing the orchestra is declared now more difficult than ever. A deficit is said to be inevitable, the big job being to keep it down to a mini-

The Conductor of the Boston Symphony With His Boston Bull, "Droll"

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, will bring his famous orchestra to Richmond on Tuesday, January 29th. (Schervee Photo)

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WORCESTER, MASS.
TELEGRAM
JAN 2 9 1929

Albany, N. Y.

Please state whether Serge Koussevitzky is to continue to lead the Boston Symphony orchestra after this season. If he is to leave, who will be his successor?

R. M. Q.

Mr. Koussevitzky is to remain for another year at the head of the Boston Symphony. When he does withdraw his successor will then be chosen. It would be mere guesswork to try to indicate at this time who is to succeed him.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS
JAN 1 9 1929

* * *

...EST conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Enrique Fernandez Arbos, who will conduct the Detroit Symphony orchestra in a program of Spanish music Tuesday evening, Jan. 29, in the Elmwood Music hall, has been winning plaudits and acclaim in Boston the past week. Senor Arbos is famous for his interpretation of the composers of his native country, and these, with the exception of the Strauss "Don Juan" with which he opens the Buffalo program, will constitute the concert here. Ernesto Halffter's Sinfonietta in D major will be the chief offering, and Albeniz-Arbos, De Falla and Turina will be represented by charming numbers, whose very names seem to suggest fragrance and romance.

A conductor of energy and fire, Arbos is Spanish to his finger tips. He is closely identified with the rise of the modern Spanish school.

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
POST
JAN 2 0 1929

KOUSSEVITZKY TO HOLD BATON

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will make the first of two concert appearances in Washington during the present season at Poli's Theater, on Wednesday afternoon, January 30, at 4:30 o'clock, under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene. The complete program of this concert, which will be the third attraction in the artists' course, will be announced within a short time.

In the four years that have elapsed since Mr. Koussevitzky took over the baton, he has enormously developed the orchestra's technical and interpretative resources with the result that popular attendance, which has grown at an amazing rate, has reached an unprecedented mark this season. To the regular series of 24 pairs of concerts in Symphony Hall, of Boston, on Friday afternoon and Saturday evenings Koussevitzky has added performances until today, it has become necessary to avoid lengthy trips in order that Boston's demand for concerts may be more nearly met.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
HERALD
JAN 2 0 1929

Boston Symphony Coming Here Soon

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will make the first of two concert appearances in Washington this season at Poli's Wednesday afternoon, January 30, at 4:30 o'clock, under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene. The complete program will be announced shortly.

In the four years since Mr. Koussevitzky took over the baton, he has enormously developed the orchestra's technical and interpretative resources. To the regular series of 24 pairs of concerts in Symphony Hall, Boston, Koussevitzky has added performances until today, it has become necessary to avoid lengthy trips in order that Boston's demand for concerts may be more nearly met.

Seats for this concert are now on sale at Mrs. Wilson-Greene's Concert Bureau, in Droop's, 1300 G St. N. W.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH
JAN 2 ? 1929

Amusements

An Interruption to Symphony.

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra gives its concert next Tuesday night at the City Auditorium no one will be seated during the rendering of the symphony, which constitutes half the program, according to Mrs. Wilson-Greene and T. Michaux Moody, who are presenting the orchestra. The audience, therefore, is urged to be in place promptly, as Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor, always begins on time and permits no interruption. The symphony will be the third of Beethoven's, known as "Eroica," while the other numbers include two by Wagner and one by Honegger, a contemporary French composer now in this country. There are still a few desirable seats at the box office at Walter D. Moses and Company.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
NEWS LEADER
JAN 2 2 1929

THEATRES

TO PLAY "RUGBY."

An interesting new score will be played here next Tuesday night by the Boston Symphony orchestra, called "Rugby," the composer, Arthur Honegger, foremost of younger French composers, now in America for the first time. The piece was given its American premiere last Sunday in New York by the Philharmonic orchestra, while M. Honegger's first public appearance was as conductor of the Boston orchestra in its own city a few weeks ago. The concert will take place at the city auditorium with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, and there are still a few good seats available at Walter D. Moses & Co.

80

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CLUB FELLOW
JAN 23 1929

DURING A CONCERTO FOR STRINGS

By SERGE MACHINOFF

"HERE I am at another Boston Symphony Orchestra Concert when I should be attending my Domestic Science class this afternoon, but what can one do, when one's very uttermost soul cries out for melody? Just as some women are sex-starved I have always felt this insatiable hunger for good music.

"But, nevertheless, I feel somewhat guilty. There was a very special class today on how to make salad dressing as the Russians prepare it. And I always feel so much better when I can brings thoughts home to our Chef. He is really a most talented person: used to own a restaurant of his own near Monte Carlo, and can create dishes he himself doesn't know the name of.

"When I gave that affair in honor of the English poet who is over here lecturing—oh, what is his name? I can never remember poets . . . Jules served the most gorgeous combination of the hearts of artichokes stuffed with real, imported caviar. Then, over that, there was a sauce made of ground Gorgonzola and alligator pears. You never tasted anything like it in your life. So few people understand the art of making French or Russian dressing, and this Domestic Science teacher is a darling. She spent two years studying in Sweden alone. Last week we were all so thrilled: she introduced a novel method of making whipped cream without whipping it!

"What is that thing they're playing now? It doesn't sound familiar to me, and I do so dislike to refer to a program: type disillusions one so and reduces the classics to mere words and things mechanical. What's more, those around you think that because you glance at a program, you are not familiar with fine music. I think I have a natural ear for the best. I can remember pieces so well. Last week, I went with Jim to 'Whoopee' and, would you believe it, I could hum all the tunes on the suburban train returning to Scarsdale!

"Is that Koussevitzky conducting? I thought so. I can pronounce these Russian names rather well but if you asked me to spell his name, I'd go into a trance. Ah, the Concerto Grosso for Strings, No. 12, in B Minor! Isn't it delicious! They say that, when Handel composed this number, he was disappointed in love. Do you know, I think some of the parts suggest as much. It sounds a little mad. There wouldn't be any great music if there were no women and no heartaches. Now and then I deliberately snub my husband. And he profits by it. Concentrates more on his business. One of the luckiest deals he ever made came right after we quarreled over a Pekingese dog he bought. It was a nasty-tempered little beast, but Jim was crazy over it, because it resembled some very old relation of his, now living in China.

"Isn't that Margey Lane over there in that wine-colored ensemble? I thought I recognized her! They say she is leaving her husband because of his affair with that actress. Of all the stupid things! It is as natural for a man to stray around a little as for cats to walk back fences. Let them see the moon occasionally, is my motto. The radio has all but ruined me for classic music. When one of those dance orchestras plays 'I can't give you anything but love, Baby', I can't keep my feet still. Isn't that a frightful admission to make?

Do you really think these compositions by old masters have a meaning? Or are we all fooled? I have heard many lively discussions as to whether Schubert's 'Unfinished' means anything, or is just a lot of notes jumbled together. The last time I heard it, I was almost ready to admit I was pleased over his not finishing it. If there had been ten more notes, I would have screamed.

"A friend of mine, who has studied music for years at the Fontainebleau Conservatory, and who wrote and had published a little piece called 'Bookstalls on the Seine', tells me that all music means some emotional experience. Thus if, when I hear 'I can't give you anything but love, Baby' causes my feet to dance, I should yield to this impulse. The quality of the music is of less importance than the reactions which are stimulated. Oh, dear, I think I must be getting confused. What was I saying? Now I know—that pianist resembles a Maitre d'Hotel I knew in Italy last season. It's his hair or his complexion or something.

"This fellow was forever buzzing around our table. He called my husband 'Count' and

you know, as well as I do, that Jim resembles royalty as much as Irish Bacon resembles grouse. He would put fresh-cut flowers on our table three times a day. But it wasn't until we were well on our way to Rome, I discovered one of my diamond pendants had mysteriously disappeared. And, while I'm not suspicious by nature, I remember how thoughtfully that chap used to help me remove my wraps at dinner. Toch is a comparatively young composer, isn't he? The piece they are playing, Concerto for Orchestra and Piano, was written in the Spring of 1926. Imagine that! It's really too young to be real music, of course! It has its moments, nevertheless. I really came just to hear Carpenter's 'Skyscrapers'. What an odd name. It must be descriptive. Which reminds me, the Bradleys have a new pent house on the very top floor of one of the highest buildings in New York, and the way the wind howls at night up there, makes one think of souls in torment. Jim calls it the 'Punk House'. Jim is so dreadfully whimsical! He thinks up the most curious things!

"I'm so partial to the Philharmonic-Symphony and Mengelberg. Carnegie Hall must be saturated with music of all kinds by this time. Think of the millions of notes that have splintered against its walls. I heard Mahler's 'Das Lied von der Erde', with all its trimmings of tenor, contralto and orchestra, and it's still ringing in my ears. I had been up late just the evening before, at the Opera, and I couldn't hold my eyes open. It was amusingly embarrassing. A venerable and quite splendid old dowager, wearing quarts of jewels, sat next to me and my head probably bobbed over in her direction. Finally she poked me with her lace fan and said: 'Pardon me, Madam, but if you'd be any more comfortable, I'll take you in my lap.' Wasn't that a piece of gigantic impudence!

"'This Song of the Earth' was as complicated as an eight-day clock and was composed of at least six Chinese poems. You know what the Chinese do when they write a poem; there may be a sufficient number of words to reach seven times around the Great Wall and then back to where they started. I didn't understand any of it, but then that's my weakness now—not understanding the classics.

"I'll never forget attempting to bluff it through, while attending a Symphony afternoon at Carnegie Hall last year. A friend I had not seen for years was my guest and she appeared not to know very much on the subject. They were playing a long, long affair by Handel. I described it from pure imagination, just to keep conversation on the move. 'This part,' I remarked, 'undertakes to describe the fall of glacial water down the Alps in the time of William Tell. A little later on, you seem to hear the steady movement of a glacier, on its inexorable path to the grassy meadows, far below!'

"And when I had finished, she turned to me with the funniest expression on her face and said: 'Charlotte, you will have your joke. That episode is not in Switzerland; its theme is German, wholly. And it's not supposed to have any meaning whatsoever. Suppose we give up and go over to the Avenue for a sandwich and some tea. I'm almost starved.'

"I feel so unutterably sympathetic to Ganna Walska, and would give worlds to have a name as sweet-sounding. I vowed I would never marry a man named Smith or Jones, and then had to pick out Jim, whose name was Brown. Every time Ganna attempts to dash into operatic music, something happens to her. Influenza, or the critics or Customs officials, or housemaid's knee. Nevertheless, she's a brave little woman, and I do hope her new perfumery shops will make a go of it. I have found a new odor; they call it 'Lily of the Nile', but Jim claims it smells as if it came from the Seine. There is a faint suggestion of the exotic, but it exactly suits my personality. . . mystic, and all that.

"Well, they must have played Carpenter's 'Skyscrapers' and I missed it. One feels so clean and purged and educationally benefitted after one of these important concerts, don't you think?"

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
JAN 24 1929

operation.

Koussevitzky

Soloists were once as customary with the Boston Symphony Orchestra as with most other orchestras. When Koussevitzky came to America to be the Boston Symphony conductor, he began by laying this tradition on the shelf. Soloists were not to be engaged simply for the sake of having soloists, but only when required by some score of symphonic interest which contained a solo part. The great concertos, of, say Beethoven or Brahms, had of course a legitimate place in the orchestral repertory, and called for a famous virtuoso to play them with the orchestra. An occasional modern score has solo voices; or a contemporary concerto of interest is written by such composers as Stravinsky, Prokokieff, Respighi, Tansman, Tailleferre, and these have appeared as guests of the orchestra in first performances of their scores. But a Boston Symphony concert remains in every case a symphony program, and does not lapse, in the middle, into a recital. "Praise the Lord," wrote Philip Hale, "the chief interest is no longer in the soloists at a symphony concert, what the woman will wear, whether Mme. Portamento is fatter than she was two seasons ago, whether Mr. Boanerges pounds the piano with more marked ferocity than when he first appeared with Lisztian arrangement of the hair. The orchestra led by Mr. Koussevitzky is the soloist." No soloists were announced in advance for Koussevitzky's first season, nor have any been announced for any season since. The innovation has been justified by the absence of any apparent regret on the part of the audiences. And symphonic interest and amplitude of the programs has been enriched accordingly. The Hartford concert is February 3, a week from next Sunday. Ticket sale at McCoy's, 98 Asylum Street.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
JAN 24 1929

Koussevitzky and Soloists

Soloists were once as customary with the Boston Symphony orchestra as with most other orchestras. When Koussevitzky came to America to be the Boston Symphony conductor, he began by laying this tradition on the shelf. Soloists were not to be engaged simply for the sake of having soloists, but only when required by some score of symphonic interest which contained a solo part. The great concertos of, say, Beethoven or Brahms, had of course a legitimate place in the orchestral repertory, and called for a famous virtuoso to play them with the orchestra. An occasional modern score has solo voices; or a contemporary concerto of interest is written by such composers as Stravinsky, Prokokieff, Respighi, Tansman, Tailleferre and these have appeared as guests of the orchestra in first performances of their scores, but a Boston Symphony concert remains in every case a symphony program, and does not lapse in the middle into a recital. "Praise the Lord," wrote Philip Hale, "the chief interest is no longer in the soloists at a symphony concert, what the woman will wear, whether Mme. Portamento is fatter than she was two seasons ago, whether Mr. Boanerges pounds the piano with more marked ferocity than when he first appeared with Lisztian arrangement of the hair. The orchestra led by Mr. Koussevitzky is the soloist." No soloists were announced in advance for Koussevitzky's first season, nor have any been announced for any season since. The innovation has been justified by the absence of any apparent regret on the part of the audiences. And symphonic interest and amplitude of the programs has been enriched accordingly. The Hartford concert is February 3, a week from next Sunday. Ticket sale at McCoy's, No. 89 Asylum street.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
NEWS LEADER
JAN 24 1929

SYMPHONY HERE TUESDAY.

An interesting novelty to be played by the Boston Symphony orchestra at its concert at the City Auditorium next Tuesday night will be "Rugby," by Arthur Honegger, a contemporary French composer now in this country. The piece was played between the halves in the France-England international rugby football match in Paris. Serge Koussevitzky will conduct the great orchestra and nobody will be admitted during the Beethoven third symphony. There are a few seats remainging at Walter D. Moses & Co.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
HERALD
JAN 24 1929

POLI'S—
Boston Symphony Orchestra

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, led by Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will make its first appearance of the season at Poli's Theater next Wednesday afternoon, at 4:30 o'clock, under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene. The symphony will be Brahms' Second in D Major, the performance of which is regarded as one of the outstanding achievements of the Boston Symphony. Other numbers will be Beethoven's Overture to "Leonore," No. 3; two of Erik Satie's "Gymnopedles," orchestrated by Debussy, and Maurice Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody in four movements. Seats are now on sale at Mrs. Wilson-Greene's Concert Bureau, in Droop's, 1300 G St. N. W.

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
JAN 26 1929

VISITING orchestras will be the feature next week while the Philharmonic-Symphony players are away on tour. Tuesday evening the Philadelphia Orchestra will make its last appearance of the seasor, under the direction of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Eugene Goossens conducting the concert of March 5. The program Tuesday evening in Carnegie Hall will consist of Brahms's Second Symphony, Josef Hofmann's Symphonic narrative, "The Haunted Castle," and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Russian Easter."

Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, will be heard in Carnegie Hall. The first program will consist of Ernest Bloch's Rhapsody, "America," and Arthur Honegger's "Rugby," both of which have been played here; Prokafieff's "Classical" Symphony and Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fetes." Saturday the opening numbers will be Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3 and Satie's "Gymnopedies," with "America" and "Rugby" to follow.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION
JAN 26 1929

World of Music

Arthur Honegger: Close-up Impressions of a Celebrated Contemporary Composer

By FELIX DEYO.

WHETHER ARTHUR HONEGGER is clearly the foremost of the so-called modern school of composers is a question for later generations to decide; he and his contemporaries are far too close for a legitimate perspective. But only one so hopelessly biased against the composer of "Pacific, 231," "Horace Victorieux," "Le Roi David" and "Rugby" (this latter, by the way, will be conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky at next Friday night's concert in Brooklyn by the Boston symphony Orchestra), as to be unable to see worth in him, would deny that Honegger is the most independent worker of to-day's major musicians.

It has long been apparent that Honegger is working hand in hand with no one but Arthur Honegger. Schools that have long claimed him have been repudiated almost before the disputants could find space for their arguments in the columns of periodicals that specialize in such matters. Almost instinctively, Honegger has contrived to steer a course between the Charybdis of brotherhood and the deep, blue sea of deliberate attempt to be Different.

* * *

FOR ONE NEED SPEND only a few minutes in conversation with the heavily-built young man to realize that he does not give even the least part of a moment's care to the problem of avoiding similarity to other composers, past or present. Honegger goes to hear contemporary or classic works, appreciates them sometimes and likes them often, but the fact that he hears to-day an opus that has identical points in form and manner with one that is under progress on his own desk at home will not make him change his own. There is a supreme confidence, almost a mystic belief, in the Honegger mind that the products of his talents will bear their distinctive markings without any deliberate seeking. And further, he wishes his compositions to fully speak for themselves as music (per se), without recourse to literary explanation.

The psychologists may point to this as a fault; it is evidence of an inferior mentality, they say, that a man can be unconscious and unconcerned with contemporaneous activity that bears upon his own. It is true, as Honegger admits of his friend Pablo Picasso, the painter, that the greater intelligence tends to be all-concerned, interested in nearly everything. Picasso, Honegger will tell you, is a tremendous brain. "He goes in that direction, and if you follow him, immediately he turns about and steers another course," the composer will say of the man who has the art galleries of two continents constantly worried over what he will do next. Honegger has been in the United States a short few weeks, and speaks English more by a sense of feeling than by knowledge. But he is learning quickly. Of Swiss parentage and born in Havre thirty-four years ago, he has spent the major part of his life in Paris and may therefore be set down as Parisian, which, in music, is almost an international label.

* * *

IT IS LIKELY that the observer will be impressed by his adaptability to environment as among Honegger's outstanding traits. Recently, spending two hours with him in interview, we found that already he is as well acquainted with the ramifications of the New York transit system as is the average native of Brooklyn or of the Bronx. And he can tell you of some very good places to eat and—eat. He will remark in the tone of voice of one who believes he is being very droll that never before in his life had he so much to drink as since his arrival in the land of prohibition.

He is completely at ease with strangers, if they be cordial-spoken, and will protest volubly if you ask him to play anything upon the grand piano which stands in the sitting room of his hotel suite. If you override his insistence that he has not played a piano in lo! these many years, he will seat himself at the keyboard and play salient excerpts from his works. Honegger is still European enough to consider good manners the emblem of good breeding, and he is acutely distressed if one of his visitors is inconvenienced even to the extent of reaching for an ash receiver. He laughs indulgently if you tell him that in the United States courtesy is held a sign of inferiority. And then offer you a chocolate.

Arthur Honegger has had his hair trimmed shorter for his American tour, probably because of warnings that, on this side of the water, males only if they are charlatans wear their tresses long. His sturdy figure is belied by a none too rosy complexion; his brow, and for that matter, all the skin of his face is as unroughened and fine textured as a baby's. His hands are facile, but not very strong in appearance, and he is addicted to loose comfort in dress and the smoking of a new, uncolored briar pipe.

Publicity methods amuse him. "In Paris, we too have such business," he will say, "but it is not there such a beeg industry."

* * *

NATURALLY, we talked of music, of his music and of others. "Bach is representative to me of the Christian life and ideal," declared this modernist with intense earnestness. (Need we recall the masterly polyphony and counterpoint of Honegger's own writings?) In modern France, Ravel and Milhaud stand foremost; Debussy and Franck already are pillars; Berlioz is better known in other countries than his own.

Hindemith in Germany, Stravinsky in Russia, De Falla in Spain, Goossens and Holst in England, these are foremost, thinks Honegger, amongst European contemporaries. Americans—Carpenter, Antheil, MacDowell.

Opera? Puccini, yes; Verdi—no! With the possible exception of "Falstaff," Verdi's melody, his harmony, his orchestra, are "vulgar and banal" (M. Honegger stepped to the piano and played a Verdi passage illustrative of his contention). On this point, we cannot strike a chord of agreement. But we have not heard, as yet, Honegger's own "Judith" (Biblical opera), being presented, it so happens, this very day in Chicago, with Mary Garden in the title role. Nor his more recent "Antigone."

Honegger, we might add, writes music exactly in the terms in which he feels it. He is not consciously a polytonalist or an atonalist, a quarter-tonalist, or an impressionist, a diatonicist or a chromaticist, etc., etc. He may command these idioms of tonal converse, but does not employ them except for the purpose of precise and direct expression. Nor does he specifically harmonize his themes or melodies. Both grow simultaneously. His harmony creates itself, the vertical chord product of two or more horizontally moving parts.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
JAN 21 1929

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

Serge Koussevitcky announces a program of special interest for the coming appearance of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Hartford, in the Capitol theater, on Sunday afternoon, February 3. The symphony of the occasion will be the master score of Cesar Franck, the great Belgian composer. This symphony will comprise the latter part of the program, which will open with the 12th Concerto Grosso of Handel, for string orchestra. Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," played by Koussevitsky here in his first season, will again be performed. This, one of the finest interpretations by the illustrious orchestra at the hands of its remarkable Russian conductor, has had particularly high praise for the poetic performances he has given it in this season's concerts. The only living composer figuring upon the program will be Richard Strauss, whose Dance of the Seven Veils from the opera, "Salome," will be played. This excerpt is filled with the characteristic voluptuous languors of the Orient and

BALTIMORE, MD.
AMERICAN
JAN 27 1929

Honegger 'Rugby' to Be Played

Heinrich Schlusnus in Concert at Peabody Friday

By CARROLL DULANEY.

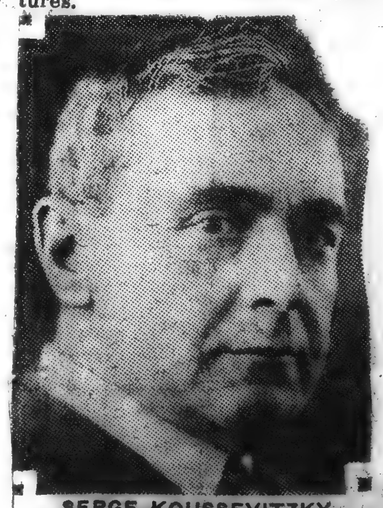
OUR music season is hitting on all cylinders just now. Tomorrow the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky as director, gives its first concert of the season at the Lyric under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene. And the program is one which should appeal in part to disciples of both the ancient and modern schools of music.

The symphony will be the second of Brahms in D major, which has a wealth of melody and haunting harmonies. It lacks the somber moods of the First and Fourth symphonies of the same master. Despite the oft-repeated assertion that no conductor not of Teutonic origin can understand Brahms' music, Mr. Koussevitzky has the reputation of giving it an interpretation that reveals much of its hidden beauty. How much of this is Brahms and how much of it Koussevitzky is for the captious hearer to judge, but certainly the result is very satisfying.

For those who like novelties Mr. Koussevitzky will present "Rugby," a new work by Honegger, which describes a football game. It attracted considerable attention in Europe when it was played between the halves of the international Rugby match in Paris.

Honegger's most famous work, perhaps, is his "Pacific 231," which is the composer's conception of an express train getting under way. It is a symphonic bedlam—one of those things which you should hear once.

The program will open with Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony," a delightful musical joke. The modern French school will be represented by Debussy's nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals," two brilliant impressionist pictures.



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY HEINRI

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY will direct the Symphony Orchestra at the Lyric top nus will give the artist recital at the Peabod Tiefenbrun will dance at the Peabody teache

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
JAN 24 1929

operation.

Koussevitzky

Solists were once as customary with the Boston Symphony Orchestra as with most other orchestras. When Koussevitzky came to America to be the Boston Symphony conductor, he began by laying this tradition on the shelf. Soloists were not to be engaged simply for the sake of having soloists, but only when required by some score of symphonic interest which contained a solo part. The great concertos, of, say Beethoven or Brahms, had of course a legitimate place in the orchestral repertory, and called for a famous virtuoso to play them with the orchestra. An occasional modern score has solo voices; or a contemporary concerto of interest is written by such composers as Stravinsky, Prokokieff, Respighi, Tansman, Tailleferre, and these have appeared as guests of the orchestra in first performances of their scores. But a Boston Symphony concert remains in every case a symphony program, and does not lapse, in the middle, into a recital. "Praise the Lord," wrote Philip Hale, "the chief interest is no longer in the soloists at a symphony concert, what the woman will wear, whether Mme. Portamento is fatter than she was two seasons ago, whether Mr. Boanerges pounds the piano with more marked ferocity than when he first appeared with Lisztian arrangement of the hair. The orchestra led by Mr. Koussevitzky is the soloist." No soloists were announced in advance for Koussevitzky's first season, nor have any been announced for any season since. The innovation has been justified by the absence of any apparent regret on the part of the audiences. And symphonic interest and amplitude of the programs has been enriched accordingly. The Hartford concert is February 3, a week from next Sunday. Ticket sale at McCoy's, 98 Asylum Street.

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HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
JAN 24 1929

Koussevitzky and Soloists

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STANDARD UNION
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HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
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BALTIMORE, MD.
AMERICAN
JAN 27 1929

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Heinrich Schlusnus in Concert at Peabody Friday

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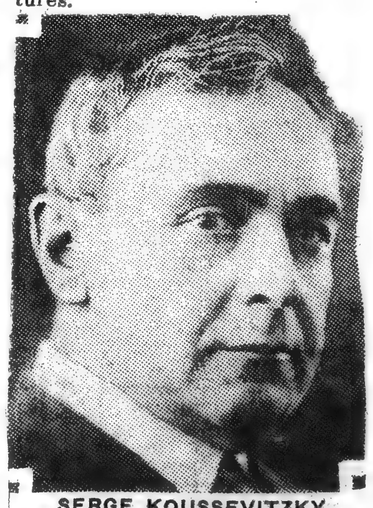

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COURANT

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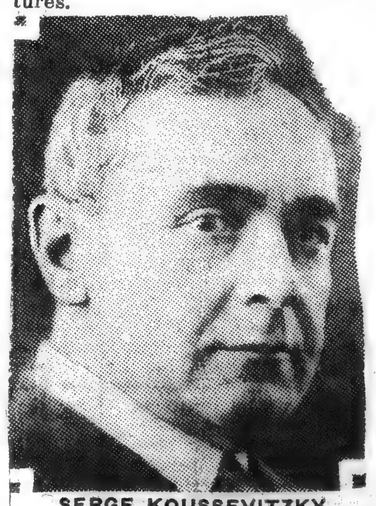

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RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH
JAN 27 1929

Boston Symphony in Concert—

Distinguished musical organization which will appear Tuesday night at the City Auditorium under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky (inset) in a program of important compositions, including several modern works. The concert is a conspicuously interesting event in the series under the direction of Mrs. Wilson-Greene and T. Michaux Moody, assisted by Miss Vera Palmer. The orchestra numbers 112 musicians.

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TIMES DISPATCH
JAN 27 1929

Feature 'Eroica Of Beethoven Tuesday Night

One of the outstanding musical events of the current season will take place Tuesday night at 8:30 o'clock when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with its 112 musicians and Serge Koussevitzky conducting, will appear at the City Auditorium as the third attraction in the series of five concerts presented by Mrs. Wilson-Greene and T. Michaux Moody, assisted by Miss Vera Palmer. There will be a filled house to greet the event, it was said.

The symphony of the evening, which will open the program, will be the third of Beethoven, the "Eroica," and during its rendition no one will be seated, the management has announced. As this number represents half the program, it is important for the audience to be in place promptly, for Mr. Koussevitzky will step on the stage at the minute of the appointed time. This symphony was inspired by the early exploits of Beethoven's contemporary, Napoleon Bonaparte, in whom Beethoven, the idealist, saw the liberation of mankind from the tyranny of oppressive rules. When the composer learned that Napoleon was abusing his power and was becoming another tyrant, he destroyed the dedication in anger, but the great symphony remained. The slow movement is generally regarded the greatest funeral march ever conceived. Wagner and the ultra-modern French composer, Arthur Honegger, now in this country for the first time, will complete the list, which in detail is as follows:

Symphony No. 3, in E flat major ..... Beethoven
- Allegro con brio
- Marcia fenebre: Adagio assai
- Scherzo: Allegro vivace; trio
- Finale: Allegro molto

"Rugby," orchestral movement ..... Honegger

"Forest Murmurs," from "Siegfried" ..... Wagner

Prelude to "The Maestersingers of Nuremberg" ..... Wagner

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE
JAN 27 1929

Under the direction of Serge Koussewitsky, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will present the following program in the Academy of Music on Friday evening:

Handel ..... Concerto Grosso in B minor
Debussy ..... "Nuage" and "Fetes"
Honegger ..... "Rugby," Football-piece
Bloch ..... "America"

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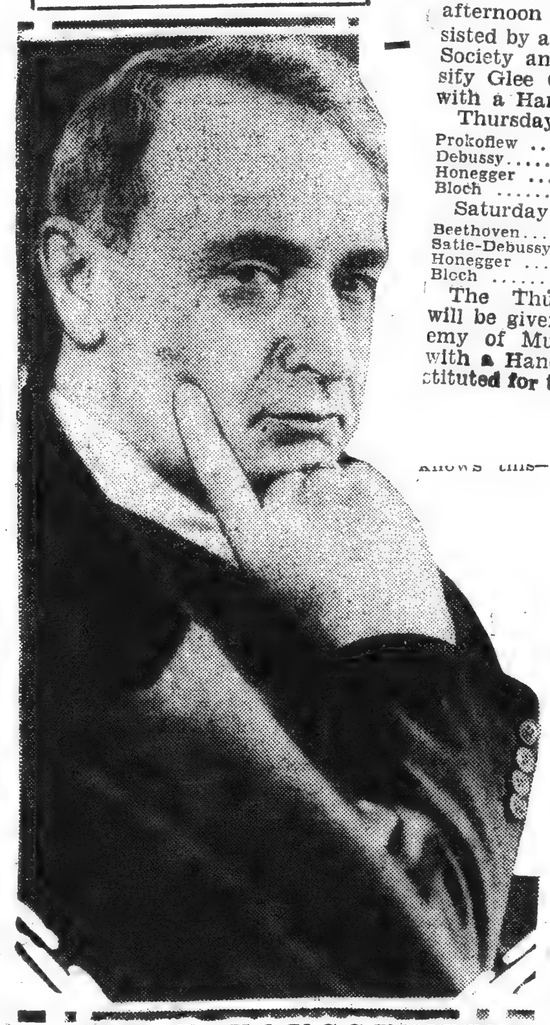
CONDUCTS



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...KOWS THIS—

RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

JAN 27 1929

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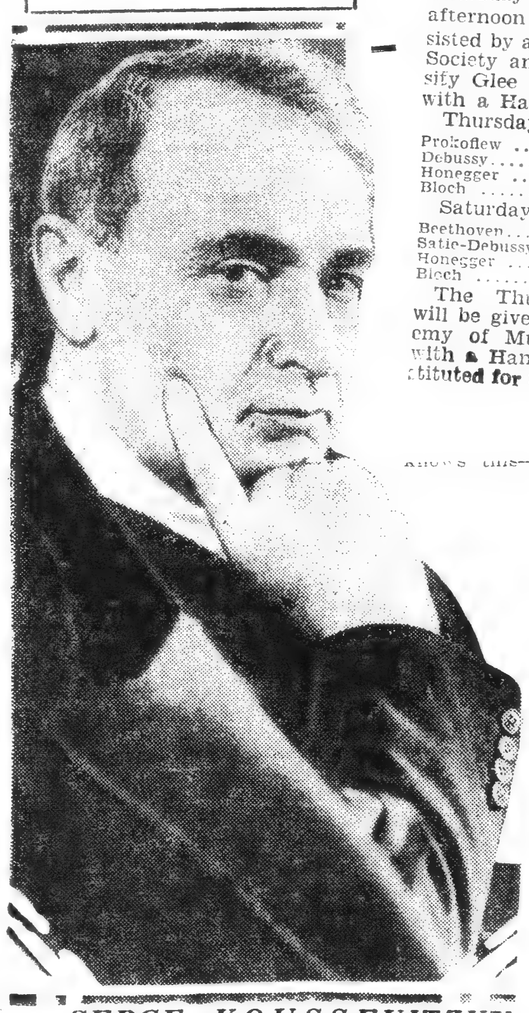

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STAR
JAN 27 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY—WEDNESDAY.

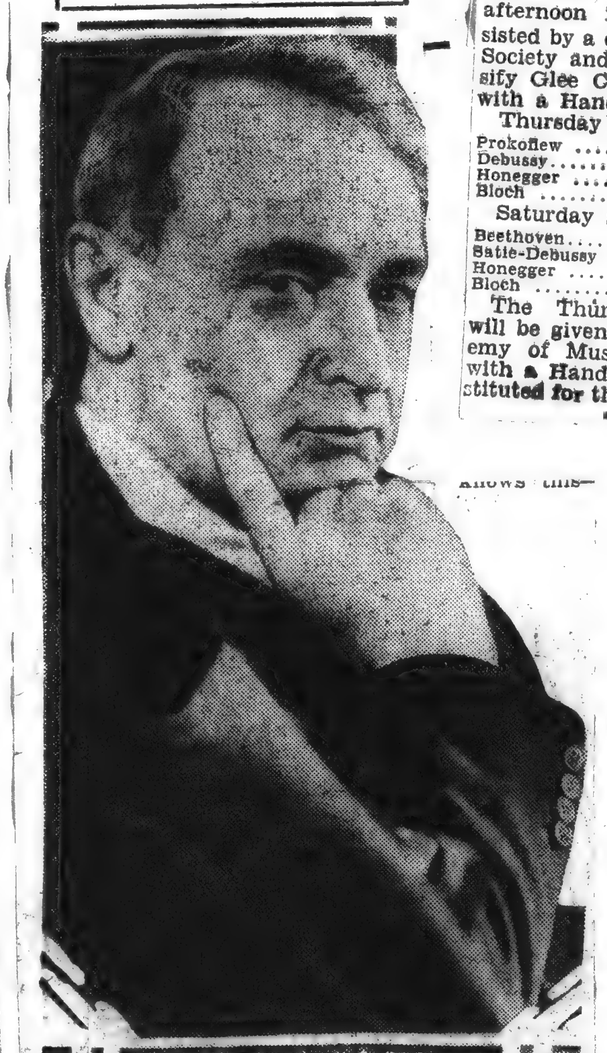
Serge Koussevitzky will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the first of two concerts to be given this season in Washington, Wednesday afternoon at 4:30, at Poli's Theater, under the management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene.

Beethoven's famous Overture No. 3, to "Leonore," will open the program, which also will include "Gymnopedies," by Erik Satie, arranged for orchestra by Debussy; "Spanish Rhapsody," by Maurice Ravel, and "Symphony in D Major," by Brahms.

Tickets are on sale at the concert bureau in Droop's, 1300 G street.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
HERALD
JAN 27 1929

CONDUCTS



...KNOWS THIS—

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, with Boston Symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE
JAN 27 ...

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra will give two Manhattan concerts during the coming week, on Thursday evening and on Saturday afternoon in Carniegie Hall. Assisted by a chorus from the Oratorio Society and the New York University Glee Club, Serge Koussewitsky with a Handel concerto grosso substituted Thursday evening:

Prokofiew ..... Classical Symphony
Debussy ....."Nuage" and "Fetes"
Honegger ..... Rugby"
Bloch ..... "America"

Saturday afternoon:

Beethoven.....Overture, Leonora No. 3
Satie-Debussy ..... Gymnopedies
Honegger ..... Rugby"
Bloch ..... "America"

The Thursday evening program will be given at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Friday evening, with a Handel concerto grosso substituted for the Prokofiew symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

JAN 27 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
SEASON 1928-29

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

MEET THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, which will be heard here in concert Sunday afternoon, February 3, at the Capitol Theater. This famous organization is above pictured for the first time by individual portraits of each player in his proper position as he appears at the symphony concerts this season. It will be seen at a glance how Conductor Koussevitzky masses the violins at his left, the violas and celli at his right, the wood-wind players directly before him and the brass behind them at rear right of stage.

FILMED AS BOUND

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POST
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The symphony of the occasion will be the second of Brahms in D major. Of Brahms' four symphonies, this one perhaps is most characterized by a semilyricism. It has none of the somber moods found in many pages of the first and fourth. Brahms, the poet and romanticist, never found such noble expression as in this masterly score. Its themes are the inspiration of the great melodist, and in this respect this symphony alone places him beside Mozart and Schubert. The performance of this symphony at the hands of Koussevitzky is considered as one of the most eloquent achievements of the great orchestra under his regime.

The program will open with Beethoven's famous overture to "Leonore" No. 3. This score is particularly known by the trumpet calls played off stage, describing the deliverance of the imprisoned hero in Goethe's drama.

Erik Satie, the French composer, who died three years ago, wrote a succession of piano pieces, entitled "Gymnopedies." Two of these, as delicately orchestrated by Debussy, will be played on this program. "Gymnopedies" signifies ritual dances by naked youths in ancient Sparta. The boys danced about statues of the gods, performing slow, rhythmed movements.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
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NEWS
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MUSIC

Boston Orchestra brings a Brahms Symphony to Poli's tomorrow afternoon; Harold Bauer and Beatrice Harrison play at Mayflower

By RUTH HOWELL

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the able baton of Serge Koussevitzky, will give one of two concerts here this season tomorrow afternoon at 4:30 at Poli's theater. To many this orchestra is the finest that visits Washington, and its greatness is largely attributed to its conductor, who has done wonders with the players during the short time he has been leading them.

The program tomorrow includes one of the most beautiful symphonies ever written, Brahms second in D major, a rich, happy, lovely thing. The complete program is:

Leonore Overture	Beethoven
Gymnopedies	Erik Satie
Spanish Rhapsody	Ravel
Symphony in D major	Brahms

* * *

Bauer and Miss Harrison

HAROLD BAUER, one of the great pianists of the last two decades, and Beatrice Harrison, brilliant English cellist, and called the greatest woman cellist, will offer the next to the last of Mrs. Lawrence Townsend's musical mornings at the Mayflower, tomorrow at 11:15. Bauer needs no introduction, tho he has not been heard here in popular recital in some time. Miss Harrison is new to the city. She was heard on the radio Sunday night, and her playing then promised great things for tomorrow morning.

The program will include a Brahms Sonata for cello and piano, Bach's Partita in B flat, Schumann's Novellette, a Tartini ario for cello, and others.

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Capacity Crowd Expected To Hear Boston Symphony

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, is in Richmond accompanied by his 112 musicians and Mrs. Wilson-Greene, in order to appear tonight at the city auditorium at 8:30 o'clock before what promises to be a capacity audience. Patrons are urged to be on time, as nobody will be seated during the symphony, which comprises half the program.

Mr. Koussevitzky is regarded as one of the greatest orchestral conductors the world has known, and the concert here is an outstanding event in a gala season. A few seats can be had at Walter D. Moses & Company, and if any remain unsold they will be available at the auditorium after 7:30 o'clock.

RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH
JAN 29 1929

Boston Symphony Will Present Beethoven's "Eroica" Tonight

By George Harris

Tonight in the City Auditorium, Richmond is to have its one symphony concert of the season. Mrs. Wilson-Greene and T. Michaux Moody are doing us the great kindness of bringing the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky, for a concert of orchestral music. The program is one that contains the variety one would wish for in a single concert—a Beethoven Symphony, a piece by the extreme modernist, Honegger, and passages from two of Wagner's operas.

Beethoven's great Symphony No. 3, entitled "Eroica," opens the program. Although it is in four movements, Mr. Koussevitzky, in order to keep the proper unity of feeling throughout the work, does not wish to stop long enough between the movements to allow late comers to be seated. As this symphony lasts something like forty of forty-five minutes and as those that come late will therefore not get to their seats until the concert is nearly half over, it will be worth everybody's while to make the effort to be on time. These may seem like drastic measures, but for only too obvious reasons it is time that Richmond should follow the example of larger cities in adopting them. We only wish that a similar strictness had been employed during the performances of opera last week.

Inspired by Beethoven.

Beethoven's Third Symphony is the first of his symphonies that ranks with his greatest works. It was inspired by his stupendous admiration for Napoleon, and the work indeed has a marked feeling of heroism. But Beethoven's leanings were strongly toward Napoleon's republican ideals, and when he made himself emperor, which happened after the completion of the work, but before its publication or its first performance, Beethoven in fury tore up the title page, and substituted another, which read: "Heroic Symphony, to celebrate the memory of a great man."

The first of the four movements contains the strongest characterization of heroism in the whole work, a heroism that is, in turn, noble, tender, and strenuous. The second is a funeral march, in which spiritual uplift is contrasted with sorrow. Next comes a scherzo, excitedly joyful, relieved by a theme stated by a trio of trumpets, with its strongly military suggestion. The last movement is a theme with variations, the almost unchanging tonality that this form demands suggesting a strong integrity of character. It is a theme with variations, but strangely enough the real theme does not come until after there have been two or three variations. The bass part, over which the theme later soars, is stated first alone by plucked strings. It is only after this bass part has been improvised upon that the actual theme is allowed to pour itself fourth.

Honegger, the young Swiss composer, is one of the outstanding figures in the field of contemporaneous musical creation. He has, from what I hear, great powers of description, and has interpreted in music such things as the soul of a steam engine. His latest flight of imagination is along the line of school boys and football, with which "Rugby," which we are to hear tonight, deals. He is quite the greatest excitement of the present-day musical world, long articles about him appearing in the newspapers of big cities and even letters being written to the papers with strong feeling for and against. It will be interesting to see what impression this piece makes on us all tonight.

The passage out of "Siegfried" that we are to hear is connected with the old legend of the hero drinking the dragon's blood and gaining thereby miraculous powers. Siegfried has been born in the forest, his mother has died at his birth, and he has been reared by an ugly dwarf. Siegfried is the hero who knows no fear, and he has heard from the dwarf about a dragon, whom he is now in search of. The music we are to hear represents Siegfried resting in the forest, listening to a bird in the branches overhead.

The Language of the Bird.

After what we are to hear the dragon comes from his lair, Siegfried slays him, and in doing so tastes the dragon's blood on his hand. He immediately understands the language of the bird, who telis him of a beautiful maiden in an enchanted sleep on a rock surrounded by fire, and guides Siegfried thither, as he is the hero who is destined to spring through the fire and release the beautiful maiden from her enchantment. "Siegfried" is the third opera in Wagner's great cycle of four, "Der Ring des Nibelungen," but no more of the complicated story that runs through the four operas is necessary for the enjoyment of tonight's selection.

In "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," Wagner's one comedy, he philosophizes at length on the breaking down of old traditions in art. The kernel of the story is that Eva's hand is offered by her father to the man who sings the best. Walter, a stranger, comes before a committee of master singers for a preliminary trial, but is turned down because he does not conform to their traditions. But he is finally allowed to sing in the real contest, and sweeps them all before him with the inspired beauty of his song, thus winning the hand of the coveted Eva, who, of course, has been in love with him from the start. In the prelude we have music that portrays the pomposity of the tradition-ridden master singers, and also the music of Walter, free from tradition and inspired by sincere feeling. Walter's innovations do not seem very daring to us in this age, particularly tonight, after Honegger's "Rugby," but it is all very wonderful music, possibly Wagner's best.

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THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the able baton of Serge Koussevitzky, will give one of two concerts here this season tomorrow afternoon at 4:30 at Poli's theater. To many this orchestra is the finest that visits Washington, and its greatness is largely attributed to its conductor, who has done wonders with the players during the short time he has been leading them.

The program tomorrow includes one of the most beautiful symphonies ever written, Brahms second in D major, a rich, happy, lovely thing. The complete program is:

Leonore Overture	Beethoven
Gymnopedies	Erik Satie
Spanish Rhapsody	Ravel
Symphony in D major	Brahms

* * *

Bauer and Miss Harrison

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The program will include a Brahms Sonata for cello and piano, Bach's Partita in B flat, Schumann's Novellette, a Tartini ario for cello, and others.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
NEWS LEADER
JAN 29 1929

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Mr. Koussevitzky is regarded as one of the greatest orchestral conductors the world has known, and the concert here is an outstanding event in a gala season. A few seats can be had at Walter D. Moses & Company, and if any remain unsold they will be available at the auditorium after 7:30 o'clock.

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HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
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BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony orchestra will be heard in a concert next Sunday at the Capitol theater, under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky, the dynamic Russian conductor whose readings and interpretations of the classics and modern music have placed him at the pinnacle of the world's greatest orchestral conductors. There is a slight change in the brilliant program announced, on account of the numerous requests for a Wagner number, Mr. Koussevitzky has substituted the Tannhauser Overture instead of the Dance of Salome. The balance of the program is: Concerto Grosso in B minor for string orchestra by Handel; Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun by Debussy, and Cesar Frank's symphony in D minor, which is considered one of the really great modern symphonies.

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The orchestra is devoting this week to its annual appearances in Washington and Baltimore, playing also in Wilmington. The latter part of the week the orchestra gives its third series of concerts in greater New York. Hartford is fortunate in being one of the few New England cities visited by the orchestra. Seats for the concert may be secured at McCoy's, or mail orders addressed to Frank A. Sedgwick, No. 89 Asylum street, will be filled. Phone 2-2251.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
POST
JAN 27 1929

A CELEBRATED SYMPHONY BY BOSTON OUTFIT

Serge Koussevitzky announces the program for the coming visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Washington for its concert in Poli's Theater on Wednesday afternoon, January 30, at 4:30.

The symphony of the occasion will be the second of Brahms in D major. Of Brahms' four symphonies, this one perhaps is most characterized by a semilyricism. It has none of the somber moods found in many pages of the first and fourth. Brahms, the poet and romanticist, never found such noble expression as in this masterly score. Its themes are the inspiration of the great melodist, and in this respect this symphony alone places him beside Mozart and Schubert. The performance of this symphony at the hands of Koussevitzky is considered as one of the most eloquent achievements of the great orchestra under his regime.

The program will open with Beethoven's famous overture to "Leonore" No. 3. This score is particularly known by the trumpet calls played off stage, describing the deliverance of the imprisoned hero in Goethe's drama.

Erik Satie, the French composer, who died three years ago, wrote a succession of piano pieces, entitled "Gymnopedies." Two of these, as delicately orchestrated by Debussy, will be played on this program. "Gymnopedies" signifies ritual dances by naked youths in ancient Sparta. The boys danced about statues of the gods, performing slow, rhythmed movements.

The Spanish rhapsody of Maurice Ravel, foremost of living French composers, will also be played. The composers of France have long been intrigued by the characteristic dance rhythms and melodies of the land across the Pyrenees, and Ravel has most eloquently revealed this influence in his "Rapsodie Espagnole." The master colorist has scored in magnificent orchestral dress such characteristic dances of Spain as the "Habanera" and the "Malaguena." The suite ends with a festal movement entitled "The Fair."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
JAN 28 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY

When Mr. Koussevitzky stands before his orchestra, though not in the sense a large man, he is a figure of commanding presence. His beat, though highly unconventional—and therefore exceedingly expressive—is remarkably clear. There is no such thing as getting lost for the musician who follows it conscientiously. The range of devices which Mr. Koussevitzky uses in making known his wishes to his men, in goading them on to heights of excitement are practically without limit. Hands are high or low or far to either side. Facial muscles are frequently in play and mouth and lips play no small part in making known the desired expressive effects. And despite such a wide range of conductor's signals, despite the ability of whipping his men to white heat by them, Mr. Koussevitzky knows how to remain within certain limits of poise. To his audience he never appears the madman wildly gesticulating. Of course the work of building his effects is done entirely in rehearsal. No conductor could depend upon personal magnetism alone to secure what he needs from his men. But to produce in them the proper state of mind at the exact moment when the effect is needed, to recall to them with utmost vividness the effect as planned and rehearsed, conductors' gesturing is calculated.

The Boston Symphony orchestra of the present he has made into an instrument unexcelled in responsiveness to his utmost demands. As an interpreter Mr. Koussevitzky is a musician who loves beauty of the sinuous, expressive, melodic line, who knows how to mould it artfully and exquisitely, to draw from it its last secret of expressive effect. He is supreme as an orchestral lyricist. Further emotion with him runs high. Never is the dramatic content of a work lost or understated. Mr. Koussevitzky is a great dramatizing force with whatever he undertakes. But at the same time his work remains as beautifully proportioned, as skilfully balanced as it is dramatically stimulating.

The Hartford concert is being presented by Frank A. Sedgwick at the Capitol theater February 3. Tickets at McCoy's, No. 89 Asylum street.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
NEWS LEADER
JAN 28 1929

SYMPHONY HERE TUESDAY.

Every city and town in this section of Eastern Virginia will be represented in the audience that will be in the city auditorium tomorrow night to hear the Boston Symphony orchestra, comprised of [illegible] musicians and headed by its famous conductor, Serge Koussevitzky. The program has been carefully chosen to suit all tastes, and indications are that there will not be a vacant seat.

Tickets in certain classes may still be had at Walter D. Moses & Company, but the number is now exceedingly limited, making immediate selection essential.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
JAN 28 1929

Boston Symphony

Several numbers of unusual interest and brilliance should make an event of the first significance in the coming concert here by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in the Capitol Theater, on next Sunday afternoon, February 3.

Serge Koussevitzky will present as the principal number on the program Cesar Franck's "Symphony in D-minor," which has been called the greatest symphony of the last half century and certainly the greatest of the French school of music. Cesar Franck, the Belgian composer, filled his masterpiece with imposing sonorities and lyric beauty. The course of the symphony from its slow and mysterious introduction to its exalted close is a gradual ascent from darkness into the splendid altitudes which reflect the soaring spirit of the "organist of St. Clothilde." The middle movement and Allegretto has a beautiful song for the English horn solo and is the first instance of the use of this instrument in a symphony.

Franck's mighty score has taken its permanent place in the repertories of symphony orchestras the world over and he is universally accepted as probably the most glorious affirmation of faith in modern music.

Having received numerous requests for a Wagner number, Mr. Koussevitzky has substituted the Tannhauser Overture, Wagner, for the Strauss Dance of Salome.

The seat sale is at McCoy's.

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Seats for the concert may be secured at McCoy's; or mail [illegible] dressed to [illegible]

RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH
JAN 29 1929

Boston Symphony Will Present Beethoven's "Eroica" Tonight

By George Harris

Tonight in the City Auditorium, Richmond is to have its one symphony concert of the season. Mrs. Wilson-Greene and T. Michaux Moody are doing us the great kindness of bringing the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky, for a concert of orchestral music. The program is one that contains the variety one would wish for in a single concert—a Beethoven Symphony, a piece by the extreme modernist, Honegger, and passages from two of Wagner's operas.

Beethoven's great Symphony No. 3, entitled "Eroica," opens the program. Although it is in four movements, Mr. Koussevitzky, in order to keep the proper unity of feeling throughout the work, does not wish to stop long enough between the movements to allow late comers to be seated. As this symphony lasts something like forty of forty-five minutes and as those that come late will therefore not get to their seats until the concert is nearly half over, it will be worth everybody's while to make the effort to be on time. These may seem like drastic measures, but for only too obvious reasons it is time that Richmond should follow the example of larger cities in adopting them. We only wish that a similar strictness had been employed during the performances of opera last week.

Inspired by Beethoven.

Beethoven's Third Symphony is the first of his symphonies that ranks with his greatest works. It was inspired by his stupendous admiration for Napoleon, and the work indeed has a marked feeling of heroism. But Beethoven's leanings were strongly toward Napoleon's republican ideals, and when he made himself emperor, which happened after the completion of the work, but before its publication or its first performance, Beethoven in fury tore up the title page, and substituted another, which read: "Heroic Symphony, to celebrate the memory of a great man."

The first of the four movements contains the strongest characterization of heroism in the whole work, a heroism that is, in turn, noble, tender, and strenuous. The second is a funeral march, in which spiritual uplift is contrasted with sorrow. Next comes a scherzo, excitedly joyful, relieved by a theme stated by a trio of trumpets, with its strongly military suggestion. The last movement is a theme with variations, the almost unchanging tonality that this form demands suggesting a strong integrity of character. It is a theme with variations, but strangely enough the real theme does not come until after there have been two or three variations. The bass part, over which the theme later soars, is stated first alone by plucked strings. It is only after this bass part has been improvised upon that the actual theme is allowed to pour itself fourth.

Honegger, the young Swiss composer, is one of the outstanding figures in the field of contemporaneous musical creation. He has, from what I hear, great powers of description, and has interpreted in music such things as the soul of a steam engine. His latest flight of imagination is along the line of school boys and football, with which "Rugby," which we are to hear tonight, deals. He is quite the greatest excitement of the present-day musical world, long articles about him appearing in the newspapers of big cities and even letters being written to the papers with strong feeling for and against. It will be interesting to see what impression this piece makes on us all tonight.

The passage out of "Siegfried" that we are to hear is connected with the old legend of the hero drinking the dragon's blood and gaining thereby miraculous powers. Siegfried has been born in the forest, his mother has died at his birth, and he has been reared by an ugly dwarf. Siegfried is the hero who knows no fear, and he has heard from the dwarf about a dragon, whom he is now in search of. The music we are to hear represents Siegfried resting in the forest, listening to a bird in the branches overhead.

The Language of the Bird.

After what we are to hear the dragon comes from his lair, Siegfried slays him, and in doing so tastes the dragon's blood on his hand. He immediately understands the language of the bird, who tells him of a beautiful maiden in an enchanted sleep on a rock surrounded by fire, and guides Siegfried thither, as he is the hero who is destined to spring through the fire and release the beautiful maiden from her enchantment. "Siegfried" is the third opera in Wagner's great cycle of four, "Der Ring des Nibelungen," but no more of the complicated story that runs through the four operas is necessary for the enjoyment of tonight's selection.

In "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," Wagner's one comedy, he philosophizes at length on the breaking down of old traditions in art. The kernel of the story is that Eva's hand is offered by her father to the man who sings the best. Walter, a stranger, comes before a committee of master singers for a preliminary trial, but is turned down because he does not conform to their traditions. But he is finally allowed to sing in the real contest, and sweeps them all before him with the inspired beauty of his song, thus winning the hand of the coveted Eva, who, of course, has been in love with him from the start. In the prelude we have music that portrays the pomposity of the tradition-ridden master singers, and also the music of Walter, free from tradition and inspired by sincere feeling. Walter's innovations do not seem very daring to us in this age, particularly tonight, after Honegger's "Rugby," but it is all very wonderful music, possibly Wagner's best.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
EVE. SUN
JAN 29 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY IS HEARD AT LYRIC

Honegger's "Rugby" Presented As Novelty—Prokofieff Piece In Same Class

If we cannot have Arthur Honegger, distinguished member of the former Paris "Bix Six" and author of "Pacifique 231" of disturbing memory, with us in the flesh, we are at least able to hear one of the latest products of this modernist, his so-called Symphonic Movement "Rugby," thanks to the enterprise and catholic taste of Serge Koussevitzky, the stimulating conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which presented the latest of the Honegger creations to agitate the musical world at the Lyric last night.

A Paris reviewer informs us that "Rugby" belongs in the same category with "Pacifique 231," but that, in his opinion, it is superior to the earlier work, for, while "Pacifique" contained a quality of descriptive realism, especially in the locomotive scene theme, with its whistlings and puffings, which rather shocked him, in "Rugby" all materialistic descriptions have been omitted. Pursuing the argument, the reviewer says: "The different phases of the game, the tacklings, the escape of the player with the ball, the pursuits—all these incidents can be expressed by figures of geometric precision, which mysteriously find their equivalent in the play of the counterpoint."

Tonal Juggling

Even if this be admitted, the question which presents itself is what all the tonal juggling has to do with real music. There are certain manipulations in arithmetic which may be termed ingenious and belong in the class of tricks, but they still bear no real relationship to the science of figures, which has a serious and logical purpose.

"Rugby" unquestionably has numerous exceedingly clever orchestral devices and makes skillful use of them, but the resultant product is hardly of a kind that awakens sensations such as those commonly associated with music. There are climaxes, great crashes, pulsating and stirring as well as exceedingly novel tonal effects, but to the ordinary mind music is something sustained, orderly and susceptible of development. It is interesting to note that Mr. Honegger ends his picture in a decidedly orthodox manner with some appealing harmonies.

The "movement," of course, was brilliantly played, Mr. Koussevitzky having a flair for spectacular effects. His organization follows his directions and expresses his intentions with remarkable responsiveness.

Prokofieff's "Classical"

The Bostonians provided another novelty in the Prokofieff "Classical" Symphony, wherein this Russian composer gives his ideas upon how Mozart might have written his works if he were living at the present time. Such speculations are more interesting than valuable. Mozart was a product of his time and the nature of his work was determined by the conditions that surrounded him. His compositions have an essentially aristocratic mold and superlative beauty of form largely, perhaps, because the period in which he lived stressed these qualities so far as the dominating classes were concerned. Had his environment been otherwise he might have developed a far different strain.

Mozart *a la* Prokofieff is a person in whom the sense of beauty is displaced by ingeniousness. He employs engaging rhythms and there is lightness, but this lightness is of a rather edgy sort, with the curves eliminated. This edginess is not pressed to the point of acridity, but its sharpness is constantly felt nonetheless. The interpretation given by the orchestra was masterly and the piece as a whole proved engrossing because of its novelty, even if it did not stir the emotions.

F. W. S.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION
JAN 29 1929

Music

By FELIX DEYO

TWO NOVELTIES ON BOSTON ORCHESTRA PROGRAMME

TWO NEW SCORES which have made a notable impression this season, namely, Ernest Bloch's Epic Rhapsody "America" and Arthur Honegger's "Rugby," will have their first Brooklyn performances next Friday evening (Academy of Music), at the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's series. They will be conducted by Serge Koussevitzky. The programme's other numbers are Handel's Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, in B minor, No. 12, and Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fetes."

Bloch's "America" is the composition awarded the $3,000 prize in "Musical America's" recent symphony contest. Judges were Walter Damrosch, Serge Koussevitzky, Leopold Stokowski, Frederick Stock and Alfred Hertz. Dedicated to Whitman and Abraham Lincoln, the rhapsody is divided into three parts, the first depicting the land of the Indians and the early Puritan settlers. The second movement entitled "Hours of Joy—Hours of Sorrow," takes the Civil War for its subject, giving a romantic picture of the old South, in which old Southern melodies are introduced. The serenity is broken by the coming of war. The third movement, entitled "The Present—The Future," sets forth to-day's Jazz age, and thence builds up hopes of an ideal future. The climax of the composition is a Hymn to America, in which the composer affirms his faith in the greatness and idealism of this, his adopted country. This final chorus will be sung by members of the Oratorio Society of New York and the New York University Glee Club.

Arthur Honegger, foremost of the younger French school composers, is now visiting America for the first time. Composer of the famous locomotive piece "Pacific, 231," Honegger in "Rugby" describes the more human rhythms and impacts of a football game.

The origin of "Rugby" was described last October by Henry Prunieres, eminent French critic, in a despatch from Paris to the New York "Times":

"Arthur Honegger is a sport 'fan.' In his adolescent years he participated in football games and bicycle races with the utmost enthusiasm. To-day he contents himself with attending the games of others, and he never misses an important match. He once said to a sports writer that when looking at a football or Rugby championship game he feels the musical equivalent of the sporting emotions, and that he can distinctly visualize an orchestral piece which would express them. The journalist promptly announced that Honegger was at work on a symphonic piece called 'Rugby.'

"Honegger was greatly amused by the news item, because previous to his conversation with the sports writer the idea of writing such a composition never entered his mind. Nevertheless he began to consider such a possibility and when the new Symphonic Orchestra of Paris asked him to present this much discussed 'Rugby' at its inauguration concert he decided to write it. The composition was revealed to us on Oct. 19, conducted by Ansermet.

"The composition is constructed somewhat in the manner of a symphonic scherzo. Abrupt, broken, syncopated rhythms marvelously express the feeling of frustrated effort we experience on seeing a Rugby game."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph
JAN 30 1929

THE outlook from Thursday to Sunday musically is very felicitous.

The Boston Symphony, under the direction of Serge Koussevitsky, will play here tomorrow night and Saturday and in Brooklyn on Friday. Tomorrow he will repeat from his last appearance the classical symphony of Prokofieff. He will again present to us Debussy's "Nuages." He will then show us how Honegger's "Rugby" will sound in his hands. (We heard the work ten days ago under the direction of the composer.) Further, Mr. Koussevitsky will demonstrate how the epic rhapsody of Bloch, "America," ought to sound in his opinion. (We heard the work at its premiere done by Mr. Damrosch.)

Evidently it is Mr. Koussevitsky's intention not to depend on the audience, but it is announced that he will be assisted by a chorus from the Oratorio Society and the New York University Glee Club. On Saturday Mr. Koussevitsky repeats "Rugby" and "America" and in addition brings the Beethoven "Leonora Overture No. 3" and that pixie-like work of Satie-Debussy, "Gymnopedies." On Friday in Brooklyn the Symphony will play "Rugby," "America," "Nuages" and the Handel B Minor concerto Grosso for strings.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
NEWS
JAN 30 1929

KOUSSEVITZY IN MUSICAL YAWNS

That suave Koussevitzky ambled onto the Lyric stage Monday, cocked his head on one side, yawned three smiles—or smiled three yawns—raised his baton on high and launched his Boston Symphony forth into one of the most elegant performances of orchestral music we have heard this season.

He played a "Classical Symphony" of the enfant terrible, Prokofieff, with a high sense of its brilliant simplicity, and ambled away.

He played the Debussy Nocturnes "Nuages" and "Fetes"; the first with infinite sensitiveness; the second with all the circumstance of a clearly dreamed battle of ancient pageantry, and went for a little gossip among the 'celli.

He played a football hysteria of the obnoxious Honegger, and had his little joke.

An then he came and played the Brahms Second Symphony—oh, as it should be played—with all the naive earnestness of its maker, all the love of life and candid delight in building musical castles that stay where they are put because they are not built in sand.

The music of Prokofieff was that of a boy delighted with his own good behavior, and it has a personable sparkle beyond Mozart, beyond the exquisite handling it got by the Bostonians.

The Debussy Nocturnes are works of beguiling beauty, and probably the finest things the Frenchman ever wrote for orchestra, barring the score of "Peleas."

The Honegger football might, as someone said, be aptly named "O-O," and if this buffoon allows himself the luxury of calling his work "Rugby," why should we allow ourselves the luxury of calling it "bolognie"?

The Brahms, for all its great length and great earnestness, is a beautiful work, deeply musical and deeply sincere.

The playing of the Boston Orchestra has certainly not been surpassed in precision, in artistry, in broad vitality or exquisite subtlety here this season. To it and to its conductor we are infinitely grateful for a distinguished concert.

A. S. K.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
STAR
JAN 3 - 1929

THE President and Mrs. Coolidge were entertained at dinner last evening by the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Roy O. West, in the presidential suite of the Willard Hotel. This is the eighth of the series of dinners given in honor of the Chief Executive and First Lady of the Land by the members of the President's official family.

Mrs. LeGrand Cannon of Indianapolis, daughter of the Secretary, who joined him yesterday, acted as hostess. This is her first visit to the Capital.

Invited to meet them were the Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. William F. Whiting, Senator and Mrs. Charles S. Deneen, Senator and Mrs. Otis F. Glenn, Senator Simeon D. Fess, Representative and Mrs. Fred A. Britten, Representative and Mrs. Louis W. Douglas, Representative and Mrs. Morton D. Hull, Mr. and Mrs. Owen A. West of Chicago, son and daughter-in-law of the host; Bishop and Mrs. Edwin Holt Hughes and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meeker, all of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. John H. Harrison of Danville, Ill.; the president of De Pauw University, at Greencastle, Ind., and Mrs. G. Bromley Oxnam, Mr. and Mrs. William V. Hodges of Denver, Colo.; Bishop and Mrs. William F. McDowell, Col. and Mrs. Edward Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Clark, Mrs. Virginia White Speel, Miss Bina Day Deenen and Dr. George Otis Smith of Washington. Palms and ferns were in abundance in the suite, and the table had eight low bowls filled with tulips, jonquils, sweet peas, buddlea and pink roses.

Mrs. Coolidge will attend the concert this afternoon of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and she was among those at the concert yesterday afternoon of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Earlier in the day yesterday, Mrs. Coolidge atended the luncheon of the "Senate Ladies' Lunch Club."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
JAN 30 1929

Boston Symphony

Before coming to Hartford next Sunday for its concert at the Capitol Theater, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play three concerts in New York and will repeat performances of two notable "new" scores of the season, according to last Sunday's New York Times. These are Bloch's epic rhaphsody, "America" and Arthur Honegger's football piece "Rugby." Mr. Koussevitsky was one of the judges with Mr. Damrosch and others who awarded "America" its prize, and this conductor introduced the score in Boston on December 21.

Every music lover should hear a Boston Symphony concert. This celebrated orchestra is considered this season at the peak of its entire career, having been drilled for the past four seasons under the remarkable genius, Koussevitsky. Hailed everywhere they have appeared for his remarkable interpretations of the classics, and his readings of the modern compositions. The concert will start at 3 o'clock, and patrons are especially requested to come early, to be seated before the first number begins. A most interesting and brilliant program has been announced, which follows. Concerto Grosso for string orchestra by Handel, Prelude to an afternoon of a Faun, Debussy, Wagner's Tannhauser overture, and Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor. Tickets for the concert may be secured at McCoy's, and mail orders addressed to Frank A. Sedgwick, 89 Asylum Street, will be filled.

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HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
JAN 30 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Before coming to Hartford next Sunday for its concert at the Capitol theater, the Boston Symphony orchestra plays three concerts, being the third visit to New York this season, and will repeat performances of two notable "new" scores of the season, according to last Sunday's New York Times. These are Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America" and Arthur Honegger's football piece, "Rugby." Mr. Koussevitzky was one of the judges with Mr. Damrosch and others who awarded "America" its prize and this conductor introduced the score in Boston on December 21. At his New York performances the final hymn will be sung by members of the Oratorio society of New York and the New York University Glee club. Arthur Honegger conducted the first American performances of his "Rugby" in Cambridge and Boston with the Boston Symphony orchestra, on January 10, 11 and 12, and has likewise introduced it in New York. The concert will start at 3 o'clock, and patrons are especially requested to come early, to be seated before the first number begins. A most interesting and brilliant program has been announced, which follows: Concerto Grosso for string orchestra by Handel, Prelude to an Afternoon of a Faun, Debussy; Wagner's Tannhauser overture, and Cesar Franck's symphony in D minor. Tickets for the concert may be secured at McCoy's and mail orders addressed to Frank A. Sedgwick, No. 89 Asylum street, will be filled.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
JAN 31 1929

Boston Symphony

The Boston Symphony plays superbly this season, in fact, never have they played so exquisitely, and we doubt if any orchestra can measure up to the Boston Symphony, with Koussevitzky wielding the baton. Such fine shading of the musical phrases, perfect repose in the pianissimo passages, a warmth of color from the strings, and a breadth of sweeping tone through the crescendos.

There is something about a symphony concert that is totally different from any other musical performance, and no doubt a symphony program produces the finest form in music. Richard L. Stokes, eminent New York reviewer thus describes a Boston Symphony concert. "For the first time this season, the Boston Symphony Orchestra returned yesterday evening to Carnegie Hall, and was welcomed by a throng of rejoicing admirers which packed the auditorium. Mr. Koussevitzky, who had previously revisited the glimpses of this clime in the role of a solo contrabassist, was saluted with prolonged acclamations when he appeared on the platform. After the first few measures it was obvious that the Boston organization is still the premier orchestra of last season—robust and polished, munificent and refined."

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
TIMES
JAN 31 1929

KOUSSEVITZKY BRILLIANT AS CONDUCTOR

Guided by the inspiring and finest of conductors, Serge Koussevitzky, 110 musicians, comprising the internationally famous Boston Symphony Orchestra, were presented at Poli's Theater yesterday afternoon, under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene.

The stimulating Russian conductor, commanding every wealth of tone and expression from this truly great organization of artists, excelled past triumphs in the extraordinary rendition of the symphonic extravaganza "Rugby" by the distinguished French modernist, Arthur Honneger.

The piece as described by a reviewer depicts all the phases of a football game, the tackling, the escape of a player with the ball, the pursuit. Struggling, fighting, cheering are vividly sketched in an unusual treatment of syncopated rythms, colored with abrupt stops and polyphonies, defiant of all conservative codes of score, yet completely musical and rhythmic.

Metallic gestures surging into a cascade of eloquence summoned every spirit of expression from the assemblage of players as they blended climaxes, great crashes and unusual tonal effects into a sensation of harmony.

The Beethoven overture to "Leonore," discovered itself most effectively interpreted in the conception of Koussevitzky, while the festive "Gymopedies" of Erik Satie, as orchestrated by Debussy, was exhibited in all the abandonment of youth and merriment of an age-old celebration.

Truly a master of Brahms, Koussevitzky led the Bostonians through the four part "Symphony No. 2 in D Major," with profoundest reverence for the depths of peace and serenity, joy and meditation that are concealed in the difficult score.

The Adagio in B, develops scherzo themes of terpsichorean nature. The Presto in 2-4 ignites into a more brilliant composition of runs and sparkling trills, while the finale in D, 4-4, reverts to a subtle lyric of serenity, ornamented with a delicate fringe of rippling motives and a capricious mood.

The concert revealed all the wonders of a master musician leading a marvelous band of music masters.

MADELINE ENSIGN

WASHINGTON, D. C.
HERALD
JAN 31 1929

KOUSSEVITZKY'S FINE ORCHESTRA TRIUMPHS AGAIN

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is always sure of a warm welcome from a capacity house when they come to Washington, and these conditions prevailed yesterday afternoon when they played at Poli's under the efficient and inspiring baton of their leader, Serge Koussevitzky, as one of Mrs. Wilson-Greene's attractions. The program began with Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, which has not been heard here lately. It was sympathetically read and beautifully expressed, as one lovely melody followed another.

A new number to Washington was Satie's "Gymnopedies," orchestrated by Debussy, and celebrating the "festival of naked youths" in Sparta. Debussy is not at his best in this orchestration; it is thin, and rather inadequate. The orchestra did their best with it, but the subject was at fault. In contrast was Honegger's "Rugby," also heard here for the first time. It is far more melodic than his "Pacific 231," and because of the human element ("Pacific 231" was mechanism), much more appealing. Honegger is fundamentally melodic but represses it in order to be original. The audience was delighted with "Rugby," and recalled Mr. Koussevitzky several times. It could not have been better played.

The beautiful Brahms Symphony No. 2 in D-major, came last, gloriously read. The first allegro, which presents the controlling theme, taking it from one set of instruments to another, and from key to key; the lovely adagio, so expressive and fine; the short allegretto, graceful and alluring, a favorite movement always; and the last stirring allegro, it was all a musical feast and Mr. Koussevitzky had many recalls, which he graciously shared with his men.—Florence Hyde.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
EVE. SUN
JAN 29 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY IS HEARD AT LYRIC

Honegger's "Rugby" Presented As Novelty—Prokofieff Piece In Same Class

If we cannot have Arthur Honegger, distinguished member of the former Paris "Bix Six" and author of "Pacifique 231" of disturbing memory, with us in the flesh, we are at least able to hear one of the latest products of this modernist, his so-called Symphonic Movement "Rugby," thanks to the enterprise and catholic taste of Serge Koussevitzky, the stimulating conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which presented the latest of the Honegger creations to agitate the musical world at the Lyric last night.

A Paris reviewer informs us that "Rugby" belongs in the same category with "Pacifique 231," but that, in his opinion, it is superior to the earlier work, for, while "Pacifique" contained a quality of descriptive realism, especially in the locomotive scene theme, with its whistlings and puffings, which rather shocked him, in "Rugby" all materialistic descriptions have been omitted. Pursuing the argument, the reviewer says: "The different phases of the game, the tacklings, the escape of the player with the ball, the pursuits—all these incidents can be expressed by figures of geometric precision, which mysteriously find their equivalent in the play of the counterpoint."

Tonal Juggling

Even if this be admitted, the question which presents itself is what all the tonal juggling has to do with real music. There are certain manipulations in arithmetic which may be termed ingenious and belong in the class of tricks, but they still bear no real relationship to the science of figures, which has a serious and logical purpose.

"Rugby" unquestionably has numerous exceedingly clever orchestral devices and makes skillful use of them, but the resultant product is hardly of a kind that awakens sensations such as those commonly associated with music. There are climaxes, great crashes, pulsating and stirring as well as exceedingly novel tonal effects, but to the ordinary mind music is something sustained, orderly and susceptible of development. It is interesting to note that Mr. Honegger ends his picture in a decidedly orthodox manner with some appealing harmonies.

The "movement," of course, was brilliantly played, Mr. Koussevitzky having a flair for spectacular effects. His organization follows his directions and expresses his intentions with remarkable responsiveness.

Prokofieff's "Classical"

The Bostonians provided another novelty in the Prokofieff "Classical" Symphony, wherein this Russian composer gives his ideas upon how Mozart might have written his works if he were living at the present time. Such speculations are more interesting than valuable. Mozart was a product of his time and the nature of his work was determined by the conditions that surrounded him. His compositions have an essentially aristocratic mold and superlative beauty of form largely, perhaps, because the period in which he lived stressed these qualities so far as the dominating classes were concerned. Had his environment been otherwise he might have developed a far different strain.

Mozart *a la* Prokofieff is a person in whom the sense of beauty is displaced by ingeniousness. He employs engaging rhythms and there is lightness, but this lightness is of a rather edgy sort, with the curves eliminated. This edginess is not pressed to the point of acridity, but its sharpness is constantly felt nonetheless. The interpretation given by the orchestra was masterly and the piece as a whole proved engrossing because of its novelty, even if it did not stir the emotions.

F. W. S.

THI CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION
JAN 29 1929

Music

By FELIX DEYO

TWO NOVELTIES ON BOSTON ORCHESTRA PROGRAMME

TWO NEW SCORES which have made a notable impression this season, namely, Ernest Bloch's Epic Rhapsody "America" and Arthur Honegger's "Rugby," will have their first Brooklyn performances next Friday evening (Academy of Music), at the third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's series. They will be conducted by Serge Koussevitzky. The programme's other numbers are Handel's Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, in B minor, No. 12, and Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fetes."

Bloch's "America" is the composition awarded the $3,000 prize in "Musical America's" recent symphony contest. Judges were Walter Damrosch, Serge Koussevitzky, Leopold Stokowski, Frederick Stock and Alfred Hertz. Dedicated to Whitman and Abraham Lincoln, the rhapsody is divided into three parts, the first depicting the land of the Indians and the early Puritan settlers. The second movement entitled "Hours of Joy—Hours of Sorrow," takes the Civil War for its subject, giving a romantic picture of the old South, in which old Southern melodies are introduced. The serenity is broken by the coming of war. The third movement, entitled "The Present—The Future," sets forth to-day's Jazz age, and thence builds up hopes of an ideal future. The climax of the composition is a Hymn to America, in which the composer affirms his faith in the greatness and idealism of this, his adopted country. This final chorus will be sung by members of the Oratorio Society of New York and the New York University Glee Club.

Arthur Honegger, foremost of the younger French school composers, is now visiting America for the first time. Composer of the famous locomotive piece "Pacific, 231," Honegger in "Rugby" describes the more human rhythms and impacts of a football game.

The origin of "Rugby" was described last October by Henry Prunieres, eminent French critic, in a despatch from Paris to the New York "Times":

"Arthur Honegger is a sport 'fan.' In his adolescent years he participated in football games and bicycle races with the utmost enthusiasm. To-day he contents himself with attending the games of others, and he never misses an important match. He once said to a sports writer that when looking at a football or Rugby championship game he feels the musical equivalent of the sporting emotions, and that he can distinctly visualize an orchestral piece which would express them. The journalist promptly announced that Honegger was at work on a symphonic piece called 'Rugby.'

"Honegger was greatly amused by the news item, because previous to his conversation with the sports writer the idea of writing such a composition never entered his mind. Nevertheless he began to consider such a possibility and when the new Symphonic Orchestra of Paris asked him to present this much discussed 'Rugby' at its inauguration concert he decided to write it. The composition was revealed to us on Oct. 19, conducted by Ansermet.

"The composition is constructed somewhat in the manner of a symphonic scherzo. Abrupt, broken, syncopated rhythms marvelously express the feeling of frustrated effort we experience on seeing a Rugby game."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph
JAN 30 1929

THE outlook from Thursday to Sunday musically is very felicitous.

The Boston Symphony, under the direction of Serge Koussevitsky, will play here tomorrow night and Saturday and in Brooklyn on Friday. Tomorrow he will repeat from his last appearance the classical symphony of Prokofieff. He will again present to us Debussy's "Nuages." He will then show us how Honegger's "Rugby" will sound in his hands. (We heard the work ten days ago under the direction of the composer.) Further, Mr. Koussevitsky will demonstrate how the epic rhapsody of Bloch, "America," ought to sound in his opinion. (We heard the work at its premiere done by Mr. Damrosch.)

Evidently it is Mr. Koussevitsky's intention not to depend on the audience, but it is announced that he will be assisted by a chorus from the Oratorio Society and the New York University Glee Club. On Saturday Mr. Koussevitsky repeats "Rugby" and "America" and in addition brings the Beethoven "Leonora Overture No. 3" and that pixie-like work of Satie-Debussy, "Gymnopedies." On Friday in Brooklyn the Symphony will play "Rugby," "America," "Nuages" and the Handel B Minor concerto Grosso for strings.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
NEWS
JAN 30 1929

KOUSSEVITZY IN MUSICAL YAWNS

That suave Koussevitzky ambled onto the Lyric stage Monday, cocked his head on one side, yawned three smiles—or smiled three yawns—raised his baton on high and launched his Boston Symphony forth into one of the most elegant performances of orchestral music we have heard this season.

He played a "Classical Symphony" of the enfant terrible, Prokofieff, with a high sense of its brilliant simplicity, and ambled away.

He played the Debussy Nocturnes "Nuages" and "Fetes"; the first with infinite sensitiveness; the second with all the circumstance of a clearly dreamed battle of ancient pageantry, and went for a little gossip among the 'celli.

He played a football hysteria of the obnoxious Honegger, and had his little joke.

An then he came and played the Brahms Second Symphony—oh, as it should be played—with all the naive earnestness of its maker, all the love of life and candid delight in building musical castles that stay where they are put because they are not built in sand.

The music of Prokofieff was that of a boy delighted with his own good behavior, and it has a personable sparkle beyond Mozart, beyond the exquisite handling it got by the Bostonians.

The Debussy Nocturnes are works of beguiling beauty, and probably the finest things the Frenchman ever wrote for orchestra, barring the score of "Peleas."

The Honegger football might, as someone said, be aptly named "O-O," and if this buffoon allows himself the luxury of calling his work "Rugby," why should we allow ourselves the luxury of calling it "bolognie"?

The Brahms, for all its great length and great earnestness, is a beautiful work, deeply musical and deeply sincere.

The playing of the Boston Orchestra has certainly not been surpassed in precision, in artistry, in broad vitality or exquisite subtlety here this season. To it and to its conductor we are infinitely grateful for a distinguished concert.

A. S. K.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
STAR
JAN

THE President and Mrs. Coolidge were entertained at dinner last evening by the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Roy O. West, in the presidential suite of the Willard Hotel. This is the eighth of the series of dinners given in honor of the Chief Executive and First Lady of the Land by the members of the President's official family.

Mrs. LeGrand Cannon of Indianapolis, daughter of the Secretary, who joined him yesterday, acted as hostess. This is her first visit to the Capital.

Invited to meet them were the Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. William F. Whiting, Senator and Mrs. Charles S. Deneen, Senator and Mrs. Otis F. Glenn, Senator Simeon D. Fess, Representative and Mrs. Fred A. Britten, Representative and Mrs. Louis W. Douglas, Representative and Mrs. Morton D. Hull, Mr. and Mrs. Owen A. West of Chicago, son and daughter-in-law of the host; Bishop and Mrs. Edwin Holt Hughes and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meeker, all of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. John H. Harrison of Danville, Ill.; the president of De Pauw University, at Greencastle, Ind., and Mrs. G. Bromley Oxnam, Mr. and Mrs. William V. Hodges of Denver, Colo.; Bishop and Mrs. William F. McDowell, Col. and Mrs. Edward Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Clark, Mrs. Virginia White Speel, Miss Bina Day Deenen and Dr. George Otis Smith of Washington. Palms and ferns were in abundance in the suite, and the table had eight low bowls filled with tulips, jonquils, sweet peas, buddlea and pink roses.

Mrs. Coolidge will attend the concert this afternoon of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and she was among those at the concert yesterday afternoon of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Earlier in the day yesterday, Mrs. Coolidge atended the luncheon of the "Senate Ladies' Lunch Club."

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HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
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Every music lover should hear a Boston Symphony concert. This celebrated orchestra is considered this season at the peak of its entire career, having been drilled for the past four seasons under the remarkable genius, Koussevitsky. Hailed everywhere they have appeared for his remarkable interpretations of the classics, and his readings of the modern compositions. The concert will start at 3 o'clock, and patrons are especially requested to come early, to be seated before the first number begins. A most interesting and brilliant program has been announced, which follows. Concerto Grosso for string orchestra by Handel, Prelude to an afternoon of a Faun, Debussy, Wagner's Tannhauser overture, and Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor. Tickets for the concert may be secured at McCoy's, and mail orders addressed to Frank A. Sedgwick, 89 Asylum Street, will be filled.

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TIMES
29

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MADELINE ENSIGN

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HERALD
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THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
STAR
JAN 3 1 1929

MUSIC

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The two oldest American orchestras played in Washington Tuesday and yesterday—the New York Philharmonic gave a program in which the moderns predominated Tuesday, and Mr. Koussevitzky led the Bostonians in his usual discriminatingly restrained fashion in a program neatly divided between the classics and the moderns yesterday at Poli's. Washington music lovers showed their decidedly keen interest in orchestral music by practically filling the capacity of the theaters on both occasions.

Mr. Koussevitzky discreetly opened his program with the sweetly beautiful and reassuringly classical "Overture No. 3, to Leonore," by Ludwig van Beethoven. Immediately the subtle legato style of this orchestra's playing was noticeable. The applause which followed showed an unmistakable warmth of appreciation.

With similar canny discretion Mr. Koussevitzky chose to finish his program with a Brahms symphony. He took neither the oft-heard yet lovely "First Symphony" nor the supremely beautiful "Fourth," both of which he has conducted here previously. Instead he presented the "Second," written in the key of D major. To this reviewer the second symphony did not seem as stirring and apt to carry the listener to the heights that the aforementioned first and fourth have achieved. It is beautiful music and was obviously well played yesterday. Certainly Mr. Koussevitzky and his musicians rose nobly to the brilliance of the finale. The audience showed marked approval, lingering, with prolonged applause, at its conclusion.

Tucked snugly between the sonorities of the two great "B's" of music were some very "different" modern works. Erik Satie, the whimsical dreamer, was represented by two so-called "Gymnopedies," orchestrated by Debussy, and Artur Honegger's new work, "Rugby," also was given its Washington premiere. As the Philharmonic featured fowls of the air in more than one work Tuesday, so the Boston featured athletics, both ancient and modern, in these works yesterday. Mr. Satie's "Gymopedies" were astounding in their softly restrained style and minor color. They seemed vague stuff for use in an athletic festival given by stalwart Spartan youths. Although the program notes suggest that "they (the youths) imitated the wild gesturing in the worship of Dionysius; during the festival there was great rejoicing, great merriment," there seemed nothing in either of these movements written "lent et grave" and "lent et douloureaux" to convey any such impression. Rather, they might have been the athletic ideas of a canary bird, which always had had limited exercise in a gilded cage.

The "Rugby" of M. Honegger, who is on a visit to this country at present, was very different. It certainly is virile and filled with action, even though it doesn't attempt a literal tonal description of a foot ball game. As a musical composition, it seems to be constructed with the blithest disregard of conventions, and much of the time the first violins seem to play the part of the grandstand. The auditors may or may not care for "Rugby," but whatever one's personal reaction, none can but be thoroughly aware that M. Honegger breaks or modifies his musical constructions with subtle cleverness, shrewd knowledge and firm intent. It is a work which ought to prove even more interesting after a second or third hearing.

H. F.

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HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
JAN 3 1 1929

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The Boston Symphony orchestra plays superbly this season, in fact, never have they played so exquisitely, and we doubt if any orchestra can measure up to the Boston Symphony, with Koussevitzky wielding the baton. Such fine shading of the musical phrases, perfect repose in the pianissimo passages, withal a warmth of color from the strings, with that wonderful mellow tone and a breadth of sweeping tone through the crescendos up to the climaxes, and all under such perfect control, obtained through diligent rehearsals, practically every day from 10 to nearly 1 o'clock, except on concert days, by the exacting Mr. Koussevitzky, who senses every fine point of the score, and imparts to the musicians, the composers' ideas of the composition under consideration.

Tickets for the Hartford concert next Sunday may be secured at McCoy's, and mail orders will be filled, addressed to Frank A. Sedgwick, No. 69 Asylum street. Concert begins at 3 o'clock sharp, and patrons are especially requested to be seated before the opening number. Good seats available.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
POST
JAN 3 1 1929

Boston Orchestra Delights In Well-Rounded Program

Beethoven's Leonore Overture Numbers by Erik Satie and Arthur Honegger and Brahm's Symphony Effectively Played, Directed by Serge Koussevitzky.

In a season already renowned [illegible] fine orchestral programs the appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conducting, Poli's Theater yesterday afternoon may be counted as one of the real concerts of the year.

From Beethoven's charming [illegible] ture to Leonore to the majestic [illegible] ments of the Brahms' Symphony [illegible] in D Major, the program was of [illegible] usual beauty and musical attra[illegible]

Under M. Koussevitzky the B[illegible] Symphony has gained in coordin[illegible] and power. His dynamic baton [illegible] fails in winning the required [illegible] and the fine restraint, yet virile spirit, he injects into the readi[illegible] the scores have no small part in orchestral balance and performance.

That the Boston Orchestra has large following in Washington [illegible] shown by one of the largest audiences of the concert season to hear it.

The Beethoven Overture was a [illegible]

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday afternoon conducted the first of the Tuesday afternoon series of symphony concerts in Symphony hall. The program comprised these works: Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, G major, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra; Mozart's symphony, C major ("Jupiter"); Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, E-flat major ("Eroica"). There was a very large and delighted audience.

As is probably known, Mr. Koussevitzky's purpose is to acquaint his hearers with the development of orchestra, chiefly symphonic, music from the days of the so-called classics to our own day. A sensitive audience will thus learn more about the successive changes in form, harmonic and orchestral expression than it would by reading treatise, histories of music or by attending lectures. It will not be confused by distinctions between romantic and classic works, and will soon realize, by hearing, that symphonies which they have been led to believe were "classic" are in fact romantic; that Bach in his orchestral, as in his piano suites and pieces in the "Well Tempered Clavichord," was a romanticist. A fine composition does not admit the famous definition of a statesman. It was romantic while the composer lived; it may be a classic while the composer is now on earth.

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S. M.

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A. H. M.

"Assez! Brute!"

In Paris "Mary Dugan" [illegible] a Special and Excited Pu[illegible]

SAYS the London Morning Post: "'The Trial of Mary Dugan' has taken the fancy of Paris with a rush. Of the best of plays, say the reviewers, but a first-rate trial. And here is the public keener on spectacular trials than in Paris. The audiences at the répétition générale and the première were what is called 'le public des grands procès,' containing many ladies highly diamonded whose chief zest in life is the thrill to be got from an emotional murder case.

"Cries of 'Assez! Brute!' Opposite Brute! we heard [illegible]le Monsieur Harry Baur, playing the district attorney with realistic tempered by delicacy, pressed his case against Mary Dugan. This is [illegible] more difficult because the woman accused of killing lover or husband is always sure of French sympathy.

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> Of course the audiences which hear Mr. Koussevitzky's New York performances of Bloch's and Honegger's works are, at least to some extent, different from each other and from the Philharmonic audiences that heard "America" under Damrosch in December and "Rugby" under its composer in January, and, as both are among the most interesting of the new works offered us so far this season, the Bostonians' triple performance is readily justifiable. . . . The strong points of "America" were set forth in a superb performance, memorable for its color and potency, which proved Mr. Koussevitzky's devotion to the work well worth while.

Mr. Ernest Schelling, as composer and pianist, will soon be guest at the Symphony Concerts in his tone-poem, "Morocco," produced last season by the Philharmonic Society in New York. Unless recollection slips, he has not played in Symphony Hall since Dr. Muck's time.

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Ultra Classical List for Tuesday Concert

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GLOBE
Music News and Comment

Nicolai Orloff, who will play a Mozart concerto with the Boston Symphony at this week's concerts, is a young Russian pianist who made his Boston debut at Jordan Hall Dec 7, 1926. He was announced to be soloist at one of the Harvard Glee Club concerts the following season, but was prevented by illness from keeping this engagement. Mr Koussevitzky has again omitted to put a symphony on the program, but Richard Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra" is in length and complexity an equivalent for even the most austere of symphonies.

The first of the Tuesday series of Boston Symphony concerts, the only one for which season tickets have been easily obtainable this season will have a strictly classical program, from Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. Mr Koussevitzky has always planned this series so that it includes no music not of established excellence. The Tuesday programs are always the most enjoyable of the orchestral year.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
STAR
JAN 31 1929

MUSIC

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The two oldest American orchestras played in Washington Tuesday and yesterday—the New York Philharmonic gave a program in which the moderns predominated Tuesday, and Mr. Koussevitzky led the Bostonians in his usual discriminatingly restrained fashion in a program neatly divided between the classics and the moderns yesterday at Poli's. Washington music lovers showed their decidedly keen interest in orchestral music by practically filling the capacity of the theaters on both occasions.

Mr. Koussevitzky discreetly opened his program with the sweetly beautiful and reassuringly classical "Overture No. 3, to Ieonore," by Ludwig van Beethoven. Immediately the subtle legato style of this orchestra's playing was noticeable. The applause which followed showed an unmistakable warmth of appreciation.

With similar canny discretion Mr. Koussevitzky chose to finish his program with a Brahms symphony. He took neither the oft-heard yet lovely "First Symphony" nor the supremely beautiful "Fourth," both of which he has conducted here previously. Instead he presented the "Second," written in the key of D major. To this reviewer the second symphony did not seem as stirring and apt to carry the listener to the heights that the aforementioned first and fourth have achieved. It is beautiful music and was obviously well played yesterday. Certainly Mr. Koussevitzky and his musicians rose nobly to the brilliance of the finale. The audience showed marked approval, lingering, with prolonged applause, at its conclusion.

Tucked snugly between the sonorities of the two great "B's" of music were some very "different" modern works. Erik Satie, the whimsical dreamer, was represented by two so-called "Gymnopedies," orchestrated by Debussy, and Artur Honegger's new work, "Rugby," also was given its Washington premiere. As the Philharmonic featured fowls of the air in more than one work Tuesday, so the Boston featured athletics, both ancient and modern, in these works yesterday. Mr. Satie's "Gymopedies" were astounding in their softly restrained style and minor color. They seemed vague stuff for use in an athletic festival given by stalwart Spartan youths. Although the program notes suggest that "they (the youths) imitated the wild gesturing in the worship of Dionysius; during the festival there was great rejoicing, great merriment," there seemed nothing in either of these movements written "lent et grave" and "lent et douloureaux" to convey any such impression. Rather, they might have been the athletic ideas of a canary bird, which always had had limited exercise in a gilded cage.

The "Rugby" of M. Honegger, who is on a visit to this country at present, was very different. It certainly is virile and filled with action, even though it doesn't attempt a literal tonal description of a foot ball game. As a musical composition, it seems to be constructed with the blithest disregard of conventions, and much of the time the first violins seem to play the part of the grandstand. The auditors may or may not care for "Rugby," but whatever one's personal reaction, none can but be thoroughly aware that M. Honegger breaks or modifies his musical constructions with subtle cleverness, shrewd knowledge and firm intent. It is a work which ought to prove even more interesting after a second or third hearing.

H. F.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
POST
JAN 31 1929

Boston Orchestra Delights In Well-Rounded Program

Beethoven's Leonore Overture Numbers by Erik Satie and Arthur Honegger and Brahm's Symphony Effectively Played, Directed by Serge Koussevitzky.

In a season already renowned fine orchestral programs the ap ance of the Boston Symphony Or tra, Serge Koussevitzky, conducto Poli's Theater yesterday afternoon, be counted as one of the red-l concerts of the year.

From Beethoven's charming C ture to Leonore to the majestic m ments of the Brahms' Symphony in D Major, the program was of usual beauty and musical attrac

Under M. Koussevitzky the Bo Symphony has gained in coordina and power. His dynamic baton n falls in winning the required ef and the fine restraint, yet vigo spirit, he injects into the reading the scores have no small part in orchestral balance and performance

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MUSIC

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FEB 2 1929

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TIMES
JAN 31 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY

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Tickets for the Hartford concert next Sunday may be secured at McCoy's, and mail orders will be filled, addressed to Frank A. Sedgwick, No. 80 Asylum street. Concert begins at 3 o'clock sharp, and patrons are especially requested to be seated before the opening number. Good seats available.

Globe Feb 6

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POST FEB 6.

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TRANS. FEB 4

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GLOBE FEB 3.

Music and Comment

Nicolai Orloff, who will play a Mozart concerto with the Boston Symphony at this week's concerts, is a young Russian pianist who made his Boston debut at Jordan Hall Dec 7, 1926. He was announced to be soloist at one of the Harvard Glee Club concerts the following season, but was prevented by illness from keeping the engagement. Mr Koussevitzky has again omitted to put a symphony on the program, but Richard Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra" is in length and complexity an equivalent for even the most austere of symphonies.

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86

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
STAR
JAN 3 1 1929

MUSIC

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

The two oldest American orchestras played in Washington Tuesday and yesterday—the New York Philharmonic gave a program in which the moderns predominated Tuesday, and Mr. Koussevitzky led the Bostonians in his usual discriminatingly restrained fashion in a program neatly divided between the classics and the moderns yesterday at Poli's. Washington music lovers showed their decidedly keen interest in orchestral music by practically filling the capacity of the theaters on both occasions.

Mr. Koussevitzky discreetly opened his program with the sweetly beautiful and reassuringly classical "Overture No. 3, to Ieonore," by Ludwig van Beethoven. Immediately the subtle legato style of this orchestra's playing was noticeable. The applause which followed showed an unmistakable warmth of appreciation.

With similar canny discretion Mr. Koussevitzky chose to finish his program with a Brahms symphony. He took neither the oft-heard yet lovely "First Symphony" nor the supremely beautiful "Fourth," both of which he has conducted here previously. Instead he presented the "Second," written in the key of D major. To this reviewer the second symphony did not seem as stirring and apt to carry the listener to the heights that the aforementioned first and fourth have achieved. It is beautiful music and was obviously well played yesterday. Certainly Mr. Koussevitzky and his musicians rose nobly to the brilliance of the finale. The audience showed marked approval, lingering, with prolonged applause, at its conclusion.

Tucked snugly between the sonorities of the two great "B's" of music were some very "different" modern works. Erik Satie, the whimsical dreamer, was represented by two so-called "Gymnopedies," orchestrated by Debussy, and Artur Honegger's new work, "Rugby," also was given its Washington premiere. As the Philharmonic featured fowls of the air in more than one work Tuesday, so the Boston featured athletics, both ancient and modern, in these works yesterday. Mr. Satie's "Gymopedies" were astounding in their softly restrained style and minor color. They seemed vague stuff for use in an athletic festival given by stalwart Spartan youths. Although the program notes suggest that "they (the youths) imitated the wild gesturing in the worship of Dionysius; during the festival there was great rejoicing, great merriment," there seemed nothing in either of these movements written "lent et grave" and "lent et douloureaux" to convey any such impression. Rather, they might have been the athletic ideas of a canary bird, which always had had limited exercise in a gilded cage.

The "Rugby" of M. Honegger, who is on a visit to this country at present, was very different. It certainly is virile and filled with action, even though it doesn't attempt a literal tonal description of a foot ball game. As a musical composition, it seems to be constructed with the blithest disregard of conventions, and much of the time the first violins seem to play the part of the grandstand. The auditors may or may not care for "Rugby," but whatever one's personal reaction, none can but be thoroughly aware that M. Honegger breaks or modifies his musical constructions with subtle cleverness, shrewd knowledge and firm intent. It is a work which ought to prove even more interesting after a second or third hearing.

H. F.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
JAN 3 1 192

BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony orchestra plays superbly this season, in fact, never have they played so exquisitely, and we doubt if any orchestra can measure up to the Boston Symphony, with Koussevitzky wielding the baton. Such fine shading of the musical phrases, perfect repose in the pianissimo passages, withal a warmth of color from the strings, with that wonderful mellow tone and a breadth of sweeping tone through the crescendos up to the climaxes, and all under such perfect control, obtained through diligent rehearsals, practically every day from 10 to nearly 1 o'clock, except on concert days, by the exacting Mr. Koussevitzky, who senses every fine point of the score, and imparts to the musicians, the composers' ideas of the composition under consideration.

Tickets for the Hartford concert next Sunday may be secured at McCoy's, and mail orders will be filled, addressed to Frank A. Sedgwick, No. 80 Asylum street. Concert begins at 3 o'clock sharp, and patrons are especially requested to be seated before the opening number. Good seats available.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
POST
JAN 3 1 '29

Boston Orchestra Delights In Well-Rounded Program

Beethoven's Leonore Overture Numbers by Erik Satie and Arthur Honegger and Brahm's Symphony Effectively Played, Directed by Serge Koussevitzky.

In a season already renowned for fine orchestral programs the appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, at Poli's Theater yesterday afternoon, will be counted as one of the red-letter concerts of the year.

From Beethoven's charming Overture to Leonore to the majestic movements of the Brahms' Symphony No. 2 in D Major, the program was of unusual beauty and musical attraction.

Under M. Koussevitzky the Boston Symphony has gained in coordination and power. His dynamic baton never fails in winning the required effect, and the fine restraint, yet vigorous spirit, he injects into the reading of the scores have no small part in the orchestral balance and performance.

That the Boston Orchestra has a large following in Washington was shown by one of the largest audiences of the concert season to hear it.

The Beethoven Overture was a novelty to many, who enjoyed its striking tone contrasts and typical Beethoven treatment.

After the overture followed "Gymnopedies Nos. 1 and 3" by Erik Satie, orchestrated by De Bussy with its insistent note of youth and quaint melodies. Another modern composition "Rugby Mouvement Symphonique," by Arthur Honegger, known as the composer of "Pacific 231," satisfied the lovers of modern musical art and intrigued with its broken, syncopated rhythms and its realistic picturing of men struggling in a football game. "Rugby," as some one has said, marked the entrance of sport into the realm of musical interpretation and it was interesting, to say the least.

Last, but not least, came the Brahms symphony, as always nobel in conception, great in delineation of moods and emotions and beautifully played. Into it the leader put his whole soul and the four movements each had a definite charm.

E. E. P.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday afternoon conducted the first of the Tuesday afternoon series of symphony concerts in Symphony hall. The program comprised these works: Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, G major, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra; Mozart, symphony, C major ("Jupiter"); Beethoven, Symphony No. 3, E-flat major ("Eroica"). There was a very large and delighted audience.

As is probably known, Mr. Koussevitzky's purpose is to acquaint his hearers with the development of orchestral, chiefly symphonic, music from the time of the so-called classics to our own day. A sensitive audience will thus learn more about the successive changes in form, harmonic and orchestral expression than it would by reading treatise, histories of music or by attending lectures. It will not be confused by distinctions between romantic and classic works, and will soon realize, by hearing, that symphonies which they have been led to believe were "classic" are in fact romantic; that Bach in his orchestral, as in his piano suites and pieces in the "Well Tempered Clavichord," was a romanticist. A fine composition does not admit the famous definition of a statesman. It was romantic while the composer lived; it may be a classic while the composer is now on earth.

For the first concert Mr. Koussevitzky chose works that were no doubt familiar to many in the audience; but he has the knack by his skill and taste, his enthusiasm for the beautiful and his ability to find it where others have passed it by or ignored it, of giving to an old work new life and freshness. Because a work is old, he is not therefore tempted to give only an accurate and perfunctory reading of the notes; he wishes others to feel what he feels; to share with him in musical enjoyment.

The question was raised a few days ago in New York whether the finale of the "Eroica" is worthy or unworthy. This question was not raised yesterday in Symphony hall. If it had been, there could have been only one answer after the brilliant, stirring performance: that answer would have been "The end crowns the work." And so the manner in which Bach's suite and the "Jupiter" symphony with its heavenly andante and amazing finale were played by this incomparable orchestra gave immediate pleasure, a relief from the cares and thoughts of this materialistic, mechanical age.

S. M.

CLASSICS HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Yesterday afternoon, the Boston of this season's afternoon concerts at Symphony Hall, Serge Koussevitzky conducted. As usual there was a crowded house to prove that this series fills a long-felt need. The program for these concerts have usually been planned to meet the popular demand including such classics as should form the background of every serious music student or music lover, and which give to the neophyte a solid foundation from which to build. Yesterday's program consisted of the Bach Brandenburg Concerto N. 4 in G major for violin, two flutes, and string orchestra; Mozart's Symphony in C major, No. 41 ("Jupiter") and Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major "Eroica."

The Brandenburg Concerto was done happily, cheerily, with a time from the flutes that was lovely, round and smooth, and with fleetness from the violin. Under Mr Koussevitzky's martial beat, the "Jupiter" Symphony started out bombastically, but in the Andante Cantabile, it came perilously near becoming sentimental, and effected. There is such simplicity in things which Mozart wrote; they need little in the way of embellishment or reenforcements. One felt, however, a satisfying progression from the first movement through the others to the solid climax of the last.

In the Beethoven "Eroica" the conductor was in his element. How he loves to play upon the emotions of his audience! Moments of emotional intensity, of dramatic pauses, of long lines leading up to a finale of great import. What an appeal they have for him! And how his public adores him for it! Coaxing this section into line, cajoling that section, dramatically lashing his men to do his bidding, how indelibly he puts his own impress upon the orchestra. In the Scherzo one felt still the shadow of the funeral march which precedes it, and was reminded again of the Berlioz theory that this movement should not be in direct contrast to the symphony in its entirety, but in keeping with it; the mournful play of some hero of the Illiad by the tomb of some great warrior.

The orchestra played with its usual loveliness of tone, and careful attention to contrast, smoothness and length of line. Mr Koussevitsky was recalled several times, graciously sharing the applause with his soloists after the Biendenburg Concerto.

The second concert of this series will occur Tuesday afternoon, Feb 26.

Globe Feb 6

SYMPHONY'S FIRST EXTRA

Ultra Classical List for Tuesday Concert

POST—FEB 6.

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the season's first concert of the Tuesday afternoon "extra series" which is now an established factor in Boston's mucial activities. As was to be expected the audience, which all but filled the hall, greeted conductor, orchestra and performances with the same enthusiasm which is elicited from the audiences of the longer established series.

To be expected, too, were the names significant in the history of music which appeared on the programme of yesterday's concert. For this Tuesday series is avowedly devoted to the masterpieces, and Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra; Mozart's C major Symphony ordinarily termed the "Jupiter," and the Third, or "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven, were the masterpieces on this occasion.

To various ones of the six Brandenburg Concertos, Mr. Koussevitzky has manifested considerable devotion and their performances have been among the more rewarding of those of 18th century music. Yesterday this in G major was no exception to that rule, and Mr. Burgin's contribution as solo violinist was appropriately recognized. At this week's regular concerts of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening this same concerto will begin the programme.

At the last pair of concerts in Boston before the recent trip southward the "Jupiter" Symphony was given a hearing. Yesterday's performance, like its predecessors, was wholly in the vein even though the Andante was a shade slower and the Finale a trifle swifter in pace than Mozart himself may have intended. Yet the beauty of the former amply justifies Mr. Koussevitzky's lingerings over it, and with a virtuoso orchestra such as the Boston Symphony the Finale may appropriately go at a speed beyond the 18th century imagings.

Like Mozart's Symphony, Beethoven's "Eroica" had been played this year at the regular subscription concerts, and incidentally several times in previous seasons under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction. Comment on his masterly version of this score, then, would be at the present superfluous. Suffice it to say that yesterday's audience responded heartily to the combined eloquence of music and performance.

STEAL TRUCK NEAR POLICE STATION

Thieves yesterday defied the police of the East Dedham street station, when they stole a truck loaded with $1600 worth of cigars and cigarettes, less than 50 yards from the station

the ...estive "super-sensitive"?—that ...ed this combination. It is a music delicate patterning, of silken traceries, of gossamer threads, or if the pace be slow, of suave melodies, of song gently ornamented. But this music awaited yesterday to glisten in its most irridiscent transparencies, to float thus buoyantly upon the air. Nor does one recall in previous hearings of Bach concertos that the facets of this net-work of jewels have ever caught and reflected so much sunlight and air, luminosity and transparency.

Upon a performance of Bach thus revealing, following one of Mozart which would have been equally revealing had one not heard it before. It is a music of design, as that of Bach. But it is ...

motives as those that succeed it, skipping delicacies farther on; or in another movement, song the most plastic, melody the most limpid; and dance the most polished and courtly. Finally it comes to a movement which one hesitates to desecrate by recalling that it contains the (to some) damning fugue. For scholarship here is great enough to conceal scholarship. Or better, may one refer to the dictum, never truer than in this finale, that it is the greatest art which most completely conceals art. The hearer who is thinking fugue and sonata-form in these measures is not listening to Mozart. Listening, one marvels only at the freshness which comes from the orchestra. Pondering later, one may marvel the more at the intricate means employed in the marshalling of that seemingly free and boundless spontaneity.

The crescendo swells, the climax reaches the heights, which is to say that one is listening to Beethoven. Though not a trombone was present to perform its legerdemain, nor to pile up its huge sonorities, though there was no "battery" to assist the rhythm, this Beethoven, with no more brass than a few trumpets and horn and no more percussion than a pair of kettledrums, piles up his climax as few wielders of cymbals and blowers of brass succeed in doing. He labeled his music "in memory of a great hero." So doing he characterized it better than a thousand succeeding reviewers and commentators in a thousand "articles." Thus we heard the music yesterday, a music of singularly sustained power, of heroisms that know no bounds. To this one need add nothing more except perhaps the observation that Beethoven and Koussevitzky make a good team.

A. H. M.

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Incidents and Prospects

The only concert that Mme. Povla ...rijsh, the singer, will undertake in ...oston this season is definitely announced for Wednesday evening, March ... in Jordan Hall. Mail orders for ...ets may now be sent to Mr. Aaron ...hmond at the Pierce Building. The ... at the box-office does not begin until ...rch 1.

...iss Myra Hess, the pianist, proposes ... following program for her final con... in Boston this season in Jordan Hall ...Saturday afternoon, March 2:

...es to be Announced.....Bach
...ude, Choral and Fugue.....Franck
...ine.....Ravel
...ing in Granada—Minstrels.....Debussy
...ude in G minor.....Rachmaninov
...urne—Tarantella—Ballad.....Chopin

...e Chamber Orchestra of Boston, ...sbled a year ago by Mr. Slonimsky, ...be heard for the first time this sea... ...in a concert at Jordan Hall on Mon...

Concerts Next Week

Orchestral FEB 2 1929

FRIDAY afternoon at 2.30 and Saturday evening at 8.15 in Symphony Hall, concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor; Nicolai Orlov assisting pianist. The program:

Brandenburg Concerto in G major, No. 4, for Violin, Two Flutes and String Orchestra.....Bach
Concerto in A major for Piano with Orchestra.....Mozart
Tone-Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra"..Strauss

Tuesday afternoon at 3 in Symphony Hall, first supplementary matinée of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor. The program:

Brandenburg Concerto in G major, No. 4, for Violin, Two Flutes and String Orchestra.....Bach
Symphony in C major, No. 41, "Jupiter."

...MEATROPOLITAN THEATRE
...The Red Dance," Raoul Walsh's ... production for Fox Films, is now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre, is from the novel by H. L. Gates and ... The principal role of ... News comes from Ziegfeld that he has ...tened a theatre in London for the next ... seven years. It is now being erected ... on Shaftsbury avenue, will cost him ... approximately $193,000 a year and seat ... 1598. The first London production will ... Fleming.

* * * *

...tion, "Lady Fingers," which opened on ... Broadway during the week. Eddie Buzzell and Louise Brown are featured and the cast, in addition to Miss Muir, includes the McCarthy sisters, also well known here, Al Sexton, Gertrude McDonald, Herbert Waterous, Marjorie White, Edwin Walter and Robert

Incidents and Prospects TRANS. FEB 4

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GLOBE
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and Comment

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TRANS FEB. 7 29

Concert-Chronicle

Strauss and Nietzsche

THUS spake Zarathustra." These words are found at the end of most of the eighty chapters of Nietzsche's book of the same name. But the Musical Courier probably did well when it entitled an appreciative article on Richard Strauss's tone-poem, also of the same name, "Thus spake Richard Strauss." For seldom has a musical work been saddled with a more unfortunate title. Much of the adverse criticism which it received when it was new (1896) centered about the contention that music should not be required to express a philosophical system, that such was not and could not be the province of music. And the title formed one of the major premises in this argument. As a matter of fact, the program of this tone-poem, which will be played by Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Friday and Saturday, is not a whit more philosophical than the program of many another tone-poem of Strauss or Liszt, or than the scheme of many a program symphony of the Romantic composers. The idea of man trying to solve the riddle of existence, of experiencing life's joys and life's sorrows, of finally conquering—in a glorious "apotheosis"—has been at the root of many such a symphony. It is the fundamental scheme of Strauss's work; but Strauss in "Thus spake Zarathustra" as in some of his other works, ends with the peace of contentment rather than with the glory of conquest. Nietzsche serves chiefly in three ways: to give the piece a title and to give it its introduction in the printed score; to furnish titles (cheaper headings, in Nietzsche's book) to the different sections of the tone-poem; to suggest the solution which Strauss gives to the problem. Of the abstruse philosophizing of the author there is nothing in the work of the composer.

Consider then this scheme as subject for a romantic tone-poem: Man is confronted with the riddle of the universe, or the problem of existence, the question of the reason for life, of achieving happiness in it. He turns to religion and finds no answer to satisfy him. An adolescent, he plunges into the joys and passion of life. Again all turns to dust and ashes in his very mouth. Achieving maturity, he would find his answer in science. Failing once more in finding a lasting solution, he comes to an abrupt halt. He reviews the course of his past life. He is disgusted with much of it. He turns at last to "the dance" as the best possible solution, recognizing, however, that it is still an imperfect solution, that indeed it is not given to man to solve the riddle of the universe. "The dance" is of course taken to typify an attitude of mind which accepts with light heart and cheerful spirit the joys and pleasures of life as well as its problems and sorrows; which does not weight and burden itself with things too deep for it; does not accept heaviness and gloom as a solution; but which on the contrary soars above all such brooding as being too petty for the mind of man. Romantic stuff, all of it. Indeed, in its main outlines similar to the course of Beethoven's ninth symphony, which also begins in chaos and ends with joy. But Beethoven accepts joy as a final solution; Strauss accepts it as the best solution, even while recognizing that an ultimate solution is impossible.

There are four main motifs, three of which run like guiding thoughts through the whole work, the fourth entering near the end of the first half—(1) the nature-motif, or motif of the eternal riddle; (2) the motif of longing or seeking, typifying man's search for his ideal; (3) the motif of disgust and of loathing; (4) the dance motif. A somber introduction serves chiefly to introduce the first motif, heard at once, rising starkly in three notes above the initial note of the basses. Then comes the first section, "Of the Backworldsmen," devoted to religion. After some shadowy anticipations of the theme which suggests religion, basses and 'cellos pizzicato play the second motif, that of "seeking." Then horns at once intone "Credo in unum deum" and the "religion" theme follows. The next section "Of the Great Longing" develops more fully both the first and second motifs, harks back to the religious section including an organ quotation of "Magnificat," and anticipates the following "Of Joys and Passions." There is a separate theme for joys and another, more ardent, for passions. The latter is rudely interrupted by the trombones with the sinister "Disgust." "The Grave Song" for the formalist begins a section which corresponds to the working-out of the sonata; for the programmist our hero gretfully examines all the works of the past and finds them wanting; longing and striving supplant all else. Religion and passion having failed to satisfy, our hero turns to "Science." A fugue pictures its abstractions—and its futilities for the hero's purposes. "Disgust" and "Longing" conquer, but the latter becomes less hopeless, more human, leads indeed, vision-like, to the first entry of the "dance motif." But the fugal "Science" is still in the mind of the hero, as by the ministrations of the more hopeful "Longing" and of "The Dance," he becomes "The Convalescent." But "Disgust" brings him to a sharp and definite halt; he has been prepared for such solution as is possible.

"Longing" and "Disgust" now dominate, and a rhythmically amorphous section leads from the heavy four-four meter to the dance-like three-four. The "Dance-motif" now dominates. Convalescence becomes complete, we turn to the section entitled "The Dance-Song," the theme of which is really an extension of the "nature" or "riddle" motif. (For the formalist we have now arrived at the recapitulation.) The religious theme is relieved of heaviness by being transfigured through a waltz rhythm; the themes of joy and passion lose their earthiness. "The Night-wanderer-song" brings greater luminosity, greater peace, as the hero comes to the realization (not without its own serenity) that all that is human must perish (transformation of "Disgust" motif), that unformed "Longing" may become a glorified "Ideal," but that the unsolvable riddle must remain. With the peace of such an attained goal "Thus Spake Zarathustra" comes to conclusion—significantly in a choral of two tonalities.

A. H. M.

Programs to Hand

At the Symphony Concerts of next week Mr. Koussevitzky will continue his annual custom of a program assembled from music for chorus and orchestra. This year he has chosen Franck's setting of the One Hundredth and Fiftieth Psalm; Roussel's "Evocations"; the Tartar Dances from Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor." For orchestra alone, Mr. Schelling's "Morocco," will round out the concerts, with the composer conducting. Roussel's "Evocations" are symphonic sketches suggested by visits to Farther India and Cochin-China. The first and the third ask an orchestra only. The second adds a chorus. As a triptych they have not hitherto been heard in Boston. The Cecilia will provide the chorus. Mr. Malcolm Lang trained it.

For the supplementary concert of the Symphony Orchestra next Monday evening, the program traverses Bach's Concerto in G major for Violin, Two Flutes and String Orchestra; Liszt's Concerto in A major for Piano and Orchestra with Mme. Mérö as pianist; Straus's tone-poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

Mr. Spalding, the violinist, [illegible] one of his [illegible] proposes [illegible] Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 24:

Sonata in A major.....Corelli
Prelude and Gavotte.....Bach
Chorale from the "Christmas Cantata"
Bach-Spalding
Sonata in A major, "The Kreutzer"..Beethoven
Tzigane.....Ravel
Hungarian Dances, Nos. 7 and 21
Brahms-Joachim
Romanza Andaluza—Jota Navarra.....Sarasate

From Bach to Satie With Koussevitzky

TRANS. —— FEB. 8 ——

THE fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Cambridge series last evening cast an exploring and eclectic eye over the field of orchestral literature. It encompassed music from John Sebastian Bach to Erik Satie and exemplified a great variety of styles in composition and orchestration. Seldom is the listener availed of so diversified a feast at one sitting. The reaction of the audience to each of the various compositions of Mr. Koussevitzky's choice was interesting to observe. In Bach's Brandenburg Concerto in G Major, No. 4, for Violin, Two Flutes and String Orchestra, the gathering at Sanders Theater was plainly delighted; orchestra, soloists and conductor bowed to acknowledge the applause, and Mr. Koussevitzky made his way to the edge of the platform only to be enthusiastically recalled. Mozart's Symphony in C Major, "Jupiter," likewise gave much pleasure. For Debussy's Nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Fetes," the audience listened absorbedly, yet was less generous in applause. For Satie's "Gymnopédies," Nos. 1 and 3, orchestrated by Debussy, it was more sparing still. There was here but a ripple of clapping; seemingly Satie's distant and dreamy music, whispering through Debussy's orchestration, had lulled his listeners to a receptive rather than a giving mood. For concluding piece Mr. Koussevitzky had planned Ravel's familiar choreographic poem, "The Waltz"; at the last minute, however, he substituted the prelude from Wagner's "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg." Enthusiasm again ran high. Would Satie have fared similarly had he likewise dealt in sonorities, with equal skill, but in a modern idiom?

The concert was Mr. Koussevitzky's composition. It began intimately with Bach's concerto, expanded with Mozart's symphony, explored the colorful world of Debussy, subsided at the musings of Satie, strode to its conclusion with Wagner's prelude. As in the previous concert in Boston, Mr. Koussevitzky surrounded himself with but a handful of musicians for the concerto of Bach. Heard through the edgeless performance of these few players, the delicate patterns of the music—the intricate traceries of smaller threads, the bright weavings of larger strands, the happy imitative figures, the combining and encircling designs were seen in all their exquisite correspondence. Mr. Burgin drew out and sustained a velvety tone; against this Mr. Laurent an Mr. Bladet tossed up their bright flute notes. The musicians engaged in debonair or waggish imitation. Closing measures retarded as in the curtsy of leave-taking. This is happy, neat music such as would have charmed the court of Frederick the Great; it now delights us commoners at Symphony Hall or Sanders Theater.

After the small orchestra for Bach came the full orchestra for Mozart. The contrast was striking. Mozart seemed a Beethoven beside the Bach of chamber music. Mr. Koussevitzky took full advantage of this interesting phenomenon. The first movement excelled in bright precision, in good-humored gaiety that seemed almost expansive. From the Andante the strings drew warm, throbbing melody—even Schubertian in its romantic lilt and subtle harmonic change. Busy vigor characterized the Fugue Finale. Mr. Koussevitzky turned briskly first to one side and then to the other to invoke the echoing voices of his several choirs.

Hearing Debussy's Nocturnes the listener enters another world. It is a world of mixed figures. It is a world of sight, of images dimly seen, of mystical visions appearing and disolving, of wispy vapors that catch and refract an eerie light. It is a world of feeling, of satiny textures, of caresses, of rounded surfaces, of tintinnabulating stimulations. It is a world of sound, of distant cymbals, of plashy liquids, of ecstatic sighs—of all the instrumental overtones in the modern symphony orchestra. Even more remotely sound the "Gymnopédies" of Satie. These two miniatures offer the most delicate contrasts of instrumental voices. As in leading us through the rooms of an art exhibition, Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra discerningly show us the softer and subtler blendings of these impressions.

The prelude to "The Mastersingers" yesterday served as a triumphant climax rather than as jovial merry-making. It marched along in broad, sweeping curves: it was majestic and unctuously inflected. It had little humor save in the nimble piping of the wind winds. N. M. J.

TRANS FEB 9-192

Concerts Next Week

Orchestral

FRIDAY afternoon at 2.30 and Saturday evening at 8.15 in Symphony Hall, concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; assisting chorus, The Cecilia: guest composer-conductor Ernest Schelling. The program asembles Franck's setting of Psalm CL; Roussel's "Evocations," one with incidental chorus; the Tartar dances, with choruses interspersed from Borodin's opera "Prince Igor"; Schelling's tone-picture, "Morocco."

Monday evening at 8.15, in Symphony Hall, supplementary concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; Lolande Mérö, assisting pianist. The program:

Concerto, No. 4, in G major, for Violin, Two Flutes and String Orchestra.....Bach
Concerto, No. 2, in A major for Piano and Orchestra.....Liszt
Tone-Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra".Strauss

Thus Spake Zarathustra And Strauss

TRANS. FEB 9

With Koussevitzky to Interpret, and Bach and Mozart to Lead the Way

BACH, Mozart, Strauss, two concertos and a tone poem. Such was the course of the program which Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra—assisted by Mr. Orlov—in Mozart's concerto—played yesterday afternoon. The Bach concerto was the fourth of the Brandenburg set (for two flutes, violin and strings); from Mozart, the concerto in A major for piano and orchestra (the industrious Kochel numbered it 488); from Strauss, the tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra." By a coincidence the movements of the two concertos are named in exactly the same way: Allegro, Andante, Presto—Allegro, Andante, Presto. Also, both come out of the eighteenth century, Bach's near the end of its first quarter, Mozart's not far beyond the beginning of the last quarter. Yet in Mozart the form of the modern concerto has been established, the orchestra is the nucleus of that of a later day; in Bach these processes of "standardization"—as the learned sometimes say—had scarcely begun. In mood there are still resemblances. The brightness, the sunshine, the gayety of an Allegro or a Presto are not so different, whether the composer be the Bach of this Brandenburg concerto or the Mozart of the concerto for pianoforte, whether they are gained by the imitations of counterpoint or by the themes and passage-work of a later day.

As he had already done on Tuesday and again in Cambridge, Mr. Koussevitzky grouped about him for Bach's concerto a little band of no more than twenty-eight players, Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Bladet in the inner circle. Twice these columns have carried comment on the transparency which this slender orchestration gives to the music. To repeat were folly. Suffice it to say that Bach, the intimate Bach of whom one reads but whom in these modern days one does not often hear, sounds in new voice from this chamber orchestra. Intuitively one accepts it as the true voice for this music. And one may add to previous comment that a second hearing called attention to the pathos of the slow movement. Occasionally Bach—spinner of contrapuntal webs—in his sustained melodies touches the heart in manner which his later romantic brethren, sometimes with tears streaming down their musical cheeks, do not accomplish. And the quality of pathos in the music of Bach's day was not often met. Of the artistry of Messrs. Burgin and Laurent and Bladet one can only say that it was superb, in the intricate traceries as in the expressive melodies of this concerto.

As Mozart succeeds Bach, the orchestra upon the stage grows. It is not yet a full orchestra. Probably about half the strings are playing, together with the complement of winds which Mozart called for. Again the proportioning of instruments is one which especially suits the music. The orchestra plays its tutti, an ingratiating music. Mr. Orlov, clad quite simply in a business suit, answers in kind. Through the measures and the periods this music, music of charm, runs its course. As with Bach, an Andante follows. The flow of melody here is one of suavity where with Bach it was pathos and a degree of poignancy. A final Presto follows with its good spirits, its arresting rhythms, its wholesome exuberance. Mr. Orlov was ideal pianist for this music. His melodies were bright-toned, singing, not too seriously conceived. Mozart, man of the world, was mirrored in them. His passage-work, his rhythms, came lightly, crisply, in brisk motion. All the grace, the simplicity, the charm which one associates with Mozart one found abundantly in this performance of Mr. Orlov, Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra.

"Thus Spake Zarathustra" was almost novelty at this concert. Mr. Koussevitzky has not previously attempted it. Mr. Monteux played it at a single pair of concerts in 1922. For frequent performance one must go back to the days of Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler and Mr. Gericke. Its general progress is from darkness to light, from heaviness to buoyancy, from obscurity to clarity. Such matters anyone can understand, what is more, can feel, without the assistance of an elaborate program. More specifically, it pictures the struggles of the soul in trying to know the world into which it has been placed. This groping soul turns to the usual sources for help—religion, love, knowledge. But for it, each of the three brings not an answer to its questionings; rather does it bring only one more form of bondage, and each time hopes are dashed to the ground each time disgust conquers. But "the dance," as Strauss, following Nietzsche insufficiently calls it, meaning the natural exuberance of the soul, its joy in life, its ability to project itself above gloomy questionings, above troubles and anxieties, its power to make for itself an ideal which shall be in itself a sufficient human answer to all its difficulties, all these form the radiant answer to the broodings of the beginning. The soul finds itself able to throw off vain questionings. The riddle of the universe, the problem of life is not solved, it is conquered. Not for humanity is it to solve questions of the infinite; the part of humanity is to be itself, to develop itself, to bring to flower its own finite possibilities, regardless of the puzzles which the race of the gods may strew into its path. Thus comes peace into the soul.

Strauss has not, as has sometimes been said, written or attempted to write "philosophical" music. One wonders indeed what "philosophical" music might be. He does not state the problem of life. He pictures at the beginning a troubled mind. He does declaim a creed,—though an ecclesiastical organ may for a moment intone a "Credo." He writes a music which the merest tyro will recognize as having religious associations. He unfolds the frenzies of passion exactly as composers throughout the best part of a century have unfolded them. He cannot feel an emotional counterpart for "Science," so he suggests it by the abstruseness of a fugue. All are cut shotr before they can flower into completeness. They do not satisfy. Strauss brings his hero to a long, definite, for the time being, conclusive pause. There are unformed passages when the music again begins. Its seriousness turns to gaiety, its sombreness to radiance. Analysits may discover that a new set of themes have been born out of the old. It does not matter. The hearer perceives his brighter music as a relief from the weightier music that has gone before. He cannot miss the transfiguration of the last moments. And to a modern hearer this conclusion of two tonalities offers no terrors. To a modern Strauss seems very discreet in the way in which he opposes them. The final C, though it be death itself after the quiet radiance of a sufficient ideal, is goal as well as beginning.

And as to performance? One cannot imagine the many themes more perfectly, more illusively charactered. One cannot imagine them more skillfully combined. One cannot imagine them growing out of each other, into each other, with more natural and persuasive continuity. One looks back in retrospect at the whole, finds it with its baffling multiplicity of detail, in this performance a single, perfectly articulated unit. Wonders perhaps will not cease. "Thus Spake Zarathustra" from Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday afternoon was one of them. A. H. M.

Globe

RDAY, FEBRUARY 9

"ZARATHUSTRA" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Brilliant Performance of Strauss' Tone Poem

Nikolai Orloff Soloist in Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in A Major

Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Also Sprach Zarathustra," was the chief item on yesterday's Symphony program. Mr Koussevitzky gave a brilliant interpretation of this long and relatively unfamiliar work. Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, for violin, two flutes and strings, and Mozart's A major pianoforte concerto, with Nikolai Orloff, young Russian pianist, as soloist, were the other numbers.

Strauss' published score contains a prefatory excerpt from Nietzsche's book, and a number of phrases from it are printed as captions heading different sections of the music. But the composer has said: "I did not intend to write philsosphical music or to portray in music Nietzsche's great work." What he did intend, he says, aside from homage to the great philosopher, was "to convey by means of music an idea of the development of the human race from its origin . . . up to Nietzsche's idea of the Superman."

Listening yesterday with all this in mind, one failed to find in the tone poem a musical outline of history. Heard by a musician able to read only music, and ignorant of Strauss' ideas and of philosophy, "Also Sprach Zarathustra" would probably seem effective and interesting music. Can any amount of annotation and explanation make it more than that?

Beethoven, too, read and pondered upon literary masterpieces. Sometimes he surprised his friends by telling them that this or that sonata or quartet was suggested to him by something he and they had read. But he never tried to link his orchestral music with his philosophy in the literal and pedantic fashion followed by commentators on Strauss, and never wholeheartedly repudiated by that composer.

"Thus Spake Zarathustra," judged as music, suffers from excessive complexity of texture, and from its episodic rather than climatic structure. It is particular passages, not a general impression, that one recalls. Mr Koussevitzky's interpretation had the usual [illegible] rhythm more intensity and variety than Mr Orloff brought to them. For his music, which demands the utmost possible technical skill, Mr Orloff's abilities were barely adequate.

Mr Koussevitzky, like every previous conductor of the Boston Symphony, has one composer to whom he is never able to do anything like full justice. And that composer is in his case Mozart. Dr Muck and Mr Monteux failed with Tchaikovsky, where he excels. Muck's Mozart was, of course, marvelous. The orchestral accompaniment for yesterday's concerto was unintelligent and inadequate. The music made so little sense to the conductor that he was unable to phrase properly one of its chief themes. He shifted the tempo in the first movement with a curious hesitancy, made little or nothing of a slow movement that should have been remarkably beautiful, showed his, expected ability to make music of all types interesting only in the lively finale. This performance was one of the very few hopelessly uninteresting ones Koussevitzky has conducted here. One sighed for some of the ill-applied energy that furbished up the Jupiter symphony the other day, a curious Mus[illegible] Towners" pro[illegible]ings [illegible] Battle of the Sexes.

TRAV. FEB 9 '29

Orloff Soloist at Symphony

Mr. Koussevitsky opened his program at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon with Bach's Bradenburg Concerto No. 4 in G major. It was written for violin, two flutes and string orchestra, and yesterday the solo parts were brilliantly handled by Richard Burgin, first violin, and G. Blaudet and G. Laurent, flutists. Nikolai Orloff was soloist in Mozart's A major concerto for pianoforte and orchestra. He is a pianist of distinct merit. The large audience displayed great interest in him and his splendid performance, and recalled him repeatedly to the platform. This concerto was beautifully interpreted.

Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Also Sprach Zarathustra," opend with majestic volume and beauty. It is based on Nietzsche's great work and is freely translated. According to the composer's own explanation, in this tone poem he meant to convey by means of music an idea of the development of the human race from its origin, through the various phases of its development, religious and scientific, up to Neitzsche's idea of the Superman. It was intended as his homage to Nietzsche. Mr. Koussevitsky's reading was magnificent.

The concert will be repeated this evening.

MON. FEB 9 '29

Nikolai Orloff Soloist With Boston Symphony

A soloist—rare intrusion nowadays—was invited to assist the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its fifteenth pair of concerts, Feb. 8 and 9. This was Nikolai Orloff, who had elected to play Mozart's Concerto in A major (K. 488). Here was a somewhat forbidding situation—a Russian pianist, accompanied by an orchestra led by a Russian conductor, in a composition of Mozart's. But this alarm proved to have been needless. No one concerned betrayed any desire to turn Mozart into Scriabin. In fact, Mr. Orloff displayed a beautiful tone, sparkling rhythm and exquisite phrasing. As Mr. Koussevitzky with a reduced orchestra supported him in similar vein, we had here an exceptionally suitable team for the setting forth of this delicate art. The performance was charming, and deserved the plaudits it won.

The concert opened with Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G major violin, two flutes and string orchestra. If this is not the greatest of the Brandenburg concertos, it serves at least as a good vehicle for the virtuosity of Mr. Burgin, the concert master, Messrs. Laurent and Bladet, flautists, and the men of the first few chairs of the several string sections.

For climax, Mr. Koussevitzky offered Richard Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," which he interpreted on this occasion for the first time in his Boston pashawlic. The art of Strauss as revealed in his tone-poems is singularly congenial to this conductor, providing dramatic moments in profusion.

There has been a vast amount of disputation over the "meaning" of this and the other tone-poems of Strauss, which has served little purpose save that of publicity. Strauss, Stravinsky and other composers have a coy habit of allowing a "program" of a piece to be made public, and then asserting that the composition is to be regarded as pure music. The thing to do is to take them at their word, and ignore the "programs." With some of these composers, this course is disastrous; their scores, listened to as music, hardly hold our attention.

With Strauss, at least with the Strauss of these early tone-poems, it is different. He really has no need of these methods. If there is to be a din over him, his music is quite capable of providing it. We can afford to disregard the elaborate literary accompaniment to a score of this sort, especially when we realize that even if music can be relied on to epresent the upsetting of applecarts, he bleating of sheep and the crying of babies, it can hardly be expected o interpret abstract thought. This core has its bombilations and its ry spots; but it has also an astonshing wealth of invention and a azzling instrumental luminosity. So t us forget Nietzsche and his Superan, and be content with the Superan of Orchestration.

But let us at the same time reember that these scores do not me to life unaided. Only a conctor of genius, with an unbevably flexible orchestra at his mmand, could produce such a gurant performance as that of sterday.

L. A. S.

POST FEB 9 '29

OUR ORCHESTRA'S NEEDS

When we say "our orchestra," it is taken for granted that we mean the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is incomparable, the acknowledged finest in the world. And we are proud of it. But it has its difficulties, nevertheless; financial ones.

The statement of the trustees for 1928 shows a deficit of $87,068; subscriptions to help cover this were received to the amount of $73,179. This year the deficit will be much larger. Orchestra salaries will be increased by nearly $15,000. Income will be less by $32,000, because nobody has come forward to take the place of the late W. S. Quimby, through whose generosity the broadcasting privilege was paid for. Add last year's actual deficit of $14,000 and this year's deficit is estimated at $134,000.

The concerts can only be carried on by the generosity of the public. Though the prices for tickets are moderate, the management does not feel like raising them at the present time. Why, then, may not some man of means arrange for the very educational work of broadcasting the concerts? The season is only a little more than half over. We know that very many people were delighted by them.

But, apart from that, our matchless orchestra, with its great conductor, must not suffer through the lack of funds. Subscriptions are requested. Surely there are enough citizens of Boston, taking pride in one of its great institutions, to pay the deficit 10 times over.

TRANS FEB 7 29

Concert-Chronicle

Strauss and Nietzsche

THUS spake Zarathustra." These words are found at the end of most of the eighty chapters of Nietzsche's book of the same name. But the Musical Courier probably did well when it entitled an appreciative article on Richard Strauss's tone-poem, also of the same name, "Thus spake Richard Strauss." For seldom has a musical work been saddled with a more unfortunate title. Much of the adverse criticism which it received when it was new (1896) centered about the contention that music should not be required to express a philosophical system, that such was not and could not be the province of music. And the title formed one of the major premises in this argument. As a matter of fact, the program of this tone-poem, which will be played by Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Friday and Saturday, is not a whit more philosophical than the program of many another tone-poem of Strauss or Liszt, or than the scheme of many a program symphony of the Romantic composers. The idea of man trying to solve the riddle of existence, of experiencing life's joys and life's sorrows, of finally conquering—in a glorious "apotheosis"—has been at the root of many such a symphony. It is the fundamental scheme of Strauss's work; but Strauss in "Thus spake Zarathustra" as in some of his other works, ends with the peace of contentment rather than with the glory of conquest. Nietzsche serves chiefly in three ways: to give the piece a title and to give it its introduction in the printed score; to furnish titles (cheaper headings, in Nietzsche's book) to the different sections of the tone-poem; to suggest the solution which Strauss gives to the problem. Of the abstruse philosophizing of the author there is nothing in the work of the composer.

Consider then this scheme as subject for a romantic tone-poem: Man is confronted with the riddle of the universe, or the problem of existence, the question of the reason for life, of achieving happiness in it. He turns to religion and finds no answer to satisfy him. An adolescent, he plunges into the joys and passion of life. Again all turns to dust and ashes in his very mouth. Achieving maturity, he would find his answer in science. Failing once more in finding a lasting solution, he comes to an abrupt halt. He reviews the course of his past life. He is disgusted with much of it. He turns at last to "the dance" as the best possible solution, recognizing, however, that it is still an imperfect solution, that indeed it is not given to man to solve the riddle of the universe. "The dance" is of course taken to typify an attitude of mind which accepts with light heart and cheerful spirit the joys and pleasures of life as well as its problems and sorrows; which does not weight and burden itself with things too deep for it; does not accept heaviness and gloom as a solution; but which on the contrary soars above all such brooding as being too petty for the mind of man. Romantic stuff, all of it. Indeed, in its main outlines similar to the course of Beethoven's ninth symphony, which also begins in chaos and ends with joy. But Beethoven accepts joy as a final solution; Strauss accepts it as the best solution, even while recognizing that an ultimate solution is impossible.

There are four main motifs, three of which run like guiding thoughts through the whole work, the fourth entering near the end of the first half—(1) the nature-motif, or motif of the eternal riddle; (2) the motif of longing or seeking, typifying man's search for his ideal; (3) the motif of disgust and of loathing; (4) the dance motif. A somber introduction serves chiefly to introduce the first motif, heard at once, rising starkly in three notes above the initial note of the basses. Then comes the first section, "Of the Backworldsmen," devoted to religion. After some shadowy anticipations of the theme which suggests religion, basses and 'cellos pizzicato play the second motif, that of "seeking." Then horns at once intone "Credo in unum deum" and the "religion" theme follows. The next section "Of the Great Longing" develops more fully both the first and second motifs, harks back to the religious section including an organ quotation of "Magnificat," and anticipates the following "Of Joys and Passions." There is a separate theme for joys and another, more ardent, for passions. The latter is ruddily interrupted by the trombones with the sinister "Disgust." "The Grave Song" for the formalist begins a section which corresponds to the working-out of a sonata; for the programmist our hero regretfully examines all the works of the past and finds them wanting; longing and striving supplant all else. Religion and passion having failed to satisfy, our hero turns to "Science." A fugue pictures its abstractions—and its futilities for the hero's purposes. "Disgust" and "Longing" conquer, but the latter becomes less hopeless, more human, leads indeed, vision-like, to the first entry of the "dance motif." But the fugal "Science" is still in the mind of the hero, as by the ministrations of the more hopeful "Longing" and of "The Dance," he becomes "The Convalescent." But "Disgust" brings him to a snarp and definite halt; he has been prepared for such solution as is possible.

"Longing" and "Disgust" now dominate, and a rhythmically amorphous section leads from the heavy four-four meter to the dance-like three-four. The "Dance-motif" now dominates. Convalescence becomes complete, we turn to the section entitled "The Dance-Song," the theme of which is really an extension of the "nature" or "riddle" motif. (For the formalist we have now arrived at the recapitulation.) The religious theme is relieved of heaviness by being transfigured through a waltz rhythm; the themes of joy and passion lose their earthiness. "The Night-wanderer-song" brings greater luminosity, greater peace, as the hero comes to the realization (not without its own serenity) that all that is human must perish (transformation of "Disgust" motif), that unformed "Longing" may become a glorified "Ideal," but that the unsolvable riddle must remain. With the peace of such an attained goal "Thus Spake Zarathustra" comes to conclusion—significantly in a choral of two tonalities.

A. H. M.

Programs to Hand

At the Symphony Concerts of next week Mr. Koussevitzky will continue his annual custom of a program assembled from music for chorus and orchestra. This year he has chosen Franck's setting of the One Hundredth and Fiftieth Psalm; Roussel's "Evocations"; the Tartar Dances from Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor." For orchestra alone, Mr. Schelling's "Morocco," will round out the concerts, with the composer conducting. Roussel's "Evocations" are symphonic sketches suggested by visits to Farther India and Cochin-China. The first and the third ask an orchestra only. The second adds a chorus. As a triptych they have not hitherto been heard in Boston. The Cecilia will provide the chorus. Mr. Malcolm Lang trained it.

For the supplementary concert of the Symphony Orchestra next Monday evening, the program traverses Bach's Concerto in G major for Violin, Two Flutes and String Orchestra; Liszt's Concerto in A major for Piano and Orchestra with Mme. Mérö as pianist; Straus's tone-poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

Mr. Spalding, the violinist, proposes one of [illegible] Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 24:

Sonata in A major.....Corelli
Prelude and Gavotte.....Bach
Chorale from the "Christmas Cantata"
Bach-Spalding
Sonata in A major, "The Kreutzer".Beethoven
Tzigane.....Ravel
Hungarian Dances, Nos. 7 and 21
Brahms-Joachim
Romanza Andaluse—Jota Navarra.....Sarasate

From Bach to Satie With Koussevitzky

TRANS. — FEB. 8 —

THE fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Cambridge series last evening cast an exploring and eclectic eye over the field of orchestral literature. It encompassed music from John Sebastian Bach to Erik Satie and exemplified a great variety of styles in composition and orchestration. Seldom is the listener availed of so diversified a feast at one sitting. The reaction of the audience to each of the various compositions of Mr. Koussevitzky's choice was interesting to observe. In Bach's Brandenburg Concerto in G Major, No. 4, for Violin, Two Flutes and String Orchestra, the gathering at Sanders Theater was plainly delighted; orchestra, soloists and conductor bowed to acknowledge the applause, and Mr. Koussevitzky made his way to the edge of the platform only to be enthusiastically recalled. Mozart's Symphony in C Major, "Jupiter," likewise gave much pleasure. For Debussy's Nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Fetes," the audience listened absorbedly, yet was less generous in applause. For Satie's "Gymnopédies," Nos. 1 and 3, orchestrated by Debussy, it was more sparing still. There was here but a ripple of clapping; seemingly Satie's distant and dreamy music, whispering through Debussy's orchestration, had lulled his listeners to a receptive rather than a giving mood. For concluding piece Mr. Koussevitzky had planned Ravel's familiar choreographic poem, "The Waltz"; at the last minute, however, he substituted the prelude from Wagner's "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg." Enthusiasm again ran high. Would Satie have fared similarly had he likewise dealt in sonorities, with equal skill, but in a modern idiom?

The concert was Mr. Koussevitzky's composition. It began intimately with Bach's concerto, expanded with Mozart's symphony, explored the colorful world of Debussy, subsided at the musings of Satie, strode to its conclusion with Wagner's prelude. As in the previous concert in Boston, Mr. Koussevitzky surrounded himself with but a handful of musicians for the concerto of Bach. Heard through the edgeless performance of these few players, the delicate patterns of the music—the intricate traceries of smaller threads, the bright weavings of larger strands, the happy imitative figures, the combining and encircling designs were seen in all their exquisite correspondence. Mr. Burgin drew out and sustained a velvety tone; against this Mr. Laurent an Mr. Bladet tossed up their bright flute notes. The musicians engaged in debonair or waggish imitation. Closing measures retarded as in the curtsy of leave-taking. This is happy, neat music such as would have charmed the court of Frederick the Great; it now delights us commoners at Symphony Hall or Sanders Theater.

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Orchestral

FRIDAY afternoon at 2.30 and Saturday evening at 8.15 in Symphony Hall, concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; assisting chorus, The Cecilia; guest composer-conductor Ernest Schelling. The program asembles Franck's setting of Psalm CL; Roussel's "Evocations," one with incidental chorus; the Tartar dances, with choruses interspersed from Borodin's opera "Prince Igor"; Schelling's tone-picture, "Morocco."

Monday evening at 8.15, in Symphony Hall, supplementary concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; Lolande Mérö, assisting pianist. The program:

Concerto, No. 4, in G major, for Violin, Two Flutes and String Orchestra.....Bach
Concerto, No. 2, in A major for Piano and Orchestra .....Liszt
Tone-Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra".Strauss

Thus Spake Zarathustra And Strauss

TRANS. FEB 9

With Koussevitzky to Interpret, and Bach and Mozart to Lead the Way

BACH, Mozart, Strauss; two concertos and a tone poem. Such was the course of the program which Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra—assisted by Mr. Orlov—in Mozart's concerto—played yesterday afternoon. The Bach concerto was the fourth of the Brandenburg set (for two flutes, violin and strings); from Mozart, the concerto in A major for piano and orchestra (the industrious Kochel numbered it 488); from Strauss, the tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra." By a coincidence the movements of the two concertos are named in exactly the same way: Allegro, Andante, Presto—Allegro, Andante, Presto. Also, both come out of the eighteenth century, Bach's near the end of its first quarter, Mozart's not far beyond the beginning of the last quarter. Yet in Mozart the form of the modern concerto has been established, the orchestra is the nucleus of that of a later day; in Bach these processes of "standardization"—as the learned sometimes say—had scarcely begun. In mood there are still resemblances. The brightness, the sunshine, the gayety of an Allegro or a Presto are not so different, whether the composer be the Bach of this Brandenburg concerto or the Mozart of the concerto for pianoforte, whether they are gained by the imitations of counterpoint or by the themes and passage-work of a later day.

As he had already done on Tuesday and again in Cambridge, Mr. Koussevitzky grouped about him for Bach's concerto a little band of no more than twenty-eight players, Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Bladet in the inner circle. Twice these columns have carried comment on the transparency which this slender orchestration gives to the music. To repeat were folly. Suffice it to say that Bach, the intimate Bach of whom one reads but whom in these modern days one does not often hear, sounds in new voice from this chamber orchestra. Intuitively one accepts it as the true voice for this music. And one may add to previous comment that a second hearing called attention to the pathos of the slow movement. Occasionally Bach—spinner of contrapuntal webs—in his sustained melodies touches the heart in manner which his later romantic brethren, sometimes with tears streaming down their musical cheeks, do not accomplish. And the quality of pathos in the music of Bach's day was not often met. Of the artistry of Messrs. Burgin and Laurent and brisk motion. All the grace, the simplicity, the charm which one associates with Mozart one found abundantly in this performance of Mr. Orlov, Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra.

"Thus Spake Zarathustra" was almost novelty at this concert. Mr. Koussevitzky has not previously attempted it. Mr. Monteux played it at a single pair of concerts in 1922. For frequent performance one must go back to the days of Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler and Mr. Gericke. Its general progress is from darkness to light, from heaviness to buoyancy, from obscurity to clarity. Such matters anyone can understand, what is more, can feel, without the assistance of an elaborate program. More specifically, it pictures the struggles of the soul in trying to know the world into which it has been placed. This groping soul turns to the usual sources for help—religion, love, knowledge. But for it, each of the three brings not an answer to its questionings; rather does it bring only one more form of bondage, and each time hopes are dashed to the ground, each time disgust conquers. But "the dance," as Strauss, following Nietzsche insufficiently calls it, meaning the natural exuberance of the soul, its joy in life, its ability to project itself above gloomy questionings, above troubles and anxieties, its power to make for itself an ideal which shall be in itself a sufficient human answer to all its difficulties, all these form the radiant answer to the broodings of the beginning. The soul finds itself able to throw off vain questionings. The riddle of the universe, the problem of life is not solved, it is conquered. Not for humanity is it to solve questions of the infinite; the part of humanity is to be itself, to develop itself, to bring to flower its own finite possibilities, regardless of the puzzles which the race of the gods may strew into its path. Thus comes peace into the soul.

Strauss has not, as has sometimes been said, written or attempted to write "philosophical" music. One wonders indeed what "philosophical" music might be. He does not state the problem of life. He pictures at the beginning a troubled mind. He does declaim a creed,—though an ecclesiastical organ may for a moment intone a "Credo." He writes a music which the merest tyro will recognize as having religious associations. He unfolds the frenzies of passion exactly as composers throughout the best part of a century have unfolded them. He cannot feel an emotional counterpart for "Science," so he suggests it by the abstruseness of a fugue. All are cut shotr before they can flower into completeness. They do not satisfy. Strauss brings his hero to a long, definite, for the time being, conclusive pause. There are unformed passages when the music again begins. Its seriousness turns to gaiety, its sombreness to radiance. Analysits may discover that a new set of

Globe

RDAY, FEBRUARY 9

"ZARATHUSTRA" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Brilliant Performance of Strauss' Tone Poem

Nikolai Orloff Soloist in Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in A Major

Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Also Sprach Zarathustra," was the chief item on yesterday's Symphony program. Mr Koussevitzky gave a brilliant interpretation of this long and relatively unfamiliar work. Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, for violin, two flutes and strings, and Mozart's A major pianoforte concerto, with Nikolai Orloff, young Russian pianist, as soloist, were the other numbers.

Strauss' published score contains a prefatory excerpt from Nietzsche's book, and a number of phrases from it are printed as captions heading different sections of the music. But the composer has said: "I did not intend to write philsosphical music or to portray in music Nietzsche's great work." What he did intend, he says, aside from homage to the great philosopher, was "to convey by means of music an idea of the development of the human race from its origin . . . up to Nietzsche's idea of the Superman."

Listening yesterday with all this in mind, one failed to find in the tone poem a musical outline of history. Heard by a musician able to read only music, and ignorant of Strauss' ideas and of philosophy, "Also Sprach Zarathustra" would probably seem effective and interesting music. Can any amount of annotation and explanation make it more than that?

Beethoven, too, read and pondered upon literary masterpieces. Sometimes he surprised his friends by telling them that this or that sonata or quartet was suggested to him by something he and they had read. But he never tried to link his orchestral music with his philosophy in the literal and pedantic fashion followed by commentators on Strauss, and never wholeheartedly repudiated by that composer.

"Thus Spake Zarathustra," judged as music, suffers from excessive complexity of texture, and from its episodic rather than climatic structure. It is particular passages, not a general impression, that one recalls. Mr Koussevitzky's interpretation had the usual sonority and strenuousness. It was brilliant, but it lacked clarity and order.

For the Bach concerto, Mr Koussevitzky used a small group of strings. He omitted the harpsichord on which Bach intended a musician to play chords from a figured bass in order to provide a smooth tonal background for the flowing web of sound from his few instruments. He added two double basses, not in the original score. If these played the notes of the figured bass continuo, as they may have done, they made, of course, no attempt to build cords on them. The thinness of orchestral texture which troubled at least one listener was due not so much to the small number of strings as to the absence of the harpsichord. The three soloists performed very difficult parts with notable skill. Mr Koussevitzky did not show much insight into Bach's melody and rhythm.

In the Mozart concerto, number 488 in Koechel's thematic catalog, Mr Orloff played with unassuming competence and correctness. It is, however, desirable to give to Mozart's melody more flexibility, and to his rhythm more intensity and variety than Mr Orloff brought to them. For his music, which demands the utmost possible technical skill, Mr Orloff's abilities were barely adequate.

Mr Koussevitzky, like every previous conductor of the Boston Symphony, has one composer to whom he is never able to do anything like full justice. And that composer is in his case Mozart. Dr Muck and Mr Monteux failed with Tchaikovsky, where he excels. Muck's Mozart was, of course, marvelous. The orchestral accompaniment for yesterday's concerto was unintelligent and inadequate. The music made so little sense to the conductor that he was unable to phrase properly one of its chief themes. He shifted the tempo in the first movement with a curious hesitancy, made little or nothing of a slow movement that should have been remarkably beautiful, showed his, expected ability to make music of all types interesting only in the lively finale. This performance was one of the very few hopelessly uninteresting ones Koussevitzky has conducted here. One sighed for some of the ill-applied energy that furbished up the Jupiter symphony the other day in a curious Muscovite manner.

Next week the Cecilia Society will assist in several choral pieces, and Ernest Schelling will conduct his own tone poem, "Morocco." P. R.

MON FEB 9 29

Nikolai Orloff Soloist With Boston Symphony

A soloist—rare intrusion nowadays—was invited to assist the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its fifteenth pair of concerts, Feb. 8 and 9. This was Nikolai Orloff, who had elected to play Mozart's Concerto in A major (K. 488). Here was a somewhat forbidding situation—a Russian pianist, accompanied by an orchestra led by a Russian conductor, in a composition of Mozart's. But this alarm proved to have been needless. No one concerned betrayed any desire to turn Mozart into Scriabin. In fact, Mr. Orloff displayed a beautiful tone, sparkling rhythm and exquisite phrasing. As Mr. Koussevitzky with a reduced orchestra supported him in similar vein, we had here an exceptionally suitable team for the setting forth of this delicate art. The performance was charming, and deserved the plaudits it won.

The concert opened with Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G major violin, two flutes and string orchestra. If this is not the greatest of the Brandenburg concertos, it serves at least as a good vehicle for the virtuosity of Mr. Burgin, the concert master, Messrs. Laurent and Bladet, flautists, and the men of the first few chairs of the several string sections.

For climax, Mr. Koussevitzky offered Richard Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," which he interpreted on this occasion for the first time in his Boston pashawlic. The art of Strauss as revealed in his tone-poems is singularly congenial to this conductor, providing dramatic moments in profusion.

There has been a vast amount of disputation over the "meaning" of this and the other tone-poems of Strauss, which has served little purpose save that of publicity. Strauss, Stravinsky and other composers have a coy habit of allowing a "program" of a piece to be made public, and then asserting that the composition is to be regarded as pure music. The thing to do is to take them at their word, and ignore the "programs." With some of these composers, this course is disastrous; their scores, listened to as music, hardly hold our attention.

With Strauss, at least with the Strauss of these early tone-poems, it is different. He really has no need of these methods. If there is to be a din over him, his music is quite capable of providing it. We can afford to disregard the elaborate literary accompaniment to a score of this sort, especially when we realize that even if music can be relied on to represent the upsetting of applecarts, the bleating of sheep and the crying of babies, it can hardly be expected to interpret abstract thought. This score has its bombilations and its dry spots; but it has also an astonishing wealth of invention and a dazzling instrumental luminosity. So let us forget Nietzsche and his Superman, and be content with the Superman of Orchestration.

But let us at the same time remember that these scores do not come to life unaided. Only a conductor of genius, with an unbelievably flexible orchestra at his command, could produce such a fulgurant performance as that of yesterday. L. A. S.

Bos. POST FEB 9 '29

OUR ORCHESTRA'S NEEDS

When we say "our orchestra," it is taken for granted that we mean the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is incomparable, the acknowledged finest in the world. And we are proud of it. But it has its difficulties, nevertheless; financial ones.

The statement of the trustees for 1928 shows a deficit of $87,068; subscriptions to help cover this were received to the amount of $73,179. This year the deficit will be much larger. Orchestra salaries will be increased by nearly $15,000. Income will be less by $32,000, because nobody has come forward to take the place of the late W. S. Quimby, through whose generosity the broadcasting privilege was paid for. Add last year's actual deficit of $14,000 and this year's deficit is estimated at $134,000.

The concerts can only be carried on by the generosity of the public. Though the prices for tickets are moderate, the management does not feel like raising them at the present time. Why, then, may not some man of means arrange for the very educational work of broadcasting the concerts? The season is only a little more than half over. We know that very many people were delighted by them.

But, apart from that, our matchless orchestra, with its great conductor, must not suffer through the lack of funds. Subscriptions are requested. Surely there are enough citizens of Boston, taking pride in one of its great institutions, to pay the deficit 10 times over.

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FEB 9 - MU

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 15th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon comprised Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, G major, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra; Mozart's Piano Concerto, A major (K. 488), and Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Also Sprach Zarathustra."

For the Brandenburg Concerto, Mr. [illegible] lessened the number of strings, nor was the full body of strings employed in Mozart's Concerto. Not that orchestras were necessarily small in Vienna when Mozart was living. At a concert where he played a concerto the orchestra numbered 180, but it is not probable that all the members of the society took part. Concerts, however, were given at Vienna in the latter part of the 18th century by orchestras ranging from 200 to 400 in number.

When pianists today go to Mozart for a concerto they usually choose the one in D minor. The one in A major chosen by Mr. Orloff—there is an earlier one in the same key—is so beautiful, in its lively movements as in the pathetic Andante conspicuous for tenderness and pleasing melancholy, it is surprising that it has been ignored; but Mozart's music is not for every pianist however famous he may be. It is more difficult by its apparent simplicity than many concertos of the thunder-and-guns-and-all-that character. One may be brilliant with Liszt and Tchaikovsky, solemnly "intellectual" with Brahms, or play Beethoven in what is described as "the true Beethovian spirit," whatever that may mean, yet come to grief when Mozart is in question.

Fortunately for the audience yesterday there was Mr. Koussevitsky, an ideal interpreter of Mozart; an orchestra that Mozart would have applauded; a pianist who would have met Mozarts demand that his music should "sound; should flow like oil in certain passages. Mr. Orloff played most musically, not merely with the pedantic, cool intelligence that often passes for a musical interpretation. Expression of intense emotion, passion was not considered artistic in the Vienna of Mozart's time, nor was it in the music. Grace, tenderness, a melancholy subdued as in a reverie, serenity even in melancholy—these were expected in an andante. And so Mr. Orloff, who had shown in his recital two season ago that he could dazzle by his brilliance and sound the note of deep emotion, played this concerto as one believes Mozart would have liked it.

Mr. Koussevitzy is as artistic in his treatment of Bach as in his reading of Mozart. The concerto, it is needless to say when there is mention of Mr. Burgin, the violinist, Messrs. Laurent and Bladet, the flutists, and the admirable members of the string section, was delightfully performed. It is to be wished that Bach had cut the opening allegro shorter; the good man's musical talk in this movement is chatter before he is through with what he has to say. As the movement is signed with the name of Bach, those who almost swoon with admiration whenever his name is mentioned—there is much "bunk" in circles of music "appreciators"—accept him in bulk, and would say, "Oh that it would never end!" and would sigh soulfully in their rapt enjoyment.

Whatever one may think of Strauss's "Zarathustra," whether it is to be classed among his greatest works; whether it contains much that is sonorous but is really labored and unimpressive; whether the attempt to translate passages of Nietzsche concerning individualism and the deification of life into tones was imprudent, if not foolish, one must admit that there are great moments in this tone-poem. "Stupendous" is not too big a word for the introduction; there is beauty in the "Grave Song," Homeric gaiety in the "Tanzlied"; mystery in the ending, nor to appreciate this ending is it necessary to think of the "Ideal" swaying aloft or the "World Riddle" growling below. One does well to hear this tone-poem without thought of Nietzsche.

Nor is "marvellous" too big a word for Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation; nor for the orchestral performance. No greater performance by an orchestra has been heard in Symphony hall since it was dedicated; it would be hard to name one that was so great.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra at the concerts next week will be assisted by the Cecilia Society trained by Malcolm Lang, its conductor. Franck, Psalm 150 for chorus, orchestra and organ. Roussel, "Evocations," the third one with chorus. Schelling, "Morocco," (conducted by the composer). Borodin, Polovtsian dances with chorus, from "Prince Igor."

Music Notes and Comment

Mr Koussevitzky, whose interest in choral music has often been manifested, has secured the aid of the Cecilia Society for this week's Symphony concerts in the regular series. The chorus will be heard in Franck's 150th Psalm, the familiar dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor," and one of a set of three "Evocations," an early work of the Parisian composer, Roussel, one of the elder generation of living French musicians. "La Ville Rose," from this set of pieces, was played here under Mr Monteux. The other numbers are new to Boston. Mr Schelling, one of the most eminent of American composers, will conduct his new tone-poem, "Morocco."

There is to be a soloist at the fourth Monday Symphony concert tomorrow, Yolanda Mero, the Hungarian pianist, remembered from several previous appearances in Boston as a notable technician gifted with a temperament.

Boston

AY, FEBRUARY 9, 1

SYMPHONY IN STRAUSS' TONE-POEM

"Thus Spake Zarathustra" Played Again

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The first performance here under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction of Strauss' Nietzschean tone-poem "Thus Spake Zarathustra," was the outstanding feature of the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. Before this heaven-storming music came two pieces of slenderer sonorities; the Fourth Brandenburg Concerto of Bach, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra; and an A major Piano Concerto of Mozart, with Nicolai Orloff as the soloist.

AFTER LAPSE OF YEARS

Once upon a time "Zarathustra" was common experience at the Symphony concerts. In the programme book yesterday was a record of performances in 1909, 1910, 1911, 1915 and 1916. Then came the suppression of all things German, not until 1922 was "Zarathustra" again heard in Symphony Hall, to be neglected thereafter until the concert of yesterday. Now and again this absence of an accustomed music makes it more than ever welcome on its return. But sometimes such rehearing after a lapse of years brings both a clarification and a disillusionment.

Yesterday, for case in point, "Zarathustra" seemed to be not of the greater Strauss, even granting that no other composer, living or dead, could have made it as it is. From the very nature of the impossible task which Strauss sought to accomplish, the translation into music of separated passages from Nietzsche's philosophical work, Strauss could not gain in this tone-poem the organic unity that is displayed in its fellows.

Not His Greatest Invention

And save for the stark C-G-C of the Zarathustra motif, the themes are not among Strauss' most salient and characteristic inventions. The Hinterweltern melody, perhaps appropriately enough, is but a glorified hymn-tune; the fugue subject is mere contrivance; the dance theme, a Viennese waltz, and the melody in thirds which recurs at the end, mere Teutonic sentimentality, while only the theme of the section "Of Joys and Passions" has the truly Straussian sweep and fervor.

But, to give the composer his due, yesterday's performance, although in many respects a brilliant one, did not at every turn do fullest justice to the music. The climax in the opening portrayal of the sunrise came a measure or two too soon, and one of the most impressive effects in all symphonic music missed fire. There is more in the music "Of Joys and Passions" than was disclosed yesterday, and even in its apotheosis, which should be the waltzing of the stars in their courses, the dance kept always one foot on terra firma.

Certain to Improve

Ir precedent is any criterion, however, Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra have together become more practiced in it, they will do better by "Zarathustra."

For the 18th century pieces Mr. Koussevitzky wisely used yesterday a much reduced string band. The performance of Bach's Concerto, not the most interesting of the six, was warmly received, and the soloists, Mr. Burgin, Mr. Laurent and Mr. Bladet, were called upon to bow. The Concerto of Mozart, notable chiefly for its poetic Andante, was played by Mr. Orloff with exceeding neatness and taste. He, too, was applauded and heartily, according to his just deserts.

CONCERTS IN FEB 9 SYMPHONY CONCERTS

By MOSES SMITH

There is a possibility of too much of a good thing, as Aristotle, a talented Greek philosopher, remarked more than twenty centuries ago. The immediate reference is to the current pair of Boston Symphony concerts, the first of which the writer attended yesterday.

After almost a fortnight of constant attendance at the Opera House the most ardent music-lover has become temporarily sated with a musical diet. Musical indigestion begins to set in. Melodies of Verdi mingle confusedly with Wagnerian motives, and one finds it difficult to distinguish between the Debuss of "Pelleas" and the "Carmen" of Bizet.

We offer this apology in lieu of writing an adequate review of the Symphony concert. So far as our insensitive ears could determine, the performance was of a more or less routine character, despite the presence of a soloist. The opening piece was Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto—not one of the master's greatest works. Richard Burgin, solo violinist, and two solo-flutes, played by Messrs. Laurent and Bladet, combined with Mr. Koussevitzky and the reduced string orchestra in a competent performance.

Nikolai Orloff, Russian pianist, was the soloist in Mozart's A major piano concerto. The pianist had moments of charm as well as brilliance in his playing. At all times he kept the solo part subservient to the ensemble. One bad passage in the third movement marred an otherwise clean and musical rendition. The orchestral support under Mr. Koussevitzky was highly sympathetic. Mr. Orloff was recalled several times by the applause of the audience.

The last number was in the nature of a "revival" — Richard Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra." For the first time in Boston Mr. Koussevitzky conducted this musical elaboration on a philosophic poem. The piece was brilliantly played, in our opinion, with poetic insight keenly evidenced in many pages. But the whole was episodic rather than unified—a patchwork of beautiful pieces, not a single great pattern.

An Orchestra in Need

The Symphony Concerts Face a Largely Increased Deficit Only Partially Guaranteed

TRANS — FEB 11

THE Symphony Orchestra is in need of money—of money to meet operating expenses. In a quiet fashion, more impressive than the usual shriek and jabber of "publicity," the Trustees make known as much in the program-book for the concerts of last week. The deficit for the musical year, 1927-28, ending last July, was $87,000. The deficit for the present musical year, 1928-29, will exceed it by more than fifty per cent—say $47,000. It was necessary to raise salaries by $15,000. Otherwise there has been no material increase in outlay. The treasury, however, is the poorer by $32,000—the fee paid for the broadcasting, now discontinued, of the Symphony Concerts and of occasional Pop Concerts. Consequently, instead of the comfortable and familiar deficit of $87,000, a new and uncomfortable net loss of $134,000 faces the Trustees; while as yet the subscriptions to the annual Guarantee Fund are less than $75,000. With reason they continue:

> The Trustees are aware that this is a large sum to seek from the public. It is nevertheless the fact that in other cities the annual deficits of the orchestras are considerably larger than in Boston. It is also a fact that our orchestra now occupies a foremost place among the artistic and broadly educational organizations of its kind. As an institution it touches both the pride and the keen personal interest of a large element in the community The Trustees are therefore confident that its support will be continued, even at the increased cost which the changing times have demanded.
>
> In the first year after the passing of the support of the orchestra by a single generous citizen to its maintenance by the public, the subscribers to the deficit numbered but 127. In ten years this number has risen to 397. The Trustees believe that it is still capable of large extension. They would greatly appreciate a continuance of the help they have received, with such increase in the scale of it as individual impulse may prompt. They would welcome most of all an appreciable increase in the number of individual subscribers, of whom they believe that many share their faith in the orchestra and their desire to hold it in its present place in the artistic life of America.

The Audience, The Conductor, And a Concert

TRANS — FEB 12

Signs of the Times No Less Than a Program from Bach to Strauss

For the rare visitor to the supplementary concerts of the Symphony Orchestra it was pleasure to hear the applause that on Monday evening welcomed Mr. Koussevitzky to his place. It was long, honest, hearty. It came from an audience representative of the intelligent, substantial middle class in the musically inclined community. On Saturday evenings, a sophisticated company lends the conductor ear. On Tuesday afternoons a youthful public from schools and colleges, a suburban public from the remoter environs, sits before him. On Friday afternoons mixed motives assemble a mixed audience. On these Monday evenings, above any other occasion, he comes in contact with average listeners. (The adjective is written with no disparagement.) Not only did they salute him warmly. At every possible opportunity they renewed their plaudits. At the end of Bach's Concerto it must have the little orchestra standing with the conductor in the center of the crescent. At the end of "Zarathustra," it lingered to do as much for Mr. Koussevitzky and his full forces. When Mme Mérö had played through Liszt's Concerto, it must have back the conductor as well as the pianist. Beyond peradventure these Monday audiences hold Mr. Koussevitzky in warm regard and with him the orchestra he has re-created in his own image. At the back of their heads at least is the notion that he has restored it to high place in the American and the European world.

At the moment it is worth while to dwell upon these casual, familiar circumstances. The Trustees of the orchestra, as two pages in the program-book indicated, face a larger deficit in operating expenses than they have encountered in recent years. It arises from conditions largely beyond their control—the cessation of broadcasting and the consequent fees; the standard of salaries established in symphony concerts in America. There has been no decline in the usual subscriptions to the Guarantee Fund. As in recent years, conductor and orchestra give the largest possible number of concerts at the highest prices within reason to audiences that fill every seat. Consequently the new charges constrain the Trustees to ask additional and more widely distributed pledges. Once the situation is understood, there is no reason to doubt that they will be forthcoming.

None the less those who dislike Mr. Koussevitzky and his methods, the new standards of programs and performance that he has enjoined upon the concerts, bestir themselves to discourage subscriptions. They have reached that pitch of impotence and unreason that they would put financial compulsion upon the Trustees to bend them to their will. They actually believe that by such methods an elderly minority can reduce the present Boston Symphony Orchestra to the impersonal mediocrity, say, of Mr. Rabaud's year; that it can set back program-making to what it was before Dr. Muck's coming twenty-odd seasons past; that behind the ring fence of its predilections it can isolate the Symphony Concerts from the musical life of the present day. However scrupleless the means, it is hard to conceive a more futile adventure.

For the first time since 1917, the Boston Orchestra stands revitalized and restored —in its old place, under every test, among the orchestras of America and Europe; by much testimony falls nothing short in the range and the balance of its programs; has rewon publics that were forsaking it; above all has drawn the younger generation (upon whom its future depends) not only into Symphony Hall but to alert interest and support. The one and only author of these good deeds—the orchestra assisting, the Trustees supporting—is Serge Koussevitzky. As conductors go in these sparse-furnished days, in him are the present and the future of the orchestra inextricably bound up. The applause of Monday and Saturday evenings, of Tuesday and Friday afternoons is witness to this present and pledge for this future. Even the oldest cannot fetch back, by fair means or worse, a vanished symphonic day.

Mr. Koussevitzky does well when for the Fourth Brandenburg Concerto of Bach, in repetition last evening, he reduces the orchestra to chamber dimensions. The piece was written as salon-music for a princely house in the eighteenth century. Shift it to public performance in the twentieth, and the smallest orchestra that will carry it to every corner of the hall, may suffice. Ears less tolerant of formal and repeated patterns are now listening to Bach's Allegros. They must move brightly, quickly, sinuously; every measure of the feathering, echoing flutes run clear; every melodious phrase of the solo-violin go full-rounded. Too many instruments clog the pattern-spinning, blur the transparent texture.

Stiffen, thicken these Allegros and they soon weary the modern listener. Make them swift, supple and limpid as Mr. Koussevitzky and his little orchestra did, and the play of figure and arabesque, the bite of accents, the interweavings, the contrasts, the sudden evenings of the voices will hold fast the listener. Far behind him the conductor put the mechanized, pedantic Bach. He was equally mindful of the slow movement between. Here went no Bach of exaltation or any sort of inspiration; instead a courtly composer minded to charm Monseigneur and the company by his graces. The violin sings; the flutes answer it; the other strings set in a resilient underbody. Or the little orchestra takes up the course, the flutes a-top and feathering. In those days there was also an elegant Bach; here he is writing—fortunate two hundred years after in Mr. Burgin and Mr. Laurent to play him.

Liszt's Concerto in A major sounded like a resurrection, but by no means from the dead. Nowadays the pianists hark back to the flowing ancients like Mozart or Bach; are symphonic with Beethoven (of "The Emperor") with Brahms, with Rakhmaninov; or else displayful with Chaikovsky or even Saint-Saëns. They forget these two romantic rhapsodies of Liszt or mistakenly believe them numb with the changing years. Far from it. Liszt rhapsodizes over his musical material. Ever and anon, the wailing chromatic motiv of the beginning returns to haunt all else. It lays hold upon Liszt's imagination, and soon enough upon his audience. Transform it as he may we cannot choose but hear. Another motiv and he is building up a climax pridefully. A third and his hand lightens. It is as though one impulse came treading on another's heel.

Likewise with the piano. Through two-thirds of the Concerto Liszt keeps it in place—means to the desired ends. Then it also masters him. Through all the finale he treats it like a firework or rather a reservoir of fireworks. The notes fall in showers or in sheets. They run along the surface; they leap into the air. They spin about; they cascade; they coalesce at last into a fiery pool of climax. Rhapsody with motivs, rhapsody with the instrument; out of both, and the pianist, a whole Concerto. Mme. Mérö, undiminished in either technique or temperament, Hungarian kindling Hungarian with a mutual flame, took Liszt at his word, played him with an unflagging bravura; flung out whole sections as so much improvisation, florid or tense; swept through the finale dazzling but not hardening. Mr. Koussevitzky set the orchestra no less in the vein. Join the three together and Liszt's "old" Concerto misses nothing of romantic rhapsody or pianistic rhetoric. Who cared whether there was anything inside? The surface was quite enough.

Even with the subtractions of time—and "Zarathustra" is in its thirty-third year—there are glories enough abiding in Strauss's tone-poem. Range up and down the composers of his day, and ours, and who but him could stretch and fill so vast a canvas? Or who set to the task with such ardor; hold himself at such ecstasy; lapsing only rarely, thinning only a little, pressing onward to the end? There is the title, the parenthesis—"Freely after Nietzsche"; the sub-titles in the score; the glosses of the learned "programists," conning the Nietzschian page. Yet who in these days thinks often of Zarathustra and his creator? Rather, Strauss pervades the scene, unrolling in tones his panorama of the life, the aspirations, the fate of man.

The beginning is nothing less than an act of titanic creation — the darksome reverberating pedal-point, the awakening drum-roll, the out-thrusting trumpets, the thunderous climax. The world stirs to life; into it descends man seeking his destiny. There follow the chorale of the shadowed believers. Strauss relaxing less the ardor than the invention: "Of The Great Longing" and "Of Joys and Passions"—Strauss in full tide of songful ecstasy; the "Grave Song" turning these yearnings into pity, not mockery — Strauss rising and holding to a piercing beauty; the derisive fugue "Of Science"—again Strauss tumultuous and magnificent; the upleaping of "The Convalescent"—in measures mounting from suspense to suspense; the pulsant generation of "The Dance Song"—Strauss superbly elate; the decline, blot of blots upon the whole, into the waltz-haunted measures; again the upward flood toward the climax of the ideal, bursting and breaking upon the strokes of the midnight-bell; the descent into the questioning, the doubting, the fading of the end.

To recite the course of "Zarathustra" in such pale summary is to be left breathless with the sensation of far-sweeping ecstasy halting for breath, forthwith upspringing into power. Agree to the obvious failures like the transition from the sublime introduction into the body of the tone-poem, or the second half of "The Dance Song." Note every incidental shortcoming or mischoice along the way. They are not few after thirty years. Yet in all the music of our time is there aught comparable in sustained heights, plumbed depths, in exaltation and in splendor?

From the outset Mr. Koussevitzky found the only voice in which "Zarathustra" can be truly proclaimed—the voice that begins in ardor and ascends ecstasy. Before him sat an orchestra that could conquer every exaction of the notes, then stand ready for every eloquence. The conductor rolled back the night, commanded the sun; did what he might to hide the bare transition into the world. "The Great Longing," "The Joys and Passions" flamed with intrepid intensity. Into sound Mr. Koussevitzky veritably translated Strauss's creative fires. Against them he laid the cool beauty of "The Grave Song," which is memory. The Fugue thrust and leered. The advance to the Dance Song thrilled with suspense the Song itself, so long as Strauss would let it, beat high with elation. The climax of the ideal was a frenetic flood of sound; but too lightly the midnight bell clove through it. The end pierced with the pathos of the insoluble riddle, which is destiny. Into the air the music vanished rather than thinned. It has been easy to say that "Don Quixote" was the Straussian tone-poem in which Mr. Koussevitzky would most excel. And [illegible] for the present it is "Zarathustra."

H. T. P.

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Herald Boston

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FEB 9 MU

AY, FEBRUARY 9, 1

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 15th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon comprised Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, G major, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra; Mozart's Piano Concerto, A major (K. 488), and Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Also Sprach Zarathustra."

For the Brandenburg Concerto, Mr. [illegible] lessened the number of strings, nor was the full body of strings employed in Mozart's Concerto. Not that orchestras were necessarily small in Vienna when Mozart was living. At a concert where he played a concerto the orchestra numbered 180, but it is not probable that all the members of the society took part. Concerts, however, were given at Vienna in the latter part of the 18th century by orchestras ranging from 200 to 400 in number.

When pianists today go to Mozart for a concerto they usually choose the one in D minor. The one in A major chosen by Mr. Orloff—there is an earlier one in the same key—is so beautiful, in its lively movements as in the pathetic Andante conspicuous for tenderness and pleasing melancholy, it is surprising that it has been ignored; but Mozart's music is not for every pianist however famous he may be. It is more difficult by its apparent simplicity than many concertos of the thunder-and-guns-and-all-that character. One may be brilliant with Liszt and Tchaikovsky, solemnly "intellectual" with Brahms, or play Beethoven in what is described as "the true Beethovian spirit," whatever that may mean, yet come to grief when Mozart is in question.

Fortunately for the audience yesterday there was Mr. Koussevitsky, an ideal interpreter of Mozart; an orchestra that Mozart would have applauded; a pianist who would have met Mozarts demand that his music should "sound; should flow like oil in certain passages. Mr. Orloff played most musically, not merely with the pedantic, cool intelligence that often passes for a musical interpretation. Expression of intense emotion, passion was not considered artistic in the Vienna of Mozart's time, nor was it in the music. Grace, tenderness, a melancholy subdued as in a reverie, serenity even in melancholy—these were expected in an andante. And so Mr. Orloff, who had shown in his recital two season ago that he could dazzle by his brilliance and sound the note of deep emotion, played this concerto as one believes Mozart would have liked it.

Mr. Koussevitzy is as artistic in his treatment of Bach as in his reading of Mozart. The concerto, it is needless to say when there is mention of Mr. Burgin, the violinist, Messrs. Laurent and Bladet, the flutists, and the admirable members of the string section, was delightfully performed. It is to be wished that Bach had cut the opening allegro shorter; the good man's musical talk in this movement is chatter before he is through with what he has to say. As the movement is signed with the name of Bach, those who almost swoon with admiration whenever his name is mentioned—there is much "bunk" in circles of music "appreciators"—accept him in bulk, and would say, "Oh that it would never end!" and would sigh soulfully in their rapt enjoyment.

Whatever one may think of Strauss's "Zarathustra," whether it is to be classed among his greatest works; whether it contains much that is sonorous but is really labored and unimpressive; whether the attempt to translate passages of Nietzsche concerning individualism and the deification of life into tones was imprudent, if not foolish, one must admit that there are great moments in this tone-poem. "Stupendous" is not too big a word for the introduction; there is beauty in the "Grave Song," Homeric gaiety in the "Tanzlied"; mystery in the ending, nor to appreciate this ending is it necessary to think of the "Ideal" swaying aloft or the "World Riddle" growling below. One does well to hear this tone-poem without thought of Nietzsche.

Nor is "marvellous" too big a word for Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation;

SYMPHONY IN STRAUSS' TONE-POEM

"Thus Spake Zarathustra" Played Again

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The first performance here under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction of Strauss' Nietzschean tone-poem "Thus Spake Zarathustra," was the outstanding feature of the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon. Before this heaven-storming music came two pieces of slenderer sonorities; the Fourth Brandenburg Concerto of Bach, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra; and an A major Piano Concerto of Mozart, with Nicolai Orloff as the soloist.

AFTER LAPSE OF YEARS

Once upon a time "Zarathustra" was common experience at the Symphony concerts. In the programme book yesterday was a record of performances in 1909, 1910, 1911, 1915 and 1916. Then came the suppression of all things German, not until 1922 was "Zarathustra" again heard in Symphony Hall, to be neglected thereafter until the concert of yesterday. Now and again this absence of an accustomed music makes it more than ever welcome on its return. But sometimes such rehearing after a lapse of years brings both a clarification and a disillusionment.

Yesterday, for case in point, "Zarathustra" seemed to be not of the greater Strauss, even granting that no other composer, living or dead, could have made it as it is. From the very nature of the impossible task which Strauss sought to accomplish, the translation into music of separated passages from Nietzsche's philosophical work, Strauss could not gain in this tone-poem the organic unity that is displayed in its fellows.

Not His Greatest Invention

And save for the stark C-G-C of the Zarathustra motif, the themes are not among Strauss' most salient and characteristic inventions. The Hinterwelten melody, perhaps appropriately enough, is but a glorified hymn-tune; the fugue subject is mere contrivance; the dance theme, a Viennese waltz, and the melody in thirds which recurs at the end, mere Teutonic sentimentality, while only the theme of the section "Of Joys and Passions" has the truly Straussian sweep and fervor.

But, to give the composer his due, yesterday's performance, although in many respects a brilliant one, did not at every turn do fullest justice to the music. The climax in the opening portrayal of the sunrise came a measure or two too soon, and one of the most impressive effects in all symphonic music missed fire. There is more in the music "Of Joys and Passions" than was disclosed yesterday, and even in its apotheosis, which should be the waltzing of the stars in their courses, the dance kept always one foot on terra firma.

Certain to Improve

If precedent is any criterion, however, Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra have together become more practiced in it, they will do better by "Zarathustra."

For the 18th century pieces Mr. Koussevitzky wisely used yesterday a much reduced string band. The performance of Bach's Concerto, not the most interesting of the six, was warmly received, and the soloists, Mr. Burgin, Mr. Laurent and Mr. Bladet, were called upon to bow. The Concerto of Mozart, notable chiefly for its poetic Andante, was played by Mr. Orloff with exceeding neatness and taste. He, too, was applauded and heartily, according to his just deserts.

nor for the orchestral performance. No greater performance by an orchestra has been heard in Symphony hall since it was dedicated; it would be hard to name one that was so great.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra at the concerts next week will be assisted by the Cecilia Society trained by Malcolm Lang, its conductor. Franck, Psalm 150 for chorus, orchestra and organ. Roussel, "Evocations," the third one with chorus. Schelling, "Morocco," (conducted by the composer). Borodin, Polovtsian dances with chorus, from "Prince Igor."

Music Notes and Comment

Mr Koussevitzky, whose interest in choral music has often been manifested, has secured the aid of the Cecilia Society for this week's Symphony concerts in the regular series. The chorus will be heard in Franck's 150th Psalm, the familiar dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor," and one of a set of three "Evocations," an early work of the Parisian composer, Roussel, one of the elder generation of living French musicians. "La Ville Rose," from this set of pieces, was played here under Mr Monteux. The other numbers are new to Boston. Mr Schelling, one of the most eminent of American composers, will conduct his new tone-poem, "Morocco."

There is to be a soloist at the fourth Monday Symphony concert tomorrow, Yolanda Mero, the Hungarian pianist, remembered from several previous appearances in Boston as a notable technician gifted with a temperament.

CONCERTS IN FEB 9 SYMPHONY CONCERTS

By MOSES SMITH

There is a possibility of too much of a good thing, as Aristotle, a talented Greek philosopher, remarked more than twenty centuries ago. The immediate reference is to the current pair of Boston Symphony concerts, the first of which the writer attended yesterday.

After almost a fortnight of constant attendance at the Opera House the most ardent music-lover has become temporarily sated with a musical diet. Musical indigestion begins to set in. Melodies of Verdi mingle confusedly with Wagnerian motives, and one finds it difficult to distinguish between the Debussy of "Pelleas" and the "Carmen" of Bizet.

We offer this apology in lieu of writing an adequate review of the Symphony concert. So far as our insensitive ears could determine, the performance was of a more or less routine character, despite the presence of a solo [illegible] ng piece was Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto—not one of the master's greatest works. Richard Burgin, solo violinist, and two solo-flutes, played by Messrs. Laurent and Bladet, combined with Mr. Koussevitzky and the reduced string orchestra in a competent performance.

Nikolai Orloff, Russian pianist, was the soloist in Mozart's A major piano concerto. The pianist had moments of charm as well as brilliance in his playing. At all times he kept the solo part subservient to the ensemble. One bad passage in the third movement marred an otherwise clean and musical rendition. The orchestral support under Mr. Koussevitzky was highly sympathetic. Mr. Orloff was recalled several times by the applause of the audience.

The last number was in the nature of a "revival" — Richard Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra." For the first time in Boston Mr. Koussevitzky conducted this musical elaboration on a philosophic poem. The piece was brilliantly played, in our opinion, with poetic insight keenly evidenced in many pages. But the whole was episodic rather than unified—a patchwork of beautiful pieces, not a single great pattern.

An Orchestra in Need

The Symphony Concerts Face a Largely Increased Deficit Only Partially Guaranteed

THE Symphony Orchestra is in need of money—of money to meet operating expenses. In a quiet fashion, more impressive than the usual shriek and jabber of "publicity," the Trustees make known as much in the program-book for the concerts of last week. The deficit for the musical year, 1927-28, ending last July, was $87,000. The deficit for the present musical year, 1928-29, will exceed it by more than fifty per cent—say $47,000. It was necessary to raise salaries by $15,000. Otherwise there has been no material increase in outlay. The treasury, however, is the poorer by $32,000—the fee paid for the broadcasting, now discontinued, of the Symphony Concerts and of occasional Pop Concerts. Consequently, instead of the comfortable and familiar deficit of $87,000, a new and uncomfortable net loss of $134,000 faces the Trustees; while as yet the subscriptions to the annual Guarantee Fund are less than $75,000. With reason they continue:

> The Trustees are aware that this is a large sum to seek from the public. It is nevertheless the fact that in other cities the annual deficits of the orchestras are considerably larger than in Boston. It is also a fact that our orchestra now occupies a foremost place among the artistic and broadly educational organizations of its kind. As an institution it touches both the pride and the keen personal interest of a large element in the community. The Trustees are therefore confident that its support will be continued, even at the increased cost which the changing times have demanded.
>
> In the first year after the passing of the support of the orchestra by a single generous citizen to its maintenance by the public, the subscribers to the deficit numbered but 127. In ten years this number has risen to 397. The Trustees believe that it is still capable of large extension. They would greatly appreciate a continuance of the help they have received, with such increase in the scale of it as individual impulse may prompt. They would welcome most of all an appreciable increase in the number of individual subscribers, of whom they believe that many share their faith in the orchestra and their desire to hold it in its present place in the artistic life of America.

The Audience, The Conductor, And a Concert

TRANS — FEB 12

Signs of the Times No Less Than a Program from Bach to Strauss

FOR the rare visitor to the supplementary concerts of the Symphony Orchestra it was pleasure to hear the applause that on Monday evening welcomed Mr. Koussevitzky to his place. It was long, honest, hearty. It came from an audience representative of the intelligent, substantial middle class in the musically inclined community. On Saturday evenings, a sophisticated company lends the conductor ear. On Tuesday afternoons a youthful public from schools and colleges, a suburban public from the remoter environs, sits before him. On Friday afternoons mixed motives assemble a mixed audience. On these Monday evenings, above any other occasion, he comes in contact with average listeners. (The adjective is written with no disparagement.) Not only did they salute him warmly. At every possible opportunity they renewed their plaudits. At the end of Bach's Concerto it must have the little orchestra standing with the conductor in the center of the crescent. At the end of "Zarathustra," it lingered to do as much for Mr. Koussevitzky and his full forces. When Mme Mérö had played through Liszt's Concerto, it must have back the conductor as well as the pianist. Beyond peradventure these Monday audiences hold Mr. Koussevitzky in warm regard and with him the orchestra he has re-created in his own image. At the back of their heads at least is the notion that he has restored it to high place in the American and the European world.

At the moment it is worth while to dwell upon these casual, familiar circumstances. The Trustees of the orchestra, as two pages in the program-book indicated, face a larger deficit in operating expenses than they have encountered in recent years. It arises from conditions largely beyond their control—the cessation of broadcasting and the consequent fees; the standard of salaries established in Symphony concerts in America. There has been no decline in the usual subscriptions to the Guarantee Fund. As in recent years, conductor and orchestra give the largest possible number of concerts at the highest prices within reason to audiences that fill every seat. Consequently the new charges constrain the Trustees to ask additional and more widely distributed pledges. Once the situation is understood, there is no reason to doubt that they will be forthcoming.

None the less those who dislike Mr. Koussevitzky and his methods, the new standards of programs and performance that he has enjoined upon the concerts, bestir themselves to discourage subscriptions. They have reached that pitch of impotence and unreason that they would put financial compulsion upon the Trustees to bend them to their will. They actually believe that by such methods an elderly minority can reduce the present Boston Symphony Orchestra to the impersonal mediocrity, say, of Mr. Rabaud's year; that it can set back program-making to what it was before Dr. Muck's coming twenty-odd seasons past; that behind the ring fence of its predilections it can isolate the Symphony Concerts from the musical life of the present day. However scrupleless the means, it is hard to conceive a more futile adventure.

For the first time since 1917, the Boston Orchestra stands revitalized and restored—in its old place, under every test, among the orchestras of America and Europe; by much testimony falls nothing short in the range and the balance of its programs; has rewon publics that were forsaking it; above all has drawn the younger generation (upon whom its future depends) not only into Symphony Hall but to alert interest and support. The one and only author of these good deeds—the orchestra assisting, the Trustees supporting—is Serge Koussevitzky. As conductors go in these sparse-furnished days, in him are the present and the future of the orchestra inextricably bound up. The applause of Monday and Saturday evenings, of Tuesday and Friday afternoons is witness to this present and pledge for this future. Even the oldest cannot fetch back, by fair means or worse, a vanished symphonic day.

Mr. Koussevitzky does well when for the Fourth Brandenburg Concerto of Bach, in repetition last evening, he reduces the orchestra to chamber dimensions. The piece was written as salon-music for a princely house in the eighteenth century. Shift it to public performance in the twentieth, and the smallest orchestra that will carry it to every corner of the hall, may suffice. Ears less tolerant of formal and repeated patterns are now listening to Bach's Allegros. They must move brightly, quickly, sinuously; every measure of the feathering, echoing flutes run clear; every melodious phrase of the solo-violin go full-rounded. Too many instruments clog the pattern-spinning, blur the transparent texture.

Stiffen, thicken these Allegros and they soon weary the modern listener. Make them swift, supple and limpid as Mr. Koussevitzky and his little orchestra did, and the play of figure and arabesque, the bite of accents, the interweavings, the contrasts, the sudden evenings of the voices will hold fast the listener. Far behind him the conductor put the mechanized, pedantic Bach. He was equally mindful of the slow movement between. Here went no Bach of exaltation or any sort of inspiration; instead a courtly composer minded to charm Monseigneur and the company by his graces. The violin sings; the flutes answer it; the other strings set in a resilient underbody. Or the little orchestra takes up the course, the flutes a-top and feathering. In those days there was also an elegant Bach; here he is writing—fortunate two hundred years after in Mr. Burgin and Mr. Laurent to play him.

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Likewise with the piano. Through two-thirds of the Concerto Liszt keeps it in place—means to the desired ends. Then it also masters him. Through all the finale he treats it like a firework or rather a reservoir of fireworks. The notes fall in showers or in sheets. They run along the surface; they leap into the air. They spin about; they cascade; they coalesce at last into a fiery pool of climax. Rhapsody with motivs, rhapsody with the instrument; out of both, and the pianist, a whole Concerto. Mme. Mérö, undiminished in either technique or temperament, Hungarian kindling Hungarian with a mutual flame, took Liszt at his word, played him with an unflagging bravura; flung out whole sections as so much improvisation, florid or tense; swept through the finale dazzling but not hardening. Mr. Koussevitzky set the orchestra no less in the vein. Join the three together and Liszt's "old" Concerto misses nothing of romantic rhapsody or pianistic rhetoric. Who cared whether there was anything inside? The surface was quite enough.

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H. T. P.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

Bos. Amer.
FEBRUARY 12, 1929

NOTED PIANIST APPEARS WITH SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

At the fourth Monday evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Yolanda Mero, pianist, was the soloist, a genius that is rapidly disappearing from the regular subscription series, and which appears less often on these supplementary programs.

Mme. Mero chose for her "vehicle" Liszt's A major concerto. The vigor and sonority of the music were not above the ample powers of the pianist. She could lay on her fortissimi as the most virile of male pianists. And the songful sections were produced with proper tonal contrast. The performance, with excellent and spirited accompaniment offered by the orchestra under Koussevitzky, was heartily applauded. Not until soloist and conductor had several times shaken hands in mutual congratulation and the men had stood up to receive tribute did the applause die down.

A nicely balanced rendition of the Bach fourth Brandenburg concerto opened the concert. Since this piece was played on last week's regula programs it requires no comment here. The same thing might be said of the last number, "Also Sprach Zarathustra," in which the mighty Strauss makes music out of Nietzsche. But the revival of this significant tone-poem is of sufficient importance to call for another word.

The orchestral performance was even more remarkable than that of last Friday. This music is extraordinarily difficult to play, but the Boston Symphony handled it with the utmost precision, with such sensitiveness as we had not suspected even this body was capable of. The almost legendary glories of Dr Muck's day needs no longer be recalled; we have them here and now.

As to Koussevitzky's interpretation, I could not see that it left anything to be desired.

TWO CONCERTOS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe Feb 12

Yolanda Mero as Soloist

Wins Hearty Applause

Concertos by Bach and Liszt and Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra" filled the program of the fourth Monday Symphony concert last night. Yolanda Mero, the distinguished Hungarian pianist, richly deserved the hearty applause that followed her playing of Liszt's A major concerto. Richard Burgin, Georges Laurent and G. Bladet of the orchestra were the soloists in Bach's Brandenburg Concerto in G major, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra. They, too, won cordial applause.

Mme Mero has the technique for Liszt's showy and brilliant concerto. What is far more important, she understands and believes in the music. Even listeners prone to scoff at Liszt as bombastic and theatrical could not but be impressed with the dramatic effectiveness of this concerto last night. Mme Mero made the rhythms fiery and the melodies tender and brilliant by turns. One particularly admired the way in which she saved the chief theme from banality by shaping its phrases gracefully.

The other numbers were played last week in the regular series, so that extended comment is not now needed. The Strauss tone poem was better played than last Friday, though there were still some rough and jumbled spots. The Monday audience has the advantage of the regular subscribers in hearing pieces that the orchestra has whipped into shape in numerous performances. The Bach last night was played for the 50th time this season at least. It went fluently, too fluently, without sufficient shaping of melody nuances of rhythm.

The next concert in this series will be given March 18. P. R.

FEB 12 1929

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By agreeing report from New York Koussevitzky, conducting in Honegger's "Rugby," makes it a more graphic and stirring music than did the composer at his recent concerts in Boston. It is also one of the new and interesting pieces of the year from an eminent hand. There seems no good reason why, after a courteous interval, it should not be played [illegible] at Symphony Hall.

FOURTH MONDAY CONCERT

Post

Strauss' "Zarathustra" Outstanding Piece on List

FEB 12

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Symphony Concert of last evening, the fourth of the current Monday series, had much in common with the regular subscription concerts of last Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Both programmes began with Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto and ended with Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and in both a Piano Concerto in A major separated Bach and Strauss. On Friday and Saturday the composer was Mozart; the pianist, Mr. Orloff. Last evening the music was Liszt's, its performer Yolanda Mero.

STRAUSS' TONE POEM

Not so well as its companion piece in E flat has Liszt's second concerto for the pianoforte withstood the ravages of time, and Mme. Mero's performance of last evening was not one to make this composition sound better than it is. A certain propulsive energy appropriate in this or the other passage was its distinguishing feature. There was little subtlety, not too much poetry in her playing, and her tone lacked roundness and richness. The audience, however, received Mme. Mero with unwonted enthusiasm, and after she had been recalled many times Mr. Koussevitzky finally returned with her and summoned the orchestra to its feet.

Better than at last Friday afternoon's concert went Strauss' tone-poem of Nietzschean philosophy. The performance was more firmly knit, had greater clarity, came closer in many places to the music's peculiar and characteristic voice, though it is still possible to feel that the essential spirit of the piece as yet measurably escapes Mr. Koussevitzky's and the orchestra's performance. For the quality that, in the absence of a more fitting word, may be called intellectual or philosophical, is substituted a conventional sensuousness in this place, in that an equally conventional theatricality.

Last evening's audience received the tone-poem with the utmost cordiality and, as at the conclusion of the Concerto, Mr. Koussevitzky must needs bid his men rise and share in the applause.

HERALD FEB 12

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Bach—the Brandenburg concerto No. 4, in G major, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra. Liszt—piano concerto in A major. Strauss—"Also Sprach Zarathustra." Could Henschel himself or Arthur Mickisch have devised a program better calculated to please?

There was Bach, no less, to lead, and to lend the dash of classicism almost needful. Also Bach, oddly enough, is just at present the composer above all others to add the note of fashion desirable in any program; he has had long to wait, but at last his day has come. Once the symmetrical measure of his Brandenburg concerto had been duly admired and perhaps forgotten. Liszt with his concerto of a quite different type found no difficulty whatever in rousing folk to enthusiasm with his forthright rhythms, sentimentalities and swelling ardors. The romantic, overbounding Strauss, at the tip of his popular vogue today, encountered less difficulty still in crowning all. This was an evening destined to delight.

If Mr. Koussevitzky showed rare acumen in piecing his program together, real genius he demonstrated throughout its performance. The Bach concerto he guided with a dainty touch that brought the succor of prettiness to musical lengths otherwise plain monotonous.

By laying on and sparing not, either its sonorities or its sentimentalisms, Mr. Koussevitzky set the Liszt concerto to raging and rushing like the Connecticut river at spring flood. In Mme. Yolanda Mero he found a fitting pianist to play "opposite" him and with him. Let him storm as he would with his orchestra, with her piano she held her own. Admittedly indeed Mme. Mero played, with tone ponderous or light as called for, silvery or highly colored, always beautiful, so rhythmically and musically that what she played seemed for the moment well worth playing. Pianist and leader, and orchestra too, were roundly applauded.

His highest feat Mr. Koussevitzky achieved with the Strauss poem. A "poem" they call it, so let us not question the worth of its poetical quality. Its rhetoric, at all events, its masterly management of color and mass and of accent, nobody can deny. Making the most, and something more, of every master-stroke, of every detail that makes for effect, Mr. Koussevitzky made an effect indeed. He did more: He made that music sound as though he believed in the worth of every note of it. More no man alive can accomplish, not Richard Strauss himself. R. R. G.

Symphony Concerts With Added Chorus

Roussel in The Far East, Schelling in Morocco, Also As Guest

TRANS FEB 14 29

TIME was when a single novelty in two or three concerts of the Symphony Orchestra was matter for comment in Boston. Now it is a poor week that does not bring more than one new piece. For the current concerts Mr. Koussevitzky offers two such, Mr. Ernest Schelling's symphonic poem, "Morocco," and M. Albert Roussel's triptych, "Evocations." One musingly wonders whether this is part of a new kind of "unified" program. For both pieces owe their origin to travel, both are on subjects which would lead one to expect a rather exotic music. In 1926 Mr. Schelling travelled through Morocco and parts of the great African deserts and came back with materials and ideas for a new work; in the winter of 1909-10 M. Roussel, on voyage as a French naval officer of the Styx, cruised to India and Cochin China, came back with the score of "Evocations," of which the trip had been the inspiration. The young naval officer's work was published in 1911, was given a first performance by the Societe Nationale de Musique on May 18, 1912, under Rhene-Baton. Mr. Schelling's latest score first came to performance under his own baton in New York with the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society on Dec. 12, 1927. He will also conduct it on Friday and Saturday in Boston.

The composer calls "Morocco" a symphonic poem in four connected movements. From native tunes of the Berbers (the oldest of the various races inhabiting Morocco), from Chleuh music of the great Atlas range which stretches from the Mediterranean to the Pacific, and even more from impressions gained from this Moroccan music, Mr. Schelling weaves his tone poem, while sights and incidents of the trip gave him his poetic or pictorial background. Wayward women have attracted—more properly one should say inspired—more than one composer. The Ouled Naïls of Taza (already painted in the tone language as the result of a similar trip by Gustav Holst) give Mr. Schelling subject matter for his first impression. For Mr. Gilman, editor of the program books of the Philharmonic in New York, Mr. Schelling wrote:

> At night, after a "fantasia" in the afternoon, everybody repairs to the Ouled-Naïls quarter, where these women dance. We saw them dance in what looked like the dried bed of a river, or "arroya," surrounded with high walls and lighted at each end by brush fires, from which the flames shot high into the air when replenished. The Ouled Naïls dance in the middle of this square, surrounded by hundreds of shrouded, turbaned figures, and with others looking down upon them from the high walls, their fierce faces intent and always unsmiling.
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> Whenever the flames shot very high into the air, or a hero of the afternoon appeared in his regimentals, or the dancing reached a point of perfection, the women would give their strange, unforgettable yew-yew-yew cry, which sweeps down the assembly like a mist of sound. It is evidently their idea of applause, or an expression of true emotion.

Summoning a new mood for a second impression, Mr. Schelling turns to the music of their main instrument, the Raita, a sort of oboe, but

> more like a primitive musette of uncertain pitch. With this they play a sort of endless solo, at times very beautiful and pathetic, and again at times strangely naif to our ears. Then there was the Chleuh lullaby with quite European harmonies.

Having completed his opening movement and his slow movement, Mr. Schelling turns to still another sort of impression.

> The Berber bard of story-teller, outside the walls of Fez [the capital of Morocco] at sunset, where the Berbers gather to listen to stories of the past grandeur of the Sultans of Morocco. He chants his story impressively on one tone, punctuated by a ritornello of percussion and wood-winds. Then there was the picturesque fire-eater—a Berber religious fanatic—who took up the story-teller's incantation and worked himself up into a frenzy of exaltation which enabled him to put a lighted torch into his mouth and to achieve other of the amazing feats that his kind perform.

Presumably this third movement been the "scherzo." In any case, story of the Berbers telling their tory must produce a thrill, for it these Berbers who thrice defeated power of mighty Spain. For a fo impression, a finale, let us say, Mr. Schelling turns to the glories of war:

> Lastly, the Baroud at Telo Kasbah, the mountain stronghold El Hadji Tschami El Glaoui, t great feudal lord of the Atlas. Baroud is a preparation for w The working up of the war spi among the tribes by insistent, i placable rhythm.

Mr. Schelling uses the large orche of the present day, augmented some

Continued on Following Page

Symphony Concerts With Added Chorus

TRANS FEB 14 '29

Continued from Preceding Page

in the percussion section, which includes a bendir or small Moroccan metal tambourine.

Roussel in India

For a description of Roussel's "Evocations" we turn to a most excellent review by his brother composer, Florent Schmitt, on the occasion of a performance under Chevillard. The following is based on a translation in The Musical Standard.

> The "Evocations" of M. Albert Roussel were composed after his return from a journey in India. The three sections the composer tells us, do not aim at an exact description of definite places nor does the music seek the aid of any exotic scales. They are extremely free, the composer having only attempted to translate into music the feelings or impressions which he experienced, and the form, so far at least as the first and last sections are concerned is only determined by their actual significance—in spite of more or less relationship to formal symphonic outline. No link connects the three movements other than the memory—real or imaginary—of this journey in the East.
>
> In this great triptych the interest continually increases throughout each section, The first, "The Gods in the Depths of the Caves," opens mysteriously, the complicated interweavings of the first and second violins divided in four parts is weirdly awesome—we seem to be feeling our way through the subterranean sanctuaries. Soon a melody, at first indefinite, gradually takes shape, and the eye, accustomed to the darkness, at last perceives in a thousand different forms the terrifying images of the gods carved out of the rock. I have no intention of describing the work—but my most vivid recollection of this movement is that of the moving strains of the muted first violins and violas, indefinably anguished and halting, while the low flute sings a phrase of exquisite melancholy where it seems to me the composer has sought to express the tenderness of love.

Piecing out, one may add that after the section described by M. Schmitt there follows one with sustained brass harmonies above double-basses reiterating an awkward figure of which another writer has said that "the heavy and tortuous grunting of the contrabasses seemed as if some Fafner was on the rampage. . . . The musical accent is imperious, almost tragic." Above these same double-basses more instruments are gradually added—flutes and piccolos with flashing streaks of color, violins with tremolos and rapidly repeated figures. A climax follows to be succeeded by a highly animated music in which all instruments and all choirs take part. This grows to a tremendous climax, relaxes to an orchestration of not much more than chamber proportions, comes to another swift climax, again relaxes and ends quietly. For the second and third Evocations we turn again to M. Schmitt:

> "The Rosy City" is a sort of scherzo . . . of which the slow section in the middle is . . . the trio. The light and sprightly sounds of the woodwinds, the harps in harmonics, sprinkled with the aerial tones of the violins announce a distant procession which gradually draws near. The force of the evocation here is astounding. Transported far beyond Europe we actually seem to see the defile of the horsemen and elephants. The rajah appears, saluted by the horns, trumpets and trombones in a superb hymn. A calm episode of exquisite tenderness follows, where the flute and cor anglais sing in unison over the swaying rhythm of the violins in the upper register. Soon the music gradually quickens and we hear again most of the preceding themes wonderfully interwoven. The sounds of the city "en fête" grow more distant and die away in the night, and this second section ends as do the first and the third—on a sustained pianissimo.
>
> In the third section, "On the Banks of the Sacred River," the most important of the work, the chorus is used. [The Cecilia Society at these concerts.] It is often treated instrumentally without words as a fresh timbre of the orchestra—richer and more flexible than any other, and it is thus I think that it is used most happily. At other times it sings to the words of M. Calvocoressi—a rhythmic prose of a beautiful lyricism, celebrating "the night whose perfumes invite to love." A baritone exalts the virtues of the Ganges, "sacred river wherein is reflected the luminous sky."

The moods of this movement follow closely M. Calvocoressi's text. The opening measures prepare for the opening chorus:

The sun has gone down into the sea
And the cool trees call the birds to their nests.
The sun has gone down into the sea
The fields of lotus close their flowery eyes
And darkness covers the earth
Like a black herd of elephants.

There is an interlude in which a graceful flute solo introduces a theme which is much heard throughout the work. As violins take it up the chorus continues:

But already the perfumes of the night awaken hearts to love;
By the light of the clear moon one sees couples, arms and bodies entwined happily strolling under the trembling leaves.

As the orchestra grows more quiet, more "impressionistic," the same theme continues and the first of these last two lines are repeated as a tenor solo. There is a [illegible] interlude that grows to heated passions [illegible] the other line. Then a contralto solo continues:

Sweeter than the perfumes of the night
And more ardent, is my love.

O sombre veils of heaven, why do you rise so soon to the dawn?

These words bring the first portion of this last evocation to an end. A baritone solo follows. It proceeds in recitatif-like manner, with only slight orchestral accompaniment. Occasionally when the emotional content runs high, the orchestra rises with it.

Under skies black, skies rent by blinding lightnings,
Higher than the eye can pierce or the bird fly.
Mounting in majesty even to the palace of the immortals,
Rises the sovereign mountain.
Its vast shadows terrify the hearts of timid humans;
No foot has ever trod the snows of these haughty summits.
None but eagles have heard the winds moaning in its caverns.
It is a God, whose voice comes down to us.
From its flanks spring streams which bring to the plains and to the valleys the water which cleanses from sin, the water which makes fertile and brings nourishment;
And the laughing torrent rushes on toward sun-lit fields
Where rise flourishing cities.
In the thick shadow of forests rise rumors, cries of anguish and of desire, voices of hate and of love.
But under peaceful trees you follow your course, O river in which is reflected the luminous sky.
Happy is he whose eyes break on this river beloved of the gods:
Its waters will carry his ashes to the vast sea.
As the melting snow frees water purified
So the declining body will at last release the soul
To mount to the numberless stars.
The sacred river which has bathed the temples of the holy city,
In the silence of the night passing terraces yet obscure,
Set off with banks of flowers, murmuring words divine,
Descends to you, people immense, suppliant,
People longing soon to see
Reborn the sun of a new day.

Here an active, brilliant music leads to the following enthusiastic chorus:

O sun, eye of the day, with warm light
Thy ruddy glow already bursts forth among the branches of the great wood.
You bring to blossom the flowers whose fragrant pollens the wind carries far and wide.
The harvest of lotus flowers bows before thee, drinking in thy caresses,
Hails thee, who creates the days,
Thee, who each morning spreads over the mountain-tops the sheaf of thy new rays.
Thou scatterest before thee the immense army of the stars
And thy passionate beaty reigns alone on the ocean set aflame from the skies.

After this the orchestra subsides to the final pianissimo.

Monsieur Schmitt, in the review quoted, was not content with the praise which he bestowed in passing. He was enthused. He wished to express his enthusiasm. With fiery pen he did so in two flaming paragraphs. One need not agree with his negative remarks and comparisons. But the positive side of his remarks is good medicine—perhaps especially for a certain brand of Bostonian Philistines:

> For my own part, at the risk of being burned alive in the Place Saint Jacques, I boldly declare before all the gods that I would willingly sacrifice for it—meaning "Evocations"—the Mass in D and the "Beatitudes." For these "Evocations" cause me an emotion truly intense and complete. To the depth of the inspiration, to the magnificence of the ideas, to the intensity of the inner life which pulsates through it, is added a workmanship of an irresistible seduction. The rhythms are original and of infinite variety, the harmony revolutionary yet justified, the orchestration daring, iridescent, warm-colored, sensuous to the point of sadism and of a new and always mobile sonority. The enthusiastic applause with which the work and its interpreters were received deceived us for a moment into thinking that it would be repeated next Sunday. Alas, nothing of the kind—I cannot understand this mania for the past which is going to give us in its stead the frigid "Requiem" of Mozart—and a repetition once more of the Ninth Symphony—without the very praiseworthy alterations of Mahler. Oh! that Ninth Symphony!—In spite even of the vivid interpretation of M. Chevillard, it seemed to me insufferably tedious after the "Evocations"—as tiresome as a Lenten sermon or the [illegible] same. TRANS

[illegible] sent, after [illegible] played

FEB 14 29

Re-enter Bruckner

Having begun with Mahler and "The Song of The Earth," Mr. Koussevitzky goes on, at the Symphony Concerts of next week, to Bruckner and his Eighth Symphony. Since Dr. Muck's day not one of Bruckner's symphonies has been played in Boston; while the only performances hereabouts of The Eighth hark back to the distant time of Mr Fiedler. (Then, by the way, it was repeated "by general request.") It contains Bruckner's most rapt Adagio—and his symphonies live by the slow movements; a vigorous Scherzo—and there are some who set Bruckner's Scherzi next to Beethoven's: a first division freer than usual from structural weaknesses and unfulfilled progress. The presumption that American audiences hear with indifference both Mahler and Bruckner is a shibboleth of reviewing rather than an experienced fact. Here in Boston Mahler's Fifth Symphony was applauded and re-demanded more than once; the recent performances of "The Song of The Earth" went by no means unrewarded; while over nearly twenty years the memory of the Adagio in Bruckner's Eighth has survived. Like or dislike them, Mahler and Bruckner are still imposing figures in the music of our time. Mr. Koussevitzky does well to restore them to the Symphony Concerts. It is a part of his policy to keep the repertory catholic, plastic and unroutined. Since Bruckner's Symphony fills an hour and more, only Mr. Foote's Suite for String Orchestra will accompany it.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

Bos. AMER.
FEBRUARY 12, 1929

NOTED PIANIST APPEARS WITH SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

At the fourth Monday evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Yolanda Mero, pianist, was the soloist, a genius that is rapidly disappearing from the regular subscription series, and which appears less often on these supplementary programs.

Mme. Mero chose for her "vehicle" Liszt's A major concerto. The vigor and sonority of the music were not above the ample powers of the pianist. She could lay on her fortissimi as the most virile of male pianists. And the songful sections were produced with proper tonal contrast. The performance, with excellent and spirited accompaniment offered by the orchestra under Koussevitzky, was heartily applauded. Not until soloist and conductor had several times shaken hands in mutual congratulation and the men had stood up to receive tribute did the applause die down.

A nicely balanced rendition of the Bach fourth Brandenburg concerto opened the concert. Since this piece was played on last week's regula programs it requires no comment here. The same thing might be said of the last number, "Also Sprach Zarathustra," in which the mighty Strauss makes music out of Nietzsche. But the revival of this significant tone-poem is of sufficient importance to call for another word.

The orchestral performance was even more remarkable than that of last Friday. This music is extraordinarily difficult to play, but the Boston Symphony handled it with the utmost precision, with such sensitiveness as we had not suspected even this body was capable of. The almost legendary glories of Dr Muck's day needs no longer be recalled; we have them here and now.

As to Koussevitzky's interpretation, I could not see that it left anything to be desired.

TWO CONCERTOS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe Feb 12

Yolanda Mero as Soloist

Wins Hearty Applause

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Symphony Concerts With Added Chorus

TRANS FEB 14 '29

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Roussel in India

For a description of Roussel's "Evocations" we turn to a most excellent review by his brother composer, Florent Schmitt, on the occasion of a performance under Chevillard. The following is based on a translation in The Musical Standard.

The "Evocations" of M. Albert Roussel were composed after his return from a journey in India. The three sections the composer tells us, do not aim at an exact description of definite places nor does the music seek the aid of any exotic scales. They are extremely free, the composer having only attempted to translate into music the feelings or impressions which he experienced, and the form, so far at least as the first and last sections are concerned is only determined by their actual significance—in spite of more or less relationship to formal symphonic outline. No link connects the three movements other than the memory—real or imaginary—of this journey in the East.

In this great triptych the interest continually increases throughout each section, The first, "The Gods in the Depths of the Caves," opens mysteriously, the complicated interweavings of the first and second violins divided in four parts is weirdly awesome—we seem to be feeling our way through the subterranean sanctuaries. Soon a melody, at first indefinite, gradually takes shape, and the eye, accustomed to the darkness, at last perceives in a thousand different forms the terrifying images of the gods carved out of the rock. I have no intention of describing the work—but my most vivid recollection of this movement is that of the moving strains of the muted first violins and violas indefinably anguished and halting, while the low flute sings a phrase of exquisite melancholy where it seems to me the composer has sought to express the tenderness of love.

Piecing out, one may add that after the section described by M. Schmitt there follows one with sustained brass harmonies above double-basses reiterating an awkward figure of which another writer has said that "the heavy and tortuous grunting of the contrabasses seemed as if some Fafner was on the rampage. . . . The musical accent is imperious, almost tragic." Above these same double-basses more instruments are gradually added—flutes and piccolos with flashing streaks of color, violins with tremolos and rapidly repeated figures. A climax follows to be succeeded by a highly animated music in which all instruments and all choirs take part. This grows to a tremendous climax, relaxes to an orchestration of not much more than chamber proportions, comes to another swift climax, again relaxes and ends quietly. For the second and third Evocations we turn again to M. Schmitt:

> "The Rosy City" is a sort of scherzo . . . of which the slow section in the middle is . . . the trio. The light and sprightly sounds of the woodwinds, the harps in harmonics, sprinkled with the aerial tones of the violins announce a distant procession which gradually draws near. The force of the evocation here is astounding. Transported far beyond Europe we actually seem to see the defile of the horsemen and elephants. The rajah appears, saluted by the horns, trumpets and trombones in a superb hymn. A calm episode of exquisite tenderness follows, where the flute and cor anglais sing in unison over the swaying rhythm of the violins in the upper register. Soon the music gradually quickens and we hear again most of the preceding themes wonderfully interwoven. The sounds of the city "en fête" grow more distant and die away in the night, and this second section ends as do the first and the third—on a sustained pianissimo.
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> In the third section, "On the Banks of the Sacred River," the most important of the work, the chorus is used. [The Cecilia Society at these concerts.] It is often treated instrumentally without words as a fresh timbre of the orchestra—richer and more flexible than any other, and it is thus I think that it is used most happily. At other times it sings to the words of M. Calvocoressi—a rhythmic prose of a beautiful lyricism, celebrating "the night whose perfumes invite to love." A baritone exalts the virtues of the Ganges, "sacred river wherein is reflected the luminous sky."

The moods of this movement follow closely M. Calvocoressi's text. The opening measures prepare for the opening chorus:

> The sun has gone down into the sea
> And the cool trees call the birds to their nests.
> The sun has gone down into the sea
> The fields of lotus close their flowery eyes
> And darkness covers the earth
> Like a black herd of elephants.

There is an interlude in which a graceful flute solo introduces a theme which is much heard throughout the work. As violins take it up the chorus continues:

> But already the perfumes of the night awaken hearts to love;
> By the light of the clear moon one sees couples, arms and bodies entwined happily strolling under the trembling leaves.

As the orchestra grows more quiet, more "impressionistic," the same theme continues and the first of these last two lines are repeated as a tenor solo. There is a [illegible] interlude that grows to heated passions [illegible] the other line. Then a contralto solo continues:

> Sweeter than the perfumes of the night
> And more ardent, is my love.

> O sombre veils of heaven, why do you yield so soon to the dawn?

These words bring the first portion of this last evocation to an end. A baritone solo follows. It proceeds in recitatif-like manner, with only slight orchestral accompaniment. Occasionally when the emotional content runs high, the orchestra rises with it.

> Under skies black, skies rent by blinding lightnings,
> Higher than the eye can pierce or the bird fly,
> Mounting in majesty even to the palace of the immortals,
> Rises the sovereign mountain.
> Its vast shadows terrify the hearts of timid humans;
> No foot has ever trod the snows of these haughty summits.
> None but eagles have heard the winds moaning in its caverns.
> It is a God, whose voice comes down to us.
> From its flanks spring streams which bring to the plains and to the valleys the water which cleanses from sin, the water which makes fertile and brings nourishment;
> And the laughing torrent rushes on toward sun-lit fields
> Where rise flourishing cities.
> In the thick shadow of forests rise rumors, cries of anguish and of desire, voices of hate and of love.
> But under peaceful trees you follow your course, O river in which is reflected the luminous sky.
> Happy is he whose eyes break on this river beloved of the gods:
> Its waters will carry his ashes to the vast sea.
> As the melting snow frees water purified
> So the declining body will at last release the soul
> To mount to the numberless stars.
> The sacred river which has bathed the temples of the holy city,
> In the silence of the night passing terraces yet obscure,
> Set off with banks of flowers, murmuring words divine,
> Descends to you, people immense, suppliant,
> People longing soon to see
> Reborn the sun of a new day.

Here an active, brilliant music leads to the following enthusiastic chorus:

> O sun, eye of the day, with warm light
> Thy ruddy glow already bursts forth among the branches of the great wood.
> You bring to blossom the flowers whose fragrant pollens the wind carries far and wide.
> The harvest of lotus flowers bows before thee, drinking in thy caresses,
> Hails thee, who creates the days,
> Thee, who each morning spreads over the mountain-tops the sheaf of thy new rays.
> Thou scatterest before thee the immense army of the stars
> And thy passionate beaty reigns alone on the ocean set aflame from the skies.

After this the orchestra subsides to the final pianissimo.

Monsieur Schmitt, in the review quoted, was not content with the praise which he bestowed in passing. He was enthused. He wished to express his enthusiasm. With fiery pen he did so in two flaming paragraphs. One need not agree with his negative remarks and comparisons. But the positive side of his remarks is good medicine—perhaps especially for a certain brand of Bostonian Philistines:

> For my own part, at the risk of being burned alive in the Place Saint Jacques, I boldly declare before all the gods that I would willingly sacrifice for it—meaning "Evocations"—the Mass in D and the "Beatitudes." For these "Evocations" cause me an emotion truly intense and complete. To the depth of the inspiration, to the magnificence of the ideas, to the intensity of the inner life which pulsates through it, is added a workmanship of an irresistible seduction. The rhythms are original and of infinite variety, the harmony revolutionary yet justified, the orchestration daring, iridescent, warm-colored, sensuous to the point of sadism and of a new and always mobile sonority. The enthusiastic applause with which the work and its interpreters were received deceived us for a moment into thinking that it would be repeated next Sunday. Alas, nothing of the kind—I cannot understand this mania for the past which is going to give us in its stead the frigid "Requiem" of Mozart—and a repetition once more of the Ninth Symphony—without the very praiseworthy alterations of Mahler. Oh! that Ninth Symphony!—In spite even of the vivid interpretation of M. Chevillard, it seemed to me insufferably tedious after the "Evocations"—as tiresome as a Lenten sermon or the [illegible] the same. TRANS [illegible] ent, after [illegible] played FEB 14 '29

Re-enter Bruckner

Having begun with Mahler and "The Song of The Earth," Mr. Koussevitzky goes on, at the Symphony Concerts of next week, to Bruckner and his Eighth Symphony. Since Dr. Muck's day not one of Bruckner's symphonies has been played in Boston; while the only performances hereabouts of The Eighth hark back to the distant time of Mr Fiedler. (Then, by the way, it was repeated "by general request.") It contains Bruckner's most rapt Adagio—and his symphonies live by the slow movements; a vigorous Scherzo—and there are some who set Bruckner's Scherzi next to Beethoven's: a first division freer than usual from structural weaknesses and unfulfilled progress. The presumption that American audiences hear with indifference both Mahler and Bruckner is a shibboleth of reviewing rather than an experienced fact. Here in Boston Mahler's Fifth Symphony was applauded and re-demanded more than once; the recent performances of "The Song of The Earth" went by no means unrewarded; while over nearly twenty years the memory of the Adagio in Bruckner's Eighth has survived. Like or dislike them, Mahler and Bruckner are still imposing figures in the music of our time. Mr. Koussevitzky does well to restore them to the Symphony Concerts. It is a part of his policy to keep the repertory catholic, plastic and unroutined. Since Bruckner's Symphony fills an hour and more, only Mr. Foote's Suite for String Orchestra will accompany it.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

Bos. Amer.
FEBRUARY 12, 1929

NOTED PIANIST APPEARS WITH SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

At the fourth Monday evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Yolanda Mero, pianist, was the soloist, a genius that is rapidly disappearing from the regular subscription series, and which appears less often on these supplementary programs.

Mme. Mero chose for her "vehicle" Liszt's A major concerto. The vigor and sonority of the music were not above the ample powers of the pianist. She could lay on her fortissimi as the most virile of male pianists. And the songful sections were produced with proper tonal contrast. The performance, with excellent and spirited accompaniment offered by the orchestra under Koussevitzky, was heartily applauded. Not until soloist and conductor had several times shaken hands in mutual congratulation and the men had stood up to receive tribute did the applause die down.

A nicely balanced rendition of the Bach fourth Brandenburg concerto opened the concert. Since this piece was played on last week's regula programs it requires no comment here. The same thing might be said of the last number, "Also Sprach Zarathustra," in which the mighty Strauss makes music out of Nietzsche. But the revival of this significant tone-poem is of sufficient importance to call for another word.

The orchestral performance was even more remarkable than that of last Friday. This music is extraordinarily difficult to play, but the Boston Symphony handled it with the utmost precision, with such sensitiveness as we had not suspected even this body was capable of. The almost legendary glories of Dr Muck's day needs no longer be recalled; we have them here and now.

As to Koussevitzky's interpretation, I could not see that it left anything to be desired.

TWO CONCERTOS AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Globe Feb 12

Yolanda Mero as Soloist Wins Hearty Applause

Concertos by Bach and Liszt and Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra" filled the program of the fourth Monday Symphony concert last night. Yolanda Mero, the distinguished Hungarian pianist, richly deserved the hearty applause that followed her playing of Liszt's A major concerto. Richard Burgin, Georges Laurent and G. Bladet of the orchestra were the soloists in Bach's Brandenburg Concerto in G major, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra. They, too, won cordial applause.

Mme Mero has the technique for Liszt's showy and brilliant concerto. What is far more important, she understands and believes in the music. Even listeners prone to scoff at Liszt as bombastic and theatrical could not but be impressed with the dramatic effectiveness of this concerto last night. Mme Mero made the rhythms fiery and the melodies tender and brilliant by turns. One particularly admired the way in which she saved the chief theme from banality by shaping its phrases gracefully.

The other numbers were played last week in the regular series, so that extended comment is not now needed. The Strauss tone poem was better played than last Friday, though there were still some rough and jumbled spots. The Monday audience has the advantage of the regular subscribers in hearing pieces that the orchestra has whipped into shape in numerous performances. The Bach last night was played for the 50th time this season at least. It went fluently, too fluently, without sufficient shaping of melody nuances of rhythm.

The next concert in this series will be given March 18. P. R.

[illegible] gladly. His concert is announced for Saturday afternoon, March 9, in Jordan Hall. By no means has the new generation offered him.

FEB 12 1929

By agreeing report from New York [illegible] Koussevitzky, conducting in Honegger's "Rugby," makes it a more graphic and stirring music than did the composer at his recent concerts in Boston. It is also one of the new and interesting pieces of the year from an eminent hand. There seems no good reason why, after a courteous interval, it should not be played [illegible] at Symphony Hall.

FOURTH MONDAY CONCERT

Post

Strauss' "Zarathustra" Outstanding Piece on List

FEB 12

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Symphony Concert of last evening, the fourth of the current Monday series, had much in common with the regular subscription concerts of last Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Both programmes began with Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto and ended with Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and in both a Piano Concerto in A major separated Bach and Strauss. On Friday and Saturday the composer was Mozart; the pianist, Mr. Orloff. Last evening the music was Liszt's, its performer Yolanda Mero.

STRAUSS' TONE POEM

Not so well as its companion piece in E flat has Liszt's second concerto for the pianoforte withstood the ravages of time, and Mme. Mero's performance of last evening was not one to make this composition sound better than it is. A certain propulsive energy appropriate in this or the other passage was its distinguishing feature. There was little subtlety, not too much poetry in her playing, and her tone lacked roundness and richness. The audience, however, received Mme. Mero with unwonted enthusiasm, and after she had been recalled many times Mr. Koussevitzky finally returned with her and summoned the orchestra to its feet.

Better than at last Friday afternoon's concert went Strauss' tone-poem of Nietzschean philosophy. The performance was more firmly knit, had greater clarity, came closer in many places to the music's peculiar and characteristic voice, though it is still possible to feel that the essential spirit of the piece as yet measurably escapes Mr. Koussevitzky's and the orchestra's performance. For the quality that, in the absence of a more fitting word, may be called intellectual or philosophical, is substituted a conventional sensuousness in this place, in that an equally conventional theatricality.

Last evening's audience received the tone-poem with the utmost cordiality and, as at the conclusion of the Concerto, Mr. Koussevitzky must needs bid his men rise and share in the applause.

HERALD FEB 12

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Bach—the Brandenburg concerto No. 4, in G major, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra. Liszt—piano concerto in A major. Strauss—"Also Sprach Zarathustra." Could Henschel himself or Arthur Mickisch have devised a program better calculated to please?

There was Bach, no less, to lead, and to lend the dash of classicism almost needful. Also Bach, oddly enough, is just at present the composer above all others to add the note of fashion desirable in any program; he has had long to wait, but at last his day has come. Once the symmetrical measure of his Brandenburg concerto had been duly admired and perhaps forgotten. Liszt with his concerto of a quite different type found no difficulty whatever in rousing folk to enthusiasm with his forthright rhythms, sentimentalities and swelling ardors. The romantic, overbounding Strauss, at the tip of his popular vogue today, encountered less difficulty still in crowning all. This was an evening destined to delight.

If Mr. Koussevitzky showed rare acumen in piecing his program together, real genius he demonstrated throughout its performance. The Bach concerto he guided with a dainty touch that brought the succor of prettiness to musical lengths otherwise plain monotonous.

By laying on and sparing not, either its sonorities or its sentimentalisms, Mr. Koussevitzky set the Liszt concerto to raging and rushing like the Connecticut river at spring flood. In Mme. Yolanda Mero he found a fitting pianist to play "opposite" him and with him. Let him storm as he would with his orchestra, with her piano she held her own. Admittedly indeed Mme. Mero played, with tone ponderous or light as called for, silvery or highly colored, always beautiful, so rhythmically and musically that what she played seemed for the moment well worth playing. Pianist and leader, and orchestra too, were roundly applauded.

His highest feat Mr. Koussevitzky achieved with the Strauss poem. A "poem" they call it, so let us not question the worth of its poetical quality. Its rhetoric, at all events, its masterly management of color and mass and of accent, nobody can deny. Making the most, and something more, of every master-stroke, of every detail that makes for effect, Mr. Koussevitzky made an effect indeed. He did more: He made that music sound as though he believed in the worth of every note of it. More no man alive can accomplish, not Richard Strauss himself. R. R. G.

Symphony Concerts With Added Chorus

Roussel in The Far East, Schelling in Morocco, Also As Guest

TRANS FEB 14 29

TIME was when a single novelty in two or three concerts of the Symphony Orchestra was matter for comment in Boston. Now it is a poor week that does not bring more than one new piece. For the current concerts Mr. Koussevitzky offers two such, Mr. Ernest Schelling's symphonic poem, "Morocco," and M. Albert Roussel's triptych, "Evocations." One musingly wonders whether this is part of a new kind of "unified" program. For both pieces owe their origin to travel, both are on subjects which would lead one to expect a rather exotic music. In 1926 Mr. Schelling travelled through Morocco and parts of the great African deserts and came back with materials and ideas for a new work; in the winter of 1909-10 M. Roussel, on voyage as a French naval officer of the Styx, cruised to India and Cochin China, came back with the score of "Evocations," of which the trip had been the inspiration. The young naval officer's work was published in 1911, was given a first performance by the Societe Nationale de Musique on May 18, 1912, under Rhene-Baton. Mr. Schelling's latest score first came to performance under his own baton in New York with the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society on Dec. 12, 1927. He will also conduct it on Friday and Saturday in Boston.

The composer calls "Morocco" a symphonic poem in four connected movements. From native tunes of the Berbers (the oldest of the various races inhabiting Morocco), from Chleuh music of the great Atlas range which stretches from the Mediterranean to the Pacific, and even more from impressions gained from this Moroccan music, Mr. Schelling weaves his tone poem, while sights and incidents of the trip gave him his poetic or pictorial background. Wayward women have attracted—more properly one should say inspired—more than one composer. The Ouled Naïls of Taza (already painted in the tone language as the result of a similar trip by Gustav Holst) give Mr. Schelling subject matter for his first impression. For Mr. Gilman, editor of the program books of the Philharmonic in New York, Mr. Schelling wrote:

> At night, after a "fantasia" in the afternoon, everybody repairs to the Ouled-Naïls quarter, where these women dance. We saw them dance in what looked like the dried bed of a river, or "arroya," surrounded with high walls and lighted at each end by brush fires, from which the flames shot high into the air when replenished. The Ouled Naïls dance in the middle of this square, surrounded by hundreds of shrouded, turbaned figures, and with others looking down upon them from the high walls, their fierce faces intent and always unsmiling.
>
> Whenever the flames shot very high into the air, or a hero of the afternoon appeared in his regimentals, or the dancing reached a point of perfection, the women would give their strange, unforgettable yew-yew-yew cry, which sweeps down the assembly like a mist of sound. It is evidently their idea of applause, or an expression of true emotion.

Summoning a new mood for a second impression, Mr. Schelling turns to the music of their main instrument, the Raita, a sort of oboe, but

> more like a primitive musette of uncertain pitch. With this they play a sort of endless solo, at times very beautiful and pathetic, and again at times strangely naif to our ears. Then there was the Chleuh lullaby with quite European harmonies.

Having completed his opening movement and his slow movement, Mr. Schelling turns to still another sort of impression.

> The Berber bard of story-teller, outside the walls of Fez [the capital of Morocco] at sunset, where the Berbers gather to listen to stories of the past grandeur of the Sultans of Morocco. He chants his story impressively on one tone, punctuated by a ritornello of percussion and wood-winds. Then there was the picturesque fire-eater—a Berber religious fanatic—who took up the story-teller's incantation and worked himself up into a frenzy of exaltation which enabled him to put a lighted torch into his mouth and to achieve other of the amazing feats that his kind perform.

Presumably this third movement has been the "scherzo." In any case, the story of the Berbers telling their story must produce a thrill, for it is these Berbers who thrice defeated the power of mighty Spain. For a fourth impression, a finale, let us say, Mr. Schelling turns to the glories of war:

> Lastly, the Baroud at Telouet, the Kasbah, the mountain stronghold of El Hadji Tschami El Glaoui, the great feudal lord of the Atlas. The Baroud is a preparation for war. The working up of the war spirit among the tribes by insistent, implacable rhythm.

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And darkness covers the earth
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There is an interlude in which a graceful flute solo introduces a theme which is much heard throughout the work. As violins take it up the chorus continues:

But already the perfumes of the night awaken hearts to love;
By the light of the clear moon one sees couples, arms and bodies entwined happily strolling under the trembling leaves.

As the orchestra grows more quiet, more "impressionistic," the same theme continues and the first of these last two lines are repeated as a tenor solo. There is a [illegible] interlude that grows to heated passions [illegible] the other line. Then a contralto solo continues:

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And more ardent, is my love.

O sombre veils of heaven, why do you yield so soon to the dawn?

These words bring the first portion of this last evocation to an end. A baritone solo follows. It proceeds in recitatif-like manner, with only slight orchestral accompaniment. Occasionally when the emotional content runs high, the orchestra rises with it.

Under skies black, skies rent by blinding lightnings,
Higher than the eye can pierce or the bird fly.
Mounting in majesty even to the palace of the immortals,
Rises the sovereign mountain.
Its vast shadows terrify the hearts of timid humans;
No foot has ever trod the snows of these haughty summits.
None but eagles have heard the winds moaning in its caverns.
It is a God, whose voice comes down to us.
From its flanks spring streams which bring to the plains and to the valleys the water which cleanses from sin, the water which makes fertile and brings nourishment;
And the laughing torrent rushes on toward sun-lit fields
Where rise flourishing cities.
In the thick shadow of forests rise rumors, cries of anguish and of desire, voices of hate and of love.
But under peaceful trees you follow your course,
O river in which is reflected the luminous sky,
Happy is he whose eyes break on this river beloved of the gods:
Its waters will carry his ashes to the vast sea.
As the melting snow frees water purified
So the declining body will at last release the soul
To mount to the numberless stars.
The sacred river which has bathed the temples of the holy city,
In the silence of the night passing terraces yet obscure,
Set off with banks of flowers, murmuring words divine,
Descends to you, people immense, suppliant,
People longing soon to see
Reborn the sun of a new day.

Here an active, brilliant music leads to the following enthusiastic chorus:

O sun, eye of the day, with warm light
Thy ruddy glow already bursts forth among the branches of the great wood.
You bring to blossom the flowers whose fragrant pollens the wind carries far and wide.
The harvest of lotus flowers bows before thee, drinking in thy caresses,
Hails thee, who creates the days,
Thee, who each morning spreads over the mountain-tops the sheaf of thy new rays.
Thou scatterest before thee the immense army of the stars
And thy passionate beaty reigns alone on the ocean set aflame from the skies.

After this the orchestra subsides to the final pianissimo.

Monsieur Schmitt, in the review quoted, was not content with the praise which he bestowed in passing. He was enthused. He wished to express his enthusiasm. With fiery pen he did so in two flaming paragraphs. One need not agree with his negative remarks and comparisons. But the positive side of his remarks is good medicine—perhaps especially for a certain brand of Bostonian Philistines:

> For my own part, at the risk of being burned alive in the Place Saint Jacques, I boldly declare before all the gods that I would willingly sacrifice for it—meaning "Evocations"—the Mass in D and the "Beatitudes." For these "Evocations" cause me an emotion truly intense and complete. To the depth of the inspiration, to the magnificence of the ideas, to the intensity of the inner life which pulsates through it, is added a workmanship of an irresistible seduction. The rhythms are original and of infinite variety, the harmony revolutionary yet justified, the orchestration daring, iridescent, warm-colored, sensuous to the point of sadism and of a new and always mobile sonority. The enthusiastic applause with which the work and its interpreters were received deceived us for a moment into thinking that it would be repeated next Sunday. Alas, nothing of the kind—I cannot understand this mania for the past which is going to give us in its stead the frigid "Requiem" of Mozart—and a repetition once more of the Ninth Symphony—without the very praiseworthy alterations of Mahler. Oh! that Ninth Symphony!—In spite even of the vivid interpretation of M. Chevillard, it seemed to me insufferably tedious after the "Evocations"—as tiresome as a Lenten sermon or the reading of a legal document, after coming away from seeing a beloved one. A. H. M

[illegible] [illegible] Adagio—and his symphonies live by the slow movements; a vigorous Scherzo—and there are some who set Bruckner's Scherzi next to Beethoven's; a first division freer than usual from structural weaknesses and unfulfilled progress. The presumption that American audiences hear with indifference both Mahler and Bruckner is a shibboleth of reviewing rather than an experienced fact. Here in Boston Mahler's Fifth Symphony was applauded and re-demanded more than once; the recent performances of "The Song of The Earth" went by no means unrewarded; while over nearly twenty years the memory of the Adagio in Bruckner's Eighth has survived. Like or dislike them, Mahler and Bruckner are still imposing figures in the music of our time. Mr. Koussevitzky does well to restore them to the Symphony Concerts. It is a part of his policy to keep the repertory catholic, plastic and unroutined. Since Bruckner's Symphony fills an hour and more, only Mr. Foote's Suite for String Orchestra will accompany it.

90

ys and Players === Music and Musicians =

Many-Sided and Many-Voiced

(Mary Dale Clark)

Ernest Schelling

Composer-Cond[illegible] Today and To morrow, at the Symphony Concerts

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Composer-Cond[illegible]r, Today and Tomorrow, at the Symphony Concerts

Symphony

From Morocco To the Indies, By Old Russia

Mr. Koussevitzky Boxes the Tonal Compass, A Chorus Aiding

BY INFERENCE, the composers were at fault. . . .The Cecilia, as assisting chorus, bettered previous appearances at the Symphony Concerts. The voices were in truer balance; even the men were audible as such. Attack and release went more crisply. There were more regard for pace, more response to rhythm; at moments, as in the night-music of Roussel's "Evocations," a sensuous quality of tone. Only a Russian choir could range and ring through the Tartar choruses in Borodin's "Prince Igor." As it was, this Bostonian Cecilia brought them off with a rhythmic verve, a plasticity to the vocal moment that implied familiarity, freedom and confidence. Contrary to custom at this annual pair of Symphony Concerts with chorus, Mr. Koussevitzky seldom had need to goad the singers.

The conductor himself fell not a whit below his usual invigorating quality; while before him was music in which he is wont to excel. Franck's Psalm is an upspringing curve of praise. Mr. Koussevitzky knows how to shape and spin such an ascent. Roussel's "Evocations" are musical conjuring out of an exotic Orient upon ear and imagination. The conductor has long been adept manipulator of such magic. Time and again, as once more yesterday, he has caught the tribal voice, upflung the rhythmic leaps, whetted the contrasts, achieved the whole barbaric illusion of the dancing scene in the Polovtsian camp. . . . The orchestra is immune from blame. The composers and the conductors—for Mr. Schelling led through his own tone poem, "Morocco"—asked for rhythmic animation and precision. They received them. They asked also for characterizing color With it the orchestra abounded. . . . Yet there have been more interesting Symphony Concerts, to which the matinée audiences returned quicker, less labored, applause.

Elimination fixes the guilt upon the composers, save only Borodin in the dances from "Prince Igor"; while recollection and reflection bear out that quasi-mathematical process. The One Hundred and Fiftieth Psalm praises the Lord in sundry places and by sundry means. It was also the custom of le bon père Franck so to do, from a devout and honest heart. He was in his sixty-fifth year when he set these exultant verses. Possibly the musical procedure had become too customary. Other tasks may have more engrossed him. There were the pupils and the organist's duties at Sainte-Clothilde. The music to the Psalm is appropriate enough. It is well designed, well accomplished, skilful and singable, but rarely, if at all, does it sound either the rapt or the ardent Franckian note. The bon père praises his Lord becomingly and effectively; but more than once the unregenerate ear fancies it hears him barely shaving a pious banality. The Psalm has long stood in The Cecilia's repertory. It tuned up the singers; gave them confidence. Let it go at that.

Mr. Ernest Schelling, welcomed as composer-conductor to concerts that he has adorned as composer, pianist, or both, journeyed, not too long ago, through Morocco. As he made his travels, his ears opened, his imagination stirred, to the musical or quasi-musical sounds around him. He heard the Raita which the learned doctors, who compile program-books in New York and Boston, liken to a primitive oboe used as an instrument of iteration. He gave ear to the cries that sweep over fire-lit dances of common women. He listened to the chant of the story-teller by the city wall, to a lullaby at twilight. He marked "the implacable rhythms" of war-songs. Naturally enough his retaining mind associated these sounds with sights. The passing of a Cadi and his train had interrupted the lullaby. The chants of the story-teller, repeating ancient valors upon one tone, had stirred a fanatic fellow to dervish-like frenzies. Out of a mountain stronghold had sounded "the implacable rhythms." . . .

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There they were, each appropriately labelled—the musical specimens assembled by Mr. Schelling in the course of a Moroccan tour, as such fetched back to New York. Yet, if he will forgive a blunt word, not unkindly but honestly meant, his symphonic poem does no more than expose and catalogue them. Making his music, he does the works of recollection and exhibition, not the works of imagination. He takes the first step which was to assort, mentally, his "finds." He halts at the second which was to transfuse and transfigure them into a musical and an emotional impression. He unfolds the record; but fails to convey that more essential matter in artistic commerce, the sensation. Most of us heard as detachedly as we glance at the collection of ancient instruments on the other side of the corridor. Illusion there was not.

Where Mr. Schelling fails, Monsieur Roussel succeeds. He is transcribing into music impressions received and memories retained from external sounds and sights. His biographers and the omniscients of the program-books specify the source—Farther India and Cochin Chna, whither he journeyed as junior officer in the French navy before he became composer by profession. He himself, setting forewords to the three "Evocations," no more than notes Oriental origins—the images of the gods carven variously upon the walls of caverns; the distant city swimming in rosy haze, through which rises and falls the softened din of a pageant-life; the nocturnal rites, sunset to sunrise, sensuous and mystical, along the banks of the sacred river.

Monsieur Roussel's music never particularizes, never catalogues. It seeks to evoke visions, to convey sensations, less from actual contact with the source than from remembrance lingering and treasured. It precisely satisfies the definition of artistic creation as "emotion recollected in tranquillity." (In point of fact Monsieur Roussel wrote these "Evocations" long after his first visit to the Orient). Though his horns in "La Ville Rose" may sing the hymn of the Rajah, though the attentive ear may detect the pacing elephants, his city is an image only less vague than the Palace of Kubla Khan. He disembodies the night along the sacred river into sensuous sound and mystical suggestion. (The chorus often repeats mere syllables). Across it in swift blur passes the chant of the priest; upon it unfolds the dawn. Monsieur Roussel looks upon the carven figures of the caverns and hears the rustle of the gods—less of their bodily semblance than of the Divinity within.

Here is the very office of music—to impart the spiritual sensation at a hint from the pictorial fact; the very function of the composer seeing his visions, then transmuting them into tones. Monsieur Roussel pursues a sensitizing poetry; Mr. Schelling halts at a recording prose. Wherein, then, did the "Evocations" fall short, or seem to fall short, in the single hearing of yesterday? Possibly in a lack of the intensive quality that imposes upon the hearer the vision before the composer's spiritual eye, the sensation or the reaction that sent him forthwith to his work-table. The facture of the three "Evocations" invites only to praise. Resource, skill and imagination fashion and fill them by a method and with a matter manifestly individual. Never once does Monsieur Roussel decline into the commonplaces of Oriental "tone-picturing." A fastidious, rejecting temperament is ever in unobtrusive guard. The ear receives the music intently; the mind follows it unabatedly; the imagination takes pleasure in the unfolded design, this implication, that detail, along the way. There is the sensuous, mystical suggestion, says the listener to himself as he hears the third "Evocation." And there the roseate city peopled with sounds. Yet again the sense of the welter of Divinities. Never once, however, was appreciation submerged in illusion. Curiosity was satisfied; admiration awakened; while other, and more intimate, sensations lay cool and dormant.

Pass next to the Polovtsian Dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor." To most of us the adjective is meaningless; "Prince Igor" a mere title of Russian opera; Borodin's no such conjuring name as Chaikovsky's, Rimsky-Korsakov's or Musorgsky's. None but the learned "programist" knows the place of the dances in the action. Few recall them in the theater unless they keep long memory of Monsieur Diaghilev's ballet. Yet no sooner do they sound across a concert-hall than illusion engulfs all that hear. The rhythms leap, bound, or relax in undulation; while to them we also beat. The pace stays or speeds and with it we keep course. The choruses sound and we answer to the contrasts of the mood and the voices. A tribe is at its revels and we are caught into the tumult—the native wildness that may yet lurk within us released and fanned. To Mr. Schelling his recordings; to Monsieur Roussel his visions; to Borodin his half hour of inspiration. It is all the difference in the world. H. T. P.

GLOBE FEB 17

Music Notes and Comment

Mr Koussevitzky will conduct Bruckner's Eighth Symphony at this week's Symphony concerts. It was last played here in 1909. In Germany the composer is regarded as one of the chief writers of the 19th century, but elsewhere his music has not been frequently performed. A suite for strings by Arthur Foote, the well-known Boston composer, is the only other number on the program.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was assisted at its concert yesterday afternoon by the Cecilia Society, which had been trained by Malcolm Lang, its conductor. The program was as follows: Franck, Psalm 150 for chorus, orchestra and organ. Schelling, "Morocco" symphonic poem. Roussel, "Evocations", three symphonic sketches for orchestra with chorus. Borodin, Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor". The first and the third "Evocations" and "Morocco" were played for the first time in Boston. Mr. Schelling conducted his composition. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the other numbers.

Franck's treatment of the Psalm is one shout of jubilation, with a full use of the instruments named by the Psalmist. The music is a summons to praise the Lord of the universe, not a tribal deity. What is known as the "Hebraic spirit" is not here to be expected. It would be interesting to know how Ernest Bloch, who has expressed this spirit more eloquently than any other modern composer, would write music for this Psalm. No doubt there would be a wildness in his musical praise, the wildness of a race that would not allow another god and called all other worshippers, idolators.

Mr. Schelling visited Morocco. As a musician he was impressed by the native melodies, instruments, dances, songs, scenes and customs. His Morocco is not the land that has inspired other composers, who could not forget their own nationality and were bent on "civilizing" what to them were barbaric sounds, chiefly interesting to the ethnologist. If Ossendowski were a musician, he would write in Mr. Schelling's spirit as he has written in the prose account of his north African adventures. Mr. Schelling knew that there must be relieving measures, but he did not stray afar. There are at times the thought of orientalism as known to Rimsky-Korsakov and to Tchaikovsky when he was willing to forget Germany and turn his ear to the East.

"Morocco" is frankly descriptive and pictorial music. The most exotic section is the first with its introductory unaccompanied solo, a recollection of music for the native Raita, now represented by the oboe, beautifully played by Mr. Gillet; with the wild dance and strange encouraging cries of women. In this section there is no suggestion of the occident except for the technical skill which allows the composer's impressions to be shared by an audience. In the following "Lullaby" there is characteristic and pleasing monotony of melody and rhythm, which in spite of ingenious changes preserves the persistent mood peculiar to much oriental music; only broken by the highly original manner in which the Caid and his followers pass in state, musically the most impressive measures of the symphonic poem.

The remaining sections depict a scene outside the walls of Fez, with the teller of tales, the eater of fire, etc, as described by travellers drily or with gusto; The Finale, suggested by the stronghold of a chieftain, and the call to war.

It is not to belittle this work to call it entertaining. It is especially entertaining in that Mr. Schelling did not try to be more oriental than the Moroccans; that he did not strive to gain effect by bald realism; that he did not deliberately write as he thought a native composer would write, but as an accomplished musician of the West whose imagination appreciated what to others might have been barbaric strains pleasurable only to those accustomed to them from childhood.

Mr. Monteux brought out in Boston Roussel's second "Evocation" entitled "La Ville Rose." Only the third. "By the Banks of a Sacred River" calls for a chorus. The first "Evocation" was inspired by Roussel's visit, as a naval officer, later as a traveller, to the East, when he saw sculptured gods of love, hate, joy, violence in the shadow of a caravan.

It is a dangerous experiment, this translating a picture or sculptured work into tones, though brave men have risked it, as Liszt, Huber, Reger, Volbach, not to name others. Roussel is more fortunate in the charming introductory measures and those that close than in the musical portrayal of this or that god, music that is perfunctory and too self-conscious. "La Ville Rose," a kind of a Scherzo, is much more to Roussel's credit. Here is true fancy; here he evokes a scene that needs no set description, but may be imagined by any sensitive hearer, from the title itself, without any anxious waiting to hear "Elephants preceding the Rajah"; indifferent to his or any other Hindoo's hymn. The section with chorus was disappointing yesterday, nor was it the fault of the singers who sang valiantly here as in Franck's Psalm; as in the entrancing and splendidly savage dances from "Prince Igor"; nor was it Mr. McClosky's fault; he declaimed boldly the strange chant of the Priest. No; the music itself is at fault. It is, as a rule, singularly inexpressive of Calvocoressi's prose-poem. For example: what dry measures for the lines telling how perfumes of the night awaken love in hearts; how couples, quivering with happiness, stroll, enlaced beneath the moonbeams! But Roussel's Muse is intellectual, not sensuous.

In the "make-up" of the Program-Book, by an unfortunate transposition and the dropping of a line, the long chant of Roussel's Priest was attributed to the chorus and the translation of two lines for the chorus was put after the chant instead of before it. Books, including Program Books, have their fate.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week comprises Foote's Suite in E major for strings; Bruckner's Symphony, No. 8, C minor.

Programs to Hand

From Mr. Koussevitzky for the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday next in substitution for the program announced:

Suite in E major for Strings.....Foote
Rhythmic Dance .....Debussy
Image for Orchestra, "Iberia".....Chaikovsky
Symphony in E minor, No. 5.....Chaikovsky

From The Flute-Players for their concert in the galleries of the Art Club next Sunday afternoon:

Trio for Piano, Violin, Viola.....Beethoven
Messrs. Lacroix, Eicus, Zighera
Concerto for Harp and Seven Wind Instruments .....Salzedo
Miss Lawrence: Messrs. Laurent, Gillet, Hamelin, Mimart, Laus, Boettcher, Mager: The Composer conducting
Five Pieces for Two Harps.....Salzedo
Miss Lawrence and Mr. Salzedo
Quartet, No. 24, for Flute, Violin, Viola, Violoncello .....Mozart
Messrs. Laurent, Eicus, Artières, Zighera

From Eugène Goossens for the concert of his own music in Jordan Hall on Monday evening, Feb. 25.

Quintet for Strings and Piano, Op. 23.
Burgin Quartet and The Composer.
Three Songs:
The Appeal.
Melancholy.
Philomel.
Miss Ehrhart and Mr. Slonimsky.
Concerto for Oboe and Piano.
Leon Goossens and The Composer.
Two Sketches for String Quartet:
By the Tarn.
Jack o' Lantern.
Burgin Quartet.
Piano-Pieces.
The Composer.
Four Songs:
Villanelle du Soir.
Epigram.
Tea-Time.
The Curse.
Miss Ehrhart and Mr. Slonimsky.
Sextet for Three Violins, Viola, Two Violoncellos.
Burgin Quartet, Mr. Langendoen, The Composer.

From Mr. George Copeland for his final concert of the season in Jordan Hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 26:

Capriccio .....Scarlatti
Bourrée .....Bach
Air—Menuet .....Mattheson
Adagio .....Graziolí
Gavotte .....Prokofiev
Scherzo .....Mendelssohn
La terrasse des audiences au clair de lune—La huerta del vino—Reflets dans l'eau—Les fess sont d'exquises danseuses—Prelude à l'après-midi d'un faune—Minstrels...Debussy
Silhouettes Ibériennes (MS).....Slonimsky
Aromas de Leyenda
Jota
Imperia
Tango Espagnole—El Polo.....Albéniz
Tango.....Grovlez

Items of the Day

It is definitely settled that the concert of the Symphony Orchestra for its Pension Fund on Sunday afternoon, March 24, will return to old custom and consist wholly of music from Wagner's operas. Whether there will be assisting singers is as yet undecided.

Discussing the concert-going public in various American cities, Mr. George Engles, the manager, as reported in the New York newspapers, paid this town a compliment:

Of the large metropolitan centers, Boston is perhaps the most genuinely musical. It is one of the few cities which place musicianship above office appeal.

At Mr. Sanromá's concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, a deep-red curtain was let fall within the proscenium arch. The pianist was thus placed well forward upon a small stage. The auditorium was also darkened and a gentle light focussed upon him. It seemed an agreeable arrangement. Nor did the curtain perceptibly deaden sound.

TRANS. FEB 18 '29 H. T. P.

HERALD FEB 19 '29

AT SYMPHONY HALL

At the Boston Symphony orchestra's concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening the orchestra will be assisted by the Cecilia Society, of which Malcolm Lang is the director. Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct Cesar Franck's Psalm 150; Roussel's three "Evocations," the third of which calls for a chorus; Schelling's symphonic poem, "Morocco" (conducted by the composer), and the Polovtsian dances with chorus from Borodin's "Prince Igor." The "Evocations," of which "La Ville Rose" has been played in Boston, record Roussel's impressions of a visit to Cochin, China. The themes and coloring of "Morocco" are the result of Mr. Schelling's sojourn in northern Africa.

The fourth Monday night concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra will take place tomorrow at 8:15 P. M. Bach's Brandenburg concerto for violin, two flutes and strings; Liszt's piano concerto No. 2 (Yolanda Mero, pianist); Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" (after Nietzsche).

Post

SCHELLING CONDUCTS SYMPHONY

Heard in Own Tone Poem—Cecilia Society in 3 Pieces

The presence of the chorus of the Cecilia Society for participation in three of the four pieces upon the programme and the conducting by Ernest Schelling of his newest orchestral work, the symphonic poem "Morocco," are the things which set this week's pair of Symphony concerts apart from their fellows. In Franck's Psalm 150 for chorus, orchestra and organ; Roussel's three symphonic sketches, collectively entitled "Evocations," and the Polovsian dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor," Mr. Koussevitzky was in his accustomed place upon the podium.

SCHELLING'S TONE POEM

As pianist, as composer and as lecturer-conductor in his altogether delightful concerts for children Mr. Schelling is a familiar figure to Boston's musical public, and he was warmly greeted yesterday. His tone-poem, "Morocco," which was having its first Boston performance, has had a curious history. Inspired by a trip to Morocco some years ago it was orginally written in June, 1927, but the score was lost and in September Mr. Schelling reworte the piece and himself conducted its first performance by the Philharmonic Society of New York in December of that year. He has since revised it and by token of his own words as quoted in the programme-book of yesterday, has "changed much."

Mr. Schelling has sought, and with success, to translate into the language of the modern symphonic orchestra the music of the peoples of Morocco. His poem of four connected movements, depicts first and most effectively the dancing of the Culed Nails; a lullaby is succeeded by the tonal picture of a Berber story-teller outside the walls of Fez at sunset, and the fourth and final section, rhythmically exciting, deals with "the working up of the war spirit" among the tribes in the mountain stronghold of El Glaoui.

Cordially Received

Needless to say, Mr. Schelling is not the first who has sought to convey in terms of the symphonic orchestra the atmosphere, the spirit and the native music of Morocco. That in tonal coloring and general effect his impressions of that land should bear a certain generic resemblance to those of others, say of the "Beni Mora" of Gustav Holst twice heard this season from the People's Symphony Orchestra, is not only natural, but undoubtedly an indication of the accuracy and validity of Mr. Schelling's musical reportings. Nor does that fact detract from the excellence of the craftsmanship with which Mr. Schelling has devised his picturings.

The chorus of the Cecilia Society, of which Malcolm Lang is the conductor, was heard first in the opening number upon the programme, the Psalm of Cesar Franck. This music, of the competent musician and cathedral organist rather than of the greater Franck, was first heard at these concerts in the regime of Mr. Rabaud. For conclusion to the concert came this chorus' stirring, wholly effective singing of the Polovtsian Dance of Borodin, long familiar to Symphony audiences and yesterday received with the wonted enthusiasm.

Symphony Program Change

On account of the additional preparation which Bruckner's Eighth Symphony requires, Mr. Koussevitzky has postponed the performance of this work, and will play it on the Symphony program, March 22-23. The Boston Symphony program for Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, will be as follows: Foote, Suite in E major; Goossens, Rhythmic Dance; Debussy, "Iberia"; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 5. MON. FEB 19 '29

Symphony

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There they were, each appropriately labelled—the musical specimens assembled by Mr. Schelling in the course of a Moroccan tour, as such fetched back to New York. Yet, if he will forgive a blunt word, not unkindly but honestly meant, his symphonic poem does no more than expose and catalogue them. Making his music, he does the works of recollection and exhibition, not the works of imagination. He takes the first step which was to assort, mentally, his "finds." He halts at the second which was to transfuse and transfigure them into a musical and an emotional impression. He unfolds the record; but fails to convey that more essential matter in artistic commerce, the sensation. Most of us heard as detachedly as we glance at the collection of ancient instruments on the other side of the corridor. Illusion there was not.

Where Mr. Schelling fails, Monsieur Roussel succeeds. He is transcribing into music impressions received and memories retained from external sounds and sights. His biographers and the omniscients of the program-books specify the source—Farther India and Cochin Chna, whither he journeyed as junior officer in the French navy before he became composer by profession. He himself, setting forewords to the three "Evocations," no more than notes Oriental origins—the images of the gods carven variously upon the walls of caverns; the distant city swimming in rosy haze, through which rises and falls the softened din of a pageant-life; the nocturnal rites, sunset to sunrise, sensuous and mystical, along the banks of the sacred river.

Monsieur Roussel's music never particularizes, never catalogues. It seeks to evoke visions, to convey sensations, less from actual contact with the source than from remembrance lingering and treasured. It precisely satisfies the definition of artistic creation as "emotion recollected in tranquillity." (In point of fact Monsieur Roussel wrote these "Evocations" long after his first visit to the Orient). Though his horns in "La Ville Rose" may sing the hymn of the Rajah, though the attentive ear may detect the pacing elephants, his city is an image only less vague than the Palace of Kubla Khan. He disembodies the night along the sacred river into sensuous sound and mystical suggestions. (The chorus often repeats mere syllables). Across it in swift blur passes the chant of the priest; upon it unfolds the dawn. Monsieur Roussel looks upon the carven figures of the caverns and hears the rustle of the gods—less of their bodily semblance than of the Divinity within.

Here is the very office of music—to impart the spiritual sensation at a hint from the pictorial fact; the very function of the composer seeing his visions, then transmuting them into tones. Monsieur Roussel pursues a sensitizing poetry; Mr. Schelling halts at a recording prose. Wherein, then, did the "Evocations" fall short, or seem to fall short, in the single hearing of yesterday? Possibly in a lack of the intensive quality that imposes upon the hearer the vision before the composer's spiritual eye, the sensation or the reaction that sent him forthwith to his work-table. The facture of the three "Evocations" invites only to praise. Resource, skill and imagination fashion and fill them by a method and with a matter manifestly individual. Never once does Monsieur Roussel decline into the commonplaces of Oriental "tone-picturing." A fastidious, rejecting temperament is ever in unobtrusive guard. The ear receives the music intently; the mind follows it unabatedly; the imagination takes pleasure in the unfolded design, this implication, that detail, along the way. There is the sensuous, mystical suggestion, says the listener to himself as he hears the third "Evocation." And there the roseate city peopled with sounds. Yet again the sense of the welter of Divinities. Never once, however, was appreciation submerged in illusion. Curiosity was satisfied; admiration awakened; while other, and more intimate, sensations lay cool and dormant.

Pass next to the Polovtsian Dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor." To most of us the adjective is meaningless; "Prince Igor" a mere title of Russian opera; Borodin's no such conjuring name as Chaikovsky's, Rimsky-Korsakov's or Musorgsky's. None but the learned "programist" knows the place of the dances in the action. Few recall them in the theater unless they keep long memory of Monsieur Diaghilev's ballet. Yet no sooner do they sound across a concert-hall than illusion engulfs all that hear. The rhythms leap, bound, or relax in undulation; while to them we also beat. The pace stays or speeds and with it we keep course. The choruses sound and we answer to the contrasts of the mood and the voices. A tribe is at its revels and we are caught into the tumult—the native wildness that may yet lurk within us released and fanned. To Mr. Schelling his recordings; to Monsieur Roussel his visions; to Borodin his half hour of inspiration. It is all the difference in the world. H. T. P.

GLOBE FEB 17

Music Notes and Comment

Mr Koussevitzky will conduct Bruckner's Eighth Symphony at this week's Symphony concerts. It was last played here in 1909. In Germany the composer is regarded as one of the chief writers of the 19th century, but elsewhere his music has not been frequently performed. A suite for strings by Arthur Foote, the well-known Boston composer, is the only other number on the program.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was assisted at its concert yesterday afternoon by the Cecilia Society, which had been trained by Malcolm Lang, its conductor. The program was as follows: Franck, Psalm 150 for chorus, orchestra and organ. Schelling, "Morocco" symphonic poem. Roussel, "Evocations", three symphonic sketches for orchestra with chorus. Borodin, Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor". The first and the third "Evocations" and "Morocco" were played for the first time in Boston. Mr. Schelling conducted his composition. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the other numbers.

Franck's treatment of the Psalm is one shout of jubilation, with a full use of the instruments named by the Psalmist. The music is a summons to praise the Lord of the universe, not a tribal deity. What is known as the "Hebraic spirit" is not here to be expected. It would be interesting to know how Ernest Bloch, who has expressed this spirit more eloquently than any other modern composer, would write music for this Psalm. No doubt there would be a wildness in his musical praise, the wildness of a race that would not allow another god and called all other worshippers, idolators.

Mr. Schelling visited Morocco. As a musician he was impressed by the native melodies, instruments, dances, songs, scenes and customs. His Morocco is not the land that has inspired other composers, who could not forget their own nationality and were bent on "civilizing" what to them were barbaric sounds, chiefly interesting to the ethnologist. If Ossendowski were a musician, he would write in Mr. Schelling's spirit as he has written in the prose account of his north African adventures. Mr. Schelling knew that there must be relieving measures, but he did not stray afar. There are at times the thought of orientalism as known to Rimsky-Korsakov and to Tchaikovsky when he was willing to forget Germany and turn his ear to the East.

"Morocco" is frankly descriptive and pictorial music. The most exotic section is the first with its introductory unaccompanied solo, a recollection of music for the native Raita, now represented by the oboe, beautifully played by Mr. Gillet; with the wild dance and strange encouraging cries of women. In this section there is no suggestion of the occident except for the technical skill which allows the composer's impressions to be shared by an audience. In the following "Lullaby" there is characteristic and pleasing monotony of melody and rhythm, which in spite of ingenious changes preserves the persistent mood peculiar to much oriental music; only broken, by the highly original manner in which the Caid and his followers pass in state, musically the most impressive measures of the symphonic poem.

The remaining sections depict a scene outside the walls of Fez, with the teller of tales, the eater of fire, etc, as described by travellers drily or with gusto; The Finale, suggested by the stronghold of a chieftain, and the call to war.

It is not to belittle this work to call it entertaining. It is especially entertaining in that Mr. Schelling did not try to be more oriental than the Moroccans; that he did not strive to gain effect by bald realism; that he did not deliberately write as he thought a native composer would write, but as an accomplished musician of the West whose imagination appreciated what to others might have been barbaric strains pleasurable only to those accustomed to them from childhood.

Mr. Monteux brought out in Boston Roussel's second "Evocation" entitled "La Ville Rose." Only the third, "By the Banks of a Sacred River" calls for a chorus. The first "Evocation" was inspired by Roussel's visit, as a naval officer, later as a traveller, to the East, when he saw sculptured gods of love, hate, joy, violence in the shadow of a caravan.

It is a dangerous experiment, this translating a picture or sculptured work into tones, though brave men have risked it, as Liszt, Huber, Reger, Volbach, not to name others. Roussel is more fortunate in the charming introductory measures and those that close than in the musical portrayal of this or that god, music that is perfunctory and too self-conscious. "La Ville Rose," a kind of a Scherzo, is much more to Roussel's credit. Here is true fancy; here he evokes a scene that needs no set description, but may be imagined by any sensitive hearer, from the title itself, without any anxious waiting to hear "Elephants preceding the Rajah"; indifferent to his or any other Hindoo's hymn. The section with chorus was disappointing yesterday, nor was it the fault of the singers who sang valiantly here as in Franck's Psalm; as in the entrancing and splendidly savage dances from "Prince Igor"; nor was it Mr. McClosky's fault; he declaimed boldly the strange chant of the Priest. No; the music itself is at fault. It is, as a rule, singularly inexpressive of Calvocoressi's prose-poem. For example: what dry measures for the lines telling how perfumes of the night awaken love in hearts; how couples, quivering with happiness, stroll, enlaced beneath the moonbeams! But Roussel's Muse is intellectual, not sensuous.

In the "make-up" of the Program-Book, by an unfortunate transposition and the dropping of a line, the long chant of Roussel's Priest was attributed to the chorus and the translation of two lines for the chorus was put after the chant instead of before it. Books, including Program Books, have their fate.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week comprises Foote's Suite in E major for strings; Bruckner's Symphony, No. 8, C minor.

Programs to Hand

From Mr. Koussevitzky for the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday next in substitution for the program announced:

Suite in E major for Strings ..... Foote
Rhythmic Dance ..... Goossens
Image for Orchestra, "Iberia" ..... Debussy
Symphony in E minor, No. 5 ..... Chaikovsky

From The Flute-Players for their concert in the galleries of the Art Club next Sunday afternoon:

Trio for Piano, Violin, Viola ..... Rave
Messrs. Lacroix, Ecus, Zighera
Concerto for Harp and Seven Wind Instruments ..... Salzed
Miss Lawrence: Messrs. Laurent, Gillet, Hamelin, Mimart, Laus, Boettcher,
Mager: The Composer conducting
Five Pieces for Two Harps ..... Salzedo
Miss Lawrence and Mr. Salzedo
Quartet, No. 24, for Flute, Violin, Viola, Violoncello ..... Mozart
Messrs. Laurent, Ecus, Artières, Zighera

From Eugène Goossens for the concert of his own music in Jordan Hall on Monday evening, Feb. 25.

Quintet for Strings and Piano, Op. 23.
Burgin Quartet and The Composer.
Three Songs:
The Appeal.
Melancholy.
Philomel.
Miss Ehrhart and Mr. Slonimsky.
Concerto for Oboe and Piano.
Leon Goossens and The Composer.
Two Sketches for String Quartet:
By the Tarn.
Jack o' Lantern.
Burgin Quartet.
Piano-Pieces.
The Composer.
Four Songs:
Villanelle du Soir.
Epigram.
Tea-Time.
The Curse.
Miss Ehrhart and Mr. Slonimsky.
Sextet for Three Violins, Viola, Two Violoncellos.
Burgin Quartet, Mr. Langendoen,
The Composer.

From Mr. George Copeland for his final concert of the season in Jordan Hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 26:

Capriccio ..... Scarlatti
Bourrée ..... Bach
Air—Menuet ..... Mattheson
Adagio ..... Grazioli
Gavotte ..... Prokofiev
Scherzo ..... Mendelssohn
La terrasse des audiences au clair de lune—La huerta del vino—Reflets dans l'eau—Les fess sont d'exquises danseuses—Prelude à l'après-midi d'un faune—Minstrels. . . Debussy
Silhouettes Ibériennes (MS) ..... Slonimsky
Aromas de Leyenda
Jota
Imperia
Tango Espagnole—El Polo ..... Albéniz
Tango ..... Grovlez

Items of the Day

It is definitely settled that the concert of the Symphony Orchestra for its Pension Fund on Sunday afternoon, March 24, will return to old custom and consist wholly of music from Wagner's operas. Whether there will be assisting singers is as yet undecided.

Discussing the concert-going public in various American cities, Mr. George Engles, the manager, as reported in the New York newspapers, paid this town a compliment:

Of the large metropolitan centers, Boston is perhaps the most genuinely musical. It is one of the few cities which place musicianship above box office appeal.

At Mr. Sanromá's concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, a deep-red curtain was let fall within the proscenium arch. The pianist was thus placed well forward upon a small stage. The auditorium was also darkened and a gentle light focussed upon him. It seemed an agreeable arrangement. Nor did the curtain perceptibly deaden sound.

TRANS. FEB 18 '29 H. T. P.

HERALD FEB 19 '29

AT SYMPHONY HALL

At the Boston Symphony orchestra's concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening the orchestra will be assisted by the Cecilia Society, of which Malcolm Lang is the director. Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct Cesar Franck's Psalm 150; Roussel's three "Evocations," the third of which calls for a chorus; Schelling's symphonic poem, "Morocco" (conducted by the composer), and the Polovtsian dances with chorus from Borodin's "Prince Igor." The "Evocations," of which "La Ville Rose" has been played in Boston, record Roussel's impressions of a visit to Cochin, China. The themes and coloring of "Morocco" are the result of Mr. Schelling's sojourn in northern Africa.

The fourth Monday night concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra will take place tomorrow at 8:15 P. M. Bach's Brandenburg concerto for violin, two flutes and strings; Liszt's piano concerto No. 2 (Yolanda Mero, pianist); Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" (after Nietzsche).

Post Feb 17

SCHELLING CONDUCTS SYMPHONY

Heard in Own Tone Poem—Cecilia Society in 3 Pieces

The presence of the chorus of the Cecilia Society for participation in three of the four pieces upon the programme and the conducting by Ernest Schelling of his newest orchestral work, the symphonic poem "Morocco," are the things which set this week's pair of Symphony concerts apart from their fellows. In Franck's Psalm 150 for chorus, orchestra and organ; Roussel's three symphonic sketches, collectively entitled "Evocations," and the Polovsian dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor," Mr. Koussevitzky was in his accustomed place upon the podium.

SCHELLING'S TONE POEM

As pianist, as composer and as lecturer-conductor in his altogether delightful concerts for children Mr. Schelling is a familiar figure to Boston's musical public, and he was warmly greeted yesterday. His tone-poem, "Morocco," which was having its first Boston performance, has had a curious history. Inspired by a trip to Morocco some years ago it was orginally written in June, 1927, but the score was lost and in September Mr. Schelling reworte the piece and himself conducted its first performance by the Philharmonic Society of New York in December of that year. He has since revised it and by token of his own words as quoted in the programme-book of yesterday, has "changed much."

Mr. Schelling has sought, and with success, to translate into the language of the modern symphonic orchestra the music of the peoples of Morocco. His poem of four connected movements, depicts first and most effectively the dancing of the Culed Nails; a lullaby is succeeded by the tonal picture of a Berber story-teller outside the walls of Fez at sunset, and the fourth and final section, rhythmically exciting, deals with "the working up of the war spirit" among the tribes in the mountain stronghold of El Glaoui.

Cordially Received

Needless to say, Mr. Schelling is not the first who has sought to convey in terms of the symphonic orchestra the atmosphere, the spirit and the native music of Morocco. That in tonal coloring and general effect his impressions of that land should bear a certain generic resemblance to those of others, say of the "Beni Mora" of Gustav Holst twice heard this season from the People's Symphony Orchestra, is not only natural, but undoubtedly an indication of the accuracy and validity of Mr. Schelling's musical reportings. Nor does that fact detract from the excellence of the craftsmanship with which Mr. Schelling has devised his picturings.

The chorus of the Cecilia Society, of which Malcolm Lang is the conductor, was heard first in the opening number upon the programme, the Psalm of Cesar Franck. This music, of the competent musician and cathedral organist rather than of the greater Franck, was first heard at these concerts in the reghme of Mr. Rabaud. For conclusion to the concert came this chorus' stirring, wholly effective singing of the Polovtsian Dance of Borodin, long familiar to Symphony audiences and yesterday received with the wonted enthusiasm.

Symphony Program Change

On account of the additional preparation which Bruckner's Eighth Symphony requires, Mr. Koussevitzky has postponed the performance of this work, and will play it on the Symphony program, March 22-23. The Boston Symphony program for Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, will be as follows: Foote, Suite in E major; Goossens, Rhythmic Dance; Debussy, "Iberia"; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 5. MON. FEB 19 '29

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as in the Lament of Bach, or to occupy himself with the less significant details or nuance in retarded passages, as in the Adagio of Beethoven's Sonata.

TRANS FEB 19 1929 N. M. J.

Incidents and Prospects

Mr. Koussevitzky has deferred the revival of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony to the concerts of March 22-23. As he did with Sibelius's Third, last autumn, he wishes to draw from it all that the composer would say. Hence the need of longer study and preparation. The only novel piece upon the revised program, printed in this place yesterday, is Mr. Goossens's "Rhythmic Dance," short and graphic.

Bostonian Bloch

Mr. Koussevitzky Makes Converts to the Much-Disputed "America"

IT'S as difficult as it is undesirable to remain disinterested. Listening to Bloch's "America" for the fifth time the other day (on this occasion under Mr. Koussevitzky) we went over to Bloch's camp, with the congenial society of a number of friends, lock, stock and barrel. We are ready to admit plenty of perishable stuff in the score. But when "America" is superbly played, as it then was, the flame of genius in many pages ought to be compelling and obvious. The blazing emotion of Bloch, his fiery sincerity blended with his disciplined and matchless craftsmanship and his unerring sense of color, all unite to lift this score higher in our estimation with each hearing.

If this is showmanship more power to it. To us "America" remains a work with flaws, continually treading on dangerous ground, but proclaiming with genius and sweeping power the unshakable convictions of a man with greatness in his soul. [Hollister Noble in Musical America

AM. FEB 23 - 1929

MUSIC OF RUSSIAN SCHOOL

By MOSES SMITH

Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in E minor is the closing and principal portion of this week's Symphony Concerts, which open, appropriately enough, with the Tchaikovskyan Suite in E major by Arthur Foote, Boston composer.

There is more than mere key relationship to make Foote's charming music recall the Russian. The prelude is ingratiating in a manner that Peter Ilyitsch might have employed. The second movement is devoted mostly to pizzicato strings, recalling Tchaikovsky's fourth symphony, both in manner and matter. The fugal development of the third movement is, however, of a clarity that the romantic temperament rarely attains. Though the music of this suite is not strikingly original, it charms the ear, it disposes of an agreeable quarter of an hour. It was beautifully played on the holiday.

Goosens' "Rhythmic Dance" was played for the first time in Boston. Since the composer makes no pretentions to beautiful melody he has disarmed the critic. I can merely write that the piece is certainly rhythmic, orchestrated in the current fashion, and contributes its fair share to the vocabulary of dissonance.

The audience applauded the Foote composition mildly, though it was brilliantly performed. It was even less interested in Goosens. And the anti-climax was complete with its feeble response to Debussy's "Iberia." Debussy's Spanish painting in music is not obvious to the general run of concert audiences; nor was Mr. Koussevitsky's reading essentially illuminating.

But everyone woke up during the remarkable performance of the Symphony. It becomes trite to call attention to Mr. Koussevitsky's epic interpretations of the Tchaikovsky "Big Three" symphonies. On this occasion the orchestra was perhaps not so brilliant as it has been in previous performances of this music. But the conductor's conception was all the more penetrating, dynamic, emotionally propulsive. I know of no more sincere and inspired artist than Koussevitsky conducting the orchestra in this fateful work.

Chaikovsky And Debussy Full-Flavored

Afternoon of Familiar Pieces, A Salute to Arthur Foote Along the Way

TRANS FEB. 23. '29

AS the "city of holidays"—a working Westerner made the phrase—Boston was distinctly in evidence at yesterday's Symphony Concert. Outside the upper balcony, which was quickly filled, the audience assembled slowly, unfamiliarly. Here, there and everywhere seats usually occupied stood empty; while to look around was to discover, neighborhood for neighborhood, many strange faces. Out-of-doors, spring was hardly beckoning. Indoors, nothing upon the program was forbidding. Rather it promised that "very favorite" combination—Mr. Koussevitzky and a Symphony of Chaikovsky. As the signs went and as the authorities in such social-musical matters agreed, the triple holiday—for it is presumed to extend through Sunday—had scattered the usual company of the Friday matinée. As some averred, a new article is slipping into that intricate collection of unwritten statutes which is the Bostonian social code. Under this by-law, "it is better" not to be present at a Symphony Concert on a holiday afternoon. As Mr. Will Rogers knows only what he sees in the newspapers, so the reviewer, touching upon matters more or less outside his normal ken, knows only what he hears in the intermission. Musically, however, he can affirm that a truly remarkable performance if Debussy's "Ibéria" was coolly applauded by an audience to whom it was evidently unfamiliar piece; while the rhetorical pause before the coda in the finale of Chaikovsky's Fifth Symphony was signal for premature clapping. Through thirty-seven long years that piece has gone to and fro in the repertory.

For the ninth time, "Ibéria" appeared upon the program for a pair of Symphony Concerts. Since Mr. Fiedler discovered the piece in 1911, not a conductor has overlooked it. True, the Debussyan repertory is not extensive; but the companion "Images" — "Gigues" and "Rondes de Printemps"—deserve more performances than they have received in Boston; while one task, as yet unaccomplished in America, clearly awaits Mr. Koussevitzky—the production, as orchestral-choral piece, with a reader for the spoken scenes, of Debussy's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian." While he worked at these "Images," Debussy was on the edge of declining years; some even, thinking back to the "Nocturnes," "The Faun" and "The Sea," already descry traces of them; but "St. Sebastian" is unmistakable music of his prime. To the stage it may never return; but in some viable version it warrants place in the concert-hall where all things Debussyan are treasured. Above any conductor now working hereabouts, Mr. Koussevitzky could bring such a performance to pass; while across the river are the Cambridge choirs. In Paris, moreover, a concert version has been tried, not unsuccessfully.

Once, however, the performance of "Ibéria" was under weigh the listener put by these reflections. Conductor and orchestra were weaving the very texture of Debussy's music, jeweling it with his harmonic and instrumental colors, keeping it in motion and life with the play of his rhythms. Through the first and the third divisions they bind together a piece that might otherwise seem formless—an outspread palette of tonal tints. They lend it, besides, a singular quality of suspense. The best-remembering hearer never quite anticipates the course; feels and answers composer, conductor and orchestra preparing the next turn. It was this quality of unexpectedness—and with a repertory piece—that Mr. Koussevitzky infused yesterday into "Ibéria." Therewith it was new and fresh again. He did not tend, as he has sometimes, to dramatize an intrinsically pictorial music. He gave the second division the true illusion—of the lustrous silence of southern nights by sounds remotely traversed. The solo-melody came from nowhere; vanished nowhither; was only beauty piercing stillness. Out of the whole section stirred half-luminous, half-scented, wholly sensuous atmosphere—the poetry of these tones.

In the quick-paced beginning and the quicker-paced finale, it was as though every beat of the rhythm struck sparks, and these sparks, by the Debussyan alchemy, were transmuted into color, instrumental oftener than harmonic. Distributing and shading, the present orchestra, in the wind choir, in the percussion-group, throughout indeed, has seldom seemed more a band of virtuosi. And virtuosi with imagination. For here in "Ibéria" is Debussy altogether impressionistic, by the suggestion of rhythm and color working illusion upon his hearers. "The Sea" is a symphonic structure beside "Ibéria"; the prelude of the faun, a more sensuous tone-poetry; the Nocturnes, of a finer, more elusive imagination. In fact, beside them and the faun-piece, these Spanish impressions are hardly more, outside the second division, than prose. But what a multi-colored, light-footed, quick-witted prose as Mr. Koussevitzky played it! Not for nothing had Debussy twice used the word "alerte" in his stage-directions.

The conductor was as fortunate with his version of Chaikovsky's Symphony and for like reason. Nowhere did he overdo the page before him—which is not to say that he left it characterless. Heretofore with Chaikovsky, there has been reason to suspect that Mr. Koussevitzky over-manipulated here and there; that he prepared too obviously the entrance or the return of a significant motiv; that he over-intensified the contrast of orchestral song with orchestral tumult—all in devoted, but unmeasured, zeal and response. Of these occasional excesses, there was not a trace yesterday upon the Fifth. It can seem, as it then did, the best-conceived and best-accomplished of Chaikovsky's three final Symphonies, broadly human and universal beside the other two. "The Pathetic" is a cry across the night from an individual temperament in high nervous excitement. The Fourth is over-laden with the marchings and counter-marchings of fate à la Russe. The Fifth unfolds an emotional content by no means strange or unmoving upon non-Russian ears; is less conditioned by the composer's "very personal" reactions. The Introduction runs dark, oppressed, foreboding. The ensuing movement pursues relief and release questioningly; droops at last into weariness. The second would gain the solace of beauty; yet is crossed by the foreboding returned. The scherzo-waltz seeks the diversion of gayety—and turns shame-faced as it quests. The fourth upsprings in conquering energy; retrieves out of desolation the motiv of the beginning.

Though he departs from the orthodox formulas—and they counted for more in the 'eighties than they do today—in no other Symphony has Chaikovsky achieved so firm-knit and sustained a whole. Into fulfillment go the emotional design and the musical plan close-linked.

To Honor Debussy

Mr. Koussevitzky Asks Contributions to the Fund for a Monument in Paris

THE program-book at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon contained a note from Mr. Koussevitzky. It speaks for itself, saying:

> I have had the honor to be invited by M. Robert Brussel, the Director of the Association Française d'Expansion et d'Echanges artistiques, to assist a committee, headed by Président d'Honneur: M. G. Doumergue, Président de la République Française and M. André Messager, Membre de l'Institut, Président of the Comité d'Action, to solicit support of all Americans who might be interested in helping to erect a monument in Paris to Claude Debussy.
>
> I am sure that all of you will be glad to express your gratitude to the musical painter who has left us such wonderful pictures in tones.
>
> May I, therefore, suggest that all lovers of Debussy's music make a contribution, however small, so that the music-lovers of Boston may have a part in paying tribute to this great genius for the magic of his art.
>
> If each one gave at least twenty-five cents our contribution to this monument would be of splendid assistance to the committee. A box has been placed in the foyer at Symphony Hall in which gifts may be placed. Should it be more convenient to mail a contribution, kindly make your check payable to the Claude-Debussy Monument Fund and mail to me at Symphony Hall, Boston.

Throughout, as well, Chaikovsky escapes weaknesses of invention. The melody of the slow movement—sounded yesterday by Mr. Böttcher at the first horn as never before within the longest memory—touches beauty, and that beauty, little lessened, holds to the end. There are no forced repetitions, no merely nervous sequences, in the finale. The energy glows, self-maintained. The third movement deceives its melancholy with wisps of waltz. The first escapes technical banalities; attains a weary, restless pathos, beyond aught in the Symphony that is called "Pathetic." In that Symphony a conductor may run emotional riot and no one shall say him nay. In the Fourth he may be as clamant as he chooses when Fate thrusts in and drives. The intervening Fifth asks a less excitable and personal, a graver and loftier, speech. In weariness, in melancholy, with beauty, even in the finale with a certain nobility, Chaikovsky is making a music of life. Above preceding performances, Mr. Koussevitzky felt and conveyed this quality. Overlooking nothing, yet overdoing nothing, he lifted the whole Symphony to this new elevation, this larger eloquence. The orchestra gave him back the utmost richness of tone and plasticity of movement. A whole audience listened rapt.

Two shorter pieces diversified the concert—one, a happy revival; the other an incidental "novelty." The revival brought back Mr. Arthur Foote's Suite in E major for Strings, with the composer in presence. Though he wears his seventy-six years easily—the last of his New-England generation, save only Mr. Chadwick—seldom nowadays does he revisit the concert-hall. The more the pleasure, then, to hear his music warmly applauded and to see the conductor directing those plaudits whither they should go. Mr. Foote, however, kept to his modest place, as one who stores up, smilingly, an agreeable memory. Twenty seasons have not tarnished the skill, suavity, freshness and fancy of his Suite. The final Fugue still runs in light energy; with zest comes full-rounded. The Pizzicati, with the gentle song between, are still pleasing device. The Prelude has courtly flow. A wise composer was Mr. Foote, making his piece. He never exhausted the matter; always he kept the light hand. He diverted himself, and another generation is diverted with him. Not all the re-discoveries from the eighteenth century, which are current fashion, have so many flavors.

Mr. Goossens is a practised composer; out of long experience as conductor well versed in orchestral technique. He has an alert hand for rhythm. He can outturn readily enough a workable musical idea. So furnished, he made briefly the Rhythmic Dance of yesterday. It is neither classic nor romantic, orthodox nor modernist; impressive or boresome—merely good-enough music to fill its seven minutes and have done. Les jeunes, writing or listening, like these amiable sprices—into one ear, out by the other.

H. T. P.

Herald

TURDAY; FEBRUARY 23,

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

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It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Foote's Suite again. The audience showed its pleasure by calling the composer to his feet. This music proves that an American composer can be technically skilful without undue consciousness of the fact, and without being dull; that he can show sentiment without a too obvious and catch-penny appeal to his hearers; that he can write as an individual and not as a disciple of this or that foreign master; that he can write effectively without summoning to his aid a huge orchestra containing an army of drums, xylophone, glockenspiel, cymbals, tam-tam and the full power of the organ. This Suite may well be reckoned among the finest compositions by Americans. A musical work is not to be judged chiefly by its length and breadth; nor by the number of instruments employed. There are composers in Europe, as in this country, who can rage and impose orchestrally, but they would make a pitiable showing if they were asked to write a suite for strings alone. Although Mr. Foote's Suite is over 20 years old, it is fresh; it charms today. This cannot be said of certain pieces written within the last five years. Although strange wild fowl have flapped their wings over musical marshes during the last 20 years, Mr. Foote, having watched them with natural and intelligent curiosity, has not envied them their flight.

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TRANS FEB 19 1929

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If this is showmanship more power to it. To us "America" remains a work with flaws, continually treading on dangerous ground, but proclaiming with genius and sweeping power the unshakable convictions of a man with greatness in his soul. [Hollister Noble in Musical America

AM. FEB 23 - 1929

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But everyone woke up during the remarkable performance of the Symphony. It becomes trite to call attention to Mr. Koussevitsky's epic interpretations of the Tchaikovsky "Big Three" symphonies. On this occasion the orchestra was perhaps not so brilliant as it has been in previous performances of this music. But the conductor's conception was all the more penetrating, dynamic, emotionally propulsive. I know of no more sincere and inspired artist than Koussevitsky conducting the orchestra in this fateful work.

Chaikovsky And Debussy Full-Flavored

Afternoon of Familiar Pieces, A Salute to Arthur Foote Along the Way

TRANS — FEB. 23. '29

AS the "city of holidays"—a working Westerner made the phrase—Boston was distinctly in evidence at yesterday's Symphony Concert. Outside the upper balcony, which was quickly filled, the audience assembled slowly, unfamiliarly. Here, there and everywhere seats usually occupied stood empty; while to look around was to discover, neighborhood for neighborhood, many strange faces. Out-of-doors, spring was hardly beckoning. Indoors, nothing upon the program was forbidding. Rather it promised that "very favorite" combination—Mr. Koussevitzky and a Symphony of Chaikovsky. As the signs went and as the authorities in such social-musical matters agreed, the triple holiday—for it is presumed to extend through Sunday—had scattered the usual company of the Friday matinée. As some averred, a new article is slipping into that intricate collection of unwritten statutes which is the Bostonian social code. Under this by-law, "it is better" not to be present at a Symphony Concert on a holiday afternoon. As Mr. Will Rogers knows only what he sees in the newspapers, so the reviewer, touching upon matters more or less outside his normal ken, knows only what he hears in the intermission. Musically, however, he can affirm that a truly remarkable performance if Debussy's "Ibéria" was coolly applauded by an audience to whom it was evidently unfamiliar piece; while the rhetorical pause before the coda in the finale of Chaikovsky's Fifth Symphony was signal for premature clapping. Through thirty-seven long years that piece has gone to and fro in the repertory.

For the ninth time, "Ibéria" appeared upon the program for a pair of Symphony Concerts. Since Mr. Fiedler discovered the piece in 1911, not a conductor has overlooked it. True, the Debussyan repertory is not extensive; but the companion "Images" — "Gigues" and "Rondes de Printemps"—deserve more performances than they have received in Boston; while one task, as yet unaccomplished in America, clearly awaits Mr. Koussevitzky—the production, as orchestral-choral piece, with a reader for the spoken scenes, of Debussy's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian." While he worked at these "Images," Debussy was on the edge of declining years; some even, thinking back to the "Nocturnes," "The Faun" and "The Sea," already descry traces of them; but "St. Sebastian" is unmistakable music of his prime. To the stage it may never return; but in some viable version it warrants place in the concert-hall where all things Debussyan are treasured. Above any conductor now working hereabouts, Mr. Koussevitzky could bring such a performance to pass; while across the river are the Cambridge choirs. In Paris, moreover, a concert version has been tried, not unsuccessfully.

Once, however, the performance of "Ibéria" was under weigh the listener put by these reflections. Conductor and orchestra were weaving the very texture of Debussy's music, jeweling it with his harmonic and instrumental colors, keeping it in motion and life with the play of his rhythms. Through the first and the third divisions they bind together a piece that might otherwise seem formless—an outspread palette of tonal tints. They lend it, besides, a singular quality of suspense. The best-remembering hearer never quite anticipates the course; feels and answers composer, conductor and orchestra preparing the next turn. It was this quality of unexpectedness—and with a repertory piece—that Mr. Koussevitzky infused yesterday into "Ibéria." Therewith it was new and fresh again. He did not tend, as he has sometimes, to dramatize an intrinsically pictorial music. He gave the second division the true illusion—of the lustrous silence of southern nights by sounds remotely traversed. The solo-melody came from nowhere: vanished nowhither; was only beauty piercing stillness. Out of the whole section stirred half-luminous, half-scented, wholly sensuous atmosphere—the poetry of these tones.

In the quick-paced beginning and the quicker-paced finale, it was as though every beat of the rhythm struck sparks, and these sparks, by the Debussyan alchemy, were transmuted into color, instrumental oftener than harmonic. Distributing and shading, the present orchestra, in the wind choir, in the percussion-group, throughout indeed, has seldom seemed more a band of virtuosi. And virtuosi with imagination. For here in "Ibéria" is Debussy altogether impressionistic, by the suggestion of rhythm and color working illusion upon his hearers. "The Sea" is a symphonic structure beside "Ibéria"; the prelude of the faun, a more sensuous tone-poetry; the Nocturnes, of a finer, more elusive imagination. In fact, beside them and the faun-piece, these Spanish impressions are hardly more, outside the second division, than prose. But what a multi-colored, light-footed, quick-witted prose as Mr. Koussevitzky played it! Not for nothing had Debussy twice used the word "alerte" in his stage-directions.

The conductor was as fortunate with his version of Chaikovsky's Symphony and for like reason. Nowhere did he overdo the page before him—which is not to say that he left it characterless. Heretofore with Chaikovsky, there has been reason to suspect that Mr. Koussevitzky over-manipulated here and there; that he prepared too obviously the entrance or the return of a significant motiv; that he over-intensified the contrast of orchestral song with orchestral tumult—all in devoted, but unmeasured, zeal and response. Of these occasional excesses, there was not a trace yesterday upon the Fifth. It can seem, as it then did, the best-conceived and best-accomplished of Chaikovsky's three final Symphonies, broadly human and universal beside the other two. "The Pathetic" is a cry across the night from an individual temperament in high nervous excitement. The Fourth is over-laden with the marchings and counter-marchings of fate à la Russe. The Fifth unfolds an emotional content by no means strange or unmoving upon non-Russian ears; is less conditioned by the composer's "very personal" reactions. The Introduction runs dark, oppressed, foreboding. The ensuing movement pursues relief and release questioningly; droops at last into weariness. The second would gain the solace of beauty; yet is crossed by the foreboding returned. The scherzo-waltz seeks the diversion of gayety—and turns shame-faced as it quests. The fourth upsprings in conquering energy; retrieves out of desolation the motiv of the beginning.

Though he departs from the orthodox formulas—and they counted for more in the 'eighties than they do today—in no other Symphony has Chaikovsky achieved so firm-knit and sustained a whole. Into fulfillment go the emotional design and the musical plan close-linked.

Throughout, as well, Chaikovsky escapes weaknesses of invention. The melody of the slow movement—sounded yesterday by Mr. Böttcher at the first horn as never before within the longest memory—touches beauty, and that beauty, little lessened, holds to the end. There are no forced repetitions, no merely nervous sequences, in the finale. The energy glows, self-maintained. The third movement deceives its melancholy with wisps of waltz. The first escapes technical banalities; attains a weary, restless pathos, beyond aught in the Symphony that is called "Pathetic." In that Symphony a conductor may run emotional riot and no one shall say him nay. In the Fourth he may be as clamant as he chooses when Fate thrusts in and drives. The intervening Fifth asks a less excitable and personal, a graver and loftier, speech. In weariness, in melancholy, with beauty, even in the finale with a certain nobility, Chaikovsky is making a music of life. Above preceding performances, Mr. Koussevitzky felt and conveyed this quality. Overlooking nothing, yet overdoing nothing, he lifted the whole Symphony to this new elevation, this larger eloquence. The orchestra gave him back the utmost richness of tone and plasticity of movement. A whole audience listened rapt.

Two shorter pieces diversified the concert—one, a happy revival; the other an incidental "novelty." The revival brought back Mr. Arthur Foote's Suite in E major for Strings, with the composer in presence. Though he wears his seventy-six years easily—the last of his New-England generation, save only Mr. Chadwick—seldom nowadays does he revisit the concert-hall. The more the pleasure, then, to hear his music warmly applauded and to see the conductor directing those plaudits whither they should go. Mr. Foote, however, kept to his modest place, as one who stores up, smilingly, an agreeable memory. Twenty seasons have not tarnished the skill, suavity, freshness and fancy of his Suite. The final Fugue still runs in light energy; with zest comes full-rounded. The Pizzicati, with the gentle song between, are still pleasing device. The Prelude has courtly flow. A wise composer was Mr. Foote, making his piece. He never exhausted the matter; always he kept the light hand. He diverted himself, and another generation is diverted with him. Not all the re-discoveries from the eighteenth century, which are current fashion, have so many flavors.

Mr. Goossens is a practised composer; out of long experience as conductor well versed in orchestral technique. He has an alert hand for rhythm. He can outturn readily enough a workable musical idea. So furnished, he made briefly the Rhythmic Dance of yesterday. It is neither classic nor romantic, orthodox or modernist; impressive or boresome—merely good-enough music to fill its seven minutes and have done. Les jeunes, writing or listening, like these amiable caprices—into one ear, out by the other.

H. T. P.

To Honor Debussy

Mr. Koussevitzky Asks Contributions to the Fund for a Monument in Paris

THE program-book at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon contained a note from Mr. Koussevitzky. It speaks for itself, saying:

> I have had the honor to be invited by M. Robert Brussel, the Director of the Association Française d'Expansion et d'Echanges artistiques, to assist a committee, headed by Président d'Honneur: M. G. Doumergue, Président de la République Française and M. André Messager, Membre de l'Institut, Président of the Comité d'Action, to solicit support of all Americans who might be interested in helping to erect a monument in Paris to Claude Debussy.
>
> I am sure that all of you will be glad to express your gratitude to the musical painter who has left us such wonderful pictures in tones.
>
> May I, therefore, suggest that all lovers of Debussy's music make a contribution, however small, so that the music-lovers of Boston may have a part in paying tribute to this great genius for the magic of his art.
>
> If each one gave at least twenty-five cents our contribution to this monument would be of splendid assistance to the committee. A box has been placed in the foyer at Symphony Hall in which gifts may be placed. Should it be more convenient to mail a contribution, kindly make your check payable to the Claude-Debussy Monument Fund and mail to me at Symphony Hall, Boston.

Herald

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MUSIC

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Mr. Koussevitzky Asks Contributions to the Fund for a Monument in Paris

THE program-book at the Symphony Concert yesterday afternoon contained a note from Mr. Koussevitzky. It speaks for itself, saying:

> I have had the honor to be invited by M. Robert Brussel, the Director of the Association Française d'Expansion et d'Echanges artistiques, to assist a committee, headed by Président d'Honneur: M. G. Doumergue, Président de la République Française and M. André Messager, Membre de l'Institut, Président of the Comité d'Action, to solicit support of all Americans who might be interested in helping to erect a monument in Paris to Claude Debussy.
>
> I am sure that all of you will be glad to express your gratitude to the musical painter who has left us such wonderful pictures in tones.
>
> May I, therefore, suggest that all lovers of Debussy's music make a contribution, however small, so that the music-lovers of Boston may have a part in paying tribute to this great genius for the magic of his art.
>
> If each one gave at least twenty-five cents our contribution to this monument would be of splendid assistance to the committee. A box has been placed in the foyer at Symphony Hall in which gifts may be placed. Should it be more convenient to mail a contribution, kindly make your check payable to the Claude-Debussy Monument Fund and mail to me at Symphony Hall, Boston.

Throughout, as well, Chaikovsky escapes weaknesses of invention. The melody of the slow movement—sounded yesterday by Mr. Böttcher at the first horn as never before within the longest memory—touches beauty, and that beauty, little lessened, holds to the end. There are no forced repetitions, no merely nervous sequences, in the finale. The energy glows, self-maintained. The third movement deceives its melancholy with wisps of waltz. The first escapes technical banalities; attains a weary, restless pathos, beyond aught in the Symphony that is called "Pathetic." In that Symphony a conductor may run emotional riot and no one shall say him nay. In the Fourth he may be as clamant as he chooses when Fate thrusts in and drives. The intervening Fifth asks a less excitable and personal, a graver and loftier, speech. In weariness, in melancholy, with beauty, even in the finale with a certain nobility, Chaikovsky is making a music of life. Above preceding performances, Mr. Koussevitzky felt and conveyed this quality. Overlooking nothing, yet overdoing nothing, he lifted the whole Symphony to this new elevation, this larger eloquence. The orchestra gave him back the utmost richness of tone and plasticity of movement. A whole audience listened rapt.

Two shorter pieces diversified the concert—one, a happy revival; the other an incidental "novelty." The revival brought back Mr. Arthur Foote's Suite in E major for Strings, with the composer in presence. Though he wears his seventy-six years easily—the last of his New-England generation, save only Mr. Chadwick—seldom nowadays does he revisit the concert-hall. The more the pleasure, then, to hear his music warmly applauded and to see the conductor directing those

Frankfort citizens in town meeting ha
accepted an offer by the Brenci & El
Company of Peekskill, N. Y., to pay $200
in lieu of all back taxes, amounting t
$2800, on the Mount Waldo granite qua
ries, and it is understood that these, th
largest quarries of the kind in the cou
try, may be opened this season to supp
material for large contracts in New Yor
city and elsewhere. The quarries ha

California, why Mr. Hoover goes to Florida ca

$200.00 Will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms to be announced at the time and place of sale.

DR. NATHAN BEN-NATHAN
Assignee and present holder of mortgage.

February 21, 1929.

From the office of:
PARSONS & FLANDERS.

Herald

TURDAY; FEBRUARY 23,

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Foote, Suite in E major for string orchestra. Goossens, Rhythmic Dance (first time in Boston). Debussy, "Iberia." Tchaikovsky, Symphony, E minor, No. 5.

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Foote's Suite again. The audience showed its pleasure by calling the composer to his feet. This music proves that an American composer can be technically skilful without undue consciousness of the fact, and without being dull; that he can show sentiment without a too obvious and catch-penny appeal to his hearers; that he can write as an individual and not as a disciple of this or that foreign master; that he can write effectively without summoning to his aid a huge orchestra containing an army of drums, xylophone, glockenspiel, cymbals, tam-tam and the full power of the organ. This Suite may well be reckoned among the finest compositions by Americans. A musical work is not to be judged chiefly by its length and breadth; nor by the number of instruments employed. There are composers in Europe, as in this country, who can rage and impose orchestrally, but they would make a pitiable showing if they were asked to write a suite for strings alone. Although Mr. Foote's Suite is over 20 years old, it is fresh; it charms today. This cannot be said of certain pieces written within the last five years. Although strange wild fowl have flapped their wings over musical marshes during the last 20 years, Mr. Foote, having watched them with natural and intelligent curiosity, has not envied them their flight.

Mr. Goossens's Rhythmic Dance was first performed at Rochester, N. Y., two years ago next month. Lively rhythm and lively orchestration are the chief features of this unpretentious music by a well-equipped musician, who would undoubtedly be the last to claim for it great significance or importance. It is an agreeable piece, easy to hear, but not one that will cling to the memory even by rhythm to which the title calls attention.

It is doubtful whether what might be called a miscellaneous audience would or could be quick to appreciate the many exquisite details of Debussy's "Iberia." Say the word "Spanish" in connection with music, and nine out of ten think of a strongly defined, intoxicating, heel-and-toe tune. Subtle hints at the dance music of Spain are lost to them. There is disappointment that the hint is not followed by the rhythmic and highly colored statement hammered out. And what is Mr. Gradgrind to make of "The Odors of The Night"? No more than of Whitman's apostrophe to the "bare-bos'om'd night, Night of south winds, night of the large few stars!

Still nodding night—mad, naked summer night."

Would he not say, "Why 'large few stars'; why not 'few large stars'?" and laugh fatuously?

Debussy's "Iberia" is not a musical Baedeker. Havelock Ellis has written with understanding of the soul of Spain. Debussy also knew that soul.

Mr. Koussevitzky's reading was poetic. Appreciating the many impressionistic details he did not emphasize them so as to destroy the prevailing subdued romanticism, nor did he vulgarize the joyous street and festival measures by over-insistence.

Mr. Ernest Newman in an acute examination of Tchaikovsky's Fifth symphony wrote: "I can find no trace of a program in the Fourth symphony; but with the fifth and sixth we step upon quite unmistakable ground." Mr. Newman forgot that Tchaikovsky wrote a long program for his fourth symphony and sent it to Mme. Meck. This program has often been published. It is said that Tchaikovsky had a definite program in mind for his sixth, but could not be persuaded to divulge it. Every composer of a symphony has no doubt an aesthetic as well as a technical plan when he girds up his loins to write; but does this fifth symphony require a verbal and extensive argument? Is not the symphony the self-torturing composer, Tchaikovsky himself, with his moods of darkness, his moods of gaiety soon clouded and turned to sadness? Mr. Koussevitzky rightly saw and heard the symphony as a dramatic poem, with tragic episodes, ending in triumphant exaltation in the jubilant transformation of the early theme that dripped melancholy. Tschaikovsky could scream; Mr. Koussevitzky rightly saw and heard despair. Tschaikovsky had longings not to be fulfilled; Mr. Koussevitzky gave eloquence to these longings. When Tschaikovsky was in the depths of despair, Mr. Koussevitzky let him sob and wail. Thus was Mr. Koussevitzky, not hampered by the coldness, the inexpressiveness of the printed page, alive and sympathetic to the composer's emotions which are only feebly expressed by mere notes; emotions which are beyond the understanding of literal, pedestrian conductors.

The performance was of overwhelming effect. No wonder that conductor and orchestra were wildly applauded at the end. The concert will be repeated tonight.

The program of next week is as follows: Frederick the Great, Symphony, D major, No. 3. Janin, Symphonie Spirituelle, "Alleluia." Sibelius, Violin concerto (Mr. Burgin, violinist). Moussorgsky-Ravel, Pictures at an Exhibition.

VARIED PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Foote, Goossens, Debussy and Tchaikovsky

Koussevitzky Gives Brilliant Reading of Tchaikovsky

Globe Feb 23 '29

Mr Koussevitzky, having postponed until next month the performance of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, substituted a varied program for yesterday's Symphony concert. It began as originally planned with Arthur Foote's Suite in E major. The other numbers were a new "Rhythmic Dance" by Eugene Goossens; Debussy's "Iberia"; and Tchaikovsky's E minor Symphony. Mr Koussevitzky's reading of the Tchaikovsky was remarkably brilliant, one of the finest performances he has ever conducted in Boston of anything.

Mr Foote's Suite for Strings, opus 63, first played at these concerts in 1909, was repeated in 1921 and in 1925. It is well written, unpretentious music, light in character despite a fugue finale, original without any striving for modernity. The audience plainly enjoyed an excellent performance. The composer bowed repeatedly from his place in the audience.

Of Mr Goossens' music there will be occasion to write at length next week when he offers a program of his chamber pieces at Jordan Hall. The "Rhythmic Dance" heard yesterday was first performed at Rochester, N Y, in 1927 by the orchestra of which he is the conductor. It is lively light music by a man who writes with unforced ease in the idiom of his own day, a piece Mr Casella might easily popularize with the audiences at the Pop concerts.

The programs yesterday contained a slip asking those Bostonians who love Debussy's music to contribute to a fund now being raised to erect a statue to him in Paris. Mr Koussevitzky requests that small contributions be deposited in a box placed for the purpose in the foyer of Symphony Hall. Or checks may be mailed to him.

Debussy is now, therefore, to be considered as a classic composer, not as the dangerous modernist he seemed to most musicians 30 years ago. It is hard to see why his "Iberia," again dramatically interpreted by Mr Koussevitzky yesterday, should have been accused of exaggerated impressionism when it was new in 1910. Critics could find in it nothing but rhythm well defined. They thought it had no melodic design, no carefully woven harmonic web, that it was a riot of tonal color.

Yesterday the melodious outline was clear, the harmony no longer baffling. One admired the restraint and skill with which Debussy secured his effects without ever writing a superfluous note. The texture of the music seemed firm. Only in the titles of the three sections, "In streets and byways," "The fragrance of night," and "A holiday morning" could one find impressionism. And in giving such titles to music perfectly well able to make its way without their aid, Debussy was only following the fashion of his day, a fashion now happily passing.

No other conductor known here can equal Koussevitzky in the music of Tchaikovsky, as the remarkable performance of the Fifth Symphony yesterday again proved. The subtlety and restraint with which he moulded melodies that verge on banality so as to lend them a nobility one cannot quite believe really inherent in them; the flexibility and intensity with which he built up rhythms that might have seemed monotonous and disjointed into imposing and intricate musical patterns; the zest with which he revealed the sonority and variety Tchaikovsky often contrived to give his scoring for orchestra, were all alike amazing. In such music as this Koussevitzky is a master.

What wonder, then, that he, too, often applies the same methods in interpreting other music, to which they are not as well fitted. If he would but try to penetrate the secrets of Wagner's art, for instance, as deeply as he penetrates those of his celebrated compatriot, what superb performances he could give us. It is perhaps only natural that when he succeeds so marvelously with Tchaikovsky he should often fail to realize that to attain a comparable success with other music other methods are needed.

The program announced for next week includes a little symphony ascribed to Frederick the Great of Prussia, a new work entitled "Symphonie Spirituelle 'Alleluia'," by a Russian composer named Janin, Sibelius' violin concerto in D minor.

SYMPHONY GLORIFIES THE FIFTH

Post Feb 23 '29

Tchaikovsky's Great Work Played With Eloquence

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

By token of the warmth of the applause, the honors in yesterday's Symphony Concert went to a living American and to a Russian, to Arthur Foote, whose suite for strings, in E major, began the programme, and to Tchaikovsky, whose Fifth Symphony ended it. The pieces between, Eugene Goossens' "Rhythmic Dance" and Debussy's "Iberia" found less favor with the audience.

COOL TOWARDS THE DANCE

Not before had Mr. Goossens' Rhythmic Dance, a comparatively recent work, been played in Boston. Other pieces by this English musician, who conducts the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra and who has led the Boston Symphony as guest, have made a stronger impression. Monotonously thick in orchestration, without special distinction of any sort, this Rhythmic Dance has said its say in the first dozen measures. Yesterday's audience was almost disdainfully cool towards it.

Nor is "Iberia" the most perdurable of the orchestral compositions of Debussy. There are haunting pages in the second section, "The Fragrance of the Night" and captivating measures in the third, "The Morning of a Festival Day." But for the rest "Iberia" is the work of a Debussy who had begun to be a calculating artificer of music rather than of the poet in tones who gave us "The Afternoon of a Faun," the Nocturnes and "The Sea."

Invited to Aid Fund

Yesterday, by the way, the audience was invited, through a special letter from Mr. Koussevitzky inserted in the programme book, to contribute to a fund for the erecting of a monument to Debussy in his native Paris. For the receiving of such contributions a box was conspicuously placed in the foyer of Symphony Hall.

Mr. Koussevitzky did well yesterday to repeat from his earlier seasons both Mr. Foote's Suite and the Symphony of Tchaikovsky. The former is one of the satisfying and substantial American compositions that have won for themselves a fixed place in the repertory of our orchestra. Since 1909 this ingratiating suite has appeared four times on the Symphony programmes. Present to hear his own music, the composer was compelled to rise and bow repeatedly from his seat in the auditorium.

Utmost Possible Eloquence

As for Tchaikovsky's Symphony, not only is it, all things considered, the finest example of its species yet to have come from a Russian hand, but it is one of the pieces in which Mr. Koussevitzky is unsurpassed, even unapproachable as interpreter, one in which he and the orchestra attain to the utmost possible eloquence.

In the Andante George Boettcher, the orchestra's new first horn, had his most considerable opportunity since his coming to us last autumn. By him the familiar measures were played with a tone both firm and beautiful, a tone of true nobility that glorified a melody that might easily lapse into sentimentality.

Tomorrow's Soloist at Symphony Hall

TRAV. FEB 23 1929

ALBERT SPALDING

FOOTE'S SUITE BY SYMPHONY

Composer and His Work Given Acclaim by Large Audience

Mr. Koussevitzky opened his program at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon with Arthur Foote's suite in E major for string orchestra. It it one of the loveliest numbers given this season—particularly the second movement, which was played in a delightful manner and brought rapturous applause from the large audience. Mr. Foote was present, and rose to acknowledge the acclamation given him and his work.

Eugene Goossens's Ryhthmic Dance, given for the first time in Boston, is a delightful fragment and was performed in a charming manner. He has an imposing list of compositions to his credit, among them the opera "Judith."

"Iberia," an orchestral composition by Debussy, comprises—as it pleased him to call them—three images: In the Streets and By-ways, the Fragrance of the night, The Morning of a Festival Day. One does not find melody among them. The composer, it is said, attaches importance only to tonal color. And he has achieved it nobly here. We are given first a street in Spain where the bells of horses and mules are heard, and gay travellers went their joyous way. Then it is night, and the peace and tranquillity are beautifully suggested. With dawn comes the sounds of the awakening world. Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of these images made them live!

It is hard to believe that Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in E minor could ever have been frowned upon by music critics. Yet such was the case, and the fact brought great sadness to the composer. But the years have given it a place of eminence. Throughout is a haunting sadness that lifts itself at moments to majesty and magnificence. The audience burst into applause before the final measures had been given, but one can easily understand emotion unrestrained under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction of that symphony yesterday.

The program will be repeated this evening.

Incidents and Prospects

TRANS — FEB 25 '29

Mr. Heifetz, the violinist, who seldom plays with an orchestra either in Europe or America, will be "assisting artist" at the Symphony Concerts of March 15 and 16 in a Concerto to be announced. He wished, it seems, to appear with the orchestra and Mr. Koussevitzky. In Rabaud's time—or was it in the early years of Monteux?—he was heard at Symphony Hall in Beethoven's Concerto.

[illegible], returning to Boston but once this season, sets the following program for her concert in Jordan Hall on Wednesday evening, March 13:

Gioite al canto mio	Peri
Wohin	Schubert
Two Biblical Songs	Dvorák
L'heure silencieuse	Staub
Mandoline	Hahn
Les paons	Loeffler
Colloque sentimental	Debussy
Chanson des noisettes	Dupont
Nuit de printemps	Gretschaninov
Erinnerung	Arensky
Maria's Wiegenlied	Reger
La mort, chef d'armée	Musorgsky
I Kyällen	Merikanto
I Dandsen du mit Möder	Backer-Gröndahl
Jeg Elsker Dig—Eros	Grieg

Mr. Foote, the composer, was again in his place at the Symphony Concert of Saturday; heard anew his Suite for Strings; received the quick, warm applause of the audience. He rose and bowed; but, adhering to the modest custom of an earlier day, could not be persuaded to the stage. H. T. P.

Debussy's Monuments

More About The Projects in Paris to Which Boston is Asked to Contribute

NEWSPAPERS, arrived yesterday from Paris, bring particulars of the projected monument to Debussy that Mr. Koussevitzky commended last week to Bostonian support. Or rather the monuments. For two, it appears, will be set up—one by the eminent sculptor, Bourdelle, at Saint-Germain, the suburb of Paris in which Debussy was born; the other, by the Brothers Martel, at a spacious, impressive spot in the newer city. Le Temps implies that Bourdelle's monument is ready for erection and familiar to its readers. The Martels' memorial exists only in a model; is designed "on a vast scale" and must stand upon a site suiting its dimensions. As expectation goes, the monument at Saint-Germain will be erected on the terrace overlooking the valley with a distant view of Paris. (Most Americans know it as seat of the renowned restaurant in the Pavilion Henri IV.) The municipal authorities in the capital are considering the placement of the other.

According to Le Temps, the two funds will be merged and administered as one. Already, through the Association française d'expansion et d'échanges artistiques, the solicitation of funds outside France has begun. The Argentine responded with f. 40,000; Amsterdam with f. 28,000; substantial contributions are in sight from Warsaw, Bucharest and Rio de Janeiro. To Boston, through Mr. Koussevitzky, was sent the first appeal in the United States.

TRANS, FEB. 26 — 1929

Music Notes and Comment

GLOBE FEB 24 1929

Mr Koussevitzky has put on the program for this week's Symphony concerts in the regular series a little symphony ascribed to no less an historical figure than Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, the most successful of 18th century monarchs, and the greatest of the Hohenzollerns. It is well known that Frederick played the flute, and patronized, among other composers, J. S. Bach; but there will be wicked skeptics to proclaim that if Kings can get their speeches written for them, it is only too probable that they get their symphonies written for them. The novelty is to be a work with the remarkable title, "Symphonie Spirituelle Alleluia," by a young and almost unknown Russian, Janin.

The second Tuesday Symphony program, like the first, is severely classical in character, drawn from Handel, Haydn and Brahms. This series is designed to introduce people to the masterpieces of orchestral music. It will include a few works by the moderns, but the emphasis is here distinctly on the established classics.

[illegible]

Mr Koussevitzky will give at the Boston Symphony concerts, on March 22 and 23, Bruckner's Eighth Symphony postponed from last week on account of the need of extra rehearsals.

[illegible] the Pension Fund concert Sunday, [illegible] 24, Mr Koussevitzky plans to offer a Wagner program similar to those given by the Boston Symphony at these concerts in many previous seasons.

TRANS

Plays and Pla

Evening of Mr. Goossens Full to Brim

FEB 26 '29

Over Seventeen of His Pieces Ranges a Chamber-Concert, He Himself Assisting

THROUGH the concert of his chamber pieces, last evening in Jordan Hall, Mr. Eugène Goossens was all things to all men, himself included. As executant, he eked out the Burgin Quartet in his Quintet for Piano and Strings; with the four and Mr. Langendoen from Symphony Hall, played third violin in his String-Sextet; took the piano-part in his Concerto for Oboe with his brother, Mr. Léon, at the solo-instrument; by himself ran through seven of his piano-pieces. As composer he contributed the Quintet, Sextet, Concerto and piano-miscellany already specified; added thereto a Fantasy Quartet for Strings, played by "The Burgins," along with six songs sung by Miss Ehrhart to the accompaniment of Mr. Slominsky. Through the one hundred and five minutes that all this spanned, he was also the man of the hour, receiving and acknowledging the handsome plaudits of the audience. The day before yesterday he was central figure of a similar concert in Providence; today he is rehearsing the Philadelphia Orchestra as guest-conductor. He has duties as teacher in the Eastman School at Rochester. He is setting a revising hand to his opera, "Judith"—from Arnold Bennett's play—for production in London next summer. And there are those who fondly believe the artist's life a pleasant, desultory leisure!

Outside the Concerto for Oboe, which was rather the event of the evening, and Mr. Slonimsky's playing of the piano-parts in the songs, performance was hardly finished. Out of what opportunity they could snatch, "The Burgins" made ready the three pieces for strings; in two were joined only Sunday by the composer. He himself played the piano-numbers with more will to the impression he would conjure than application to the keyboard. For the most part, Miss Ehrhart did her best with songs that are often subtly set; invite the singer to shaded mood or devious fantasy; now and again tax her diction. Mr. Goossens has a liking for archaic texts—time of Elizabeth or James—running in strange words from "conceit" to "conceit" of artificial fantasy. He has also a Milhaud-like flair for such verse as

Doggerel, dithyramb, madrigal, jumble.
Of jackanape rhymes thro' my brain twist and tumble.
Reader, my scourges imprint as you thumb,
Mark, mark and pardon this inchoate jargon,
These strophes I have sung.

which are words to the song of "The Curse" through which Miss Ehrhart went swiftly, gamesomely, with well-placed accents.

The polished and elegant Goossens—for this Admirable Crichton of tones can write such pieces—was necessarily missing. So also was the Goossens of the theater, though some of us have heard his graphic, imaginative music to Mr. Maugham's Eurasian play, "East of Suez"—his most coloristic work—or have sat behind him as conductor to the British National Opera or to Monsieur Diaghilev's ballet. The symphonic Goossens was also absent; but as composer and conductor Boston has known and applauded him—twice at least in presence—over the way at Symphony Hall. Enough remained to leave him well-characterized through a concert the like of which is hard to recall in these parts.

Count Mr. Goossens first as the born and instinctive, as well as the thoroughly schooled, musician. He is in his thirty-sixth year, which in any country save these United States, is youth. Already his opus-numbers mount into the forties; in the fifteen years of his working life—the concert of yesterday stretched across ten—he has ventured many forms and genres. In every one he has been at technical ease, abounding in the necessary and distinctive resource. He has plied that ease as an individual composer, living his life and practising his calling in the second and the third decade of our present and not inglorious century. At will he can be scholarly; more than one musical paragraph, not few passing modulations, were last evening the proof. At will, also, in the string-pieces, he can condense and shear away orthodox forms that his measures may be more compact, move more freely, speak more pointedly or in the manner of fantasy, as becomes a tonal son of this good day.

By no means, however, has Mr. Goossens put the past behind him. The Concerto for Oboe is classic enough to have won applause in Mozart's Vienna. In any of the music for strings, especially in the more recent pieces, there are unmistakable classical touches. Mr. Goossens uses dissonance when it suits his constructive need or serves his imaginative purpose. He accomplishes his design, but in no way obtrudes his modernistic means. In his ear and from his hands the current devices are for use, not flaunting. With just sense of the continuance of music—his family is ancient in the practice of the art—he chooses, in equal sympathy and discernment, from present or past. He can be, for example, as chromatic as the most restless romantic. He can also space out chords in contrary motion in a fashion at which the youth from the University prick up their ears.

Some like to say that Mr. Goossens does all things equally well, which is to set him down as no better than a journalist in tones, passing with trained hand and ready mind from one day's stint to the next. Yet in the different genres that the program arrayed last evening there was clear evidence not only of an individual procedure, as already set out, but of its source and complement, an individual imagination. Four of the piano-pieces—"The Tug," "The Hurdy-Gurdy Man," "The Wooden Soldiers," "The Marionette-Show"—were little realisms out of the common life, evoked with musical fancy or musical humor, twined about with pianistic embroideries. The song of "Melancholy," the song of "Philomel"—both to archaic texts, the latter with a refrain to begin and end—were born of a sympathetic response to these mannered imaginings, which was clear personal idiosyncrasy. Such songs are written con amore; while others, like "The Curse," already cited and "Epigram," seem modernist instances ably brought to pass. Akin is "Tea-Time" gently sustaining the atmosphere of a tranquil room in the artful prose rather than the poetry of music.

Again the Quartet, the Quintet, the Sextet, stream with a restless but never undirected energy. The rhythms have propulsive force; the turns are plastic and suspensive; there are quick ingenuities of counterpoint, keen play of timbres—all in sign of a vitalizing, inventive composer. A composer as well of moods, if not passion—and for the latter, chamber-music is hardly a chosen vessel, unless a Beethoven is standing by. In each of the string-pieces, the slow-section evokes a pleasure of matter and mood altogether Goossens-like. A gentle poetry marks it; the songful voice often charms; to smooth classic tranquilities succeed light modernist pungencies—the mingled aroma of past and present which Mr. Goossens's finer-touched music more and more diffuses.

Once upon a time, in his days as conductor, Strauss was working through a drowsy August in the Royal Opera (as it then was) at Berlin. Any competent assistant could have carried sufficiently well most of the pieces he was "taking." To a friend, inclined to pity him at a summer task, Strauss explained, cheerfully enough, that he was busy "studying the horns." Many of his finest pages bear him witness. In similar fashion, the hearer suspects, Mr. Goossens, bending over Monsieur Diaghilev's limping orchestras, has been "studying the oboe." Certainly, his Concerto for his brother, speaks well for his pains. It indulges in no far-fetched virtuosities; by concision it avoids tedium; the songful section has intrinsic musical quality, yet is apt for the voice that sings it. Were the piece dated 1777, and not 1927, the antiquarians might hail a discovery. Mr. Léon Goossens, escaping both dryness and acidity, played it in smooth, rounded, moist and transparent tone, outflowing with technical skill transmuted into felicity and imagination. From composer and virtuoso again went the oboe characted in plaintive, pungent, penetrating voice. Here and there potentates from Symphony Hall were to be seen intently listening. As likely as not, they suspect that when oboes—or clarinets—are in question, their orchestra leaves something to be desired. H. T. P.

SECOND OF THE TUESDAY SERIES

Symphony Plays Three Classic Masterpieces

Post Feb 27

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the second concert of the current Tuesday afternoon series. As usual there was a large and enthusiastic audience, in spite of the inclement weather, and as always the programme was drawn from the "classics," that is to say, from the great masterpieces. Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 12, for string orchestra; Haydn's G major Symphony, ordinarily termed the "Surprise," and the Second Symphony of Brahms were the masterpieces yesterday.

Handel's Concerto was admirably played; the Larghetto seemed particularly smooth and flowing, the Allegro sparkling and gay. The performance of the "Surprise" Symphony, too, was wholly in the vein and gave great pleasure. Spontaneous applause burst forth after the Andante, and the charming Menuetto likewise delighted the audience. In short, conductor and band together played this familiar and well-loved piece in a noteworthy manner.

From Brahms' Symphony Mr. Koussevitsky now draws very nearly the utmost musical value. The serenity of the first movement was not marred, as it has sometimes been, by an over-eager brass. The last movement was stirring and brilliant; truly such verve is extraordinarily stimulating. Once more the orchestra seems to have added new glow and lustre to its tone, to have acquired an even greater pliancy and a still more dazzling virtuosity in its performance of these well-known compositions.

BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky, gave its second Tuesday afternoon concert of the season yesterday at Symphony hall. The program consisted of Concerto Grosso in B minor for string orchestra, Handel; Symphony in G major, Haydn; and Symphony No. 2 in D major, Brahms.

Mr. Koussevitzky chose an interesting program for this second concert, and as usual the orchestra played with unfailing proficiency. The legato music of the Handel Concerto Grosso assumed a new dignity under Mr. Koussevitzky's hand, the phrases were smooth, finely finished, played with delicacy yet suggestive of latent power. This was also true of the Haydn symphony, though the tonality of the third movement was inclined to be harsh at times. The pensive thought and joyous ecstasy of Brahm's music was beautifully interpreted, attention was given to every detail of expression and the last movement of the symphony was played with stirring intensity which mounted to a powerful climax.

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FEB 27 '29

An Hour of Handel, Haydn and Brahms

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As pleasure to the listeners came also Haydn's Symphony. Simple, straightforward music, marvellously direct amid all its fussy ornamentation. Music full of humors and gayeties and pleasantries—even if the "surprise" chord were never mentioned. One needs only to think of the peasant jollity of the minuet; if the mirth and the swing—and in places the swagger, possibly—of the first movement once the introductory Adagio is out of the way; of the rollicking good fun there is in the finale. Nor does the Andante with its variations detract one whit from the prevailing gayety. If in it Haydn attempts seriousness for a moment, he does so with a twinkle in his eye. "I must be serious because this is the place to be serious."

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A. H. M.

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Brahms' in D Major, Haydn's "Surprise"

Globe Feb. 27

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Yet, granted the conductor's interpretation of the music, and his frequent indifference to absolute precision of ensemble and tonal balance between sections of the orchestra, the performance was stirring.

The next concert in this series will be given Tuesday, March 12. P. R.

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Concerto for Orchestra in D major, C. P.-E. Bach
(Arranged by M. Steinberg)
Concerto, in D minor, for Violin with Orchestra ..... Brahms
(Violinist: Mr. Heifetz)
Symphony in F ..... Dukelsky
(First Times in America)
Overture, "Roman Carnival" ..... Berlioz

An appearance with any orchestra is a compliment that Mr. Heifetz pays seldom. In this instance it was, indeed, mutual proposal. Dukelsky's Symphony, heard last June at the Concerts Koussevitzky in Paris, is work of a cosmopolite Russian rather more familiar with Paris, London, Scotland, Italy, than with his own country. Even now, he is in New York, likely to descend upon Boston for the performance of his piece. It is dissonant here, songful there, tersely but warmly written throughout.

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The Ring ..... Dvorák
Down the Waggon-Way, North-Country Folk-Song
The Keel Row ..... Tyneside Air
Smith Glee Club
In Dulci Jubilo ..... Gabrieli
Adoramus te ..... Palestrina
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Then Round About the Starry Throne ..... Handel
Smith and Harvard Glee Clubs (Dr. Davison conducting)

TRANS

Plays and Pla

Evening of Mr. Goossens Full to Brim

FEB 26 '29

Over Seventeen of His Pieces Ranges a Chamber-Concert, He Himself Assisting

THROUGH the concert of his chamber pieces, last evening in Jordan Hall, Mr. Eugène Goossens was all things to all men, himself included. As executant, he eked out the Burgin Quartet in his Quintet for Piano and Strings; with the four and Mr. Langendoen from Symphony Hall, played third violin in his String-Sextet; took the piano-part in his Concerto for Oboe with his brother, Mr. Léon, at the solo-instrument; by himself ran through seven of his piano-pieces. As composer he contributed the Quintet, Sextet, Concerto and piano-miscellany already specified; added thereto a Fantasy Quartet for Strings, played by "The Burgins," along with six songs sung by Miss Ehrhart to the accompaniment of Mr. Slominsky. Through the one hundred and five minutes that all this spanned, he was also the man of the hour, receiving and acknowledging the handsome plaudits of the audience. The day before yesterday he was central figure of a similar concert in Providence; today he is rehearsing the Philadelphia Orchestra as guest-conductor. He has duties as teacher in the Eastman School at Rochester. He is setting a revising hand to his opera, "Judith"—from Arnold Bennett's play—for production in London next summer. And there are those who fondly believe the artist's life a pleasant, desultory leisure!

Outside the Concerto for Oboe, which was rather the event of the evening, and Mr. Slonimsky's playing of the piano-parts in the songs, performance was hardly finished. Out of what opportunity they could snatch, "The Burgins" made ready the three pieces for strings; in two were joined only Sunday by the composer. He himself played the piano-numbers with more will to the impression he would conjure than application to the keyboard. For the most part, Miss Ehrhart did her best with songs that are often subtly set; invite the singer to shaded mood or devious fantasy; now and again tax her diction. Mr. Goossens has a liking for archaic texts—time of Elizabeth or James—running in strange words from "conceit" to "conceit" of artificial fantasy. He has also a Milhaud-like flair for such verse as

Doggerel, dithyramb, madrigal, jumble.
Of jackanape rhymes thro' my brain twist and tumble.
Reader, my scourges imprint as you thumb,
Mark, mark and pardon this inchoate jargon,
These strophes I have sung.

which are words to the song of "The Curse" through which Miss Ehrhart went swiftly, gamesomely, with well-placed accents.

The polished and elegant Goossens—for this Admirable Crichton of tones can write such pieces—was necessarily missing. So also was the Goossens of the theater, though some of us have heard his graphic, imaginative music to Mr. Maugham's Eurasian play, "East of Suez"—his most coloristic work—or have sat behind him as conductor to the British National Opera or to Monsieur Diaghilev's ballet. The symphonic Goossens was also absent; but as composer and conductor Boston has known and applauded him—twice at least in presence—over the way at Symphony Hall. Enough remained to leave him well-characterized through a concert the like of which is hard to recall in these parts.

Count Mr. Goossens first as the born and instinctive, as well as the thoroughly schooled, musician. He is in his thirty-sixth year, which in any country save these United States, is youth. Already his opus-numbers mount into the forties; in the fifteen years of his working life—the concert of yesterday stretched across ten—he has ventured many forms and genres. In every one he has been at technical ease, abounding in the necessary and distinctive resource. He has plied that ease as an individual composer, living his life and practising his calling in the second and the third decade of our present and not inglorious century. At will he can be scholarly; more than one musical paragraph, not few passing modulations, were last evening the proof. At will, also, in the string-pieces, he can condense and shear away orthodox forms that his measures may be more compact, move more freely, speak more pointedly or in the manner of fantasy, as becomes a tonal son of this good day.

By no means, however, has Mr. Goossens put the past behind him. The Concerto for Oboe is classic enough to have won applause in Mozart's Vienna. In any of the music for strings, especially in the more recent pieces, there are unmistakable classical touches. Mr. Goossens uses dissonance when it suits his constructive need or serves his imaginative purpose. He accomplishes his design, but in no way obtrudes his modernistic means. In his ear and from his hands the current devices are for use, not flaunting. With just sense of the continuance of music—his family is ancient in the practice of the art—he chooses, in equal sympathy and discernment, from present or past. He can be, for example, as chromatic as the most restless romantic. He can also space out chords in contrary motion in a fashion at which the youth from the University prick up their ears.

Some like to say that Mr. Goossens does all things equally well, which is to set him down as no better than a journalist in tones, passing with trained hand and ready mind from one day's stint to the next. Yet in the different genres that the program arrayed last evening there was clear evidence not only of an individual procedure, as already set out, but of its source and complement, an individual imagination. Four of the piano-pieces—"The Tug," "The Hurdy-Gurdy Man," "The Wooden Soldiers," "The Marionette-Show"—were little realisms out of the common life, evoked with musical fancy or musical humor, twined about with pianistic embroideries. The song of "Melancholy," the song of "Philomel"—both to archaic texts, the latter with a refrain to begin and end—were born of a sympathetic response to these mannered imaginings, which was clear personal idiosyncrasy. Such songs are written con amore; while others, like "The Curse," already cited and "Epigram," seem modernist instances ably brought to pass. Akin is "Tea-Time" gently sustaining the atmosphere of a tranquil room in the artful prose rather than the poetry of music.

Again the Quartet, the Quintet, the Sextet, stream with a restless but never undirected energy. The rhythms have propulsive force; the turns are plastic and suspensive; there are quick ingenuities of counterpoint, keen play of timbres—all in sign of a vitalizing, inventive composer. A composer as well of moods, if not passion—and for the latter, chamber-music is hardly a chosen vessel, unless a Beethoven is standing by. In each of the string-pieces, the slow-section evokes a pleasure of matter and mood altogether Goossens-like. A gentle poetry marks it; the songful voice often charms; to smooth classic tranquilities succeed light modernist pungencies—the mingled aroma of past and present which Mr. Goossens's finer-touched music more and more diffuses.

Once upon a time, in his days as conductor, Strauss was working through a drowsy August in the Royal Opera (as it then was) at Berlin. Any competent assistant could have carried sufficiently well most of the pieces he was "taking." To a friend, inclined to pity him at a summer task, Strauss explained, cheerfully enough, that he was busy "studying the horns." Many of his finest pages bear him witness. In similar fashion, the hearer suspects, Mr. Goossens, bending over Monsieur Diaghilev's limping orchestras, has been "studying the oboe." Certainly, his Concerto for his brother, speaks well for his pains. It indulges in no far-fetched virtuosities; by concision it avoids tedium; the songful section has intrinsic musical quality, yet is apt for the voice that sings it. Were the piece dated 1777, and not 1927, the antiquarians might hail a discovery. Mr. Léon Goossens, escaping both dryness and acidity, played it in smooth, rounded, moist and transparent tone, outflowing with technical skill transmuted into felicity and imagination. From composer and virtuoso again went the oboe characterized in plaintive, pungent, penetrating voice. Here and there potentates from Symphony Hall were to be seen intently listening. As likely as not, they suspect that when oboes—or clarinets—are in question, their orchestra leaves something to be desired. H. T. P.

SECOND OF THE TUESDAY SERIES

Symphony Plays Three Classic Masterpieces

Post Feb. 27

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the second concert of the current Tuesday afternoon series. As usual there was a large and enthusiastic audience, in spite of the inclement weather, and as always the programme was drawn from the "classics," that is to say, from the great masterpieces. Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 12, for string orchestra; Haydn's G major Symphony, ordinarily termed the "Surprise," and the Second Symphony of Brahms were the masterpieces yesterday.

Handel's Concerto was admirably played; the Larghetto seemed particularly smooth and flowing, the Allegro sparkling and gay. The performance of the "Surprise" Symphony, too, was wholly in the vein and gave great pleasure. Spontaneous applause burst forth after the Andante, and the charming Menuetto likewise delighted the audience. In short, conductor and band together played this familiar and well-loved piece in a noteworthy manner.

From Brahms' Symphony Mr. Koussevitsky now draws very nearly the utmost musical value. The serenity of the first movement was not marred, as it has sometimes been, by an over-eager brass. The last movement was stirring and brilliant; truly such verve is extraordinarily stimulating. Once more the orchestra seems to have added new glow and lustre to its tone, to have acquired an even greater pliancy and a still more dazzling virtuosity in its performance of these well-known compositions.

BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky, gave its second Tuesday afternoon concert of the season yesterday at Symphony hall. The program consisted of Concerto Grosso in B minor for string orchestra, Handel; Symphony in G major, Haydn; and Symphony No. 2 in D major, Brahms.

Mr. Koussevitzky chose an interesting program for this second concert, and as usual the orchestra played with unfailing proficiency. The legato music of the Handel Concerto Grosso assumed a new dignity under Mr. Koussevitzky's hand, the phrases were smooth, finely finished, played with delicacy yet suggestive of latent power. This was also true of the Haydn symphony, though the tonality of the third movement was inclined to be harsh at times. The pensive thought and joyous ecstasy of Brahm's music was beautifully interpreted, attention was given to every detail of expression and the last movement of the symphony was played with stirring intensity which mounted to a powerful climax.

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TRANS

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And after the intermission, Brahms's second symphony, symphony of melodies, melodies warm, full-throated, deep-toned. With grave seriousness horns sing their theme; in kind 'cellos soon answer them, while violins and flutes, between, have for the moment lightened the mood. An Adagio plucks a little more deeply at heartstrings. An Allegretto grows wistful; Brahms is unwilling to introduce the more positive mood of a Scherzo. In this second symphony at least, the Allegretto affords a happy let-down in the intensity of mood after the Adagio. In its own right, aside from consideration of its place in the symphony, it is a melody of rare charm and distinction. Finally the last movement with its bustle has its own more actively rhythmed melody. . . . It was a splendid performance yesterday afternoon, of this essentially lyric symphony. An audience gave rapt attention. Though the climax is far from an "apotheosis," it could not wait for the last chord to end before it burst in with applause. And then, though it was conclusion of an afternoon concert, applause continued. Mr. Koussevitzky came back once, twice, until finally the orchestra was on its feet, with him acknowledging the plaudits.

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Overture, "Roman Carnival" ..... Berlioz

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Adoramus te ..... Palestrina
Harvard Glee Club
Then Round About the Starry Throne ..... Handel
Smith and Harvard Glee Clubs (Dr. Davison conducting)

Strange Bedfellows At Symphony Hall

Music From A Great King And From An Obscure French Composer

THE NOVELTIES of the present week at Symphony Hall are two in number. Programs—like other things in life—sometimes make strange bedfellows. Thus it comes about that a great King of Prussia rubs elbows (to change the metaphor) with a youthful and rather obscure Frenchman. But the King of Prussia, cherishing French art and French culture, would never have felt other than at home in the company of a French composer. Not inappropriately, then, a Symphony of Frederick the Great stands side by side with a Symphony by Jacques Janin.

Frederick II. as a boy loved music, literature and the arts so warmly as to cause a break with is martinet-father, Frederick William. As Crown Prince Frederick assembled his own "kapelle," even though his father refused to maintain one. As King he was a steadfast patron of the arts, devoting his leisure, as he himself says, to personal practice of them. His household included Johann-Joachim Quantz, the foremost flutist of his day, as soloist, teacher and composer to the King; Carl-Heinrich Graun, as Kapellmeister and teacher of composition; Philip-Emanuel Bach as cembalist. Frederick wrote many sonatas and concertos for the flute upon which he played devotedly and skilfully, as well as music in other forms. His symphonies are not numerous. That in D major, to be played at Symphony Hall, is the only one that employs wind instruments in addition to strings. In the act of musical creation, the royal composer must have received help from his teachers; for his biographers make a point of it that in this particular symphony he had no assistance. Quantz is reported as having said to Nicolai: "The King showed me the score; in his presence I looked it over, but made no corrections beyond calling his attention to a few notes which were obviously mere errors in notation, and which the King changed." Spitta also vouches for the "blameless purity" of the piece.

Without Frederick's knowledge, the Symphony in D was printed, at the instigation of his sister, in 1743 (generally considered also as the year of composition) for a surprise for him. There are three movements—Allegro, Andante, Allegro Scherzando. In the original it is said to have been scored for two oboes, two horns and strings in the first and last movements; for two flutes and two violins in the Andante. The present editor, Gustav Lenzewski, in a foreword to his version says that he reconstructed the score from the printed parts of the edition of 1743. His orchestration, however, calls for flutes, oboes, horns, bassoons, piano, in addition to strings. With him also, the Andante is a flute-duet with violin accompaniment.

The scholar of today will be struck by the marked inclination toward sonata-form in the first movement, since strong tendencies toward that form are generally attributed to Philip-Emanuel Bach. There is a fluid first subject; a short but strong contrast. There is suggestion of development and recapitulation. The slow movement is melodic, as would be expected of a flute-duet in slow tempo. The last movement is a rather bright dance rhythm. The music is not highly original. It recalls occasionally the sons of Bach, occasionally Handel—a curious detail in view of the fact that Frederick chose to hear little, if any of Handel's music. His favorite composers were Quantz, Graun, Philip-Emanuel Bach and Frederick. But Frederick's father had oboists play whole operas of Handel to put him to sleep. Did this plant in the boy a seed for a future style? But the whole Symphony reminds one of his musical biographers of Diabelli!

To Introduce Janin

There is practically no biographical material forthcoming about Jacques Janin, other than the fact that he studied at the Paris Conservatory between 1909 and 1914 under Taudon, Caussade and Paul Vidal. The war created a hiatus in his musical activities, but he has since written prolifically. The title-page of the score of his Symphony, still in manuscript contains the dedication to Georges Bouche, and the title: Symphonie spirituelle, "Alleluia!" It is scored for the usual woodwinds, six horns, a trumpet piccolo in D, two trumpets in C, a trumpet-bass in F, trombones and tuba, the usual percussion and strings, organ, harp and celesta. At the end of the score stands the date, July 20, 1928.

Symphony Hall contributes the following synopsis, source not indicated:

"Alleluia on Earth and in Heaven" denotes the nature of this symphony: On earth intense rejoicing, tumultuous joy of souls who hold and live in God; in the heavens, a canticle of a more reflective religiosity, but not the less positive. It is heard afar; it comes nearer and at last bursts forth in full force. Mingled with these is a ritualitic lament, the grief of angels at man's impiety. The two motives are alternately employed and are blended, gradualy diminishing. Then the Alleluia is heard on earth in unbounded power."

As would be expected from this program, the piece runs in three divisions—a first which is evidently an Allegro, though the composer has not so indicated; a second, "Un poco plus lent"; finally, "Allegro ben marcato." In the first Allegro there are two opposing principles (which is probably fairer than to say two themes). The first is heard at once in the strings; the second comes in soon after for organ alone, later for organ with brass. Still farther on there is a slightly more lyric theme which yields contrapuntal imitations and a stretto. The slow section begins with a lyric motiv in flutes and clarinets, punctuated with strings. The final Allegro is short, mounting quickly to a strong climax. It is characteristic of Janin to change meter almost incessantly. The first two pages of his score bear the following succession of meter-signatures: 13-16, 9-16, 10-16, 15-16, 20-16.

A. H. M.

He Who Dreams

Jacques Janin

Composer of the New Symphony, "Alleluia," To Be Played at the Symphony Concerts This Week

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
FEB 1 - 1929

Music : *By Oscar Thompson*

Koussevitzsky's Bostonians Give Superb Performance in Program That Repeats Two Much-Discussed New Works

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HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
Courant
FEB 1 - 1929

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Mr. Koussevitzky, who was one of the judges who unanimously chose the Bloch symphony for the prize given by "Musical America," and one of the conductors who took part in its nearly-simultaneous premiere in several American cities, would seem to be one of its most devoted interpreters.

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Strange Bedfellows At Symphony Hall

Music From A Great King And From An Obscure French Composer

THE NOVELTIES of the present week at Symphony Hall are two in number. Programs—like other things in life—sometimes make strange bedfellows. Thus it comes about that a great King of Prussia rubs elbows (to change the metaphor) with a youthful and rather obscure Frenchman. But the King of Prussia, cherishing French art and French culture, would never have felt other than at home in the company of a French composer. Not inappropriately, then, a Symphony of Frederick the Great stands side by side with a Symphony by Jacques Janin.

Frederick II. as a boy loved music, literature and the arts so warmly as to cause a break with is martinet-father, Frederick William. As Crown Prince Frederick assembled his own "kapelle," even though his father refused to maintain one. As King he was a steadfast patron of the arts, devoting his leisure, as he himself says, to personal practice of them. His household included Johann-Joachim Quantz, the foremost flutist of his day, as soloist, teacher and composer to the King; Carl-Heinrich Graun, as Kapellmeister and teacher of composition; Philip-Emanuel Bach as cembalist. Frederick wrote many sonatas and concertos for the flute upon which he played devotedly and skilfully, as well as music in other forms. His symphonies are not numerous. That in D major, to be played at Symphony Hall, is the only one that employs wind instruments in addition to strings. In the act of musical creation, the royal composer must have received help from his teachers; for his biographers make a point of it that in this particular symphony he had no assistance. Quantz is reported as having said to Nicolai: "The King showed me the score; in his presence I looked it over, but made no corrections beyond calling his attention to a few notes which were obviously mere errors in notation, and which the King changed." Spitta also vouches for the "blameless purity" of the piece.

Without Frederick's knowledge, the Symphony in D was printed, at the instigation of his sister, in 1743 (generally considered also as the year of composition) for a surprise for him. There are three movements—Allegro, Andante, Allegro Scherzando. In the original it is said to have been scored for two oboes, two horns and strings in the first and last movements; for two flutes and two violins in the Andante. The present editor, Gustav Lenzewski, in a foreword to his version says that he reconstructed the score from the printed parts of the edition of 1743. His orchestration, however, calls for flutes, oboes, horns, bassoons, piano, in addition to strings. With him also, the Andante is a flute-duet with violin accompaniment.

The scholar of today will be struck by the marked inclination toward sonata-form in the first movement, since strong tendencies toward that form are generally attributed to Philip-Emanuel Bach. There is a fluid first subject; a short but strong contrast. There is suggestion of development and recapitulation. The slow movement is melodic, as would be expected of a flute-duet in slow tempo. The last movement is a rather bright dance rhythm. The music is not highly original. It recalls occasionally the sons of Bach, occasionally Handel—a curious detail in view of the fact that Frederick chose to hear little, if any of Handel's music. His favorite composers were Quantz, Graun, Philip-Emanuel Bach and Frederick. But Frederick's father had oboists play whole operas of Handel to put him to sleep. Did this plant in the boy a seed for a future style? But the whole Symphony reminds one of his musical biographers of Diabelli!

To Introduce Janin

There is practically no biographical material forthcoming about Jacques Janin, other than the fact that he studied at the Paris Conservatory between 1909 and 1914 under Taudon, Caussade and Paul Vidal. The war created a hiatus in his musical activities, but he has since written prolifically. The title-page of the score of his Symphony, still in manuscript contains the dedication to Georges Bouche, and the title: Symphonie spirituelle, "Alleluia!" It is scored for the usual woodwinds, six horns, a trumpet piccolo in D, two trumpets in C, a trumpet-bass in F, trombones and tuba, the usual percussion and strings, organ, harp and celesta. At the end of the score stands the date, July 20, 1928.

Symphony Hall contributes the following synopsis, source not indicated:

> "Alleluia on Earth and in Heaven" denotes the nature of this symphony: On earth intense rejoicing, tumultuous joy of souls who hold and live in God; in the heavens, a canticle of a more reflective religiosity, but not the less positive. It is heard afar; it comes nearer and at last bursts forth in full force. Mingled with these is a ritualitic lament, the grief of angels at man's impiety. The two motives are alternately employed and are blended, gradualy diminishing. Then the Alleluia is heard on earth in unbounded power."

As would be expected from this program, the piece runs in three divisions—a first which is evidently an Allegro, though the composer has not so indicated; a second, "Un poco plus lent"; finally, "Allegro ben marcato." In the first Allegro there are two opposing principles (which is probably fairer than to say two themes). The first is heard at once in the strings; the second comes in soon after for organ alone, later for organ with brass. Still farther on there is a slightly more lyric theme which yields contrapuntal imitations and a stretto. The slow section begins with a lyric motiv in flutes and clarinets, punctuated with strings. The final Allegro is short, mounting quickly to a strong climax. It is characteristic of Janin to change meter almost incessantly. The first two pages of his score bear the following succession of meter-signatures: 13-16, 9-16, 10-16, 15-16, 20-16.

A. H. M.

He Who Dreams

Jacques Janin

Composer of the New Symphony, "Alleluia," To Be Played at the Symphony Concerts This Week

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EVE. POST

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Music's Subservience to the Machine, and the Visit of the Composer of "Pacific 231"

ARTHUR HONEGGER has been among us, as composer, conductor and pianist. No pressing need arises to discuss him in either of the two latter capacities. His personality as it reached his audiences at the Philharmonic and Pro-Musica concerts was not a strange or a baffling one. It comported with his music as being full-blooded, well-muscled, suave and yet capable of a certain machine-like hardness which may be assumed to be one of the characteristics of the art of an unsentimental age. There was almost nothing of exoticism about the man or his music. Like him or not, accept or reject his art product, both conveyed the sense of conviction and honesty.

Though some of the works presented at the Pro-Musica's so-called Honegger Festival were of negligible effect, it is only necessary to recall the disappointing triteness of lesser works of Igor Stravinsky presented in connection with the visit of the illustrious Muscovite four years ago to find a parallel instance of composer of large achievement minified through exposition of the frailties of his preliminary or secondary labors. The spectacle of Richard Strauss presiding over a concert devoted to chamber music that might have been the work of almost any fairly gifted musician of the days of Max Reger remains a memory as curious, in view of his still unsurpassed mastery in the handling of orchestral masses, as the thought of Beethoven composing music for ballroom purposes or Wagner making piano arrangements of airs from Italian operas.

HONEGGER'S chamber music has personality. His characteristic use of atonality is as recognizable in his smaller compositions as in those orchestral and theatrical works on which his fame rests. But since atonality is only a means to an end, there is now in some of this music, much as it may have struck his associates some years ago as distinctive or daring, the quality of the demonstration, the example or praxis in something that no longer needs to be demonstrated, rather than the afflatus of vital music. This listener at the Pro-Musica concert of last week could only confess himself mystified by the new work for two pianos which then had its first performance anywhere. Was it a throw-back to the days of Eric Satie and the influence of Jean Cocteau, with parody as its aim? Was it a work of that category which caused Egon Wellesz of Vienna to lament the "saddening spectacle," "how everywhere, in all countries, a species of musical humor is coming to the front which is incapable of eliciting a smile from any one but the author"—as another of "the manifestations of reaction against romantic exuberance of feeling which might be called the Music of [illegible]

OF THE NEW HONEGGER orchestral work, "Rugby," first played in Manhattan by the Philharmonic under the composer's leadership and subsequently by the Boston Symphony with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, enough has been said in the reviews of those concerts. Mr. Koussevitzky had been something of a Honegger specialist—to him it may be remembered, fell the distinction of conducting in Paris the first performance anywhere of "Horace Victorieux" and "Pacific 231"—and as he is also one of the world's really great conductors it was not surprising that he made the new work sound more robust and more exciting—if exciting it really was—than the composer, who is not a great conductor, nor yet a bad one, succeeded in doing. Nor was Honegger's projection of "Pacific 231" of Koussevitzky brilliance.

Yet of the Honegger works, old or new, brought to hearing because of the composer's visit, unquestionably that which most powerfully asserted the gifts of this paladin of modernity was "Pacific 231." It remains his most characteristic and most convincing achievement. And because, of all his adventures in many forms, it is this glorification of the machine that has most firmly established Honegger among the handful of really notable composers of the day, Honegger, symbol of an epoch, becomes the center of far graver questions than those prompted by atonality, polytonality or popular jazz.

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FEB

MUSIC

By Samuel Chotzinoff

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NOEL STRAUS.

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~~AMERICAN~~
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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST

FEB 2 - 1929

Music : By Oscar Thompson

Music's Subservience to the Machine, and the Visit of the Composer of "Pacific 231"

ARTHUR HONEGGER has been among us, as composer, conductor and pianist. No pressing need arises to discuss him in either of the two latter capacities. His personality as it reached his audiences at the Philharmonic and Pro-Musica concerts was not a strange or a baffling one. It comported with his music as being full-blooded, well-muscled, suave and yet capable of a certain machine-like hardness which may be assumed to be one of the characteristics of the art of an unsentimental age. There was almost nothing of exoticism about the man or his music. Like him or not, accept or reject his art product, both conveyed the sense of conviction and honesty.

Though some of the works presented at the Pro-Musica's so-called Honegger Festival were of negligible effect, it is only necessary to recall the disappointing triteness of lesser works of Igor Stravinsky presented in connection with the visit of the illustrious Muscovite four years ago to find a parallel instance of composer of large achievement minified through exposition of the fruits of his preliminary or secondary labors. The spectacle of Richard Strauss presiding over a concert devoted to chamber music that might have been the work of almost any fairly gifted musician of the days of Max Reger remains a memory as curious, in view of his still unsurpassed mastery in the handling of orchestral masses, as the thought of Beethoven composing music for ballroom purposes or Wagner making piano arrangements of airs from Italian operas.

HONEGGER'S chamber music has personality. His characteristic use of atonality is as recognizable in his smaller compositions as in those orchestral and theatrical works on which his fame rests. But since atonality is only a means to an end, there is now in some of this music, much as it may have struck his associates some years ago as distinctive or daring, the quality of the demonstration, the example or praxis in something that no longer needs to be demonstrated, rather than the afflatus of vital music. This listener at the Pro-Musica concert of last week could only confess himself mystified by the new work for two pianos which then had its first performance anywhere. Was it a throw-back to the days of Eric Satie and the influence of Jean Cocteau, with parody as its aim? Was it a work of that category which caused Egon Wellesz of Vienna to lament the "saddening spectacle," "how everywhere, in all countries, a species of musical humor is coming to the front which is incapable of eliciting a smile from any one but its author"—as another of "the manifestations of reaction against romantic exuberance of feeling which might be called the [illegible] or the Music of [illegible]

OF THE NEW HONEGGER orchestral work, "Rugby," first played in Manhattan by the Philharmonic under the composer's leadership and subsequently by the Boston Symphony with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, enough has been said in the reviews of those concerts. Mr. Koussevitzky had been something of a Honegger specialist—to him, it may be remembered, fell the distinction of conducting in Paris the first performance anywhere of "Horace Victorieux" and "Pacific 231"—and as he is also one of the world's really great conductors it was not surprising that he made the new work sound more robust and more exciting—if exciting it really was—than the composer, who is not a great conductor, nor yet a bad one, succeeded in doing. Nor was Honegger's projection of "Pacific 231" of Koussevitzky brilliance.

Yet of the Honegger works, old or new, brought to hearing because of the composer's visit, unquestionably that which most powerfully asserted the gifts of this paladin of modernity was "Pacific 231." It remains his most characteristic and most convincing achievement. And because, of all his adventures in many forms, it is this glorification of the machine that has most firmly established Honegger among the handful of really notable composers of the day, Honegger, symbol of an epoch, becomes the center of far graver questions than those prompted by atonality, polytonality or popular jazz.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK WORLD

FEB

MUSIC

By Samuel Chotzinoff

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FEB 1 - 1929

MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

There is a certain danger in the virtuoso performance of an orchestra, especially when, in addition to surpassing virtuosity on the part of the players, the conductor possesses a compelling and creative imagination. The performance can then do so much to illuminate and reinforce the inherent virtues of a composition and minimize whatever shortcomings it may possess that a reviewer's scale of values is upset and the reviewer himself bewildered and uncertain of his own opinions. And this, to be perfectly frank, was the case with one commentator when Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra performed works by Honegger, Bloch and other composers last night in Carnegie Hall.

The moot point of the program was Ernest Bloch's symphony, or, as the work is more fittingly called by the composer, "epic rhapsody, America." It will be remembered that Walter Damrosch and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra gave the first New York performance of this score on the 19th of last December. "America" was then received with considerably qualified praise. It was rated as the work of a composer of genius, as a score characterized in many pages by consummate mastery, but, also, as an excursion into the realm of program music and as a rather unsuccessful essay in Americanism by a composer born in Europe, without the background of experience and association necessary to produce a work which should be genuinely and spiritually the product of this land.

Mr. Bloch, using many themes found on the American soil, had composed a "rhapsody" in three long movements, bound together by a phrase of the patriotic anthem which is sung by a mixed chorus as a conclusion. The score was considered so episodic, so panoramic, as to suggest in places the cinema. The final anthem, designed by the composer to be sung by audiences when his work was publicly performed, was intended as a melody which a bootblack could understand and sing. The "anthem" is as simple as that, but it was and is one of the most disappointing features of the symphony.

Now, last night, facing an audience with [illegible] experience and [illegible] ed to hear Ernst Bloch's prize epic rhapsody, "America." A chorus from the Oratorio Society and the University Glee Club had been provided to chant the composer's national hymn around which the work is written. This particular music lover, who has known the thrill of saluting the flag from the quarter-deck at colors while the band played the broad anthem prescribed by the regulations, admits that it is not easy for amateurs to sing, but he would rather try to sing it than Mr. Bloch's apostrophe to America, which might be fittingly included in a collection of Sunday school hymns.

The first movement of this work is the best, though even here the most excellent material is in quotation marks. The second movement rejoices in the presentation of some tunes which belong here, such as "Pop Goes the Weasel" (which must be astonished to find itself put to symphonic use) and the Creole "M'sieu Banjo." The last movement reaches its climax with the singing of Mr. Bloch's national anthem, which will probably continue to be his private property. Mr. Koussevitzky will repeat the symphony tomorrow afternoon, perhaps to prove that he believes in it or his own judgment. That the composition was well performed goes without saying. But this music lover prefers to hear the splendid Boston organization playing other creations.

the place that America holds in his imagination arose like a vision from the instruments.

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EVE. SUN
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Boston Symphony Gives Concert

Serge Koussevitsky Presents Program of Wide Range at Carnegie Hall.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra came to town for last evening's concert like the famous Drysdale in "Tom Brown at Oxford"—"laden with swag." For Serge Koussevitzky had prepared a program of many sorts all congenial to himself and undoubtedly intended to be instructive to the audience. To begin with there was Serge Prokofieff's "Classial" symphony wherein that customarily prancing knight of modernism undertook to show us that he could roar as gently as Mozart, and he so wished.

Perhaps it was a little French Mozart that was in his mind, or the ingenuous one who told a princess of the blood that she was a nice girl and he would marry her when she grew up.

At any rate, this classical symphony is a piquant and charming piece of musical badinage, written with amazing spontaneity and with a ready assumption of grace of style. It is not an immortal masterpiece, but one does not live by these alone. Deft and ingratiating music has also its place, especially when performed as Mr. Prokofieff's was by the company of virtuosi from Symphony Hall.

Mr. Koussevitzky next entered the mystic domain of Debussy, and once again gave us his delightful reading of the "Nuages" and "Fetes." From Debussy to Honegger and his "Rugby" was a seven-league boots step, but Mr. Koussevitzky made it with his habitual savoir faire. Mr. Honegger's football composition is not new and it is not yet old, but we fear it will age early. It is a well-made score, but does not get over for a touchdown. It seems unnecessary to expatiate upon it again.

After an intermission for rest and cigarettes the audience was permit-

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STANDARD UNION
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97

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By FELIX DEYO

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Bond Ballroom

THIS CLIPPING FROM
N. Y. TIMES
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MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

There is a certain danger in the virtuoso performance of an orchestra, especially when, in addition to surpassing virtuosity on the part of the players, the conductor possesses a compelling and creative imagination. The performance can then do so much to illuminate and reinforce the inherent virtues of a composition and minimize whatever shortcomings it may possess that a reviewer's scale of values is upset and the reviewer himself bewildered and uncertain of his own opinions. And this, to be perfectly frank, was the case with one commentator when Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra performed works by Honegger, Bloch and other composers last night in Carnegie Hall.

The moot point of the program was Ernest Bloch's symphony, or, as the work is more fittingly called by the composer, "epic rhapsody, America." It will be remembered that Walter Damrosch and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra gave the first New York performance of this score on the 19th of last December. "America" was then received with considerably qualified praise. It was rated as the work of a composer of genius, as a score characterized in many pages by consummate mastery, but, also, as an excursion into the realm of program music and as a rather unsuccessful essay in Americanism by a composer born in Europe, without the background of experience and association necessary to produce a work which should be genuinely and spiritually the product of this land.

Mr. Bloch, using many themes found on the American soil, had composed a "rhapsody" in three long movements, bound together by a phrase of the patriotic anthem which is sung by a mixed chorus as a conclusion. The score was considered so episodic, so panoramic, as to suggest in places the cinema. The final anthem, designed by the composer to be sung by audiences when his work was publicly performed, was intended as a melody which a bootblack could understand and sing. The "anthem" is as simple as that, but it was and is one of the most disappointing features of the symphony.

Now, last night, facing an audience with these experiences and reservations concerning the work, Mr. Koussevitzky performed it for the second time in this city.

He will give the third New York performance, with the same orchestra and in the same auditorium, tomorrow afternoon, since he believes that familiarity with the composition is the only thing necessary to make it appreciated.

Lo, and behold! The noble conception of the composer, his hot and now unquestionable sincerity, his vehement dramatic temperament and the place that America holds in his imagination arose like a vision from the instruments.

When it is said that the work assumed a new unity, a new significance, and passionateness of expression not previously realized, allowance must be made for the fact that for many in the audience this was a second hearing. A second hearing is almost certain to result in better correlation of the parts of the score, and better perception of its meaning and its true proportions on the part of the listener. But Mr. Koussevitzy's performance came nearer and further than that. It constituted, unquestionably, a new conception of the music. Its effect was shown in the response of the audience.

The first movement, in particular, gained in nobility and sweep of horizon. The slow movement was performed without attempt to gloss over its sentimentalities, with deep feeling and a word—until the battle episodes—of haunting poetic beauty. There is heard the voice of Bloch, the prophet, cursing as cursed his ancestors of old the inequities of a people and an age—clamor which suddenly subsided, to give place to a return of the very opening of the symphony—the evocation to nature and the virgin land, the sweep of its waters and skies, the shadows of its forests, the cry of the wild bird that Whitman heard on the shores of Paumanok, calling to its mate. What was clear through this performance was the blazing emotion of the composer, his extraordinary sense of architecture as well as dramatic contrast, and his gift for sheer, direct, democratic musical speech. With which reflections the present writer purposes to leave Mr. Bloch until he has had opportunity again to revise his opinions after Mr. Kousevitsky's second performance of "America" tomorrow afternoon.

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Some of it, such as the opening of the slow movement, is downright cheap. Very little of it escapes the charge of plausible bluff. But the evening belonged to the orchestra. One composer — Debussy — emerged with a strength of invention and a rapture of beauty that neither time nor the conductor's art can affect. The others were in part revealed, in part created, as it seemed, by the originating power of the conductor.

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...or Serge Koussevitzky had
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and he could roar as gently as Mozart,
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Perhaps it was a little French Mozart that was in his mind, or the ingenuous one who told a princess of the blood that she was a nice girl and he would marry her when she grew up.

At any rate, this classical symphony is a piquant and charming piece of musical badinage, written with amazing spontaneity and with a ready assumption of grace of style. It is not an immortal masterpiece, but one does not live by these alone. Deft and ingratiating music has also its place, especially when performed as Mr. Prokofieff's was by the company of virtuosi from Symphony Hall.

Mr. Koussevitzky next entered the mystic domain of Debussy, and once again gave us his delightful reading of the "Nuages" and "Fetes." From Debussy to Honegger and his "Rugby" was a seven-league boots step, but Mr. Koussevitzky made it with his habitual savoir faire. Mr. Honegger's football composition is not new and it is not yet old, but we fear it will age early. It is a well-made score, but does not get over for a touchdown. It seems unnecessary to expatiate upon it again.

After an intermission for rest and cigarettes the audience was permitted to hear Ernst Bloch's prize epic rhapsody, "America." A chorus from the Oratorio Society and the University Glee Club had been provided to chant the composer's national hymn around which the work is written. This particular music lover, who has known the thrill of saluting the 'flag from the quarter-deck at colors while the band played the broad anthem prescribed by the regulations, admits that it is not easy for amateurs to sing, but he would rather try to sing it than Mr. Bloch's apostrophe to America, which might be fittingly included in a collection of Sunday school hymns.

The first movement of this work is the best, though even here the most excellent material is in quotation marks. The second movement rejoices in the presentation of some tunes which belong here, such as "Pop Goes the Weasel" (which must be astonished to find itself put to symphonic use) and the Creole "M'sieu Banjo." The last movement reaches its climax with the singing of Mr. Bloch's national anthem, which will probably continue to be his private property. Mr. Koussevitzky will repeat the symphony tomorrow afternoon, perhaps to prove that he believes in it or his own judgment. That the composition was well performed goes without saying. But this music lover prefers to hear the splendid Boston organization playing other creations.

98

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It seems likely that Handel's concerto, which already has something like two centuries of vigorous life behind it, will outlive all the other music played at tonight's concert. (In making this statement we do not by any means overlook the exquisite but more perishable beauties of the Debussy Nocturne, which followed.) The string section of the orchestra played this undying music, for which Mr. Koussewitsky seems to have a special fondness, with great beauty of tone and expressiveness—now heartily and gayly, and in the slower movements tenderly and consolingly, but always with the nobility inherent in the style.

Debussy's "Nuages" and Fetes," which came next, received an equally polished and stylistically perfect performance. Every nuance of the "Nuages," which reminds one, in its delicately tinted scoring, of a Monet landscape, was observed and the result was a tone-picture of subtle beauty. The "Fetes," which, to keep up the similie with painting, has more of the riotous coloring of one of Sorolla's paintings of Seville, though here the comparison must cease because the Spaniard has none of the subtlety of the French composer, was also given a rendition which was as near to perfection as one is apt to hear.

And now followed music of an entirely different character. Mr. Honegger's "Rugby" had been presented in New York by the Philharmonic Society with the composer conducting a short time ago. The impression gained then was that of a fairly amusing tour-de-force, which was none too well directed by Mr. Honegger. Mr. Koussewitsky and his men gave the piece as fine a performance as it is likely ever to get, and the result can scarcely be said to have been a more favorable one. No playing, be it ever so brilliant and compelling, can compensate for lack of genius in a composer. In truth, such playing—and this applies to the Bloch Symphony "America," which ended the program, the very fact that such a master of the baton as Mr. Koussewitsky and such a wonderful orchestra as the Boston Symphony plays these works with such clarity and finish—only serves to accentuate their inherent impotence and renders void any question of doubt as to their merit. We imagine that it is fairly safe to predict that the game of rugby, which Mr. Honegger attempts to portray in tones, will be played long after the Swiss composer's athletic counterpoint has been consigned to oblivion.

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The gradual growth of the Boston Symphony orchestra is interesting to follow. In 1881 the orchestra, as founded by Major Henry Lee Higginson, numbered sixty players, a personnel which has since grown to 110. Its original season of twenty concerts in Boston, and occasional appearances elsewhere, has increased to more than seventy-three concerts in greater Boston, and concerts on tour, which brings the total number of each season to considerably over one hundred. The most illustrious personnel which could be obtained, under the guiding hand of a succession of great conductors, has resulted in an orchestra—the name of which has long stood throughout the musical world as a by-word of the nearest thing to perfection in symphonic performance humanly possible.

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By OLIN DOWNES.

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There are three "Gymnopedies" for piano. Mr. Hale's program notes give us the derivation of the title. The Gymnopedia was the festival held annually at Sparta, when naked youths rendered homage in dancing and gymnastic exercises to Apollo, while songs and paens were sung by a chorus, the leader of which wore the chaplet of leaves that commemorated a Spartan victory. Satie, when he composed the "Gymnopedies," was experimenting in various ways, among them the employment of unresolved harmonies in a manner which interested Débussy. These experiments are discovered notably in Satie's early "Sarabandes." He composed in the same period his orchestral music for Rosicrucian ceremonies and for Jules Bois's Rosicrucian drama, "La Porte Heroique du Ciel." He touched the hem of Greek classicism, and under this inspiration wrote the three—in themselves—trifling but original and significant piano pieces which attracted Debussy's attention.

Thus the "Gmynopedies," as orchestrated by Debussy, offer an excellent example of the capacities of the man of talent, as compared with the man of genius, whose power sums up the ideas of lesser artists and signalizes an epoch. We know that Debussy derived his unique and wholly original art from many sources—from plainsong, from certain works of Moussorgsky, from Javanese music heard at the Paris Exposition of 1889. All were grist to his mill. And here Debussy examines, and modestly orchestrates, the simple and limited invention of Satie. He does so as a master jeweler would polish and set some precious stone. In so doing he makes clear to us the significance of an idea that Satie could entertain better than he could perfect and capture. This idea—for it is really one melodic idea, with slight variation, which serves as the basis of both the short pieces heard yesterday—is truly original and has a singular and indefinable classicism.

Nevertheless those who have played the "Gymnopedies" as piano pieces know how far they remain from the beauty that Debussy achieves with only a few instruments of the orchestra. We have suddenly, in place, a theme with a cool curve of phrase and a pleasingly archaic harmony, a theme of what might be considered Grecian contour, a little hymn to Pagan beauty. It is no longer of pillar or frieze or sculpture that we think, but of the sensuous beauty of a Pagan age. The music, in Debussy's hands, while retaining a certain purity of line, becomes tinted and perhaps a little decadent with the languor that penetrates the afternoon revery of the Faun, or the thought of the poet who watches the slow and solemn march of the clouds ("Nuages") as they pass above and fade into the distant gray sky. Partly because of Satie's obscurity at the time, but also because of the fragmentary nature of his talent, the "Gymnopedie" by themselves would have remained almost unknown and without special significance. But the eye of a genius discovered them, and we, the living, with Satie, the dead, have occasion to render thanks for Debussy's passing glance.

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The result, as furnishing a commentary upon the compositions themselves, was interesting. "Rugby" did not gain anything new. The Bloch symphony did. This symphony has been repeatedly discussed by the writer. The last reference to it was made not later than last Friday morning. There are all sorts of strong and valid criticisms of its conception and execution. It is program music with the artistic shortcomings that program music is so likely to have. It is an "American" symphony composed by an artist of foreign birth and youthful environment. The score is a mass of musical quotations of melodies afloat in our atmosphere, and most Americans feel that these melodies are not presented characteristically by the composer. And who is this composer, they ask, to venture to express for Americans the spirit of their land?

The last question can be answered first. We nee not consider "America" as representing native feeling or native reverence at all. Let us say that the symphony is America in the eyes of a naturalized citizen of foreign birth. It is what America means to him. Certainly, if he has the inspiration to express that he has every moral and artistic right to do so. The question of the creative employment and development of American themes has a relation to this issue. We may not hear themes well known to all Americans treated as we expect them to be. (Neither, they say, do the people of Spain accept or in a majority admire Bizet's "Carmen!") If Mr. Bloch employs American themes in an original and expressive manner of his own, and if America, he past, present and future, stir him t creative achievement that is important and moving to the listener, we have no ground for criticism on a racial or nationalistic basis. The sole question, when all extraneous issues have been swept aside, is whether the symphony great music.

Well, a surprisingly large part of the symphony is great music, which strikes fire, which thrills the listener. This music does not come, admittedly, from as deep a consciousness or such sustained strength or wisdom in the choice of melodic material as other great works by Bloch. But it is no symphony to be dismissed with its première, and it grows with repetition. It is a score full of feeling, of complete sincerity, of brilliant workmanship and instrumentation and dramatic exposition. When Mr. Koussevitzky performs it there is the effect of surprising unit and inspiration. The slow movement now seems the weakest part, unless we also include the much-abused anthem with the extremely naïve text of the composer. We know that he wished to produce a hymn that everybody in a great demoncracy could understand and sing. Most of us consider this aim ill-judged. Highly unfavorable criticism, for that matter, has been directed on somewhat similar grounds against the theme of the finale of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

A certain percentage of the objections made to this rhapsody from the time of its first performances will probably hold true. It is none the less probable that the work will survive its criticism and find a long and warm welcome by the great public. It is, after all, and obviously, the expression of a man of genius, and a man of genius, even if he is mistaken, is difficult to dispose of. Think of the new works performed this season at orchestral concerts and compare with them this symphony. In such a light it looms gigantic. The work will come up again, and then again, for attention. The performance yesterday was received with immense enthusiasm. What percentage of this was due to the interpretation is uncertain, but there is no question that the music appealed strongly to the audience—admitting that the audience and Mr. Bloch were under material obligations to Mr. Koussevitzky.

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TURN TO PAGE 100 FOR FEB 10

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EVE. SUN
FEB 4 - 1929

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American Violinist Offers Program of Familiar Music at Carnegie Hall.

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Mr. Spalding holds himself in accord with the classic style around which cling many traditions, but which nevertheless must be sought in the music itself. It is indisputable that no two men play classic compositions in precisely the same manner, nor is it desirable that they should. The great artist is he who interprets according to his own imagination and temperament without obviously misrepresenting the composer. Mr. Spalding is a violinist of intellectual penetration, of fastidious taste and of unfailing finish in execution. It is therefore to be expected that the elegance and repose of the classic music appeal strongly to him and that in its performance he is almost invariably happy.

Mr. Spalding's Spaniards were all grandees. Lalo's composition seems to be one that all fiddlers must play and most of them make a real idle feat out of it. But Mr. Spalding undoubtedly believes that if the themes of the work may have been born among the people, they went to Madrid to be cultivated. His performance of the music was charming in its clear and fluent style and in its elegance. There was no touch of sentimentalism nor any attempt to suggest the dangerous proximity of Carmens.

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The matinée concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall Saturday was concerned in part with repetitions of music heard at the preceding Thursday night entertainment. The works offered for a second audience were Mr. Honegger's celebration of football and Mr. Bloch's epic rhapsody apostrophizing our country. Once upon a time there was a very tart and pungent gentleman named Hans von Buelow, who, besides being a pianist of tremendous pedagogic authority, was a conductor of the first rank. He did many remarkable things over and above being the first husband of Cosima Wagner and the first conductor of "Die Meistersinger" so that he inevitably became a sort of legendary figure. One of the most delightful fables attached to his career tell us that when he introduced a certain symphony of Brahms to the Berlin public it was received without a single hand of applause.

Thereupon, says the chronicle, he turned to the audience and said: "Oh, you don't understand it. Well, you'll hear it again." And he forthwith dispensed with the remainder of the program and repeated the symphony. Possibly Mr. Koussevitzky believes that some of the thick-headed scribes of this city need more hearings of the epic rhapsody in order to arrive at a comprehension of its mighty message. This one confesses that the composition makes upon him an impression which has become familiar to him in the course of many years of listening to works of tonal art. The more he hears it the less he finds to understand. Experience has taught him that this is not the way of masterpieces.

In addition to the repeated numbers Saturday's list included the "Leonore" overture, No. 3, of Beethoven, which has endured many repetitations without ceasing to proclaim its greatness, and Erik Satie's "Gymnopedies," Nos. 1 and 3, orchestrated by Debussy. Perhaps these musical embodiments of the physical activities of the youths of Greece were chosen as a historical preface to Honegger's delineation of the rude sport of the modern collegian. M. Satie was haunted by a fear that he had failed as a composer because he was a dreamer, but after all he was the father of all such as seek inspiration in material action and exotic fancies and expression in strange idioms. His influence went even further, for he is responsible for much of Debussy and most of Ravel. To have been the spiritual father of these two was not failure.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES
FEB 9 - 1929

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"America," Bloch's epic rhapsody, the new prize-winning piece, which has been played all over the United States with great success, will be brought to Providence by Serge Koussevitzky when the Russian conductor comes with the Boston Symphony orchestra to give the third concert of the season in the Albee Theatre on Tuesday evening, Feb. 19. Ernest Bloch divides his rhapsody into three parts, the first depicting the America of the Indians and early Puritan settlers. The second movement portrays the old South with its gay romance and the tragedy and sorrow brought by the Civil war. The last movement, entitled "The Present—the Future," sets forth our own jazz age and thence builds up hopes of a more ideal future. The climax of the composition, magnificently prepared, is a hymn to America. This culminating hymn will be sung by a mixed chorus of Providence, trained by John B. Archer.

Koussevitzky will open the programme with Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, appropriate to the 100th anniversary season of the death of this master, and also play Ravel's choreographic poem, "La Valse."

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NEWS
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THIS CLIPPING FROM
TORONTO, CANADA
MAIL & EMPIRE
FEB 9 - 1929

Mr. Koussevitzky gave two performances of the America Symphony of Bloch, which was awarded a prize in a contest and played here for the first time, recently, it will be remembered, by the Philharmonic under Walter Damrosch. With the better conductor at the baton, the music sounded better, parts of it, that is. Mr. Bloch has made what cannot fail to be looked at as an obvious bid to prove his complete Americanization. His "hymn" at the end, which "even a bootblack could understand", does not seem any great improvement on what Moody and Sankey did half a century ago. The work as a whole has virility when it is not syrupy and sensational. It may take its place in the regular repertoire of the major orchestras, also it may not. Nous verrons. Mr. Koussevitzky also played Honegger's Rugby, heard recently and reviewed at the time. As Lorelei Lee said, that sort of thing is entertaining if it entertains you. Debussy's Nocturnes were heard at both concerts, and Prokofieff's so-called "Classical" Symphony at the first, and Handel's Concerto Grosso in B Minor at the second. The gods are still with us!

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
Mercury
NEW BEDFORD
MASSACHUSETTS
FEB 12 1929

99

ANOTHER NEW BEDFORD BOY PLAYS WITH THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Owing to the illness of a clarinet player in the Boston Symphony orchestra, a New Bedford boy, Manuel C. Valerio, of 105 Bates street, occupied for the regular Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts a chair in the wood wind section of that famous body.

An article on Mr. Valerio by Jose da Costa of this city, his instructor in advanced solfeggio for three years, appeared in The Mercury last September. This clarinetist of promise and early attainment is in his 23rd year. He is an employe of the Skinner Organ company of Boston. He began instruction on his instrument with Antonio Raposo of this city who, after four years, sent him to Albert Sand, then first clarinetist in the Boston Symphony orchestra. When Sand left the orchestra, Valerio continued his studies with A. Arcieri, another member. Valerio is now under the instruction of Vanmini, a former member of the orchestra, who is well known as director of a small group of Symphony men called the Symphony ensemble. Valerio played with this ensemble last summer at the Newport Casino.

As the first two numbers on last week's program—the Bach Brandenburg Concerto and the Mozart Concerto—called for a diminished orchestra, Valerio appeared only in the last half of the program—pronounced by Philip Hale a "marvelous" performance of Richard Strauss's magnificent tone poem, Also Sprach Zarathustra. Besides interested favorable comments from fellow players, Valerio received a "very well" from Koussevitsky at the third rehearsal. The conductor repeated his praise after the concert.

It was a matter of pride and pleasure for several New Bedford people in the audiences to note the broad intelligent forehead and sensitive, refined personality of the young musician standing out clearly in the ranks of over a hundred players on the stage of Symphony hall.

A. C. R.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
NEWS
Republican
FEB 14 1929

The Boston Symphony orchestra deficit for the season 1927-'28 was $87,000—a tidy sum, but not staggering. This year the deficit is expected to be about $134,000. The $32,000 radio broadcast item accounts for part of the difference. Increases in salaries to the amount of about $15,000 account for some more.

There can be no doubt that this increased deficit will be met. No institution in Boston is more characteristic of the city at its best than this orchestra. The trustees are far from discouraged. They point out that other cities have similar problems, with larger deficits; and they call attention to the fact that while in the first year after the orchestra passed from the support of "a single generous citizen," Maj Higginson, the number of subscribers to the deficit was 127, it rose in 10 years to 397. There should be more. In making their appeal for aid, the trustees say, quite properly, that they "would welcome most of all an appreciable increase in the number of individual subscribers."

This stirs a thought which may be fantastic, but we do not think so. How many thousands enjoyed the radio broadcasts of these great concerts a season ago—broadcasts made possible by the expenditure of an advertiser's money, and this money going to help reduce the deficit of the orchestra? Undoubtedly the number was large. What would happen if the Symphony orchestra next season should undertake of its own initiative and through its own expenditure to broadcast its series of concerts, and on that basis make appeal for subscriptions in support of the orchestra from a far wider field than is now contributing?

OVER

...radio has become a standard feature in the great majority of American homes. The instrument has been greatly improved. A few years ago large orchestras did not sound to advantage over the air waves. Today they sound well. "Loud speakers" (abominable term!) are much better than they were even a year ago. Reception is good even on inexpensive sets today. The big broadcasting companies are trying to improve their programs—and are doing it. Advertisers are presenting really great

THIS CLIPPING FROM
N. Y. TIMES
FEB 3 -

MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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FEB 9 - 1929

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"America," Bloch's Epic Rhapsody, the new prize winning piece which has been played all over the United States with great success, will be brought to Providence by Serge Koussevitzky when the Russian conductor comes here with the Boston Symphony Orchestra to give the third concert of the season, in the Albee Theatre on Tuesday evening, Feb. 19.

Koussevitzky will open the program with Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, appropriate to the 100th anniversary season of the death of this master, and also play Ravel's choregraphic poem, "La Valse."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
TORONTO, CANADA
MAIL & EMPIRE
FEB 5 - 1929

Mr. Koussevitzky gave two performances of the America Symphony of Bloch, which was awarded a prize in a contest and played here for the first time, recently, it will be remembered, by the Philharmonic under Walter Damrosch. With the better conductor at the baton, the music sounded better, parts of it, that is. Mr. Bloch has made what cannot fail to be looked at as an obvious bid to prove his complete Americanization. His "hymn" at the end, which "even a bootblack could understand", does not seem any great improvement on what Moody and Sankey did half a century ago. The work as a whole has virility when it is not syrupy and sensational. It may take its place in the regular repertoire of the major orchestras, also it may not. Nous verrons. Mr. Koussevitzky also played Honegger's Rugby, heard recently and reviewed at the time. As Lorelei Lee said, that sort of thing is entertaining if it entertains you. Debussy's Nocturnes were heard at both concerts, and Prokofieff's so-called "Classical" Symphony at the first, and Handel's Concerto Grosso in B Minor at the second. The gods are still with us!

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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
Mercury
NEW BEDFORD
MASSACHUSETTS
FEB 12 1929

ANOTHER NEW BEDFORD BOY PLAYS WITH THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

Owing to the illness of a clarinet player in the Boston Symphony orchestra, a New Bedford boy, Manuel C. Valerio, of 105 Bates street, occupied for the regular Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts a chair in the wood wind section of that famous body.

An article on Mr. Valerio by Jose da Costa of this city, his instructor in advanced solfeggio for three years, appeared in The Mercury last September.. This clarinetist of promise and early attainment is in his 23rd year. He is an employe of the Skinner Organ company of Boston. He began instruction on his instrument with Antonio Raposo of this city who, after four years, sent him to Albert Sand, then first clarinetist in the Boston Symphony orchestra. When Sand left the orchestra, Valerio continued his studies with A. Arcieri, another member. Valerio is now under the instruction of Vanmini, a former member of the orchestra, who is well known as director of a small group of Symphony men called the Symphony ensemble. Valerio played with this ensemble last summer at the Newport Casino.

As the first two numbers on last week's program—the Bach Brandenburg Concerto and the Mozart Concerto—called for a diminished orchestra, Valerio appeared only in the last half of the program—pronounced by Philip Hale a "marvelous" performance of Richard Strauss's magnificent tone poem, Also Sprach Zarathustra. Besides interested favorable comments from fellow players, Valerio received a "very well" from Koussevitsky at the third rehearsal. The conductor repeated his praise after the concert.

It was a matter of pride and pleasure for several New Bedford people in the audiences to note the broad intelligent forehead and sensitive, refined personality of the young musician standing out clearly in the ranks of over a hundred players on the stage of Symphony hall.

A. C. R.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
NEWS
FEB 14 1929

The Boston Symphony orchestra deficit for the season 1927-'28 was $87,000—a tidy sum, but not staggering. This year the deficit is expected to be about $134,000. The $32,000 radio broadcast item accounts for part of the difference. Increases in salaries to the amount of about $15,000 account for some more.

There can be no doubt that this increased deficit will be met. No institution in Boston is more characteristic of the city at its best than this orchestra. The trustees are far from discouraged. They point out that other cities have similar problems, with larger deficits; and they call attention to the fact that while in the first year after the orchestra passed from the support of "a single generous citizen," Maj Higginson, the number of subscribers to the deficit was 127, it rose in 10 years to 397. There should be more. In making their appeal for aid, the trustees say, quite properly, that they "would welcome most of all an appreciable increase in the number of individual subscribers."

This stirs a thought which may be fantastic, but we do not think so. How many thousands enjoyed the radio broadcasts of these great concerts a season ago—broadcasts made possible by the expenditure of an advertiser's money, and this money going to help reduce the deficit of the orchestra? Undoubtedly the number was large. What would happen if the Symphony orchestra next season should undertake of its own initiative and through its own expenditure to broadcast its series of concerts, and on that basis make appeal for subscriptions in support of the orchestra from a far wider field than is now contributing?

OVER

100

is not large. It gives much for the money of those privileged to attend its concerts in person. It must be that were a general opportunity given to subscribe toward its support, even by small sums from a wide field, on the promise that thereby its complete series of concerts would be available over the air, there would be no lack of contributions.

Make the Boston Symphony the outstanding feature of the radio program for this part of the country.

Less a matter for local pride, though a factor in local enjoyment, is our opera season, which has just closed with the series of performances by the Chicago company. Here in this part of the country we like to place some emphasis on the gunman record of Chicago, but it seems we have to turn to her for fine opera. Some of us still remember the days when the Boston Opera house was new and we had in our city our own local company, which gave a gorgeous season, with good casts and admirable performances altogether. Memories of those days were called to mind by the presence here in this Chicago series of Roberto Moranzoni, who was of the staff of conductors in the "good old days" and is waving the baton for the Chicagoans now.

Alas! Boston could not maintain an opera company. Maybe to maintain the Symphony is better, if we cannot have both. Mr Jordan carried the load of the opera for as long as he could reasonably be asked to; and none volunteered to carry indefinitely forward what he so well began. We recall a "mot" of the late and well-beloved Louis C. Elson, when Mr Russell and others were carrying on our opera through Mr Jordan's generosity, which was to the effect that once again the Israelites had come to the banks of the Jordan. Mr Elson in those days had a happy faculty for witty sentences—as when he once observed that no gentleman ever would strike a lady, except in anger. Louis Elson is not forgotten by his friends; and they were legion.

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JOURNAL
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"America" is one of the most played and most discussed new scores of the season. It is a prize composition, of which Koussevitzky was one of the five awarding judges. The piece was played simultaneously in five cities, and then followed performances all over the country. Such was the impression which this score made that Koussevitzky repeated it at a later pair of concerts in Boston, and again played it when the orchestra last visited Carnegie Hall, New York, on Jan. 31 and Feb. 2. These were occasions of prolonged demonstrations and the highest critical tributes for the marvelous performances which Koussevitzky inspires in his orchestra.

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Perhaps it would be nearer exact to say that beyond a certain point it is unprofitable. That seems to be the condition here in Worcester. We get very enthusiastic about our Music Festival—and rightly so; but the Boston Symphony orchestra, foremost among such organizations, has quit coming here because of the sparse patronage. The Steinert concerts, too, have left off; and the customary Christmastide rendition of the Messiah was omitted this winter. The three excellent recitals at Mechanics Hall with which Clark University supplemented its famed Fine Arts Course this year were not attended as they deserved to be attended.

The conclusion is inevitable that our American democracy is not yet avid for culture, is not yet appreciative of what are called the finer things in a cultural sense. But our hunger is sharpening and our appreciation is mounting. While the radio and the phonograph may completely satisfy the craving of many for music, yet they doubtless inspire many others to set about climbing the heights.

NEWPORT, R. I.
NEWS
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Offering of Philharmonic Society Thoroughly Enjoyed

Combination of Violin, 'Cello and Harp Unusual and Compositions Not Often Heard Result

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There was no representation of the old classics on the program. On the other hand, there was a total, and blessed, absence of rampant "modern" stuff. It was music, all the time, quiet, and melodious, with each graceful bit, carefully presented, and the tone quality always fine. There was no noise. There was plenty of vigorous, lively, intricate, work, but it was done as artists would do it, intelligently, delicately, in a refined way. There was a good variety of styles, and each good. There was no straining for effect, or over-forcing of instruments. The violin had plenty of high notes, but more of lower soulful, ones. Every player has ample technique-enough to cause everybody not to notice it.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN
FEB 16 1929

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SYMPHONY WILL PLAY HERE ON TUESDAY NIGHT

Mixed Chorus Will Assist in Presentation of Bloch's "America."—Orchestra Also Will Offer Compositions of Schubert and Ravel.

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The first number is based upon Indian tribal melodies and old Puritan hymns, and depicts the aboriginal life of the early white settlers in America. The second movement describes the old-time South. It begins with the gay and carefree days before the Civil War. There are old reels and hornpipes, and a suggestion of "Swanee River." This breaks into the gay measures of "Pop Goes the Weasel."

Serenity Broken.

The serenity is broken by the tragic measures of the outbreak of war, in which "John Brown's Body" and "The Battle Cry of Freedom" are heard. The third movement, entitled "The Present —The Future," opens with a depiction of our own age of riotous jazz and relentless pounding machinery. A long preparation leads to the announcement in its full form of the anthem, "America," which to Bloch represents the ideal which lies before our vast people. Thus, at the end of the piece, the chorus is introduced.

The title-page bears this inscription from Walt Whitman: "O America, because you build for mankind, I build for you." The composer has also inscribed: "This symphony has been written in love for this country. In reverence to its past, in faith in its future, it is dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, whose vision upheld its inspiration."

Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony has been played all over the world this season, in observance of the 100th anniversary of the great composer's death. It figured upon a special Shubert centenary program by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston.

Theme Described.

Ravel's "La Valse" bears this argument upon the printed score: "Whirling clouds give glimpses, through rifts, of couples waltzing. The clouds scatter little by little. One sees an immense hall peopled with a twirling crowd. The scene is gradually illuminated. The light of the chandeliers bursts forth fortissimo. An Imperial Court about 1855."

Its first Paris performance led a critic to quote Prudhomme's revolutionary remark: "We dance on a volcano." He described it by saying: "There is a certain threatening in this bacchanale, a drunkenness, as it were, warning itself of its decay, perhaps by the dissonances and shock of timbres, especially the repeated combinations in which the strings grate against the

PROV SUN JOURNAL
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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN

FEB 16 1929

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Mixed Chorus Will Assist in Presentation of Bloch's "America."—Orchestra Also Will Offer Compositions of Schubert and Ravel.

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PROV SUNDAY JOURNAL
BOSTON SYMPHONY IN
BLOCH'S "AMERICA" FEB. 10 1929

The announcement that Serge Koussevitzky is to perform Bloch's "America" at the third visit of the Boston Symphony to Providence on the 19th of this month has aroused much interest among the orchestra's followers. The work, which is called an epic rhapsody, has a culminating hymn, for which the services of John B. Archer and members of the Providence Festival Chorus have been enlisted.

This novelty, which is in three parts, will take up the entire second half of the program. Schubert's Symphony in B-minor, the "Unfinished," and Ravel's choreographic poem, "La Valse," will compose the first half. The three sections of "America" are described as follows: Poco lento, (...1620), "The Soil —The Indians—England—The Mayflower—The Landing of the Pilgrims," Allegretto (1861-1865), "Hours of Joy—Hours of Sorrow;" Allegro con spirito (1926...), "The Present—The Future."

In his first movement, Bloch depicts musically the beginnings of the nation with scenes that shift from America, in its aboriginal state, to England, and back again to the coming of the settlers. The second movement has the Civil War for its theme, first giving a romantic picture of the old South, in which old Southern melodies are introduced. The serenity is broken by the outbreak of the war.

In the third movement, the composer sets forth the present jazz age and thence builds up hopes of a more ideal future. The climax of the rhapsody which, it is said, is gloriously led up to, is a hymn to America, in which the composer affirms his faith in the greatness and idealism of this, his adopted country. He has dedicated his work to Walt Whitman and Abraham Lincoln.

"America" is one of the most played and most discussed new scores of the season. It is a prize composition, of which Koussevitzky was one of the five awarding judges. The piece was played simultaneously in five cities, and then followed performances all over the country. Such was the impression which this score made that Koussevitzky repeated it at a later pair of concerts in Boston,

and again played it when the orchestra last visited Carnegie Hall, New York, on Jan. 31 and Feb. 2. These were occasions of prolonged demonstrations and the highest critical tributes for the marvelous performances which Koussevitzky inspires in his orchestra.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
FEB 17 1929

Boston Symphony to Give Much Discussed Novelty

Written for the Sunday Journal
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra plays in the Albee Theatre next Tuesday evening it will introduce to Providence the most discussed novelty of the current season, Ernest Bloch's Epic Rhapsody, "America."

This Rhapsody, to rehearse what is by now a matter of general knowledge, brought to its composer in June, 1928, the prize of $3000 which had been offered by the periodical, Musical America, for a symphony or other orchestral work of large dimensions. Five conductors of leading American orchestras, Messrs. Damrosch, Herz, Koussevitzky, Stock and Stokowski, were the jury that passed upon the 92 scores submitted, and when their decision had been reached they agreed that the winning manuscript should receive simultaneous first performances in the cities which they represented, namely New York, San Francisco, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia, on Dec. 20 last. As it happened the performance by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, under Mr. Damrosch, came one day earlier.

Born in Geneva in 1880, where he lived until he was 16 years of age and whither he returned in 1904 after studying and practicing music in other European cities, Ernest Bloch came to America in 1916. Since that time he has made his home among us, and it is here that he plans to pass his remaining days.

Bloch's early life was a more or less continual struggle against poverty. In this land of opportunity, he has found not only wide recognition as composer and as teacher, but comparative material prosperiety. To America, then, Mr. Bloch is grateful, and few native-born citizens could equal him in his enthusiasm for American ideals, his reverence for this country's past achievements, his hopes for its future.

It was by these sentiments that his Rhapsody "America" was inspired. They are, indeed, expressed upon its title page, together with a dedication to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and of Walt Whitman, "whose vision has upheld its inspiration."

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As climax and conclusion to his Rhapsody Mr. Bloch created an "anthem," to use his own word, the music of which forms a thematic basis for the piece, appearing in its opening measures and gradually taking shape until at the end it bursts forth triumphantly and sonorously. "It is the hope of the composer," concludes the foreword, "that this anthem will become known and beloved, that the audience will rise to sing it, becoming thus an active and enthusiastic part of the work and its message of faith and hope."

The words of this anthem are the composer's own, and although they have been somewhat changed since the score was published and will be sung in their altered version, they appear thus upon the printed page:

America! America! Thy name is in my heart:—
My love for thee arouses me to nobler thoughts and deeds.
Our fathers builded a nation
To give us Justice and Peace—
Toward higher aims, toward brighter goals,
Toward Freedom of all mankind—
Our hearts we pledge, America,
To stand by thee, to give to thee

Our strength, our faith and our lives!

In most cities where the rhapsody has thus far been performed the composer's wish concerning the participation of the audience in the singing of this anthem has not been complied with; rather the vocal portion has been entrusted, as it will be in Providence, solely to an assisting chorus—a more practicable arrangement when an unfamiliar piece is in hand.

"America" runs in three parts. The first is headed ". . . . 1620. The Soil—The Indians—(England)—The Mayflower—The Landing of the Pilgrims;" the second, ". . . . 1861-1865. Hours of Joy—Hours of Sorrow;" the third, "1926. . . . The Present—The Future. . . ."

Prefacing the second and third sections and scattered here and there through the score are quotations from Walt Whitman. The score is also elaborately annotated, although these explanatory references, the composer states, are not intended for reproduction in the program. "They are not needed," he continues, "for the understanding of a work which does not attempt to describe or imitate. But, as its inspiration was sustained by a poetical idea, these notes may, in the same way, stimulate the performers and facilitate their task."

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Except for the anthem above described, very little of the thematic material in this rhapsody is Bloch's own. In the beginning, which portrays The Soil, are heard songs of the Pueblos and of other Indian tribes, while folksongs of England serve for reference to the country of the Pilgrims, a sailors' chanty suggests the Atlantic, and "Old Hundred" voices the aspirations and the religious faith of the Pilgrim Fathers.

An old Southern ballad begins the second section. Negro folksongs follow it, and ere long appears Stephen Foster's "Old Folks at Home," the melody entrusted to a solo 'cello, the harmonization contrapuntally elaborate. "Pop Goes the Weasel" serves to suggest the Virginia Reel, and this tune is soon combined with "Hail, Columbia." After the interlude of a Creole folksong comes the call to arms, and now fragments of "Dixie," "John Brown's Body," "The Battle Cry of Freedom" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," are tossed about in the orchestral hurly-burly. Solemn music concludes this second section, and the score makes reference to Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain."

To express the America of today Bloch uses negro folksongs and jazz rhythms, while two anvils, a steel plate struck with a heavy hammer and an automobile horn help in the depicting of the turmoil of industry. But our civilization, as Bloch sees it, is riding to a fall; hence an orchestral collapse. Salvation comes, however, in a return to nature, expressed by a recurrence of an Indian theme from the initial section of the piece. Gradually man masters the machines, the environment and himself; steadily the orchestra upbuilds the final climax, and the apotheosis comes with the aforementioned anthem.

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The remaining pieces upon Tuesday evening's program, Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony and Ravel's "La Valse," call for less comment. Familiar to all are the two movements written by Schubert in 1822 for a symphony designed as compliment to the city of Graz, which in that year elected him an honorary member of its musical society, the symphony which for some reason unknown to anyone, the composer never completed, although six years of life were left to him. Hearing these movements, there comes ever the reflection that even Schubert might hardly have finished the symphony at the level upon which it was begun.

"La Valse," one of the most brilliant of modern orchestra pieces, would suggest a ball at an imperial court about the year 1855. In this score Ravel has proved that he can rival the Viennese composers themselves in the devising of entrancing waltz-tunes, although by him these melodies are treated symphonically, not strung together as in the waltzes of Johann Strauss and his compatriots.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT TUESDAY

Serge Koussevitzky Will Direct Noted Ensemble in Albee Theatre.

TO PLAY BLOCH'S "AMERICA"

Epic Rhapsody Arouses Much Interest.—Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony Also on Program

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Civil War Next

The serenity is broken by the tragic measures of the outbreak of war, in which "John Brown's Body" and "The Battle Cry of Freedom" are heard. The third movement, entitled "The Present—The Future," opens with a depiction of our own age of riotous jazz and relentless pounding machinery. A long preparation leads to the announcement in its full form of the anthem, "America," which to Bloch represents the ideal which lies before our vast people. Thus, at the end of the piece, the chorus is introduced.

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STAR
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MUSIC

BY HELEN FETTER.

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Dr. Harned further announces that the National Capital Oratorio Association will present the first performance in Washington of Haydn's Easter work, "The Passion," at a date near the celebration of that great religious festival. It is understood that this work, based upon the "Seven Last Words of Christ," has only been given three times previously anywhere in the United States.

Ganna Walska recently, mention, in addition to emphasizing the social character of most of the audience, that Mme. Emma Eames, Maria Jeritza, Marion Talley, Leonora Corona, Alice Nielsen, Marie Rappold, Hulda Lashanska and many others were present at this event. One of the leading papers was not quite kind in suggesting that:

"Most of the singers, including leading members of the Metropolitan Opera Co. were there, come to deprecate the triumph or enjoy the disaster of a famous and beautiful woman whose obsessing ambition it is to sing."

* * * *

AMERICA'S most distinguished prima donna, Rosa Ponselle, who, the middle of last November celebrated her tenth anniversary as prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Co., gives a song recital here the middle of this week, making her second appearance in Washington within the month.

It is a mark of the real appreciation that is the foundation for building American music history that the National Federation of Music Clubs has honored this daughter of Italian immigrants who was born in Meriden, Conn., with the first place in the current "Decade Honor Roll" in that organization's "Hall of Fame" for rising American artists who have demonstrated their right to be included in the ranks of the foremost artists of the world through a period of 10 years of achievement.

Miss Ponselle, who made her Metropolitan Opera debut in "La Forza del Destino" in 1918 with Enrico Caruso, will sing an air from that Verdi work here Tuesday.

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WORD from Geneva, Switzerland, states that Roger Sa[illegible]

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Boston Symphony to Give Much Discussed Novelty

Written for the Sunday Journal
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra plays in the Albee Theatre next Tuesday evening it will introduce to Providence the most discussed novelty of the current season, Ernest Bloch's Epic Rhapsody, "America."

This Rhapsody, to rehearse what is by now a matter of general knowledge, brought to its composer in June, 1928, the prize of $3000 which had been offered by the periodical, Musical America, for a symphony or other orchestral work of large dimensions. Five conductors of leading American orchestras, Messrs. Damrosch, Herz, Koussevitzky, Stock and Stokowski, were the jury that passed upon the 92 scores submitted, and when their decision had been reached they agreed that the winning manuscript should receive simultaneous first performances in the cities which they represented, namely New York, San Francisco, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia, on Dec. 20 last. As it happened the performance by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, under Mr. Damrosch, came one day earlier.

Born in Geneva in 1880, where he lived until he was 16 years of age and whither he returned in 1904 after studying and practicing music in other European cities, Ernest Bloch came to America in 1916. Since that time he has made his home among us, and it is here that he plans to pass his remaining days.

Bloch's early life was a more or less continual struggle against poverty. In this land of opportunity he has found not only wide recognition as composer and as teacher, but comparative material prosperiety. To America, then, Mr. Bloch is grateful, and few native-born citizens could equal him in his enthusiasm for American ideals, his reverence for this country's past achievements, his hopes for its future.

It was by these sentiments that his Rhapsody "America" was inspired. They are, indeed, expressed upon its title page, together with a dedication to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and of Walt Whitman, "whose vision has upheld its inspiration."

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As climax and conclusion to his Rhapsody Mr. Bloch created an "anthem," to use his own word, the music of which forms a thematic basis for the piece, appearing in its opening measures and gradually taking shape until at the end it bursts forth triumphantly and sonorously. "It is the hope of the composer," concludes the foreword, "that this anthem will become known and beloved, that the audience will rise to sing it, becoming thus an active and enthusiastic part of the work and its message of faith and hope."

The words of this anthem are the composer's own, and although they have been somewhat changed since the score was published and will be sung in their altered version, they appear thus upon the printed page:

America! America! Thy name is in my heart:—
My love for thee arouses me to nobler thoughts and deeds.
Our fathers builded a nation
To give us Justice and Peace—
Toward higher aims, toward brighter goals,
Toward Freedom of all mankind—
Our hearts we pledge, America,
To stand by thee, to give to thee

Our strength, our faith and our lives!

In most cities where the rhapsody has thus far been performed the composer's wish concerning the participation of the audience in the singing of this anthem has not been complied with; rather the vocal portion has been entrusted, as it will be in Providence, solely to an assisting chorus—a more practicable arrangement when an unfamiliar piece is in hand.

"America" runs in three parts. The first is headed ". . . . 1620. The Soil—The Indians—(England)—The Mayflower—The Landing of the Pilgrims;" the second, ". . . . 1861-1865. Hours of Joy—Hours of Sorrow;" the third, "1926. . . . The Present—The Future. . . ."

Prefacing the second and third sections and scattered here and there through the score are quotations from Walt Whitman. The score is also elaborately annotated, although these explanatory references, the composer states, are not intended for reproduction in the program. "They are not needed," he continues, "for the understanding of a work which does not attempt to describe or imitate. But, as its inspiration was sustained by a poetical idea, these notes may, in the same way, stimulate the performers and facilitate their task."

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Except for the anthem above described, very little of the thematic material in this rhapsody is Bloch's own. In the beginning, which portrays The Soil, are heard songs of the Pueblos and of other Indian tribes, while folksongs of England serve for reference to the country of the Pilgrims, a sailors' chanty suggests the Atlantic, and "Old Hundred" voices the aspirations and the religious faith of the Pilgrim Fathers.

An old Southern ballad begins the second section. Negro folksongs follow it, and ere long appears Stephen Foster's "Old Folks at Home," the melody entrusted to a solo 'cello, the harmonization contrapuntally elaborate. "Pop Goes the Weasel" serves to suggest the Virginia Reel, and this tune is soon combined with "Hail, Columbia." After the interlude of a Creole folksong comes the call to arms, and now fragments of "Dixie," "John Brown's Body," "The Battle Cry of Freedom" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," are tossed about in the orchestral hurly-burly. Solemn music concludes this second section, and the score makes reference to Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain."

To express the America of today Bloch uses negro folksongs and jazz rhythms, while two anvils, a steel plate struck with a heavy hammer and an automobile horn help in the depicting of the turmoil of industry. But our civilization, as Bloch sees it, is riding to a fall; hence an orchestral collapse. Salvation comes, however, in a return to nature, expressed by a recurrence of an Indian theme from the initial section of the piece. Gradually man masters the machines, the environment and himself; steadily the orchestra upbuilds the final climax, and the apotheosis comes with the aforementioned anthem.

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So diverse has been the reception of "America" that appraisal of it as music may well be omitted here, leaving each listener to form his own opinion of its merits. On one point, however, all and sundry have agreed, and that is on Bloch's technical mastery, the skill with which he has marshalled his material and has welded his themes and melodies into a coherent and logical whole. The instrumentation, too, has won unfailing commendation. Bloch long ago proved himself master of the orchestra.

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The remaining pieces upon Tuesday evening's program, Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony and Ravel's "La Valse," call for less comment. Familiar to all are the two movements written by Schubert in 1822 for a symphony designed as compliment to the city of Graz, which in that year elected him an honorary member of its musical society, the symphony which for some reason unknown to anyone, the composer never completed, although six years of life were left to him. Hearing these movements, there comes ever the reflection that even Schubert might hardly have finished the symphony at the level upon which it was begun.

"La Valse," one of the most brilliant of modern orchestra pieces, would suggest a ball at an imperial court about the year 1855. In this score Ravel has proved that he can rival the Viennese composers themselves in the devising of entrancing waltz-tunes, although by him these melodies are treated symphonically, not strung together as in the waltzes of Johann Strauss and his compatriots.

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Boston Symphony, Assisted by Providence Singers, Gives Concert Tuesday Night; Koussevitzky to Conduct.—Harold Samuel, Pianist, in Pembroke Series.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra returns for its third concert of the season next Tuesday night in the Albee Theatre, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting. Two works entirely new to Providence and an old friend comprise the program.

An interesting feature of the concert will be the share taken by local musicians, a special mixed chorus having been assembled by John B. Archer to sing the hymn, which is the closing episode in Ernest Bloch's rhapsody, "America." This piece, a prize work, was first performed on Dec. 21 last, when it was simultaneously produced in five American cities, including Boston. It was repeated there on Jan. 25 and 26. Koussevitzky played it in New York on Jan. 31 and Feb. 2. He plans to offer it again in Washington on March 6.

The Bloch composition will take up the second half of the program. The other work new to Providence is Ravel's "La Valse," a score by which, perhaps, he is better known than any other. Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony will open the concert. It was last heard here under Pierre Monteux's direction on Jan. 23, 1923. This masterpiece has been played all over the world this season in observance of the 100th anniversary of the great composer's death. It figured in a special Schubert centenary program by the Boston Symphony in Boston last November.

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The rumored tour of the Boston Symphony orchestra this spring is reported as "well-founded" by The Telegraph. "It is now common knowledge in well informed circles," it is said, "that the tour, under the direction of Koussevitzky, will begin in April and will embrace concerts in Paris, London, the English provinces, Amsterdam, Brussels, Vienna, Budapest and Prague."

STAR
FEB 17 1929

MUSIC

BY HELEN FETTER.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES
FEB 17 1929

TOSCANINI'S RETURN

Problems of the Philharmonic-Symphony—A Biography of the Conductor

By OLIN DOWNES.

SEVERAL weeks ago it was remarked in these columns that the conductor rather than the players constituted the decisive factor in the quality and character of an orchestral performance. It seems to the writer that this contention has been impressively supported by the evidence of history, and notably by recent orchestral history in New York City, that there is hardly room for argument on the point. But there are those who disagree. We shall soon have opportunity of considering the performances of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Toscanini with the performances which this orchestra has given during the first two-thirds of its present season under various other conductors, beginning with Mr. Mengelberg, continuing with Walter Damrosch, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Fritz Reiner, Arthur Hoffegger, Hans Lange and Bernardino Molinari, announced to conduct the concert this afternoon in addition to that of yesterday evening in Carnegie Hall.

Mr. Toscanini faces a considerable test of his powers. The New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra is not better than it was last season, before it had amalgamated, as the New York Philharmonic Society, with the organization of the New York Symphony. In fact, it is not as good. The necessity of grafting onto the body of the Philharmonic some timber from the New York Symphony did not produce a fine and harmonious result. Nothing was a more striking proof of the individualities of different orchestras than the effect of this infusion of blood from the one body into the other. In spite of the fact that the new elements of the freshly created Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra made a fraction of the instrumental body, and that the newcomers were excellent instrumentalists, the orchestral tone lacked fusion and homogeneity. The industrious and devoted drilling of Mr. Mengelberg, in the time he had at his disposal did not suffice to fully harmonize the foreign elements before the orchestra passed into the hands of many guest conductors. These conductors were not of equal ability, nor had any of them nearly as much opportunity as Mr. Mengelberg to secure exactly what they wished from the band. As a result, the technical quality of the concerts of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra this season, despite certain exceptional performances, has been prevailingly inferior to the standards of last year, while the interpretive side has conspicuously suffered.

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Has the elimination of competition, in turn, affected the vitality of these Philharmonic-Symphony performances? They have often been soporific—duller, on the average, than any other half-season of Philharmonic concerts in the four years preceding.

The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra has been somewhat in the position of a patient after a minor operation, attended in turn by various physicians of greater or less experience and reputation. Sometimes the treatment has been beneficial. In other instances it has had precisely the effect which too many doctors might exert upon a patient originally in good health, but neurotic, hypochondriac and restlessly experimental with his supposed ailments. Aside, for the moment, from the question of the relative importance of the capacities of the conductor and the capacities of the players in orchestral interpretation, it has been proved beyond a doubt or peradventure—proved by the Philharmonic-Symphony this season, and by the New York Symphony last—that a rapid succession of different conductors, whoever they are and however gifted, is bad medicine for an orchestra. Under the guest system of conductors, from which this and other cities have suffered so grievously in recent years, results of great and permanent value cannot come. Under such conditions the local standards of orchestral playing in New York have declined rather than advanced. The decline has been made the more glaringly obvious by the brilliancy of the concerts of the visiting Boston Symphony under its permanent conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, and those of the Philadelphia Orchestra when it performed under its brilliant leader and organizer of many years, Leopold Stokowski.

It is possible to argue that with virtuoso leaders of such exceptional abilities as these any orchestra would have given stirring performances. The facts remain that the Boston and Philadelphia orchestras, as they now stand, are the virtual creations, in the musical sense, of two men who have been their official leaders for many seasons. The same thing holds true of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, fashioned by Theodore Thomas and maintained in its artistic estate by Frederick Stock. Sooner or later, if the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, having eliminated competition in its own city, intends to attain a rank equal to that of the two other orchestras we have mentioned, it will have to find a permanent conductor, relieve him, if need be, for brief periods by the occasional appearance of a guest conductor, and give him complete power and undivided responsibility in all that pertains to musical performance. At present this conception of the musical affairs of the Philharmonic-Symphony is but a hope. There are many conditions that fight against its realization; it is not easy to meet or change. But we do not believe there is any other way for this orchestra to reach an artistic height commensurable with its objectives and its long and honorable reputation. It can be seen from the foregoing that a task of special difficulty confronts Mr. Toscanini, who returns next Thursday night to the podium at Carnegie Hall to bring the performances, after a period of change and confusion, to his wonted uncompromising standards, and to inaugurate as a symphonic interpreter his fourth New York season.

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A book of biography and criticism of a eulogistic sort, "Arturo Toscanini," the Italian text by Tobia Nicotra, the English translation by Irma Brandeis and H. D. Kahn, appears from the publishing house of Alfred Knopf, to greet upon his arrival the distinguished leader. The book is disappointing in that it leaves out much as for instance the circumstances of the historic break between Mr. Toscanini and the Metropolitan Opera House in 1915—a matter upon which both Mr. Toscanini and Mr. Gatti-Casazza have doubtless refused information. But this is perhaps a matter for the future, or perhaps as Mr. Philip Hale once remarked of the chequered history of the one time Boston Opera Company, a story that will never be written. In the book before us there is not very much that is new to those who have followed Mr. Toscanini's career through press clippings of recent seasons. But as a compendium of facts already printed in various places, a few biographical details not generally known, lists of Toscanini's orchestral and operatic programs and public engagements, and fragmentary gossip of the Opera House and the rehearsal room, it is of use and interest.

The circumstances of his dramatic début as conductor in 1886 in Rio de Janeiro are recapitulated. There are numerous instances of Toscanini's quick temper in defense of his interpretative ideals, and his frequently unforgivable rage when his artistic purposes were obstructed.

There is quotation of the opinion of the Italian psychologist, Annibale Pastore, accepted in an Italian court as authoritative evidence and palliation of Toscanini's outbursts when, during a rehearsal of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in Turin, he fell upon a restless and inattentive musician with such fury that the player's bow snapped and a splinter of wood wounded him in the forehead. An ugly situation developed. In the court room Pastore said: "The Dionysiac mood—essential to musical life—might be described as orgiastic transfiguration, during which every inhibitive force is suppressed and the impulsive power exaggerated to the point of paroxysm. Normal persons find it hard to understand the involuntary praxis of the artist, who moves in the grip of non-individual will and is compelled to destroy every obstacle in his way and even, like Dionysus, to destroy himself.

"The faculty of distinguishing good and bad and acting in accordance with the distinction is replaced by the faculty (acting and reacting with extreme violence) of response to beauty and ugliness. The esthetic single-track process attains such violence in Toscanini that any one judging acts committed by him during the esthetic excitation ought automatically to rule out any idea of responsibility—that is to say, all except the artistic responsibility itself. Toscanini in this instance is absolutely guiltless. His unlawful act was not immoral and intentional; it was purely involuntary and unmoral. From a practical point of view, the blow of the baton was aimed, not at the man, but at his bow, and it was the wholly unforeseeable rebound of the blow that struck the violinist's face. . . . In his almost indescribable emotional state at that rehearsal Toscanini's act was typical of the unconsciousness of genius breaking with all the surface conventions of normal life."

This book has some minor inaccuracies. "To paraphrase THE NEW YORK TIMES—which had declared, the year before, that only Toscanini should play Beethoven—there is only one Beethoven, and Toscanini is his prophet." This refers to Toscanini's American appearances of 1926. THE TIMES has had frequent occasion to give warm praise to Mr. Toscanini, interpreter of Beethoven as well as other composers; but the "paraphrase" here quoted is, to say the least, free and wide. Certainly Mr. Toscanini is not the only conductor who should play Beethoven; neither is he a lonely prophet of that composer; nor has such a statement appeared in THE TIMES.

It will be seen that this biography of Toscanini has been brought to date. It concludes with a citation of the announcement last Spring of the amalgamation of the Philharmonic and Symphony societies of New York and comment thereon.

"And so Toscanini is to divide his activity between La Scala, the centre of operatic music in Italy, and the new Philharmonic-Symphony Society in New York, the centre of concert music in America." This is to be seen. Mr. Toscanini is not always predictable. He is extremely independent, temperamental and uncompromising in his exactions as an artist. He is averse to signing contracts. His orchestral repertory has been enlarged for the present season. His New York public is assured him. He has reason to feel gratified with his reception by the press and public of this city. Long may he be with us. The rest is on the laps of the gods.

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TRIBUNE
FEB 17 [illegible]

"America" by Boston Symphony Orchestra

A concert of manifold beauty and interest is anticipated in the coming visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Providence next Tuesday evening, in the Albee Theater at 3:15. Serge Koussevitzky will then perform in addition to Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America," Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, and Ravel's choregraphic poem, "La Valse." In "America" the orchestra will be assisted by a mixed chorus which has been trained by John B. Archer.

Ernest Bloch has spent a long time in the composition of his rhapsody. It is a prize winning piece, and as such had simultaneous performances in five American cities last December. Koussevitzky then introduced it to Boston with such success that he repeated the score in January, and also played it in New York. The famous Jewish composer, who has made America his adopted land, has delved far into our past for his material. The first number is based upon Indian tribal melodies and old Puritan hymns, and depicts the aboriginal life of the early white settlers in America. The second movement describes the old time South. It begins with the gay and carefree days before the Civil War. There are old reels and hornpipes, and a suggestion of "Swanee River." This breaks into the gay measures of "Pop Goes the Weasel." The serenity is broken by the tragic measures of the outbreak of war, in which "John Brown's Body" and "The Battle Cry of Freedom" are heard. The third movement entitled "The Present—The Future," opens with a depiction of our own age of riotous jazz and relentless pounding machinery. A long preparation leads to the announcement in its full form of the anthem, "America," which to Bloch represents the ideal which lies before our vast people. Thus, at the end of the piece, the chorus is introduced.

The title-page bears this inscription from Walt Whitman: "O America, because you build for mankind, I build for you." The composer has also inscribed: "This symphony has been written in love for this country. In reverence to its past, in faith in its future, it is dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, whose vision upheld its inspiration."

Schubert's "Unfinished" spmphony has been played all over the world this season, in observance of the hundredth anniversary of the great composer's death. It figured upon a special Shubert centennary program by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston.

Ravel's "La Valse" bears this argument upon the printed score: "Whirling clouds give glimpses, through rifts, of couples waltzing. The clouts scatter little by little. One sees an immense hall peopled with a twirling crowd. The scene is gradually illuminated. The light of the chandeliers burst forth fortissimo. An imperial court about 1855." Its first Paris performance led a critic to quote Prudhomme's revolutionary remark: "We dance on a volcano." He described it by saying: "There is a certain threatening in this bacchanale, a drunkenness, as it were, warning itself of its decay, perhaps by the dissonances and shock of timbres, especially the repeated combinations in which the strings grate against the brass."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN
FEB 20 1929

Boston Symphony

The season's third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening in the Albee Theatre consisted of Bloch's "America," an Epic Rhapsody; for the music of the "Unfinished" Symphony and the Terpsichorean travesty of Ravel served merely to arouse expectations and stimulate interest—to warm up the ear for the reception of newer and more significant guests. The program:

Schubert .....
Symphony in B-minor ("Unfinished")
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante con moto.
Ravel .....
"La Valse," Choreographic Poem

Bloch .....
"America," an Epic Rhapsody in Three parts
I. Poco lento (....-1620)
The Soil—The Indians—(England)—The Mayflower
The Landing of the Pilgrims
II. Allegretto (1861-1865)
Hours of Joy—Hours of Sorrow
III. Allegro con spirito (1926-....)
The Present—The Future

The greatest rhapsody the world ever saw, Homer wrote on a theme as narrow as "The Wrath of Achilles;" and this narrow theme furnished material enough for 24 books. Ernest Bloch's "America," in three movements, discovers a new world, peoples it, develops it, tears it with civil war and internal discord, shreds it with the sharp cacophony of a sound-mad age, synthetizes it with a hymn, and then turns it over to Faith and Hope, who are to be the guardians of its future.

The composer dedicated his composition to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, which may account in a measure for its inequality. If it suggests in places quite strongly the sentiment, the poise and the logic of the great liberator, all too often it wallows in the reek of a frothy, flamboyant Whitmania at its very worst—which is bad enough. There is, to be sure, a nexus, a sort of unity—the "Anthem Theme," that serves its purpose well. It is the golden cord on which the composer suspends quite carefully his garlands of various hues and sometimes dubious perfumes, the various "calls" being on occasion surprisingly pungent.

The Musical Reminiscences

The various musical reminiscences—folk songs, old tunes, hymn tunes, national airs, etc., are clearly overdone; or else, if it was the purpose to make that sort of music really significant, a greater variety should have been introduced, to give the whole country a chance, calling for the services of a sort of rustic Polyhymnia, or maid of all kinds and conditions of song.

More of the old dance tunes might have been utilized —"Money Musk," "Arkansas Traveller," "Turkey in the Straw," "Billy in the Low Grounds," "The Ring-Tailed Roarer," or any of what the old timer under the inspiration of Apple Jack would have called "hell benders." Such music added to the merriment and hilarity that had a week-end vogue in the old days over wide and extensive territory; and even today it sometimes makes itself heard from under the cryptic foliage of the jazz flower, poison ivy, that is steadily choking to death the true ivy as well as the bay and the laurel and the myrtle and other weeds of the muses.

Some philosopher has said that if he could make a nation's songs he cared little who made the laws. America's songs were not written by such a philosopher; they are a hap-hazard, hit and miss lot, deserving little place in a great symphony such as Mr. Bloch has shown by his best passages that he can write. The Marseillaise and the Russian hymn come face to face in Tschaikowsky's overture, "1812," and fight until the French song is exterminated; and Brahms interpolated student songs into his "Festival Overture;" but the composers of these two numbers did not claim for them the profound national significance that Mr. Bloch claims for "America."

He outlines the nation's birth, growth, struggles, aims and ideals, and then himself writes a national song of songs to be its inspiration and its support. It may be that some time a national anthem may be written under such conditions, in the heat of the composition of a more extensive work; but it is not very probable.

Outdoing the Conception.

Mr. Bloch's music is far superior to the fabric of his dream of the future. It is rich in texture, its fibre is well knit and strong, its sheen is as multi-colored as the rainbow, and its movement is often as sinuous as a serpent. But while chanting the demagogue optimism of Whitman he is often so carried away by the torrents of his verbiage that he cannot, for all his knowledge of music and

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his skill in composition, save himself from the insignificant and the ridiculous ideas that often seem to exude from the pages of that "magnificent Idler."

Dr. Koussevitzky played the composition with true loving kindness, and doubtless his interpretation added much to its intrinsic worth. If the composer had called the first movement the voyage of the Mayflower, he would have hit close to the mark. The ground swell, the big clouds, the sea gulls, fair weather, the dolphins, were all there, followed by lovely viola effects, suggesting music. Perhaps one of the most striking passages in the composition was the "Old Hundred" phrase followed immediately by the challenge of the Indian pipe.

Disaster and desolation seemed to be the significance of the English horn at the opening of the second movement. The rapid succession of song after song was interesting principally because of the instrumentation. "Pop goes the weasel" was tame because Dr. Koussevitzky evidently had never heard it played with its pristine "pop" by a country fiddler at a cross-road store. But the discord of preparations for war was magnificently done—one of the finest passages in the whole composition. The spirit of interminable desolation following the quartet was also extremely realistic.

Superlative Jazz

The jazz playing in the third movement would have made Mr. Whiteman green with envy. Such stuff seems fated to be the end of every orchestra's desire. Mr. Bloch did more than make a parody, he made innovations and improvements, from which jazz will doubtless profit. The Boston Symphony showed itself past master at playing the stuff; but then it has played a lot of dance music of late.

"The anthem, pure and simple, was sounded proudly, the people singing with deep fervor and enthusiasm." The chorus, after its long wait in the aisles filled the hall with its volume, all the more easily because it was between the audience and the orchestra, somewhat unusual position.

Ravel's "Waltz" was particularly interesting as a piece of ultra-sophistication. We have been told that it suggested whirling clouds through which the dancers at a court ball could be seen; but the unsophisticated might readily hear in it the sound of mill wheels, frogs, early morning noises from the canebrake and animals waiting for their breakfast. The composer gives rein to a cynical satisfaction at being able to outdo the emotionalists with his strange sounds and joyous rhythms, all struggling to be born. The close was suggestive of the ignobile vulgus, senselessly shouting and sweating and pushing itself along.

The Schubert Symphony was remarkable for the finish of its performance. Perhaps the extreme pianissimo of the introduction robbed it of its vigor, as it did the song of the 'cellos later; and in the second movement there was some angular and seemingly unnecessary bowing in the violin section, but the passionless beauty of the performance as a whole was quite unusual.

Dr. Koussevitzky's work was extremely gratifying to the audience, which overflowed the seating areas; he was recalled again and again at the close of each number.

M. C. W.

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The principal number was Bloch's "America," an epic rhapsody. Schubert's unfinished symphony was also on the programme, but all the interest of the evening was centred on Bloch's remarkable piece, unquestionably one of the most important contributions of the present century to the realm of music. It is an idealized musical conception of the history of America, touching upon only three periods, however. Bloch has described the first of the three movements as "The Soil — The Indians — England — The Mayflower—Landing of the Pilgrims." The second is "Hours of Joy and Sorrow," and is interpretative of the Civil war period. The third is "1926—The Present—The Future."

One who did not hear last night's concert may from this brief summary provided by the composer gain an impression of his ideas and what he sought to interpret through the medium of a great orchestra. Historic themes run through the composition —the throb of the Indian drum in the distance, the strains of "Old Hundred," songs of the South and jazz at its wildest. It all culminates in a noble, swinging hymn played with thrilling power by the orchestra and sung by a mixed chorus organized by John B. Archer.

One may easily criticise this as well as any other musical work, but there is a compelling power to it all, an intensity that moves one profoundly. The nobility of the finale in its fervent, passionate appeal to the America of the future is more than thrilling. It is soul-stirring. The whole work was read by Mr. Koussevitzky as by one who loved it.

Schubert's symphony was, of course, beautifully played, and Ravel's "Waltz," another present-day number, was an effective introduction to the Bloch work. But "America" was a programme in itself. A first hearing inspires an urgent desire to hear it again.

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Jesus M. Sanroma's Recital.

Following his very brilliant appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a few weeks ago in this city, Jesus Maria Sanroma, pianist, gave his first New York recital last night in Town Hall. The program was unconventional in its material, presenting for the first time here three sonatas by Padre Antonio Soler, the Spanish composer of the eighteenth century, a "Danse" by Lopatnikoff, Arthur Honegger's "Cahier Romand" and Ernest Toch's "Der Jongleur." The other compositions were Beethoven's Sonata op. 27 in E flat and Schumann's "Davidsbundlertanze," which followed pieces of Albeniz "El Corpus Christi en Sevilla" and "Triana" at the end of the program.

Mr. Sanroma's musicianship, taste and command of tone-color were quickly in evidence. He played the agreeable, sparkling little sonatas of Soler, sonatas which show clearly the influence of Scarlatti and the Italian school, with a crisp, rippling technic, a piquant manner, and fine tone-values. The Beethoven sonata was admirably presented as regarded the articulation of the phrases, the powerful and sudden dynamic contrasts and the admirable comprehension of the master's form.

The pieces by Lopatnikoff and Honegger are not important. The first is a rather smart series of modern pianistic figures, entertaining in the domain of what is essentially parlor music. The Honegger set of five pieces is dry as a bone, cerebral as a multiplication table and without originality. We expected better of Honegger. Nor is it easy to enthuse over the "Jongleur" of Mr. Toch, recognizing its humorous and satirical vein—Mr. Toch and his glissandos!

These pieces, again, were excellently played from the standpoint of technic and tonal adjustment. Mr. Sanroma may fairly be called a modern pianist in his style and his sense of values. He is not an exponent of the romantic school. He does not delight in soft and rich colors, or swashbuckling chords and octaves, so much as he courts clearness of line, justness of proportion, accuracy of rhythm.

With the exception of the Albeniz pieces, in which, surprisingly enough, he dropped some notes on the floor, he showed an excellent technic, which was not surprising, in view of his electrical performance of the extremely difficult piano part of the Toch concerto with Mr. Koussevitzky and his players. Not only this: Mr. Sanroma absolutely refused to abuse the resources of his instrument. But the Albeniz pieces lacked juice and exotic fragrance, nor was there the sensation of the easy grace, the spontaneous caprice and impulse which woke this music. Well conceived effects were calculated. There was self-consciousness in their planning and carrying out. Yet Mr. Sanroma has Spanish blood in him, which we expected to flare up when he discoursed the fantasies of Albeniz.

There were certain parallels between his course with this music, the comparative dryness of his sentiment, even when it was faithful to the composer's intention—as in the Beethoven sonata—and the music of Toch and the playing of Arthur Schnabel, with whom Mr. Sanroma has worked in Germany. All of this was playing of the head rather than the heart. It commanded respect and esteem, but we expect more from Mr. Sanroma as he fights free outside musical influences and consults more and more his own thinking, temperament, impulses as an interpreter.

Last night his praiseworthy performances were almost too intelligent, too proportionate, too finicky in their careful arrangement. From a young man in his twenties a warmer if a more immoderate tendency would be preferable. What does it avail if an art, no matter how finished or esthetically correct, is sparse at the roots? For the reason that we personally know Mr. Sanroma's talent and his development as a musician we expect something more and something different from him in the future.

He earned the hearty applause of his audience last night. The day will come when he will stir his listeners more. In response to the applause the pianist repeated Toch's piece, and later he further extended the program.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASH., D. C.
POST
FEB 24 1929

NEW SYMPHONY TO BE PLAYED HERE IN MARCH

Mrs. Wilson-Greene, local manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has definitely confirmed reports that the Boston Symphony, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, will offer Washington its first rendition of Ernest Bloch's renowned new symphony, "America," when the orchestra makes its final Washington appearance of the season at Poli's Theater on Wednesday afternoon, March 6, at 4:30 o'clock.

The Washington Oratorio Society, Dr. Albert Harned conductor, will be heard at the same time in the vocal anthem which constitutes an important feature of Bloch's orchestral work, it was also stated, and during the past week Dr. Harned has been conducting rehearsals with 150 members of the Oratorio Society who will appear on the stage of Poli's with the orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct the singers as well as the orchestra, it is understood, and the occasion promises to be of the first importance from a Washington musical angle.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, it was said, has already given Bloch's "America" on several occasions in both Boston and New York before enthusiastic audiences, and Mr. Koussevitzky is thought to be desirous of presenting a symphonic work of patriotic texture on the occasion of the March concert in Washington, when the city will still be playing host to thousands of inaugural visitors and sightseers.

The symphony itself is said to require about 40 minutes, though less than 5 minutes is required for the anthem which the oratorio singers will sing. This anthem is said to offer a theme of praise and gratitude for the United States.

The March concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be its final visit to Washington this season and will bring to a close Mrs. Wilson-Greene's philharmonic course of afternoon concerts at Poli's.

The last concert of the Wilson-Greene season will be that of Serge Rachmaninoff on Wednesday afternoon, March 20. This will close the artists' course.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE
FEB 24 1929

Next Friday evening, March 1, Noah Swayne will give a lecture-recital for the Brooklyn Institute on "The Negro and His Music."

* * *

The fourth concert in the Brooklyn series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will be given at the Academy Friday evening, March 8. Mr. Koussevitzky has not as yet announced his program for that evening.

* * *

A program of unusual interest is announced for the fourth Brooklyn concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Academy of Music Friday evening, March 8. Mr. Koussevitzky will begin with a little symphony by Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, which has lately been discovered in Berlin. Frederick composed this symphony in 1743 and, although he wrote others, too, this score was not corrected by his music and flute master, Quantz, but left exactly as the King wrote it. Frederick, whose proficiency as flute virtuoso is historical, uses two flutes in this score.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER CITIZEN
FEB 2 01929

Boston Programs.

For the regular concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra this week Friday and Saturday Mr. Koussevitzky has set Bruckner's Symphony in C minor as the chief item on the program. The composer's works, although retaining popularity abroad, are not often heard here nowadays. The only other item on the program will be the composition of a well known Boston musician and composer, Arthur Foote, whose Suite in E major for strings will be played.

The People's Symphony orchestra at its concert in the Statler Hotel last Sunday afternoon included George W. Chadwick's tone poem "Tam O'Shanter" in its program. It is still one of the most colorful of Mr. Chadwick's orchestral compositions.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE
FEB 24 1929

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, pays its fourth New York visit of the season next week. On Thursday night, March 7, in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Koussevitzky is to offer Bach's fourth Brandenburg Concerto, Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" and Ravel's orchestration of Moussorgsky's piano suite, "Pictures at an Exhibition."

Frederick the Great (Frederick II of Prussia, who reigned from 1740 to 1786) will be represented as a composer on the program for Saturday afternoon, March 9, by his third symphony, in D major. Mr. Koussevitzky will also give the third symphony of Sibelius, which has not been heard here for some time, and repeat the Moussorgsky-Ravel work. The program for Brooklyn on Friday evening, March 8, consists of the symphony of Frederick the Great, the Sibelius D minor violin concerto, with Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the orchestra, as soloist, and Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES
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Serge Koussevitzky, at the next Boston Symphony visits here, will include Strauss's "Zarathustra" in his evening program for March 7, while on March 8 in Brooklyn and March 9 in Carnegie Hall he will present a symphony by Frederick the Great and the Third symphony of Sibelius.

SEE PAGE 120 FOR PROV. BULLETIN CRITICISM.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASH., D. C.
STAR
FEB 27

BOSTON SYMPHONY—March 6.

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The program will be peculiarly appropriate to inauguration week. The principal number will be Ernest Bloch's prize-winning symphony, "America," the first Washington presentation, with a chorus of 125 Washington singers giving the anthem which constitutes so important a part of this work.

Mr. Koussevitzky also will present Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," especially arranged by Maurice Ravel.

Seats are on sale at the concert bureau in Droop's, 1300 G street northwest.

METROPOLITAN—"Weary River."

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POST
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103

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The pieces by Lopatnikoff and Honegger are not important. The first is a rather smart series of modern pianistic figures, entertaining in the domain of what is essentially parlor music. The Honegger set of five pieces is dry as a bone, cerebral as a multiplication table and without originality. We expected better of Honegger. Nor is it easy to enthuse over the "Jongleur" of Mr. Toch, recognizing its humorous and satirical vein—Mr. Toch and his glissandos!

These pieces, again, were excellently played from the standpoint of technic and tonal adjustment. Mr. Sanroma may fairly be called a modern pianist in his style and his sense of values. He is not an exponent of the romantic school. He does not delight in soft and rich colors, or swashbuckling chords and octaves, so much as he courts clearness of line, justness of proportion, accuracy of rhythm.

With the exception of the Albeniz pieces, in which, surprisingly enough, he dropped some notes on the floor, he showed an excellent technic, which was not surprising, in view of his electrical performance of the extremely difficult piano part of the Toch concerto with Mr. Koussevitzky and his players. Not only this: Mr. Sanroma absolutely refused to abuse the resources of his instrument. But the Albeniz pieces lacked juice and exotic fragrance, nor was there the sensation of the easy grace, the spontaneous caprice and impulse which woke this music. Well conceived effects were calculated. There was self-consciousness in their planning and carrying out. Yet Mr. Sanroma has Spanish blood in him, which we expected to flare up when he discoursed the fantasies of Albeniz.

There were certain parallels between his course with this music, the comparative dryness of his sentiment, even when it was faithful to the composer's intention—as in the Beethoven sonata—and the music of Toch and the playing of Arthur Schnabel, with whom Mr. Sanroma has worked in Germany. All of this was playing of the head rather than the heart. It commanded respect and esteem, but we expect more from Mr. Sanroma as he fights free outside musical influences and consults more and more his own thinking, temperament, impulses as an interpreter.

Last night his praiseworthy performances were almost too intelligent, too proportionate, too finicky in their careful arrangement. From a young man in his twenties a warmer if a more immoderate tendency would be preferable. What does it avail if an art, no matter how finished or esthetically correct, is sparse at the roots? For the reason that we personally know Mr. Sanroma's talent and his development as a musician we expect something more and something different from him in the future.

He earned the hearty applause of his audience last night. The day will come when he will stir his listeners more. In response to the applause the pianist repeated Toch's piece, and later he further extended the program.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASH., D. C.
POST
FEB 24 1929

NEW SYMPHONY TO BE PLAYED HERE IN MARCH

Mrs. Wilson-Greene, local manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has definitely confirmed reports that the Boston Symphony, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, will offer Washington its first rendition of Ernest Bloch's renowned new symphony, "America," when the orchestra makes its final Washington appearance of the season at Poli's Theater on Wednesday afternoon, March 6, at 4:30 o'clock.

The Washington Oratorio Society, Dr. Albert Harned conductor, will be heard at the same time in the vocal anthem which constitutes an important feature of Bloch's orchestral work, it was also stated, and during the past week Dr. Harned has been conducting rehearsals with 150 members of the Oratorio Society who will appear on the stage of Poli's with the orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct the singers as well as the orchestra, it is understood, and the occasion promises to be of the first importance from a Washington musical angle.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, it was said, has already given Bloch's "America" on several occasions in both Boston and New York before enthusiastic audiences, and Mr. Koussevitzky is thought to be desirous of presenting a symphonic work of patriotic texture on the occasion of the March concert in Washington, when the city will still be playing host to thousands of inaugural visitors and sightseers.

The symphony itself is said to require about 40 minutes, though less than 5 minutes is required for the anthem which the oratorio singers will sing. This anthem is said to offer a theme of praise and gratitude for the United States.

The March concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be its final visit to Washington this season and will bring to a close Mrs. Wilson-Greene's philharmonic course of afternoon concerts at Poli's.

The last concert of the Wilson-Greene season will be that of Serge Rachmaninoff on Wednesday afternoon, March 20. This will close the artists' course.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE
FEB 24 1929

Next Friday evening, March 1, Noah Swayne will give a lecture-recital for the Brooklyn Institute on "The Negro and His Music."

* * *

The fourth concert in the Brooklyn series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will be given at the Academy Friday evening, March 8. Mr. Koussevitzky has not as yet announced his program for that evening.

* * *

A program of unusual interest is announced for the fourth Brooklyn concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the Academy of Music Friday evening, March 8. Mr. Koussevitzky will begin with a little symphony by Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, which has lately been discovered in Berlin. Frederick composed this symphony in 1743 and, although he wrote others, too, this score was not corrected by his music and flute master, Quantz, but left exactly as the King wrote it. Frederick, whose proficiency as flute virtuoso is historical, uses two flutes in this score.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER CITIZEN
FEB 2 01929

Boston Programs.

For the regular concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra this week Friday and Saturday Mr. Koussevitzky has set Bruckner's Symphony in C minor as the chief item on the program. The composer's works, although retaining popularity abroad, are not often heard here nowadays. The only other item on the program will be the composition of a well known Boston musician and composer, Arthur Foote, whose Suite in E major for strings will be played.

The People's Symphony orchestra at its concert in the Statler Hotel last Sunday afternoon included George W. Chadwick's tone poem "Tam O'Shanter" in its program. It is still one of the most colorful of Mr. Chadwick's orchestral compositions.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
TIMES
FEB 28 1929

Boston Symphony at Poli's Next Wednesday

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor, will make its final appearance in Washington this season at Poli's Theater next Wednesday afternoon, March 6, at 4:30 o'clock, under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene, in a program peculiarly appropriate to inauguration week. The principal number of the program will be the first Washington presentation of Ernest's Bloch's prize-winning symphony, "America," with a chorus of 125 Washington singers giving the anthem which constitutes so important a part of this work. Mr. Koussevitzky will also play Moussorgsky's "Picture at an Exhibition," especially arranged by Maurice Ravel. Seats for this concert are now on sale at Mrs. Wilson-Green's Concert Bureau, in Droop's, 1300 G St. N. W.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE
FEB 24 1929

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, pays its fourth New York visit of the season next week. On Thursday night, March 7, in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Koussevitzky is to offer Bach's fourth Brandenburg Concerto, Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" and Ravel's orchestration of Moussorgsky's piano suite, "Pictures at an Exhibition."

Frederick the Great (Frederick II of Prussia, who reigned from 1740 to 1786) will be represented as a composer on the program for Saturday afternoon, March 9, by his third symphony, in D major. Mr. Koussevitzky will also give the third symphony of Sibelius, which has not been heard here for some time, and repeat the Moussorgsky-Ravel work. The program for Brooklyn on Friday evening, March 8, consists of the symphony of Frederick the Great, the Sibelius D minor violin concerto, with Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the orchestra, as soloist, and Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES

Serge Koussevitzky, at the next Boston Symphony visits here, will include Strauss's "Zarathustra" in his evening program for March 7, while on March 8 in Brooklyn and March 9 in Carnegie Hall he will present a symphony by Frederick the Great and the Third symphony of Sibelius.

SEE PAGE 120 FOR PROV. BULLETIN CRITICISM.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASH., D. C.
STAR

BOSTON SYMPHONY—March 6.

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METROPOLITAN—"Weary River"

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASH., D. C.
POST
FEB 10 1929

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Symphony

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EVERY ONE that sits before the arts—listener, spectator, reader—knows those occasions when all things join together for full accomplishment and deep pleasure. Consciously, no one concerned works the harder or heeds the more intently. Yet a kindling spirit fills the air, infusing itself into all who breathe it. Chance rules the world, and none may say when or where it will light these fires. Yesterday, being kind, it bestowed them upon the Symphony Concert and the event beggars the descriptive word. True, there were incitements to these favors of fate. Sibelius's Third Symphony, repeated from the first performances last month; Toch's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, played for the first time hereabouts; the concert-version of Mr. Carpenter's ballet, "Skyscrapers," filled the program. There is no reason to disparage Mr. Koussevitzky when from Bach to Brahms, he ranges through the classics of symphonic music; usually, indeed, there is reason to praise; but, being as he should be, man and musician of his own time, he most excels with the work of living composers. Sibelius, Toch and Carpenter are all three such.

Sibelius's Symphony is barely seven weeks old at Symphony Hall; Mr. Carpenter's ballet entered the repertory last year. With both, orchestra and conductor were familiar; had only to intensify and polish the grounding performances of an immediate past. Mr. Koussevitzky has re-made the band in his own image. Therefore it responds alertly, sympathetically, to modernist music. As such Toch's Concerto was piece to put both to their mettle. Nor was conductor, orchestra or audience indifferent to the fortunes of Mr. Sanromá as pianist. He has ripened his young abilities before their eyes and ears. Yesterday he renewed and amplified the proof. An earned applause rewarded him. Even so, it was the divine spark—for it is nothing less—that made the afternoon what it indubitably was. That fire descends where and when it listeth; but it is tempting to believe that such virtue as dwells in Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra—the three composers aiding—may now and then attract it.

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The themes and "the working" generate no less the simple beauty, now misty, now sun-pierced, of the slow movement. Men of imagination in all the arts reach out for it. There is a passage in "Twelfth Night"—about the knitters in the sun—in which Shakspeare, as unconsciously as Sibelius, gains it. For the composer the finale of his Symphony ensues. The rhythms swirl; upon them the themes are tossed like leaves; the gale abates; falls still, as though silence had clo'ven sound. Again the impression has been wholly musical, deepened by the incisiveness of the orchestral voices; intensified by their range over Sibelius's gray-hued palette. A few conductors scanned the surfaces of this Third Symphony; played it to none effect. Mr. Koussevitzky searched out and opened its secrets; now bids hearers share them. In all his five years in Boston, he and his orchestra have done no finer deed than this release of a sealed music.

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Upon the American escutcheon is inscribed work, the harder the better. It hammers up skyscrapers—and Mr. Carpenter's rhythms pound; while his musical matter rises, sonority upon sonority. Heedless we pass underneath, and he can write measures in deliberately dry routine. The dissolving hour strikes, when the toil of the day melts into the pleasure-seeking of the night. Who has not felt it as he watches the streams flowing in and out of subways; or upon no more than a strap and a foothold, himself breasts them? For this mood and motion, Mr. Carpenter finds graphic musical symbols. To play, then, in restless crowds, whipping now this way, now that, as some new curiosity prompts them; returning always to the dance that is release both to the relaxed mood and the tense underlying temperament. Clip it with syncopation, streak it with sentiment, and a jazzed music sounds. The sentimental vein deepens; at small provocation, anywhere, everywhere, amongst us, it may come uppermost; and Mr. Carpenter's negro chorus—yesterday personified in Mme. Sundelius and Mr. Lautner—is singing its moon-struck melancholy tune; then snapping away into the tapping rhythms. Tap and tap, sing sweet and wistful; hammer and hammer hard; for the music is building skyscrapers again.

Mr. Carpenter has rhythmed the American temperament; into tones transmuted its contrasting energies. Both emerge in the terms of a music self-contained and self-generating. Of a music that does as well its idealizing office. It dances—to a jazz of imagination, not of the night clubs. It pounds and snaps—through measures that are the voice of devoted, concentrated energy, not the imitated sound of hammers upon rivets. (Conductor and players yesterday did feats with it. A symphony orchestra touched in jazzed rhythms, outspread jazzed song, as though Mr. Whiteman himself were there to hear and applaud. The massed sonorities of the beginning and the end seemed the muscle and sinew of musical sound, in stretch, and beating.) Yet nobody except a few reviewers, one and another fellow-composer, the opera house in Munich, a Parisian audience, this one conductor foreign-born and bred and practised, have heard in "Skyscrapers" a music of our urban America at last achieved. There are none so deaf as those who will not hear their own voices. Can it be that America à la Bloch more touches ingrained vanities?

Toch's Concerto excels by two qualities in which modernistic music is often deficient—individuality and imagination. Too many such pieces, especially from minor hands, are written according to prevalent formula. As many more proceed by much taking of thought, by willed process, more appropriate to the solution of a mathematical problem than to creation in tones. Toch escapes both pitfalls; is wary of a third, also besetting his brethren. Throughout his Concerto, heard last winter, Mr. Tansman used the piano as instrument of percussion. Outside a few measures in the slow movement, he declined it as voice of song. Toch is no such doctrinaire. If it serves his purpose, he can be relentlessly staccato with the piano-part. If he would beguile it for the moment into songful measures, as here and there in his slow division, he does not hesitate to ply the means.

Similarly with other courses, dictated by a single criterion—the full attainment of the desired end. Toch can be unsparingly dissonant, "atonal" or "polytonal," as the technical terms go. Little music written nowadays avoids dissonance; as a conservative elsewhere in this newspaper admits, there is no turning back to the old concords. Whatever the future of "atonality" and "polytonality"—and no one, though he be seventy-five years old, can foresee that—they are current and available musical idioms. On the other hand, the pursuers of musical resemblances, may trace to Debussy or Ravel more than one page in Toch's Adagio; while the stark declamation for the piano, with which the Concerto begins, might hark back to Beethoven himself. In the course of the final "Rondo Disturbato," Toch makes play with a bit of musical humor—"The Disturbance." It is more discoverable, and amusing to read than to hear. Intrinsically it is "paper-music, like remembered measures of Strauss when he would be jocular. Obviously Toch is an eclectic, as every composer, with the accumulated stores of music open, before him, is likely nowadays to be. He is also possessed of the notion, repulsive to every theorist but pleasing to the casual listener, that a composer chooses the expressive means best adapted to his design and purpose.

These, however, are pedantic foot-notes to a music that lays hold first upon interest, then upon imagination, finally upon emotion. The beginning is tense, incisive, imperious. Toch whips the listener to attention; then swirls away into the idioms aforesaid. The intensive rhythms, the sense of free, firm, procedure, the darts of suggestion, the flashes of power, the pauses of serenity, are irresistible. As with Hindemith, outpouring, unflinching vitality conquers every other sensation. Proclamation upon proclamation, the climax mounts, swells, rounds. . . . The slow movement shuns obvious sentiment; projects a more wayward mood, works more subtly upon the imagination by shifting harmonies and timbres, by contrasts of the piano and the divided and subdivided orchestra; by evasive melody, winding fancy-free. Into fantasy and rhapsody Toch pursues it with the means of a modernist used in a new temper to an insinuating end. . . . "The Disturbance" aside, the finale springs to nervous rhythms, hits, runs; in sheer exuberance is checked only to fling out again. Another German than Hindemith can goad us all before him.

Mr. Sanromá might have played a hallowed Concerto; reaped the rewards of young and fine abilities so exercised. He preferred to play the music of this immediate day with unfailing technical resource, with the tense dynamic energy, the proud proclamation, the adventuring fantasy, the swift subleties that Toch variously asks. Under his hand and Mr. Koussevitzky's, full, brave and free went the Concerto. His unselfishness was his praise.

H. T. P.

BURGIN SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY

Orchestra Also Offers a Novelty in "Pictures at an Exhibition"

A distinguished feature of yesterday's symphony program was Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." It comprises a set of pianoforte pieces arranged for orchestra by Maurice Ravel. Interpreted in inimitable fashion by Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday, it proved to be a charming and delightful variation. Inspired by an exhibition of drawings and water colors by Victor Hartmann, who had been an intimate friend, Moussorgsky paid him the tribute of attempting to translate these sketches into music.

The sketches are varied and interesting and amazingly significant. There is the picture of a gnome; a troubador singing a melancholy song; children disputing after their play; a Polish wagon with enormous wheels; drawn by oxen; ballet of chickens in their shells; two Polish Jews in argument; market women in dispute; impression of the catacombs, and others. Seldom is one given the pleasant thrill of such an unusual number so beautifully performed.

The D minor concerto of Sibelius was another treat afforded the large audience yesterday, and it was received with great enthusiasm. Richard Burgin was soloist and gave a brilliant performance. His standing as an artist of merit is secure, and he is constantly making greater achievements in his field. It is obvious that he has a large following and one that is vastly appreciative.

The symphony in D major, by Frederick the Great, was given a splendid reading. Likewise the Symphonie Spirituelle, by Jacques Janin.

The concert will be repeated this evening.

American

NOVEL WORKS ABOUND AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

The current symphony concert program is a curious hodge-podge. It begins with the first American performance of Frederick the Great's Symphony in D major, wherein a great soldier proves that he can write music, too. But, as was to be expected, the music consists largely of discreet nothings, not offensive, not precisely boring, but scarcely worth the excellent performance Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra lavish on it.

Then there is a Symphonie Spirituelle, "Alleluia," by one Janin, of whom even the learned program editor knows little. The first performance of this work anywhere disclosed the religious dualism of heaven and earth treated in up-to-the-minute discordant jargon. This manner of treatment becomes wearisome, for it is usually little more than a disguise for very paltry musical ideas. In the present instance I think the composer has substance of a sort, but he seems ashamed to couch it in the simple language in which it was conceived.

The third piece, Sibelius' Violin Concerto, was a semi-novelty, for it has not been heard here since Maud Powell's day. With the orchestra's concert master, Richard Burgin, to play the solo part up to the hilt, at the very summit of musicianship, his task seemed singularly ungrateful. For the music was disappointing, at least to this admirer of Sibelius. It is very much diluted Tchaikovsky and—could I believe my ears?—there were strains that Godard might have written. Mr. Burgin's admirable performance was supplemented by Mr. Koussevitzky's excellent reading of the accompanying score, which is superbly orchestrated. The violinist was at least thanked for his pains, the audience giving him a tremendous ovation.

Finally, the one grateful piece, or set of pieces, on the program—Moussorssky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," masterly rescored for orchestra by Maurice Ravel. The Russian is an arch-realist, but he is not content with realism alone. The music, absolutely considered, is of a high order.

AMERICAN MAR 2 '29

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Were Mr. Koussevitzky the ironist that Dr. Muck was, he might of purpose have set over against Mr. Bloch's visionary, vertiginous "America," Mr. Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," firm-set in an American substance, clear-spoken with an American spirit strange to that European dreamer about human destiny and universal brotherhood, that unfolder in tones of anecdotical-historical panoramas. The conductor is gentler and kindlier. Though he debated long with himself, his musical intuition—usually his truest guide—finally fastened upon "Skyscrapers"; while from Boston to Paris and back again the response of audiences justified his faith. For the while, Mr. Carpenter's ballet has receded from the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House (where the dance is a weak sister), only to gain new prestige in the concert-room. More listeners, wider spread, would hear it as symphonic poem, in free and realistic speech, of that urban America where music and the other arts have their traffic.

Upon the American escutcheon is inscribed work, the harder the better. It hammers up skyscrapers—and Mr. Carpenter's rhythms pound; while his musical matter rises, sonority upon sonority. Heedless we pass underneath, and he can write measures in deliberately dry routine. The dissolving hour strikes, when the toil of the day melts into the pleasure-seeking of the night. Who has not felt it as he watches the streams flowing in and out of subways; or upon no more than a strap and a foothold, himself breasts them? For this mood and motion, Mr. Carpenter finds graphic musical symbols. To play, then, in restless crowds, whipping now this way, now that, as some new curiosity prompts them; returning always to the dance that is release both to the relaxed mood and the tense underlying temperament. Clip it with syncopation, streak it with sentiment, and a jazzed music sounds. The sentimental vein deepens; at small provocation, anywhere, everywhere, amongst us, it may come uppermost; and Mr. Carpenter's negro chorus—yesterday personified in Mme. Sundelius and Mr. Lautner—is singing its moon-struck melancholy tune; then snapping away into the tapping rhythms. Tap and tap, sing sweet and wistful; hammer and hammer hard; for the music is building skyscrapers again.

Mr. Carpenter has rhythmed the American temperament; into tones transmuted its contrasting energies. Both emerge in the terms of a music self-contained and self-generating. Of a music that does as well its idealizing office. It dances—to a jazz of imagination, not of the night-clubs. It pounds and snaps—through measures that are the voice of devoted, concentrated energy, not the imitated sound of hammers upon rivets. (Conductor and players yesterday did feats with it. A symphony orchestra touched in jazzed rhythms, outspread jazzed song, as though Mr. Whiteman himself were there to hear and applaud. The massed sonorities of the beginning and the end seemed the muscle and sinew of musical sound, in stretch, and beating.) Yet nobody except a few reviewers, one and another fellow-composer, the opera house in Munich, a Parisian audience, this one conductor foreign-born and bred and practised, have heard in "Skyscrapers" a music of our urban America at last achieved. There are none so deaf as those who will not hear their own voices. Can it be that America à la Bloch more touches ingrained vanities?

Toch's Concerto excels by two qualities in which modernistic music is often deficient—individuality and imagination. Too many such pieces, especially from minor hands, are written according to prevalent formula. As many more proceed by much taking of thought, by willed process, more appropriate to the solution of a mathematical problem than to creation in tones. Toch escapes both pitfalls; is wary of a third, also besetting his brethren. Throughout his Concerto, heard last winter, Mr. Tansman used the piano as instrument of percussion. Outside a few measures in the slow movement, he declined it as voice of song. Toch is no such doctrinaire. If it serves his purpose, he can be relentlessly staccato with the piano-part. If he would beguile it for the moment into songful measures, as here and there in his slow division, he does not hesitate to ply the means.

Similarly with other courses, dictated by a single criterion—the full attainment of the desired end. Toch can be unsparingly dissonant, "atonal" or "polytonal," as the technical terms go. Little music written nowadays avoids dissonance; as a conservative elsewhere in this newspaper admits, there is no turning back to the old concords. Whatever the future of "atonality" and "polytonality"—and no one, though he be seventy-five years old, can foresee that—they are current and available musical idioms. On the other hand, the pursuers of musical resemblances, may trace to Debussy or Ravel more than one page in Toch's Adagio; while the stark declamation for the piano, with which the Concerto begins, might hark back to Beethoven himself. In the course of the final "Rondo Disturbato," Toch makes play with a bit of musical humor—"The Disturbance." It is more discoverable, and amusing to read than to hear. Intrinsically it is "paper-music, like remembered measures of Strauss when he would be jocular. Obviously Toch is an eclectic, as every composer, with the accumulated stores of music open before him, is likely nowadays to be. He is also possessed of the notion, repulsive to every theorist but pleasing to the casual listener, that a composer chooses the expressive means best adapted to his design and purpose.

These, however, are pedantic foot-notes to a music that lays hold first upon interest, then upon imagination, finally upon emotion. The beginning is tense, incisive, imperious. Toch whips the listener to attention; then swirls away into the idioms aforesaid. The intensive rhythms, the sense of free, firm, procedure, the darts of suggestion, the flashes of power, the pauses of serenity, are irresistible. As with Hindemith, outpouring, unflinching vitality conquers every other sensation. Proclamation upon proclamation, the climax mounts, swells, rounds. . . . The slow movement shuns obvious sentiment; projects a more wayward mood, works more subtly upon the imagination by shifting harmonies and timbres, by contrasts of the piano and the divided and subdivided orchestra; by evasive melody, winding fancy-free. Into fantasy and rhapsody Toch pursues it with the means of a modernist used in a new temper to an insinuating end. . . . "The Disturbance" aside, the finale springs to nervous rhythms, hits, runs; in sheer exuberance is checked only to fling out again. Another German than Hindemith can goad us all before him.

Mr. Sanromá might have played a hallowed Concerto; reaped the rewards of young and fine abilities so exercised. He preferred to play the music of this immediate day with unfailing technical resource, with the tense dynamic energy, the proud proclamation, the adventuring fantasy, the swift subleties that Toch variously asks. Under his hand and Mr. Koussevitzky's, full, brave and free went the Concerto. His unselfishness was his praise.

H. T. P.

Boston Herald

BURGIN SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY

Orchestra Also Offers a Novelty in "Pictures at an Exhibition"

A distinguished feature of yesterday's symphony program was Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." It comprises a set of pianoforte pieces arranged for orchestra by Maurice Ravel. Interpreted in inimitable fashion by Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday, it proved to be a charming and delightful variation. Inspired by an exhibition of drawings and water colors by Victor Hartmann, who had been an intimate friend, Moussorgsky paid him the tribute of attempting to translate these sketches into music.

The sketches are varied and interesting and amazingly significant. There is the picture of a gnome; a troubador singing a melancholy song; children disputing after their play; a Polish wagon with enormous wheels, drawn by oxen; ballet of chickens in their shells; two Polish Jews in argument; market women in dispute; impression of the catacombs, and others. Seldom is one given the pleasant thrill of such an unusual number so beautifully performed.

The D minor concerto of Sibelius was another treat afforded the large audience yesterday, and it was received with great enthusiasm. Richard Burgin was soloist and gave a brilliant performance. His standing as an artist of merit is secure, and he is constantly making greater achievements in his field. It is obvious that he has a large following and one that is vastly appreciative.

The symphony in D major, by Frederick the Great, was given a splendid reading. Likewise the Symphonie Spirituelle, by Jacques Janin.

The concert will be repeated this evening.

American Mar

NOVEL WORKS ABOUND AT SYMPHONY

By MOSES SMITH

The current symphony concert program is a curious hodge-podge. It begins with the first American performance of Frederick the Great's Symphony in D major, wherein a great soldier proves that he can write music, too. But, as was to be expected, the music consists largely of discreet nothings, not offensive, not precisely boring, but scarcely worth the excellent performance Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra lavish on it.

Then there is a Symphonie Spirituelle, "Alleluia," by one Janin, of whom even the learned program editor knows little. The first performance of this work anywhere disclosed the religious dualism of heaven and earth treated in up-to-the-minute discordant jargon. This manner of treatment becomes wearisome, for it is usually little more than a disguise for very paltry musical ideas. In the present instance I think the composer has substance of a sort, but he seems ashamed to couch it in the simple language in which it was conceived.

The third piece, Sibelius' Violin Concerto, was a semi-novelty, for it has not been heard here since Maud Powell's day. With the orchestra's concert master, Richard Burgin, to play the solo part up to the hilt, at the very summit of musicianship, his task seemed singularly ungrateful. For the music was disappointing, at least to this admirer of Sibelius. It is very much diluted Tchaikovsky and—could I believe my ears?—there were strains that Godard might have written. Mr. Burgin's admirable performance was supplemented by Mr. Koussevitzky's excellent reading of the accompanying score, which is superbly orchestrated. The violinist was at least thanked for his pains, the audience giving him a tremendous ovation.

Finally, the one grateful piece, or set of pieces, on the program—Moussorssky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," masterly rescored for orchestra by Maurice Ravel. The Russian is an arch-realist, but he is not content with realism alone. The music, absolutely considered, is of a high order.

AMERICAN MAR 2 '29

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TRANS- MART-1929

Frederick the Great Comes to Cambridge

THE Cambridge concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, though coming at less frequent intervals, are no less subject to Mr. Koussevitzky's catholic and exploring taste than the concerts at Symphony Hall. Already this season they have brought to Sanders Theater the classic and pseudo-classic music of Mozart and Prokofiev, the mystical and scintillant music of Debussy and Ravel and the brittle music of the present time. Usually they have not overlooked the enthusiasms, the sonorities and subjective profundities that may be had of Schumann, Wagner, Chaikovsky, Brahms or Beethoven, as the case may be. Last evening, however, was an exception. Though the name of Chaikovsky appeared on the program, the concert was one in which the objective, descriptive and, mayhap, virtuoso attitude took precedent over subjective expression. In the preceding concert of the series, Mr. Koussevitzky produced a Concerto of Bach such as Frederick the Great might have enjoyed in the elegance and formality of an eighteenth century drawing room. Last evening the conductor revived a symphony (in D-major, No. 3) that Frederick the Great himself wrote. Companion pieces were Chaikovsky's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 1, in B-flat minor, with Mr. Ignace Hilsberg to play the piano part, and Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," arranged for orchestra by Ravel. Incidentally, two of these compositions, the Symphony of Frederick the Great and Ravel's orchesrtal translation from Musorgsky, are also on the program at Symphony Hall today and Saturday.

Seemingly Mr. Koussevitzky has revived the ancient Symphony of the Prussian king in the spirit of adventure. Though it is cut pattern-like out of the fashion of the day and pleads no personal cause as do the symphonies of Chaikovsky, it does have a prevailing and definable mood. This mood is one of well-being and good humor. Conductor and musicians discovered it in the amiable and steadily trotting figures of the Allegro, in which the violins kept up their cheerful progress while the double basses and wind instruments emitted the same two or three notes over and over again. They expressed it again in the second movement, in which two flutes played their decorative melodies against the accompaniment of four violins. And of the last movement they made nothing less than a jolly instrumental "hallelujah." The extreme simplicity of this music, its limited harmony and the brevity of the episodes served only to heighten the whimsical character which Mr. Koussevitzky so enjoyed revealing. Not knowing quite what to make of this symphony at first, the Cambridge audience paused a moment before bestowing its amused applause.

The Chaikovsky of the Piano Concerto is not the intensely passionate and coherent composer of the Fifth Symphony, heard at Symphony Hall last Friday and Saturday. "I make slow progress with the work, and without real success [quoted the program-book]; but I still stick fast to my principles and cudgle my brain to subtilize pianoforte passages—." So the composer was here more interested in themes and their development and in effective figures for the solo instrument than in the torment and triumphs of his soul and the travail of a nation. Yet for this reason the Concerto contains much brilliant music for the piano, of which Mr. Hilsberg took full advantage. The pianist seated himself before his instrument with a serious and preoccupied air and bent absorbedly to his task. His great chords and extensive runs sturdily kept pace with the orchestra and were never overwhelmed by it. His fingering was admirably crisp and, if occasion demanded, he gracefully rounded a phrase or softened a melody. That the audience considered he had performed with brilliance was evident in the applause which twice recalled him to the stage. Mr. Koussevitzky, for his part, attended the score (which was a small one) more closely than is his usual wont.

Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" as orchestrated by Ravel were introduced in the Cambridge series last season. The audience of yesterday took pleasure in the amazing variety of instrumental effects made available first by Ravel's orchestration of these frankly descriptive and fantastic impressions, and secondly by the high state of virtuosity obtaining in the modern symphony orchestra.

N. M. J.

Incidents and Prospects

For the matinée of the Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday, March 12, in Symphony Hall, Mr. Koussevitzky proposes Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Schumann's Symphony of the Spring, Berlioz's overture, "Roman Carnival." At the concert of the orchestra in Cambridge on Thursday evening, March 14, Mr. Burgin will repeat Sibelius's Concerto for Violin. The orchestra will be heard in Brahms's Second Symphony and in a Concerto by Philip-Emanuel-Bach. On both these programs are "classics." complaining souls will say in their haste, that should 'all" be heard at Symphony Hall in the subscription series. Without exception they have been, and this very season.

Two of Mr. Koussevitzky's kinsfolk gave a joint concert in Philadelphia last Monday. His nephew, who calls himself Fabien Sevitzky, played upon the double-bass—among other pieces three by his uncle. Mme. Maria Koussevitzky sang various songs.

ATURDAY, MARCH 2, 192

MU

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 18th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follow: Frederick the Great, symphony in D major, No. 3 (first time in this country). Janin, Symphonie Spirituelle, "Alleluia," for orchestra and organ (first performance). Sibelius, violin concerto (Richard Burgin, violinist). Moussorgsky-Ravel, Pictures at an Exhibition.

We all knew that Frederick the Great was passionately addicted to the flute. Louisa Muehlbach in novels of Prussian court and city life that once were popular would write, "The King was playing on his flute" and would supply a footnote: "This is a historical fact." Few of us knew that he composed overtures, operatic arias and four symphonies, of which only the one performed yesterday has a few wind instruments in addition to the strings. Was the loyal composer assisted by Quantz, his teacher for the flute? Quantz says "no" and declares that Frederick needed no help in writing the symphonies; and Quantz, although he had a handsome salary and received 100 ducats for a flute concerto —he composed 300 of them—was an honest fellow and surely would not lie about a small matter.

It was natural that Frederick for the slow movement of this symphony should think of his loved instrument. The andante is practically a pretty duet for flute, which were admirably played by Messrs. Laurent and Bladet. Hearing them, no one would have dared to describe the flute as a waterlogged instrument. There was more than vain tootle-tootling. There was pure, full tone, musical phrasing; pleasing, not envious rivalry. The other lively movements, lively after the manner of the 18th century, were creditable to Frederick's invention and skill. The symphony was refreshingly simple and agreeable. It would have been better for the world if Frederick had spent his days at Sans Souci, practising the flute, composing, tinkering librettos and giving an enlightened patronage to ladies of the ballet. As a soldier he slaughtered thousands. Biographers do not record that any one suffered severely from hearing him play the flute.

Jacques Janin, writing his Symphonie Spirituelle, had the ambition to sound a great "Alleluia" on earth and in the sky. At first those brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord are represented as tumultuously joyful. Unfortunately in their shouting songs of praise they are aggressively discordant. And so in country churches when the congregation was requested to rise and sing the 457th hymn, cracked voices, nasal voices, terrifying voices, voices which by their untunefulness could not have delighted the saints in heaven, rent the affrighted air. Dissonances are like word: of which Hobbes said they are "wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them: but they are the money of fools." Not that M. Janin is musically a fool; he has studied; he is not wholly without facility, but he uses it aimlessly. He abuses dissonances: they serve for him no aesthetic, impressive, sensuous purpose. There is a "ritualistic lament, the grief of angels at man's impiety." So runs the composer's argument. No wonder the angels were grieved at what they heard. Musical impiety is neither for gods nor men. Nor is the angelic lament what one might reasonably expect from the celestial choir. Nor can one in this instance employ the cautious phrase when a composition has little or no emotional value, "Yes, but it's well made."

When the Amazonian violinist, Maud Powell first brought into notice the concerto by Sibelius, the music was recognized as difficult for any player; it was also thought by many an ungrateful composition without force or beauty, but that was 22 years ago. The musical idiom of Sibelius is no longer strange and foreign; the great talent—at times genius of the composer is now fully recognized—his strength, his individuality; even the sombreness of certain pages is to many more than the cackling light-heartedness of men that set traps for immediate favor.

Whether this concerto is to be reckoned among his chief works is open to discussion. The brilliant performance by Mr. Burgin certainly brought out all that is in the concerto; a performance characterized by warmth—when the music allowed it—by deep emotion, as well as by technical proficiency; by the wild rhapsodic spirit with which certain pages are charged. All will admit the beauty of the middle movement, a beauty that is more than sensuous, a beauty of pure emotion without a trace of earthliness. There is beauty in the measures for the horns, as a background for the solo violin; as in the first movement there are arresting passages for wind instruments and the lower strings; "ancestral voices prophesying war." Nor can any one deny the exciting, rhythmic savagery of the Finale. Mr. Burgin richly deserved the enthusiastic applause at the end of the concerto. He was fortunate, also, in the masterly accompaniment by the orchestra led by a conductor in artistic and emotional sympathy. Yet one might say that the second movement is for our audience; the other movements chiefly constructed for the glory of a virtuoso violinist and for those admiring first of all the triumphant surmounting of difficulties.

Ravel's ingenious and delightful instrumentation of Moussorgsky's piano suite is familiar. Yesterday it not only again gave pleasure; it showed the amazing elasticity and euphony of the orchestra which has been brought to its present state of perfection by Mr. Koussevitzky.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program of March 15, 16 will be as follows: C. P. E. Bach-Steinberg, Concerto in D major. Dukelsky, Symphony in F major (first time in this country). Brahms, Violin concerto (Mr. Heifetz, violinist). Belioz, Overture "The Roman Carnival."

BURGIN SOLOIST AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia's Symphony

"Symphonie Spirituelle 'Alleluia,'" by Janin, Has First Performance

Richard Burgin, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra since 1920, was warmly applauded as soloist at yesterday's Symphony concert for his brilliant playing in Sibelius' violin concerto. A symphony by Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, was played for the first time in the United States. A work entitled "Symphonie Spirituelle 'Alleluia,'" by Jacques Janin, was performed for the first time anywhere. Ravel's orchestration of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" was the other number on a curiously assorted program.

Mr Burgin, an excellent violinist, played Sibelius' concerto in masterly style, conquering its many difficulties with a[p]parent ease. This concerto is one of t[h]e most interesting in the entire repertory. The music has the originality that distinguishes all Sibelius' work. By giving to the first allegro the character of an improvisation and alloting to the solo violin many unaccompanied passages, he manages to lend an appearance of spontaneity to the showy cadenzas. The themes have character, the treatment of them is imaginative. Mr Burgin played with complete understand[i]ng of the music. He is no mere technician, no mere gymnast of the violin.

Janin, described in the advance notice from Symphony Hall as a "Russian composer," is, according to yesterday's program book, a Frenchman who studied at the Paris Conservatoire from 1909 to 1914 and has since developed "a lively interest in music for the cinema, which he thinks capable of becoming an original art of grand dimentions."

The subtitle of the work heard yesterday is "Alleluia on Earth and in Heaven." It contains passages intended to depict the "tumultuous joy of souls on earth who live in God"; a "cantique of a more reflective religiosity"; and a lament representing "the grief of angels at man's impiety." It is scored for organ and full orchestra. The phrases just quoted, needless to remark, are not written by Mr Hale, but quoted by him from an unnamed source.

French composers have in the past century not seldom been struck by the theatrical possibilities inherent in grand religious subjects. It would be easy to cite examples from Berlioz and Gounod, not to mention lesser men. Janin's piece has one merit essentially French, its brevity. It seemed yesterday a naive and pointless juggling of insignificant musical material, curiously old-fashioned despite its annoying successions of unresolved dissonances. Mr Koussevitzky labored valiantly but vainly to lend it breadth and vigor of style.

Frederick the Great, certainly the most interesting monarch of modern times, loved music from boyhood and learned to play the flute passably. Taught by Karl Graun, he composed many pieces for flute, also marches, arias and symphonies. None of these were published with his permission. He prided himself rather on his skill in writing French verses, and on the cultivated intellect and refined taste that enabled him to converse on equal terms with the great Voltaire. His fame rests, however, on his amazing military successes.

Unkind court gossip would have it that Quantz, the King's master in flute playing, wrote or helped to write the royal compositions. But Quantz said of the symphony played yesterday that he had done nothing except correct "a few notes which were wrong in the notation." First published in the 1740s by the King's sister, this symphony has been edited and reissued within the past few years by Gustav Lenzewski, who has added to the instrumentation.

Frederick's music is fluent and lively in two allegros, between which comes a graceful andante with prominent solo parts for two flutes. The themes show no gift of melodic invention. One of them, in fact, was borrowed from Graun. The symphony was played with marked virtuosity by a small orchestra that included, rightly, a harpsichordized piano.

Ravel's marvelously effective arrangement of Muoorgsky's familiar set of piano pieces, shortened yesterday by the omission of the second number in the set, again delighted the audience. Mr Koussevitzky was at his best in the sonorous finale, the "Great Gate of Kiev," played with thrilling dramatic intensity, brasses sounding loud and clear. There were tumults of applause.

Next week the orchestra goes on tour. The program now announced for March 15 and 16 includes Brahms' violin concerto, with Heifetz as soloist, a new symphony by Dukelsky, Berlioz' "Roman Carnival," and a concerto for orchestra by Philip Emanuel Bach.

P. R.

FREDERICK THE GREAT'S SYMPHONY

P. ST MAR. 2

First Performance of Monarch's Work in America

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A Symphony by Frederick the Great never before heard in America, a Symphonie Spirituelle, in its initial performance, by the Parisian Jacques Janin, a composer hitherto unknown here, and the Violin Concerto of Sibelius with Richard Burgin as soloist, unplayed here since 1912, lent freshness if not always interest to the first part of yesterday's Symphony Concert. Moussorgsky's graphic and imaginative "Pictures at an Exhibition," in the felicitous orchestration of Ravel, completed the afternoon.

A GOOD SYMPHONY

Not until yesterday had an orchestral composition or perhaps any piece at all by the flute-playing king of Prussia been performed in Boston. In all Frederick wrote four symphonies, three for strings alone although that of yesterday has parts for flutes, oboes, horns and bassoon to which the present editor, Gustav Lenzewski, has added a pianoforte.

The original score, it is said, was the king's alone; his flute master, Quantz, merely corrected errors in notation. And this music, written in the conventional idiom of its time, 1743, is quite good enough to have been made by one who did not also bear the burdens of royalty. Were it offered to a modern audience as the work of any secondary composer of the earlier 18th Century there would be no questioning or demur. Since the flute was Frederick's instrument the Andante, a movement of dignified beauty, takes the form of flute duet with light string accompaniment.

Indifferent in Janin

As a subtitle the Symphonie of Janin bear the quotation "Allelulia upon earth and in the heavens." A programme-note specifies that this terrestrial and celestial rejoicing is contrasted in the music with a ritualistic lament, the grief of angels at man's impiety.

Strange subject-matter, this, for a contemporary composer, and Janin has returned to the earlier masters of it, to the energetic counterpoint of Bach and the pomps of the Gounod of the oratorios, translated into modern every-man-for-himself polyphony, with plain-song for the lamenting angels. There are effective passages in this Symphonie, but as a whole the piece seemed scarcely worthy the very considerable effort necessarily expended in the preparation of it, for rhythmically this score is of exceeding complexity. It might, indeed, serve as a study in unusual time-signatures. Yesterday's audience received it with marked indifference.

Sibelius' Concerto

Not altogether advisedly did Sibelius take upon himself the task of writing a violin concerto. In the first movement the engrossing pages are those in which the solo instrument is silent. More grateful for the performer is the Adagio, with its long and beautiful cantilena accompanied chiefly by the four horns. And the finale comes nearer than does the first movement to being a satisfactory piece of concerted music, yet even here the solo instrument seems now and then intrusive and impertinent.

By Mr. Burgin and the orchestra the Concerto was admirably played, the violinist triumphing easily over the technical difficulties and bringing to the performance of the Adagio a notable display of feeling. At the end he was several times recalled.

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MONITER

Boston Hears Symphony by Frederick the Great

MAR 24, 29

Frederick II of Prussia was called "the Great" for political rather than musical reasons. That at least is the general supposition, which we think will not be overturned by the performance at the eighteenth pair of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra of Frederick's Symphony in D major No. 3. This is not to say that Frederick was necessarily a bad musician. It is recorded that he played the flute and the clavier, and was responsible for a number of compositions. The Symphony in D major is the only one of his four symphonies which is scored for wind instruments as well as strings; it calls for two flutes, two oboes, two horns and a bassoon. According to the program book, this symphny was performed at the Friday afternoon concert for the first time in the United States. Have any other of Frederick's compositions been played in America?

Among Frederick's teachers were Johann Joachim Quantz, the flutist; Karl Heinrich Graun, and C. P. E. Bach. A hearing of this symphony leaves the impression that the royal pupil was faithful to the precepts of his masters. Indeed one would say he had paid them the compliment of adding nothing of his own to what they transmitted to him. The first of his three movements is an Allegro with recognizable themes, handled in the usual manner of eighteenth century minor composers. The Andante is novel in that it consists of a dialogue between two flutes, with string accompaniment; but the content is less striking than the form. The finale is a sprightly Allegro Scherzando. No doubt voices will be raised in protest against the inclusion of this unimpressive work in a symphony program. Yet there is no harm in it; and it serves, too, to reveal again the dexterity of the orchestra—or of the nucleus of it which was required for this composition.

An even more unusual invention was Jacques Janin's Symphonie Spirituelle "Alleluia," which had its first public performance yesterday. Its author is a mysterious fellow who apparently has yet to learn from some of his contemporaries the advantages of publicity. For no account of his career so far has been discovered. It is known only that he is a French composer who studied at the Paris Conservatory from 1909 to 1914, composed "La Légende de France" for propaganda purposes during the war, has had a few works played in Paris and takes an interest in music for the cinema.

It seems possible that this so-called symphony of his was written with an eye on the motion pictures, for the devotional purport indicated by the title proved to be of a kind that would hardly be in place elsewhere. If the work were to be performed in a church, that edifice should be designed by Messrs. Joseph Urban and Robert Edmond Jones. A note quoted in the program book, the source of which was not indicated, told us that "Alleluia on earth and in heaven denotes the nature of this symphony." But its composer evidently believes that worship nowadays is singularly devoid of peacefulness. His music is what one would expect from Honegger or Prokofieff attempting to write in the style of César Franck. The devotions it presumably represents must have been derived from the Scythians. It was brilliantly played and calmly received by the audience.

More satisfying was the performance by Richard Burgin, concert-master of the orchestra, of the Violin Concerto of Sibelius. This, like other of the Finnish master's works, offers little that is ingratiating but much that is musically admirable. The solo part, which is of extraordinary difficulty, was executed with consummate mastery by Mr. Burgin. The plaudits of his hearers must have rewarded him for a not too grateful task. The concert closed with a nitid performance of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" in the orchestral arrangement made by Maurice Ravel for Mr. Koussevitzky.

L. A. S.

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Blending the Pleasures of The Afternoon

TRANS. MAR 2 '29

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MAR 8 '29

TRANS. MAR. 4 Mus

Concerts of A Week-End Many-Voiced

Conductors and Concertos, Miss Hess New-Framed, The Perfect Haydn

THERE ARE conductors who entrust to assistants the orchestral part of Concertos; others who lead in them as so much routine, or at most obligation, to be got through in the easiest way; a few more who, whatever the composer's intent, let the soloist swim as best he may through the running tides of "their" symphonic piece. Mr. Koussevitzky falls into none of these categories; nor, as Dr. Muck used to do, does he reserve his pains for an eminent soloist—say Mr. Kreisler in Beethoven's Concerto—and let lesser talents and lesser pieces fare as chance may send. The first and the second movement of Sibelius's Violin-Concerto contains many consecutive pages on which the solo-instrument is silent. The music becomes altogether symphonic, and as such on Saturday evening Mr. Koussevitzky played it with his usual insight into Sibelius, his habitual ability to make him sound in characteristic voice. When, however, Mr. Burgin's solo-violin entered, he relaxed his care not a whit. With assiduous ear and hand, he smoothed euphonies or sharpened contrasts; adjusted the symphonic background to the predominant solo-instrument; blended his own and the soloist's conception of the Concerto until they sounded as from one mind and one temperament. Mr. Koussevitzky is a conductor loyal to his players. Upon Mr. Heifetz in Brahms's Concerto a fortnight hence, he will spend no more, and no less, pains, than he did upon Mr. Burgin and Sibelius. All of which is his rule and custom. Through his five seasons in Boston, as now they nearly are, with no Concerto and with no virtuoso has he been indifferent. Rather, out of the reciprocal zeal of conductor and virtuoso the music has sounded in renewed life and being.

The audience of Saturday took its pleasure much as had the audience of Friday. It found the little Symphony of Frederick the Great an agreeable bonne bouche; was warm to Mr. Burgin as present soloist and long-established Concert-master; sat possessed before a performance of "Pictures at An Exhibition," in which there was equal reason to applaud the manifold resource of Ravel as orchestrator, the manifold eloquence of the conductor as interpreter, the manifold range of the orchestra as instrument. Through the corridors went the news that next autumn this celebrated transcription will be published. Mr. Stokowski and other eminent conductors, it appears, crave it. As for the "Symphonie Spirituelle" of Monsieur Janin, once more it passed. While the superior reproached the conductor with the choice of such a piece, the few whose daily work it is to deal with contributed articles, in words or tones, knew how easy it is to over-persuade one's self as to their merit.

Incidents and Prospects

Unlike some musicians, Mr. Koussevitzky lives in no world apart. On Wednesday next, two days after the inauguration of President Hoover, the Symphony Orchestra will play in Washington, the capital city of these United States. The chief item upon the conductor's program is Mr. Bloch's "America." . . . For Baltimore, he has listed three Symphonies—Frederick the Great's; Sibelius's Third; Chaikovsky's Fifth. For New York, the programs assemble Mr. Foote's Suite for Strings—deserved compliment to piece and composer; Sibelius's Third Symphony; Frederick the Great's Symphony; Strauss's "Zarathustra" and, at both concerts, Ravel's orchestral version of Musorgsky's "Pictures at An Exhibition."

TRANS N. Y. J.
MAR 11

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Having heard Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra in Mr. Foote's Suite for Strings, Strauss's "Zarathustra" and Ravel's version of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," the reviewers in New York wrote warmly of its present quality. Said The Sun: "The Bostonians gave a mighty performance of 'Zarathustra.' This was the Boston Symphony of old, splendid in tone and confident in technic. Mr. Koussevitzky was not betrayed into incontinence in his reading. It had all the sensuous quality of the music, but it lost no jot of breadth or weight." Said The Evening Post: "Ravel's 'Pictures' were most adroitly played, and seldom has the brass of the Boston band sounded so rich and buoyant, so completely a match for the singing splendor of the strings." "Magnificent" was The Tribune's adjective for the performance of "Zarathustra."

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MAR 3 '29

TRANS. MAR. 4 Mus

Concerts of A Week-End Many-Voiced

Conductors and Concertos, Miss Hess New-Framed, The Perfect Haydn

THERE ARE conductors who entrust to assistants the orchestral part of Concertos; others who lead in them as so much routine, or at most obligation, to be got through in the easiest way; a few more who, whatever the composer's intent, let the soloist swim as best he may through the running tides of "their" symphonic piece. Mr. Koussevitzky falls into none of these categories; nor, as Dr. Muck used to do, does he reserve his pains for an eminent soloist—say Mr. Kreisler in Beethoven's Concerto—and let lesser talents and lesser pieces fare as chance may send. The first and the second movement of Sibelius's Violin-Concerto contains many consecutive pages on which the solo-instrument is silent. The music becomes altogether symphonic, and as such on Saturday evening Mr. Koussevitzky played it with his usual insight into Sibelius, his habitual ability to make him sound in characteristic voice. When, however, Mr. Burgin's solo-violin entered, he relaxed his care not a whit. With assiduous ear and hand, he smoothed euphonies or sharpened contrasts; adjusted the symphonic background to the predominant solo-instrument; blended his own and the soloist's conception of the Concerto until they sounded as from one mind and one temperament. Mr. Koussevitzky is a conductor loyal to his players. Upon Mr. Heifetz in Brahms's Concerto a fortnight hence, he will spend no more, and no less, pains, than he did upon Mr. Burgin and Sibelius. All of which is his rule and custom. Through his five seasons in Boston, as now they nearly are, with no Concerto and with no virtuoso has he been indifferent. Rather, out of the reciprocal zeal of conductor and virtuoso the music has sounded in renewed life and being.

The audience of Saturday took its pleasure much as had the audience of Friday. It found the little Symphony of Frederick the Great an agreeable bonne bouche; was warm to Mr. Burgin as present soloist and long-established Concert-master; sat possessed before a performance of "Pictures at An Exhibition," in which there was equal reason to applaud the manifold resource of Ravel as orchestrator, the manifold eloquence of the conductor as interpreter, the manifold range of the orchestra as instrument. Through the corridors went the news that next autumn this celebrated transcription will be published. Mr. Stokowski and other eminent conductors, it appears, crave it. As for the Janin, once more it passed. While the superior reproached the conductor with the choice of such a piece, the few whose daily work it is to deal with contributed articles, in words or tones, knew how easy it is to over-persuade one's self as to their merit.

Incidents and Prospects

Unlike some musicians, Mr. Koussevitzky lives in no world apart. On Wednesday next, two days after the inauguration of President Hoover, the Symphony Orchestra will play in Washington, the capital city of these United States. The chief item upon the conductor's program is Mr. Bloch's "America." . . . For Baltimore, he has listed three Symphonies—Frederick the Great's; Sibelius's Third; Chaikovsky's Fifth. For New York, the programs assemble Mr. Foote's Suite for Strings—deserved compliment to piece and composer; Sibelius's Third Symphony; Frederick the Great's Symphony; Strauss's "Zarathustra" and, at both concerts, Ravel's orchestral version of Musorgsky's "Pictures at An Exhibition."

TRANS MAR 11

Incidents and Prospects

Having heard Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra in Mr. Foote's Suite for Strings, Strauss's "Zarathustra" and Ravel's version of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," the reviewers in New York wrote warmly of its present quality. Said The Sun: "The Bostonians gave a mighty performance of 'Zarathustra.' This was the Boston Symphony of old, splendid in tone and confident in technic. Mr. Koussevitzky was not betrayed into incontinence in his reading. It had all the sensuous quality of the music, but it lost no jot of breadth or weight." Said The Evening Post: "Ravel's 'Pictures' were most adroitly played, and seldom has the brass of the Boston band sounded so rich and buoyant, so completely a match for the singing splendor of the strings." "Magnificent" was The Tribune's adjective for the performance of "Zarathustra."

"Worth Knowing"

Well-Turned Praise from New York for "A. Foote of Boston"

REVIEWING the concert of the Boston Orchestra in New York last Thursday, Mr. Henderson wrote in The Sun:

It was good to hear Arthur Foote's Suite once more. To be sure, no one can write a Pizzicato without recalling the symphonic one of Chaikovsky, but Mr. Foote's stands pretty firmly on its own feet. The fugue is about as exhilarating a piece of canonic writing as one could expect to hear from any composer not of the authoritative classic school. It is one of the gems of American music and ought to be studied by every young composer who wishes to see how scholarship can be made to serve the purposes of romanticism. The whole Suite was brilliantly played, but the audience seemed to be in doubt as to how it ought to react to the name of one A. Foote of

Henschel at Eighty

He May Yet Share in The Jubilee of the Boston Orchestra of Which He Was First Conductor

THE TRUSTEES of the Symphony Orchestra are hopeful that when it celebrates a fiftieth season two years hence, Sir George Henschel may come from London to be their guest. He was conductor at its first concert in the autumn of 1881. In the spring of 1931, he might even lead it through one number from his first program. The hope and the prospect are not so vain as some may fancy. Read, for proof, this paragraph from the London Daily Telegraph about Sir George's present liveliness:

It has been written in various places in the last few days that Sir George Henschel shows no outward and visible sign of having reached the beginning of his eightieth year. Outward certainly not; inward also certainly not. It is not more than a few weeks ago that he walked several miles to visit me, and incidently walked back, his gait as light as that of a thirty-year-old. During our ten-table talk, this octogenarian related a yarn of an Aberdonian who had sent to a lady a Christmas greeting, wishing her the joys of Christmas in 1928, 1929 and 1930—these dates all printed upon one card, the cost of the greeting for three years being thus compounded! Nothing the matter with the octogenarian mind that is, so to speak, so lighthearted.

Letters to the Editor

THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMS

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Thinking again of the Symphony Concert programs, I can't help feeling that Mr. H. T. P. did not see the point of my argument. My plea was for good standard music, not for "try it ons."

For more than forty years there was a time-honored custom. Saturday night was a sacred rite. Now, on account of increased demands, concerts are given on Mondays and Tuesdays, in addition to those given on Saturdays.

On Mondays and Tuesdays, the programs are strictly classical. On Saturdays, there is usually some sort of a symphony or a suite, or some ballet music. The rest of the program is filled up with "try it ons," many of which don't fit.

Why not make everybody and every concert happy, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, by having two-thirds of each program devoted to distinguished music and the other third devoted to "try it ons" or to well worn gowns which everybody likes to wear.

Quoting from the Transcript's letter of March 6, written by Mr. John Ritchie—bless his heart!—Mr. Ritchie says: "We are in an age of new art and in pictures, I have been told that they occasionally get hung upside down and no one knows the difference. In the gallery one may select the subject to view, but in the concert hall one must accept what the gods provide and muffle his mumblings."

Let me add that a young friend of mine, bitten with modernity, has his house filled with examples of the ultra-modern school. On one of his walls hangs a picture of Adam and Eve. No one can see any difference between Adam and Eve, or Eve and Adam.

CLAYTON JOHNS

Boston, March 10.

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These works are loosely described as belonging to the romantic school. There are romantic associations connected with them—the trials and tribulations of the flaming Berlioz in the composition and the production of his "Benvenuto Bellini" to which this overture belongs—Berlioz, whose genius is still doubted by those who cannot find "melody" in his works and complain of his harmonic schemes as they appear on paper but suit his thought and invention and sound eloquently when they are played—no wonder Moussorgsky called Beethoven the thinker and Berlioz, the super-thinker; Schubert with the romantic adventure in the finding of the "Unfinished" symphony long after his death; Schumann inspired by a poem, the thought of Spring and his Clara.

But these compositions might as well be called "classical." For what is a "classic" work? What a "romantic"? Has any one defined these words better than Stendhal?

"Romanticism" says Stendahl as quoted by Walter Pater, "is the art of presenting to people the literary works which, in the actual state of their habits and beliefs, are capable of giving them the greatest possible pleasure, classicism, on the contrary, of presenting them with that which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their grandfathers." What Stendhal said of literature may well be said of music. Romanticism in music did not come in with Hector Berlioz; it is to be found in music by Scarlatti, Couperin; in music by Handel, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven. For as Pater puts it, "the romantic spirit is, in reality, an ever-present, an enduring principle, in the artistic temperament; and the qualities of thought and style, which that and other similar uses of the word 'romantic' really indicate, are indeed but symptoms of a very continuous and widely working influence." Nor is classic music only that which is "old and accustomed." No, there is no hard and fixed line between music that is classic and music that is romantic. There is only music that is good or bad; music that is still fresh though it was written two centuries ago; music that is dull and boresome though it was composed last year.

Yesterday there was classically romantic music performed in the appropriately romantic manner: with classic purity of musical outline with romantic coloring-haunting euphony, dazzling brilliance demanded by Berlioz; the melancholy and tenderness peculiar to Schubert; the restless, impassioned energy and the dreaminess that were Schumann's own.

The next concert in the Tuesday series will take place on April 2.

G. S. M.

MORE ABOUT THE PROGRAMS

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Ordinarily I would be content to leave the Symphony Program subject with no further comment, but in replying as if there had been an attack on Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. H. T. P. is really barking up a different tree from mine. A few more words may therefore be permissible.

In passing it is only fair to say that no one who has watched Mr. Koussevitzky as director of the orchestra can question his sincerity, devotion to his ideals, musical ability, successful handling of his men and intensive application to his work. His interpretations of what comes within my limited appreciation seem to me artistic, and in the main satisfactory.

Since we are really dealing with programs and not directors, we must revise our arithmetic. Experienced computers would at once question whether a piece demanding half or more of the program like Mahler's or "America," should not have a value in counting of two or three ordinary pieces, but just now I make no claim here, but I do insist that the programs of the guest conductors be counted. Of the concert of Arbos I have heard nothing but praise, "an admirable cross section of Spanish music." Honegger presented eight of his own compositions. The concertino was aided by the psychology of a charming pianiste, while the onomatopœic "Pacific 231" may be tolerated for its plainly imitative features.

There are therefore six Honeggers to add to the eighteen possible "departures from orthodox custom," twenty-four in all. And then there is Prokofieff, with the "Classical Symphony" to his credit and one of his customary numbers to balance it. In view of the revision of the arithmetic, I feel that it is still reasonable to ask for fewer of the less interesting modernists.

As for the "larger and deeper interest," I fully realize it, for have I not been repeatedly reminded of the need of contributions to reduce the growing deficit? The "satisfied customer" plays an important part in commerce; should it not hold good in art and music?

I agree perfectly with H. T. P. that youth is active and energetic, and will "work his head off" for his own ideals, but I notice that it is usually the older group that is invited in to help to pay the bills. The question of "taking flight to New York or Chicago" pertains not to music alone or art, or matters in which the young may take counsel from the old. It is a burning business question in a good many circles, the migration of literary centers to New York, cotton industries to the South and boots and shoes to the West, for example, and it is not to be avoided by giving youth its head, but is a sober and serious matter for the consideration of and action of practical business men.

JOHN RITCHIE

Malden, March 9.

TWO SYMPHONIES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Schubert and Schumann on Third Tuesday Program

Mr Koussevitzky again put two symphonies on the program of the third Tuesday concert of the Boston Symphony yesterday, Schubert's "Unfinished" and Schumann's First. The only other number was Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" overture, so the concert was unusually short. Although the programs of this series do not follow this year any historical scheme these numbers were seemingly chosen to represent the romantic movement in 19th century music.

An audience which filled the hall, as all Boston Symphony audiences, thanks to Mr Koussevitzky's immense popularity, now do, seemed greatly pleased with program and performance. It is the dramatic contrasts, the theatrical quality of romantic music which Mr Koussevitzky chiefly emphasises. He cares less, it would seem, for the kind of romanticism exemplified in Keats' lines about the "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn," or in Wordsworth's line about "old unhappy far-off things" than he does for the glitter and stage thunder of which Byron was past master. The simplicity and sentiment of Schubert evade him But he excels in Schumann's moody music of Spring, and revels in the brilliance of Berlioz' "Roman Carnival." The only melancholy and languor he seems to feel intuitively is that to be found in Tschaikowsky.

Yesterday's performance was typical of the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky. The orchestra played eloquently, brilliantly, but not with perfect accuracy. Mr Koussevitzky does not insist on the drill master precision secured by such conductors as Muck and Toscanini. He, perhaps feels that absolute accuracy of detail could be won only at a sacrifice of emotional power. Yet those who have listened to Muck and Toscanini have seldom felt any lack of emotional power in their conducting.

One admired yesterday the skill with which the melodic line of Schumann's slow movement was revealed. Mr Koussevitzky did not begin his career by triumphing over the double bass' limitations for nothing. Anything that can be interpreted as a soulful piece for 'cello, or for the double bass as played by Koussevitzky, he always does well.

In the first movement of the Schumann one thought what a fine pianoforte concerto Schumann could have made by adding a piano solo part, so essentially pianistic are the melodies he used.

The next concert in this series will be given April 2.

P. R.

GLOBE WANTS
READ THEM TODAY

SYMPHONY IN ALL CLASSICS

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Berlioz's Overture was heard for the first time this season, to be played again at the concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. This is the second time during the current series that a Tuesday afternoon audience has had the pleasure of hearing a first performance of the year. Mr. Koussevitzky gave the familiar overture his usual sympathetic reading. Under his hand it was polished until it shone with dazzling brilliance.

Prevailingly in the past Mr. Koussevitzky's version of the "Unfinished" Symphony has suggested a dramatic tone-poem rather than a composition chiefly made up of flowing melody. Yesterday, however, the orchestra played the Symphony with consistent beauty of tone, with careful regard to smoothness and length of line.

Once more at Mr. Koussevitzky's hands the Symphony of Schumann came into its own. It has remained for him to rejuvenate this senescent masterpiece, to reveal in it beauties unsuspected by the present generation. In response to the hearty applause which followed its performance Mr. Koussevitzky bade his orchestra rise in acknowledgement.

Concert-Chronicle

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ONE virtue of the more brittle music by contemporary composers which conservative listeners have overlooked in their plea for old-fashioned symphony programs is its usefulness as spicy contrast to solid and conventional matter. They may not like it when they hear it. But they may appreciate their Schumann, Brahms and Beethoven with all the more relish, albeit with knowing satisfaction on the superiority of established masters, if they have something entirely different with which to set them off. To put the contemporary composer in this secondary service is far from his just due; but the conservatives should consider the matter in this light before seeking to have programs all of standard numbers.

Whether the third concert in the Tuesday series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday needed modern spice is matter for conjecture. Perhaps the weather was too spring-like for enthusiasm in the concert hall. Perhaps the orchestra had not recovered from its trip. Perhaps the Tuesday afternoon audience is not so devoted to a program all of the "classics" as it imagines itself to be. Most likely a combination of these circumstances obtained. Whatever the case, when the orchestra played Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony and Schumann's First Symphony, in B major, the applause was not remarkable. Before these two symphonies Mr. Koussevitzky proferred the fantastic contrast of Berlioz's Overture, "Roman Carnival," in lieu of a contemporary compositon which would serve the same purpose. Strangely enough, Schubert's symphony, usually warmly received at these supplementary concerts, drew but scattered approval. The same may be said of Berlioz' overture.

"Roman Carnival," originally intended as the introduction to the second act of the composer's opera, "Benvenuto Cellini," has been a familiar, though not too familiar, repertory number with most orchestras. As students ,we understood that Berlioz loomed large in the history of music, a significant if erratic individuality and a master of orchestral technique. We have read his scores. We have studied his treatise on orchestration. Yet, with the exception of "Roman Carnival," seldom have we heard his less familiar compositions performed. In the same spirit of adventure and research, Mr. Koussevitzky would please many of us by performing some of this seldom-heard music of Berlioz. Yesterday he drew the overture together as a more coherent piece than it has seemed at previous hearings. The theme of the English horn was beautifully played; the melody expanded and moved smoothly to the violas; the saltarello measures acquired vitality and significance.

The orchestra is now almost too familiar with Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony. The performance moved slowly and reverently, but it wanted the interested and graceful delicacy which characterized previous performances. Mr. Koussevitzky softened the ensemble for the woodwind soloists who affectionately did their part. With Schumann's symphony, too, the conductor was less enthused than usual. But the impetuous close, was irresistible, and the orchestra rounded it off with enthusiasm. N. M. J.

Sibelius in New York

The third symphony of Jan Sibelius, Mr. Koussevitzly's second number [at the matinée of the Boston Orchestra in New York last Saturday] is a relatively unfamiliar one. If not the loftiest or the most individual of the Finnish giant's six works in this form it is replete with beauties that can ill be spared in these times of endless repetitions of the same standard works in alternation with puerile and transient novelties. Why our conductors have never taken Sibelius more to heart is difficult to understand. Do they believe that our audiences are bored? That of Saturday was amply applausive. Or is it possible that they think first of their own background, and become propagandists for their nationals, leaving the lonely Finn of Tavastehus without any persistent champion. This symphony is a warm and richly hued work, in no way justifying those terms of "bleak," "dour" and "somber" that quite possibly have done Sibelius much harm with audiences that hope to be excited and not depressed. In style, it is transitional, less unified, less personal perhaps than works which preceded and followed it. But its themes are strong and melodius, their treatment that of an artist of great capacity and deep sincerity. The symphony was superbly played, a marvel of clarity, balance and sumptuous tone. [Oscar Thompson in The Evening Post

The Sibelius symphony resembles his other orchestral work in that the melodic materials suggest the folk songs of the Finns and some of the rhythms that of the historic ballad of that people. It is a strong symphony, with the deep, brooding emotion which characterizes so much of Sibelius's art and the aggressive advances into broad expansions of its ideas. But it lacks firmness of joint in many places and it wants the relief of a burst of cheerfulness or at least of content. Mr. Koussevitzky interpreted it with compelling sympathy and the orchestra performed it with somber richness of tone. [W. J. Henderson in The Sun

Incidentally

Let Frederick the Great have his due. Also, give Mr. Koussevitzky the recognition of playing his music quite as beautifully as he might have played a symphony by Haydn or Mozart. . . . To conclude his program, Mr. Koussevitzky repeated his incandescent performance of Strauss's "Zarathustra." One needs to listen to such playing with caution, not to go over heart and soul, bag and baggage, to music that past experience has placed among the less inspired works of a supreme master of sonorities, a wizard who long since proved his ability to make commonplace material sound like the music of the spheres, given such a performance as this one to work his magic through. [The Evening Post

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Herald Mar. 13 29

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The orchestra is now almost too familiar with Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony. The performance moved slowly and reverently, but it wanted the interested and graceful delicacy which characterized previous performances. Mr. Koussevitzky softened the ensemble for the woodwind soloists who affectionately did their part. With Schumann's symphony, too, the conductor was less enthused than usual. But the impetuous close, was irresistible, and the orchestra rounded it off with enthusiasm. N. M. J.

Sibelius in New York

The third symphony of Jan Sibelius, Mr. Koussevitzly's second number [at the matinée of the Boston Orchestra in New York last Saturday] is a relatively unfamiliar one. If not the loftiest or the most individual of the Finnish giant's six works in this form it is replete with beauties that can ill be spared in these times of endless repetitions of the same standard works in alternation with puerile and transient novelties. Why our conductors have never taken Sibelius more to heart is difficult to understand. Do they believe that our audiences are bored? That of Saturday was amply applausive. Or is it possible that they think first of their own background, and become propagandists for their nationals, leaving the lonely Finn of Tavastehus without any persistent champion. This symphony is a warm and richly hued work, in no way justifying those terms of "bleak," "dour" and "somber" that quite possibly have done Sibelius much harm with audiences that hope to be excited and not depressed. In style, it is transitional, less unified, less personal perhaps than works which preceded and followed it. But its themes are strong and melodius, their treatment that of an artist of great capacity and deep sincerity. The symphony was superbly played, a marvel of clarity, balance and sumptuous tone. [Oscar Thompson in The Evening Post

The Sibelius symphony resembles his other orchestral work in that the melodic materials suggest the folk songs of the Finns and some of the rhythms that of the historic ballad of that people. It is a strong symphony, with the deep, brooding emotion which characterizes so much of Sibelius's art and the aggressive advances into broad expansions of its ideas. But it lacks firmness of joint in many places and it wants the relief of a burst of cheerfulness or at least of content. Mr. Koussevitzky interpreted it with compelling sympathy and the orchestra performed it with somber richness of tone. [W. J. Henderson in The Sun

Incidenfally

Let Frederick the Great have his due. Also, give Mr. Koussevitzky the recognition of playing his music quite as beautifully as he might have played a symphony by Haydn or Mozart. . . . To conclude his program, Mr. Koussevitzky repeated his incandescent performance of Strauss's "Zarathustra." One needs to listen to such playing with caution, not to go over heart and soul, bag and baggage, to music that past experience has placed among the less inspired works of a supreme master of sonorities, a wizard who long since proved his ability to make commonplace material sound like the music of the spheres, given such a performance as this one to work his magic through. [The Evening Post

Castles Down ... The Jubilee ... chestra of ... s First ... actor

THE TRUSTEES of the Symphony Orchestra are hopeful that when it celebrates a fiftieth season two years hence, Sir George Henschel may come from London to be their guest. He was conductor at its first concert in the autumn of 1881. In the spring of 1931, he might even lead it through one number from his first program. The hope and the prospect are not so vain as some may fancy. Read, for proof, this paragraph from the London Daily Telegraph about Sir George's present liveliness:

It has been written in various places in the last few days that Sir George Henschel shows no outward and visible sign of having reached the beginning of his eightieth year. Outward certainly not; inward also certainly not. It is not more than a few weeks ago that he walked several miles to visit me, and incidently walked back, his gait as light as that of a thirty-year-old. During our ten-table talk, this octogenarian related a yarn of an Aberdonian who had sent to a lady a Christmas greeting, wishing her the joys of Christmas in 1928, 1929 and 1930—these dates all printed upon one card, the cost of the greeting for three years being thus compounded! Nothing the matter with the octogenarian mind that is, so to speak, so lighthearted.

Letters to the Editor

THE SYMPHONY PROGRAMS

Mar 12

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Thinking again of the Symphony Concert programs, I can't help feeling that Mr. H. T. P. did not see the point of my argument. My plea was for good standard music, not for "try it ons."

For more than forty years there was a time-honored custom. Saturday night was a sacred rite. Now, on account of increased demands, concerts are given on Mondays and Tuesdays, in addition to those given on Saturdays.

On Mondays and Tuesdays, the programs are strictly classical. On Saturdays, there is usually some sort of a symphony or a suite, or some ballet music. The rest of the program is filled up with "try it ons," many of which don't fit.

Why not make everybody and every concert happy, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, by having two-thirds of each program devoted to distinguished music and the other third devoted to "try it ons" or to well worn gowns which everybody likes to wear.

Quoting from the Transcript's letter of March 6, written by Mr. John Ritchie—bless his heart!—Mr. Ritchie says: "We are in an age of new art and in pictures, I have been told that they occasionally get hung upside down and no one knows the difference. In the gallery one may select the subject to view, but in the concert hall one must accept what the gods provide and muffle his mumblings."

Let me add that a young friend of mine, bitten with modernity, has his house filled with examples of the ultra-modern school. On one of his walls hangs a picture of Adam and Eve. No one can see any difference between Adam and Eve, or Eve and Adam.

CLAYTON JOHNS

Boston, March 10.

TWO SYMPHONIES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Mar 13 29

Schubert and Schumann on Third Tuesday Program

Mr Koussevitzky again put two symphonies on the program of the third Tuesday concert of the Boston Symphony yesterday, Schubert's "Unfinished" and Schumann's First. The only other number was Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" overture, so the concert was unusually short. Although the programs of this series do not follow this year any historical scheme these numbers were seemingly chosen to represent the romantic movement in 19th century music.

An audience which filled the hall, as all Boston Symphony audiences, thanks to Mr Koussevitzky's immense popularity, now do, seemed greatly pleased with program and performance. It is the dramatic contrasts, the theatrical quality of romantic music which Mr Koussevitzky chiefly emphasises. He cares less, it would seem, for the kind of romanticism exemplified in Keats' lines about the "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn," or in Wordsworth's line about "old unhappy far-off things" than he does for the glitter and stage thunder of which Byron was past master. The simplicity and sentiment of Schubert evade him But he excels in Schumann's moody music of Spring, and revels in the brilliance of Berlioz' "Roman Carnival." The only melancholy and languor he seems to feel intuitively is that to be found in Tschaikowsky.

Yesterday's performance was typical of the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky. The orchestra played eloquently, brilliantly, but not with perfect accuracy. Mr Koussevitzky does not insist on the drill master precision secured by such conductors as Muck and Toscanini. He, perhaps feels that absolute accuracy of detail could be won only at a sacrifice of emotional power. Yet those who have listened to Muck and Toscanini have seldom felt any lack of emotional power in their conducting.

One admired yesterday the skill with which the melodic line of Schumann's slow movement was revealed. Mr Koussevitzky did not begin his career by triumphing over the double bass' limitations for nothing. Anything that can be interpreted as a soulful piece for 'cello, or for the double bass as played by Koussevitzky, he always does well.

In the first movement of the Schumann one thought what a fine pianoforte concerto Schumann could have made by adding a piano solo part, so essentially pianistic are the melodies he used.

The next concert in this series will be given April 2.

P. R.

GLOBE WANTS READ THEM TODAY

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TRANS MAR. 14 '29 Phila.

Bouncing Into Fortune's Lap And Out Again

The Years and The Courses Of Vladimir Dukelsky, Composer at Hand

COMPOSERS of modern music are a wandering race. Often they live and work outside their own country. Ernest Bloch embraced American faith; Varèse found congenial surroundings in New York city; while George Antheil went to France "pour épater les bourgeois." Stravinsky has not seen Russia since the days of "Petrushka." Prokofiev re-visited the U. S. S. R. after his fame was firmly established in foreign lands. The youngest side of Russia is Vladimir Dukelsky, Russian who writes Russian music outrightful heir to Stravinsky and Prokofiev in spirit and manner, but as independent of either as any college boy blossoming forth into a grand career along the lines in which his parents, now growing respectable, had been prominent and successful. This week his Symphony in F will be heard at the Symphony Concerts.

Dukelsky—writes Nicolas Slonimsky to The Transcript—belongs entirely to the twentieth century. He was born in 1903, with the movies and aviation, and grew at a quick pace. At eight he was already engaged in composition of a ballet in fourteen acts, having picked up elementary information about music anywhere he could. He also felt the disturbing flow of poetic feelings within him and indulged in poetry until the realization of his musical powers displaced the weaker gift. Both symbolism and classicism attracted him; he chose Maeterlinck for an "opera in three acts" and an arcadian story about Milovsor for an opera-pastorale. At the Conservatory of Kiev he received regular instruction; his examination-piece—a string sextet—was a surprising revelation of maturity at sixteen. with Dukelsky, in the class of Gliére, was Skriabin's son, Julian, boy of genius, who was drowned at the age of eleven. A few piano pieces and an unfinished orchestral score was his legacy and for years after the quality of the music stirred speculation.

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So much, biographically, from Mr. Slonimsky. A. H. M. may now take up the tale, analytically, with a word about the impending Symphony in F major. Little less than two years ago—he writes—Mr. Koussevitzky introduced a new composer to the Symphony Concerts, Vladimir Dukelsky. The chosen music was a Suite assembled from his ballet "Zephyr and Flora," as above described. Last June Mr. Koussevitzky produced at his Paris concerts the most important work subsequently written by Dukelsky, the Symphony in F major. This week he is bringing it to Boston. It was drafted in Scotland and in Italy. The orchestration was completed in London in the spring of 1928. (Apparently the mere composition of a Symphony is not a matter to curb the young composer's globe-trotting propensities.

The symphony runs through three movements—"Risoluto," "Molto moderato," "Allegro non troppo" as finale. From the program-book of the Concerts Koussevitzky (of Paris) we learn that the first of these movements "is developed along the broadest lines and corresponds more or less to sonata-form. The first theme is heard at the beginning in chords for brass, and after some modifications leads to a contrasting episode of rhythmic character. The second theme, at first scarcely more than a sketch, is then developed and after establishing its tonality (C major) passes to the concluding theme, which is based on an episode of the type of a harmonized chorale. The development is in the character of a toccata and is decidedly homophonic in construction. In the recapitulation the two themes are somewhat modified; the second is this time in F, according to classic formula, and leads precipitately into a coda with a conclusion in fanfares.

"The broad melody of the second movement, almost a cavarina, had its origin in Florence, and it is probably to this fact that it owes its slightly Italian outline. After the middle division, which is in the character of a march (in D major), there is a brusk pause on the chord of the dominant followed by the return of the principal theme, which is played in its entirety with some additional figuration. Formally considered this last portion ends with a short stretto.

"The firsth measures of the Finale (in 2-4) serve to replace the scherzo, which is lacking as an independent movement in this Symphony. Of chief interest in this portion is the middle part in E minor, which is broadly developed. Its sad theme is first given to the strings and later grows to canon in two voices for full orchestra. The Allegro in 3-4 which follows merely represents a continued development of the principal theme of the preceding, considerably altered, and containing no new material. The form of the Finale resembles that of a rondo."

TRANS MAR 15 29

New York is still echoing praises of Mr. Koussevitzky's version of Strauss's "Zarathustra"—"played with clarity, a glory of tone, a perfection of balance, a virtuosity of utterance to make the reviewer suspect his own ears." The conductor could do worse than repeat the tone-poem on one of the four programs yet to be made for Symphony Hall.

Mr. Rakhmaninov may be expected

"The Crime of Being Young"

Vladimir Dukelsky (Helen McGregor)

Re-entering the Symphony Concerts Tomorrow and Saturday

been TRANS MAR 15 '29

Koussevitzky Amid Rattle of Radiators

THREE numbers stood upon Mr. Koussevitzky's program at Sanders Theater in Cambridge last evening: Emanuel Bach's concerto in D major as orchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg; Sibelius's concerto for violin, played by Mr. Burgin; Brahms's second symphony, in D major. But the program did not list all the happenings of the evening. Mr. Koussevitzky had no more than begun the symphony when radiators and steam pipes began to make noises. Involuntarily one wished for Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" or Prokofiev's "Pas d' Acier." Instead, Mr. Koussevitzky signaled his men to stop, descended from his platform, began smilingly to walk about among his players. Audience, orchestra, conductor "registered" nothing but amusement. When there was an interval of silence longer than the most, causing the audience to grow silent and the conductor to approach his post, another crash renewed amusement. After this there were no more attempts at starting until the proper official of Harvard University had notified Mr. Koussevitzky that he might proceed in peace. And Mr. Koussevitzky, beginning at approximately the same point at which he broke off, went on with a performance of the symphony that caused the most excited hand-clapping. Not until he had bidden his men rise did the clapping cease. An equal enthusiasm Mr. Burgin had already caused with the Sibelius concerto. For him too there was applause that made the rafters ring, that made him return again and again to make his bows. And when, after the intermission he took his place at the concert master's desk there was renewed spontaneous applause, and again the violinist made his acknowledgment.

Of the several Koussevitzkys that we know—conductor, program-maker, patron, pioneer, discoverer and explorer—none is greater than Koussevitzky the discoverer. His discoveries are of a catholicity as wide as the range of the programs themselves. They begin with or before Bach; they end with the latest stripling composer. Thus they never confine themselves to a single period or a single style. And it is almost uncanny that among these discoveries the ratio of the significant and worth-while is so exceedingly high. All of which reflections were started by hearing again Bach's concerto. It was welcomed when first heard, a few years ago. It was welcomed again on the programs of the current month. And last evening one could not help thinking that here was a piece not to be played once and laid aside, but a piece that has been part of the permanent enrichment of the repertory of the orchestra. Secondly, listening to this work, one pictured its composer sitting at a harpsichord playing for the Great Frederick's flute—and perhaps old Quantz discreetly and with cause gently coughing. And one says, "Small wonder from one of such powers." Nor must Steinberg be entirely omitted from praise for this work. For his orchestration enhances and brings to the fore many beauties which might otherwise slumber in the work unsuspected.

Let the connoisseur run through, in his mind, the list of concertos for the violin. His own artistic conscience alone will tell him how many (or how few) great works he will find. He will not need the fingers of very many hands to count them. In his enumeration he may or may not give consideration to Sibelius. Then let him hear Richard Burgin play this work of Sibelius, and the chances are strong that his list will be enlarged by it. Not in many concertos does one find so many beauties. The themes are significant. The ochestral score has much to say. The violin tops it in splendid proportioning. One feels instinctively that none of the many beauties of line, or of color, or of combination have been missed.

If it is true that the first and second themes of a symphony are the masculine and feminine manifestations of the idea of the symphony, the "hero" and "heroine" of the "plot," then Brahms has sketched a couple of perfect characters in his second symphony. They are almost twins (male and female) so perfectly do they reflect the same poetic thought from two different angles. Or perhaps it is better to say that they are the perfect lo... be... on... no... ch... rar... An... int... tra... ins...

BANG! BANG! BUT SYMPHONY WINS

Koussevitsky and Musicians In Battle with Din of Steam Pipes

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The capacity audience listening to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitsky conducting, at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, last night, knew that something was wrong. For, no matter how you play it, the sound of a hammer on a steam pipe does not enter into Brahms's Symphony No. 2.

Undismayed by the din, which came from under the seats of the audience as the steam, for some unknown reason, was turned on, M. Koussevitsky continued to wave his baton. There was bewilderment in his look, and a serious, solemn cast to the faces of the musicians. But the rhythm of the steam pipes continued.

After five minutes of an unequal battle the steam pipes won. Mr. Koussevitsky surrendered. The orchestra stopped.

Another five minutes passed with the pipes silent. The audience and M. Koussevitsky felt that the trouble was over. The symphony was resumed, when—

BANG!!

It sounded as if 50 men had simultaneously struck the steam pipes with sledge hammers. The audience laughed. M. Koussevitsky and his musicians joined in.

After a slight pause the orchestra again played. When they finished the piece they received just what they deserved—tremendous applause.

Herald March 15

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TRANS MAR. 14 '29 Phila.

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COMPOSERS of modern music are a wandering race. Often they live and work outside their own country. Ernest Bloch embraced American faith; Varèse found congeilal surroundings in New York city; while George Antheil went to France "pour épater les bourgeois." Stravinsky has not seen Russia since the days of "Petrushka." Prokoffiev re-visited the U. S. S. R. after his fame was firmly established in foreign lands. The youngest side of Russia is Vladimir Dukelsky, Russian who writes Russian music outrightful heir to Stravinsky and Prokoffiev in spirit and manner, but as independent of either as any college boy blossoming forth into a grand career along the lines in which his parents, now growing respectable, had been prominent and successful. This week his Symphony in F will be heard at the Symphony Concerts.

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Let the connoisseur run through, in his mind, the list of concertos for the violin. His own artistic conscience alone will tell him how many (or how few) great works he will find. He will not need the fingers of very many hands to count them. In his enumeration he may or may not give consideration to Sibelius. Then let him hear Richard Burgin play this work of Sibelius, and the chances are strong that his list will be enlarged by it. Not in many concertos does one find so many beauties. The themes are significant. The ochestral score has much to say. The violin tops it in splendid proportioning. One feels instinctively that none of the many beauties of line, or of color, or of combination have been missed.

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Herald March 15

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TRANS MAR. 14 '29 Phila.

Bouncing Into Fortune's Lap And Out Again

The Years and The Courses Of Vladimir Dukelsky, Composer at Hand

COMPOSERS of modern music are a wandering race. Often they live and work outside their own country. Ernest Bloch embraced American faith; Varèse found congenial surroundings in New York city; while George Antheil went to France "pour épater les bourgeois." Stravinsky has not seen Russia since the days of "Petrushka." Prokofiev re-visited the U. S. S. R. after his fame was firmly established in foreign lands. The youngest side of Russia is Vladimir Dukelsky, Russian who writes Russian music outrightful heir to Stravinsky and Prokofiev in spirit and manner, but as independent of either as any college boy blossoming forth into a grand career along the lines in which his parents, now growing respectable, had been prominent and successful. This week his Symphony in F will be heard at the Symphony Concerts.

Dukelsky—writes Nicolas Slonimsky to The Transcript—belongs entirely to the twentieth century. He was born in 1903 with the movies and aviation, and grew at a quick pace. At eight he was already engaged in composition of a ballet in fourteen acts, having picked up elementary information about music anywhere he could. He also felt the disturbing flow of poetic feelings within him and indulged in poetry until the realization of his musical powers displaced the weaker gift. Both symbolism and classicism attracted him; he chose Maeterlinck for an "opera in three acts" and an arcadian story about Milovsor for an opera-pastorale. At the Conservatory of Kiev he received regular instruction; his examination-piece—a string sextet—was a surprising revelation of maturity at sixteen, with Dukelsky, in the class of Gliére, was Skriabin's son, Julian, boy of genius, who was drowned at the age of eleven. A few piano pieces and an unfinished orchestral score was his legacy and for years after the quality of the music stirred speculation.

The civil war in Russia divided the country into separated fragments, with no definite boundaries. The overflow of population moved in general direction southwards, converging on Constantinople, where the various streams met. Dukelsky was caught in the tide, and emerged as Boy-Scout and member of the Y. M. C. A. in the Turkish capital, which at that time was in an occupation by the Allied forces. Dukelsky's family spoke English, and he himself was a polyglot. American affiliations saved him from the bitterest ordeals of Russian emigres. He did some piano-playing here and there; composed songs which passed unappreciated at the Y. M. C. A.'s Musicales; wrote a ballet for a Russian group of dancers appearing at one of the theaters. Constantinople in 1920 was a melting pot of all nationalities, fit only for temporary refuge. Steamers and railroads were busy carrying Russians to France and Germany. Dukelsky waited for a bigger chance, and one fine day, an American ship took him and his family to New York. He struggled valiantly for a place in the unorganized musical colony. An Overture from his pen was played at Carnegie Hall and dismissed as a piece of risible pretence.

In 1923 Dukelsky completed his Piano-Concerto in C major. It marks his beginnings as composer of power and imagination. There could be no mistake: it sufficed to hear the first two measures—a simple excursion from C major to G-sharp minor and back—to invest in the composer's future. As it stands now, it is one of the best modern Concertos—for the piano, not for a dissembling harpsichord or illusory percussion instrument. The quality of the music is such as may be expected from a composer of genius unaware of his abilities and his inspiration, free of influences, repressions or inhibitions. Not a false stroke or affected emphasis from one end to the other, and a display of brilliance in the coda that would dazzle even those brought up on Lisztian sonorities. The secret lies in the simplicity of design and resulting concentration and condensation of effect. The Concerto, willingly proffered by the composer at private parties in arrangement for two pianos, aroused a few inchoate societies of modern music but the tempo of events was obviously slow, with no prospect of a vigorous accelerando. After many discussions, doubts and fears, Dukelsky sailed for Paris, there to start it all over again as others had started. He was well furnished with introductory letters to Parisian magnificoes of the baton and the press. But, almost Lindbergh like, he did not have to use these testimonials to his worth. He met Diaghilev, played the Concerto for him, was instantly "discovered," and commissioned to write a ballet.

The theme was Zephyr and other winds improbably falling in love with Flora, with intermezzi, interludes and various episodes. Dukelsky wrote it in Monte Carlo, in the basement of the Casino, and Diaghilev's troupe gave it to the world. From the beginning the reception was fa-

Diaghilev hailed him as his third find—after Stravinsky and Prokofiev; the papers buzzed; Poulenc and Auric wrote articles about Dukelsky's opinions on jazz, and his picture was reproduced in musical journals. At the first night in Paris the orchestra played atrociously, but the composer was cordially greeted and, clad in immaculate black and white, bowed from the stage. Then came London and, with changing fortunes, other cities with a few depressing lulls between. Dukelsky was flying back and forth, from Paris to Venice, from Monte Carlo to London, overcoming the barriers that are set for Russian citizens traveling in Europe. He was a picturesque and engaging figure in those days, almost mid-Victorian in the magnificence of his deportment and the resplendence of his attire. Fortunately, his versatility spared him pecuniary embarrassments. He contributed, as Mr. Duke, a few jazz-numbers to a London review, and the royalties therefrom kept him going comfortably for a length of time. He wrote, in 1925, three songs to eighteenth-century Russian texts, charming and simple musical treatment of the subject. Stravinsky was fond of the songs; and seekers for sensation may dicover in "Apollo," which was written two years later, a passage well-nigh identical with the introductory measures of one of Dukelsky's melodies. . . . But—has not Stravinsky written a ballet entirely based upon Chaikovsky's tunes?

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Herald March 15

The Concerto, The Violinist, The Conductor

TRANS MAR. 16 –

From Brahms Transfigured To Dukelsky Introduced At Symphony Hall

FROM the years before the late war recollection treasures an unsurpassed performance at Symphony Hall of Beethoven's Concerto for Violin. Dr. Muck was the conductor; Mr. Kreisler, the violinist. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Heifetz and an orchestra of like flexibility and fineness did as much for Brahms's Violin-Concerto. Objectors will hasten to say that both conductor and violinist slipped into Mr. Toscanini's pit, overdoing the lyric, the songful, Brahms. They will add in the next breath that the twofold performance, thus softened and sweetened, missed "ruggedness"—the word in which, almost invariably, they epitomize the composer. Brahms, they will conclude, wrote a music of thought and line; whereas Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Heifetz drew from the Concerto a music of feeling and color.

So saying, these objectors proceed from a general principle, which may or may not be valid as applied to the whole work of Brahms, rather than from the particular instance on Friday before them. It is true that the first movement of the Concerto is intrinsically symphonic; that the development of musical ideas between violin and orchestra seems the primary purpose; that here and there, especially in the "passage-work," the composer is as abstruse, not to say plodding, as the most devout of earlier Brahmsians could wish. On the other hand, even this first division, considered without prepossession, is of lighter substance and texture than are usual with Brahms, more gracious of motion, more seductive to the ear. Unmistakably, the ensuing slow movement unfolds gentle matter and pensive mood; while the Finale is manifestly free-rhythmed, quick-spirited, almost light-hearted. Moreover, from the cadenza of the first movement, through the euphonies of the second, to the bright turns of the third Brahms—no doubt with Joachim at his side—has not neglected opportunity for the violinist as virtuoso.

The truth is that the gravest and most puissant of composers usually relax themselves when they write a Concerto for Violin. As likely as not they are persuaded to such courses by the sound of the fiddle. It can sing melodies, set them a-quiver with feeling, touch and clothe them with beauty. Therefore melodies it shall have, melodies that invite these gentler strokes and moods. The fiddle, again, is capable of fine-shaded or luscious euphonies with an instrument or a choir in the accompanying orchestra. A composer would be musical mathematician or musical anchorite did he renounce such suavities. The tone of the fiddle, once more, can make "passage-work" the play of lustrous figures into silken pattern woven; wherefore the composer draws a sigh of relief as he sets to his "development."

For a Concerto for Violin—and for the most part a Concerto for Piano—is conceived at the outset as an ingratiating music; or of itself comes to be such. Possibly violin-concertos were written first for the Herr Kapellmeister or the signal virtuoso of the patron's orchestra, bound to please the seigneur's guests in a noble apartment. The salon enlarged into the concert-hall, the Herr Kapellmeister evolved into the far-reputed and wandering virtuoso. Thereby the intent and the quality of the Concerto stood confirmed. The nineteenth century, with its passion for educing non-musical values from music, was a forcing-house for prigs. But which one of its admired composers ever wrote an altogether "thoughtful" violin-concerto? Present modernism is a breeding-place for a new sort of pedants; but the worst of them have not yet wizened up their pieces for violin.

Therefore, it is within reason to make Brahms's Violin-Concerto ingratiating, instead of formidable, to clothe it with a tempered beauty of the ear and of the senses—the course and the end that Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Heifetz and the orchestra yesterday accomplished. It were an old story to recount anew the limpid flow, the instant elasticity, the super-sensibility of the violinist's tone; its edgeless contours, silken texture, speckless surface; to dwell upon its just measure, its singing warmth, its inexhaustible fineness of graduation and transition; above all that quality for which the moderns have found a limping word—its musicality. There is no violinist to transcend Mr. Heifetz in the conception of music as thought and emotion transfused into patterned and beautified sound. In such fashion he responds to it; in such guise transmits it. His sense of music is akin to Wagner's sense of the underlying melody. With these qualities he suffused, illuminated and transfigured the Violin-Concerto of Brahms.

By the same token it is needless to dwell upon the ability of Mr. Koussevitzky to sound the songful note in Brahms, to release him, when the music warrants, into glowing and romantical beauty, to distil the pensive mood, uncover the smiling face, release the gracious fingers to which Johannes, however "rugged" and "abstruse," was no stranger. As superfluous to renew praises for the sedulous, susceptible, divining Koussevitzky as conductor in concertos; or for the orchestra that, in the play of these qualities, is his responsive instrument. To all these things the audience testified while it listened rapt; when it applauded the returning conductor hardly less than it had clapped the recalled violinist. And for Johannes thus new robed in songful and sensuous beauty? There is but one answer. He need not go musically as he went too often visually, in clothes that may have been "rugged" but were unmistakably uncouth, ill-fitting, unbrushed.

The other incident of as pleasurable a concert as the symphonic year has yielded was the playing of Mr. Dukelsky's Symphony. The obliging "programist," eager, like the rest of us, to re-assure those who seemed to doubt the existence of the young Russian, quoted him as saying: "As to my ideas on music—I do hate all 'modernism,' and I love being modern," which sentence might be true description of his piece. The "modernism," which he sets between scornful quotation-marks is too widely known, too often endured. It proceeds by pedantic formulas; it applies them by a quasi-mathematical cerebration. It would have ideas bone-dry: processes machine-like and marrowless. It keeps one eye on the theories and practice in vogue; the other on the audience to be grated as by sand-paper. In fear lest it say something conventional, it reiterates that which is fashionably eccentric or that which is dryly null. "Being modern," as Mr. Dukelsky puts it, is another matter. To be so is to be sensitive to the musical air blowing over our time, to set it astir in one's own composition because there is no other natural, honest way; to accept the time-spirit yet to tinge it with the individuality that is equally precious possession. Out of the past, says the wise modern, it is possible to achieve the present.

As Mr. Dukelsky preaches—if the word is in place with so witty, not to say pert, a young gentleman—so he practices. There is Latin, as well as Russian, blood in his veins; he is fond of Mediterranean skies. Therefore the warmly songful measures, broad-curved and with Italianate pulse, of his slow movement. The time-spirit, however, is restless. Forthwith a march-rhythm is the motion, while the sonorities enlarge. There is halt and the songful glow returns expansive. No remarkable, no epochal music—as though composers always wrote such!—but music of clear personal quality, winning and holding interest, which is quite enough to ask of Mr. Dukelsky in the twenty-sixth year of his precocious Russian age.

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Music Born From Visions Into Sounds

TRANS MAR. 16

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THE fire in Bruckner had free channel. Logs were not felled across its road. No neuro-watchman sprang alert as to an alarm when it began its stirring and collings preparatory to motion, and promptly set to beating it from its course and driving it in alien directions. No haggard fear commenced running about, hissing, "Take care, this is not modern; this is not the symphony of the future; this is not what is wanted by our time; this will not free the Austrian youth and let floods of life over the sands; this is not greater than Brahms; this is not the most important form of music; this is not carrying Beethoven further than Beethoven could go." Something did not shrill, "Yonder is a man your contemporary who had done revolutionary work; make this modern, make it new and important; you must give just this nuance, you must give just that tone!" There was no floating baseless mind to interfere, to wrench the bud from its root, to commence kneading and forcing and trimming, to look into the world and get ideas and then give the musician back his substance wrapped in tight neat packages. There was the fire, only; rising, towering, finding its path; and the road before it was clear of obstructions.

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And Bruckner's works are large in form as in conception. They bring us into contact with an elemental and taurian strength. The lung-capacity of the man, the vast span and breadth of his themes and thematic groups make the majority of composers seem asthmatic. The rhythmic hurl, curve and freshness of his rude, lumbering and troll-like scherzi subjects; the Homeric delight shown by him in ruddy sonorities in the exuberant blasts of the reinforced brass; the cubical bulk of so many of his opening and final movements, make it appear to the fancy as though an elemental spirit had broken forth. Once the slow, ox-like power is gotten in motion; once the Bruckner orchestra begins squaring its great monoliths of tone, then, mountainous things commence to happen. The great gradual climaxes of the adagios of the symphonies; the long powerfully sustained ecstasies with their wildly and solemnly chanting trumpets, have something almost terrible in their vehemence and amount. The great battering-rams are slowly gotten in action. But, once heaved forward, they crash walls down.

The man was an innocent, seeing only his own idea. Modern music has no greater example of perfect unsophistication and oneness. Bruckner must have lived in complete obliviousness of his surroundings. A sort of rudimentary connsciousness of things was there, perhaps, sufficient to steer him through a few duties; but the greater part of his man was walking always in the high cathedral of his vision. Waltz-blooded Vienna could scarce have existed for him. What rumbled and flowed beneath his windows; what he passed through in his courses through the streets, was vapor merely. Where a world felt lightness of life and the decay of a state and modern commercial tempi, there the little organist found the walls and windows and vaulting of a cathedral nave; and the high experiences that transformed themselves imperceptibly into the solemn trumpetings and ecstatic gamuts of his unworldly musics. No brother in blank Carthusian aisles could have paced sunken further in prayerfulness, God-passionates and Lenten mood, than Bruckner through the city roads. There was the father in heaven. There was the father in heaven, and not the houses and the people. There was the father in heaven who could open his robes and hang them about his child in the cold as the walls of a woolen tent. There was no realness in the world except the soversign moments when he lifted his child out of the lonely gray air into his bosom, and held him tight with his hand till the good minute went and the clouds of beatitude dwindled in the sad color of the world.

Here was the [illegible] God-lover, God-embracer, in contemporary Vienna! Bruckner not only was an innocent; he was a mystic too. On the back of this subject of Francis Joseph's, there sat the robe of the world-estranged seer. The German mystics are his kinsmen more than are the musicians; more than is the religio-philosophical Beethoven of the Ninth Symphony and the "Missa Solemnis," from whom he stems; more than is the piestic Bach, whose God-love he shared. To be sure, Bruckner remains an Austrian composer in his idiom, if not in his thought. His love for soft orchestral effects, for rich full color, links him with Schubert. Like Schubert, he speaks major in minor keys. Indeed, there are pages of his that make him seem the most Austrian of all composers; the one least affected by Italian sweetness and imbued most strongly with the uncontaminated racial traits.

The contemporary of Wagner and Brahms and Franck, Bruckner brings to mind not so much the refinements of his own century as the uncouthness of the Allemanic tribesmen, his ancestors, who smeared their long hair with butter and brewed thick black beers. For all the magnificences of his orchestration, he remains the Upper-Austrian peasant, uncultivated, clumsy, naïve. One of his works, a Te Deum, is qualified with the adjective "Peasant"; all his work, so heavy-limbed and slow-blooded, deserves the title. The spirit of lightness, of the graceful dance, of the delicate jest, of the subtle half-statement, present in so many Austrian musicians, in Mozart, for example, is absent almost entirely from his work. Absent, too, is the gayety and charm and sweetness of Schubert. Bruckner's dance is all hoofs, all heavy springs and drunken fury. Even the trios of his scherzi, tender, dreamy and intermezzo-like, have a certain predominant homeliness and humbleness. The good-natured, sluggish South-German farmer dreams across his sunny land.

And yet, of course, one finds oneself setting him by the side of the religious mystics. One feels in Bruckner a completer removal from the world of objective reality, a completer tendency to consider all events purely from a psychological viewpoint, a completer habit of perceiving in the outer world merely the image of his own inner, than one finds either in the later Beethoven or in the most Memnonite pages of Bach's cantatas. It is in the company of a seer like Jacob Boehme, say, that one finds oneself instinctively placing him. In the square massive symphonies of the modern, as in the confessions of the seventeenth-century imaginer of the "centrum naturae," the "virgin Sophia," one glimpses the workings of a similar excessive transformation of the lust of the eye and the other senses into the power of mystical and almost hallucinatory vision. There are pages in the adagios of Bruckner that appear strangely akin to the records of his inner experiences left by the cobbler of Görlitz; to the experiences of the mystic marriages, the perception of fiery symbols, the progression from lugubrious depressed states through ecstasy to tranquility.

How it comes that in listening to the performances of ninety instrumentalists on their fiddles, pipes and horns, one should enter through such forbidden doors; that, it is not easy to explain. Perhaps the cause of the strange communication lies in Bruckner's predilection for themes of a chorale or hymn-like character. It is possible that it results from the general austere and yet strangely soft and tender character of his style. His harmony is rich, solemn, stately. He delighted in the use of full, grandiose progressions of chords in the brass, through which harp music sweeps. His climaxes are slow, distended, piercing; it is possible that the solemn tones of the trombones, the sobbing of horns through pulsating chords of shrilling wind and strings, are in some measure the origin of the sensations communicated. It may be that the general character of the work, merely, predisposes one to interpret so the ecstasies. We cannot say for sure. It is doubtful whether any analysis of form, no matter how keen and scientific it may be, can arrive at elucidating these mysteries of art. And yet, we know full well that just as, in some mysterious manner, the Bruckner scherzi bring one the sensations of being in the open air, of seeing the green earth and gray sky, so, too, the Bruckner adagios give us the sensations of an inner hallucinatory vision. The light that goes up in us from the chanting of the clear, high, loud orchestra in those movements, is not, we are somehow positive, the light that comes from the sun. It is not the light irradiated into an hundred tints by the orchestra of Debussy and the other impressionists. It is the dazzling shine that some dreaming men have suddenly seen piercing at them from out an opaque wall, or seen flooding upward at night from earth strewn thick with leaves.

PAUL ROSENFELD

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TRANS MAR 16

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Heifetz Plays With Boston Orchestra

MON. MAR. 16

Popular interest in the nineteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra centered, naturally enough, in the appearance of Jascha Heifetz, who lent his baronial art to the meridian exposition of the Brahms Violin Concerto. The ovation accorded him from floor and platform alike broke down the imperturbability even of this fastidious artist, who smiled almost shyly in acknowledgment. Nor, without in the least detracting from his imperious performance, should the support vouchsafed him by Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra be overlooked. No soloist could hope for better backing. The audience recognized the importance of this orchestral contribution, and gave the conductor more than the usual applause when he returned to the stage after the soloist had finally been released.

The concerto occupied the position immediately following the intermission. The place of honor immediately preceding that interval was allotted to a new Symphony in F major by Vladimir Dukelsky, a young Russian expatriate previously known to Boston only by a suite from his ballet, "Zéphyr et Flore." M. Diaghileff claims credit for the "discovery" of this young composer, along with his two elder "brothers," Stravinsky and Prokofieff. It appeared to at least one listener yesterday afternoon that M. Diaghileff in this classification had been much too amiable to M. Dukelsky. M. Diaghileff also traces the composer's musical heredity back to his "grandfather," Glinka. But in this musical genealogy has not the immediate parenthood been overlooked? There is perhaps evidence of the influence of Prokofieff in the neo-classical form; and of Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," certainly. But brush aside the film of modernity, and what have you? To this watcher the composer appears as a particularly ill-favored musical son of Tchaikovsky, attempting to conceal his lack of individuality by donning the cast-off toggery of his "elder brothers."

Mr. Heifetz was not the only soloist of the day. Mr. Louis Speyer distinguished himself by his playing of the English horn in the opening C. P. E. Bach-Steinberg Concerto for orchestra in D major, and again in the final number, Berlioz's Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain." This old concerto and like pieces of its period are always welcome because they give us repeated opportunity to enjoy the incandescence of the Boston strings. And those subscribers who left after the violin concerto missed one of the finest performances of the season. Theatrical stuff, this from Berlioz? Very likely; but a touch of the theater, a dash of Gallic liveliness, come not amiss after much Teutonic erudition. And there is nothing to be ashamed of in enjoying a good tune, sprightly rhythms and bright colors.

L. A. S.

CONCERT CALENDAR

TRANS MAR

JOSEF HOFMANN

The recital which Josef Hofmann will give in Symphony hall tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 will be the great pianist's last appearance in Boston for two years, dividing his program between the music of Chopin and Liszt.

LAST MONDAY'S PROGRAM

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give the fifth and last concert of the Monday evening series in Symphony hall, tomorrow evening, March 18, at 8:15.

Serge Koussevitzky will then present Philip Emanuel Bach's Concerto for orchestra, arranged by Maximilian Steinberg; Satie's "Gymnopedies," as orchestrated by Debussy; Dukas's Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," based on the humorous ballad of Goethe, and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in E minor.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give the second and last pair of Young People's concerts this season, in Symphony hall, next Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon, March 19 and 20, at 4 o'clock.

Serge Koussevitzky and Richard Burgin will each conduct, and explanatory remarks will be given, with stereopticon slides, by Alfred H. Meyer.

PENSION FUND PROGRAM

Serge Koussevitzky announces an all Wagner program for the coming spring Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, to be given in Symphony hall on Sunday afternoon, March 24, at 3:30.

The Concerto, The Violinist, The Conductor

TRANS MAR. 16 –

From Brahms Transfigured To Dukelsky Introduced At Symphony Hall

FROM the years before the late war recollection treasures an unsurpassed performance at Symphony Hall of Beethoven's Concerto for Violin. Dr. Muck was the conductor; Mr. Kreisler, the violinist. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Heifetz and an orchestra of like flexibility and fineness did as much for Brahms's Violin-Concerto. Objectors will hasten to say that both conductor and violinist slipped into Mr. Toscanini's pit, overdoing the lyric, the songful, Brahms. They will add in the next breath that the two-fold performance, thus softened and sweetened, missed "ruggedness"—the word in which, almost invariably, they epitomize the composer. Brahms, they will conclude, wrote a music of thought and line; whereas Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Heifetz drew from the Concerto a music of feeling and color.

So saying, these objectors proceed from a general principle, which may or may not be valid as applied to the whole work of Brahms, rather than from the particular instance on Friday before them. It is true that the first movement of the Concerto is intrinsically symphonic; that the development of musical ideas between violin and orchestra seems the primary purpose; that here and there, especially in the "passage-work," the composer is as abstruse, not to say plodding, as the most devout of earlier Brahmsians could wish. On the other hand, even this first division, considered without prepossession, is of lighter substance and texture than are usual with Brahms, more gracious of motion, more seductive to the ear. Unmistakably, the ensuing slow movement unfolds gentle matter and pensive mood; while the Finale is manifestly free-rhythmed, quick-spirited, almost light-hearted. Moreover, from the cadenza of the first movement, through the euphonies of the second, to the bright turns of the third Brahms—no doubt with Joachim at his side—has not neglected opportunity for the violinist as virtuoso.

The truth is that the gravest and most puissant of composers usually relax themselves when they write a Concerto for Violin. As likely as not they are persuaded to such courses by the sound of the fiddle. It can sing melodies, set them a-quiver with feeling, touch and clothe them with beauty. Therefore melodies it shall have, melodies that invite these gentler strokes and moods. The fiddle, again, is capable of fine-shaded or luscious euphonies with an instrument or a choir in the accompanying orchestra. A composer would be musical mathematician or musical anchorite did he renounce such suavities. The tone of the fiddle, once more, can make "passage-work" the play of lustrous figures into silken pattern woven; wherefore the composer draws a sigh of relief as he sets to his "development."

For a Concerto for Violin—and for the most part a Concerto for Piano—is conceived at the outset as an ingratiating music; or of itself comes to be such. Possibly violin-concertos were written first for the Herr Kapellmeister or the signal virtuoso of the patron's orchestra, bound to please the seigneur's guests in a noble apartment. The salon enlarged into the concert-hall, the Herr Kapellmeister evolved into the far-reputed and wandering virtuoso. Thereby the intent and the quality of the Concerto stood confirmed. The nineteenth century, with its passion for educing non-musical values from music, was a forcing-house for prigs. But which one of its admired composers ever wrote an altogether "thoughtful" violin-concerto? Present modernism is a breeding-place for a new sort of pedants; but the worst of them have not yet wizened up their pieces for violin.

Therefore, it is within reason to make Brahms's Violin-Concerto ingratiating, instead of formidable, to clothe it with a tempered beauty of the ear and of the senses—the course and the end that Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Heifetz and the orchestra yesterday accomplished. It were an old story to recount anew the limpid flow, the instant elasticity, the super-sensibility of the violinist's tone; its edgeless contours, silken texture, speckless surface; to dwell upon its just measure, its singing warmth, its inexhaustible fineness of graduation and transition; above all that quality for which the moderns have found a limping word—its musicality. There is no violinist to transcend Mr. Heifetz in the conception of music as thought and emotion transfused into patterned and beautified sound. In such fashion he responds to it; in such guise transmits it. His sense of music is akin to Wagner's sense of the underlying melody. With these qualities he suffused, illuminated and transfigured the Violin-Concerto of Brahms.

By the same token it is needless to dwell upon the ability of Mr. Koussevitzky to sound the songful note in Brahms, to release him, when the music warrants, into glowing and romantical beauty, to distil the pensive mood, uncover the smiling face, release the gracious fingers to which Johannes, however "rugged" and "abstruse," was no stranger. As superfluous to renew praises for the sedulous, susceptible, divining Koussevitzky as conductor in concertos; or for the orchestra that, in the play of these qualities, is his responsive instrument. To all these things the audience testified while it listened rapt; when it applauded the returning conductor hardly less than it had clapped the recalled violinist. And for Johannes thus new robed in songful and sensuous beauty? There is but one answer. He need not go musically as he went too often visually, in clothes that may have been "rugged" but were unmistakably uncouth, ill-fitting, unbrushed.

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THE fire in Bruckner had free channel. Logs were not felled across its road. No neuro-watchman sprang alert as to an alarm when it began its stirring and collings preparatory to motion, and promptly set to beating it from its course and driving it in alien directions. No haggard fear commenced running about, hissing, "Take care, this is not modern; this is not the symphony of the future; this is not what is wanted by our time; this will not free the Austrian youth and let floods of life over the sands; this is not greater than Brahms; this is not the most important form of music; this is not carrying Beethoven further than Beethoven could go." Something did not shrill, "Yonder is a man your contemporary who had done revolutionary work; make this modern, make it new and important; you must give just this nuance, you must give just that tone!" There was no floating baseless mind to interfere, to wrench the bud from its root, to commence kneading and forcing and trimming, to look into the world and get ideas and then give the musician back his substance wrapped in tight neat packages. There was the fire, only: rising, towering, finding its path; and the road before it was clear of obstructions.

What came out of Bruckner and became song of instruments is unmarred by the choking fingers of the floating mind; witness of the easiness of the passage it had into the world. Symphonies and religious services composed by him have the innocency and the largeness of such stuffs as are dredged deep where life has no weakness. The music is the speech of the heart, simple and direct and unaffected, and reverent and strong in mood. There is no room for jewelry for the facile, for the pretty, where these grave and lofty tones are found. Bruckner's symphonies have scarce commenced heaving their mighty volumes through time, before we know we are come into the world of deep breaths and far vistas and profound experience. We hear someone singing; singing as though none were near to hear the song, and as though it issued forth for its own good sake; singing out of great ecstasies and great solitudes. The tones have their own distinct accent, strong and uncouth and soft-colored. A horn commences its dreamful speech over pianissimo strings; and what comes is old, something which must have been in every Allemand, something which must have been in Allemanic forests long since, and that was again in Weber; and which is new nevertheless, freighted with new solemnity and melancholy and pain.

And Bruckner's works are large in form as in conception. They bring us into contact with an elemental and taurian strength. The lung-capacity of the man, the vast span and breadth of his themes and thematic groups make the majority of composers seem asthmatic. The rhythmic hurl, curve and freshness of his rude, lumbering and troll-like scherzi subjects; the Homeric delight shown by him in ruddy sonorities in the exuberant blasts of the reinforced brass; the cubical bulk of so many of his opening and final movements, make it appear to the fancy as though an elemental spirit had broken forth. Once the slow, ox-like power is gotten in motion; once the Bruckner orchestra begins squaring its great monoliths of tone, then, mountainous things commence to happen. The great gradual climaxes of the adagios of the symphonies; the long powerfully sustained ecstasies with their wildly and solemnly chanting trumpets, have something almost terrible in their vehemence and amount. The great battering-rams are slowly gotten in action. But, once heaved forward, they crash walls down.

The man was an innocent, seeing only his own idea. Modern music has no greater example of perfect unsophistication and oneness. Bruckner must have lived in complete obliviousness of his surroundings. A sort of rudimentary connsciousness of things was there, perhaps, sufficient to steer him through a few duties; but the greater part of his man was walking always in the high cathedral of his vision. Waltz-blooded Vienna could scarce have existed for him. What rumbled and flowed beneath his windows; what he passed through in his courses through the streets, was vapor merely. Where a world felt lightness of life and the decay of a state and modern commercial tempi, there the little organist found the walls and windows and vaulting of a cathedral nave; and the high experiences that transformed themselves imperceptibly into the solemn trumpetings and ecstatic gamuts of his unworldly musics. No brother in blank Carthusian aisles could have paced sunken further in prayerfulness, God-passionates and Lenten mood, than Bruckner through the city roads. There was the father in heaven. There was the father in heaven, and not the houses and the people. There was the father in heaven who could open his robes and hang them about his child in the cold as the walls of a woolen tent. There was no realness in the world except the sovereign moments when he lifted his child out of the lonely gray air into his bosom, and held him tight with his hand till the good minute went and the clouds of beatitude dwindled in the sad color of the world.

Here was the paradox: the medieval God-lover, God-embracer, in contemporary Vienna! Bruckner not only was an innocent; he was a mystic, too. On the back of this subject of Francis Joseph's, there sat the robe of the world-estranged seer. The German mystics are his kinsmen more than are the musicians; more than is the religio-philosophical Beethoven of the Ninth Symphony and the "Missa Solemnis," from whom he stems; more than is the piestic Bach, whose God-love he shared. To be sure, Bruckner remains an Austrian composer in his idiom, if not in his thought. His love for soft orchestral effects, for rich full color, links him with Schubert. Like Schubert, he speaks major in minor keys. Indeed, there are pages of his that make him seem the most Austrian of all composers; the one least affected by Italian sweetness and imbued most strongly with the uncontaminated racial traits.

The contemporary of Wagner and Brahms and Franck, Bruckner brings to mind not so much the refinements of his own century as the uncouthness of the Allemanic tribesmen, his ancestors, who smeared their long hair with butter and brewed thick black beers. For all the magnificences of his orchestration, he remains the Upper-Austrian peasant, uncultivated, clumsy, naïve. One of his works, a Te Deum, is qualified with the adjective "Peasant"; all his work, so heavy-limbed and slow-blooded, deserves the title. The spirit of lightness, of the graceful dance, of the delicate jest, of the subtle half-statement, present in so many Austrian musicians, in Mozart, for example, is absent almost entirely from his work. Absent, too, is the gayety and charm and sweetness of Schubert. Bruckner's dance is all hoofs, all heavy springs and drunken fury. Even the trios of his scherzi, tender, dreamy and intermezzo-like, have a certain predominant homeliness and humbleness. The good-natured, sluggish South-German farmer dreams across his sunny land.

And yet, of course, one finds oneself setting him by the side of the religious mystics. One feels in Bruckner a completer removal from the world of objective reality, a completer tendency to consider all events purely from a psychological viewpoint, a completer habit of perceiving in the outer world merely the image of his own inner, than one finds either in the later Beethoven or in the most Memnonite pages of Bach's cantatas. It is in the company of a seer like Jacob Boehme, say, that one finds oneself instinctively placing him. In the square massive symphonies of the modern, as in the confessions of the seventeenth-century imaginer of the "centrum naturae," the "virgin Sophia," one glimpses the workings of a similar excessive transformation of the lust of the eye and the other senses into the power of mystical and almost hallucinatory vision. There are pages in the adagios of Bruckner that appear strangely akin to the records of his inner experiences left by the cobbler of Gòrlitz; to the experiences of the mystic marriages, the perception of fiery symbols, the progression from lugubrious depressed states through ecstasy to tranquility.

How it comes that in listening to the performances of ninety instrumentalists on their fiddles, pipes and horns, one should enter through such forbidden doors; that, it is not easy to explain. Perhaps the cause of the strange communication lies in Bruckner's predilection for themes of a chorale or hymn-like character. It is possible that it results from the general austere and yet strangely soft and tender character of his style. His harmony is rich, solemn, stately. He delighted in the use of full, grandiose progressions of chords in the brass, through which harp music sweeps. His climaxes are slow, distended, piercing; it is possible that the solemn tones of the trombones, the sobbing of horns through pulsating chords of shrilling wind and strings, are in some measure the origin of the sensations communicated. It may be that the general character of the work, merely, predisposes one to interpret so the ecstasies. We cannot say for sure. It is doubtful whether any analysis of form, no matter how keen and scientific it may be, can arrive at elucidating these mysteries of art. And yet, we know full well that just as, in some mysterious manner, the Bruckner scherzi bring one the sensations of being in the open air, of seeing the green earth and gray sky, so, too, the Bruckner adagios give us the sensations of an inner hallucinatory vision. The light that goes up in us from the chanting of the clear, high, loud orchestra in those movements, is not, we are somehow positive, the light that comes from the sun. It is not the light irradiated into an hundred tints by the orchestra of Debussy and the other impressionists. It is the dazzling shine that some dreaming men have suddenly seen piercing at them from out an opaque wall, or seen flooding upward at night from earth strewn thick with leaves.

PAUL ROSENFELD

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TRANS MAR 16

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Heifetz Plays With Boston Orchestra

MON. MAR. 16 –

Popular interest in the nineteenth program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra centered, naturally enough, in the appearance of Jascha Heifetz, who lent his baronial art to a meridian exposition of the Brahms Violin Concerto. The ovation accorded him from floor and platform alike broke down the imperturbability even of this fastidious artist, who smiled almost shyly in acknowledgment. Nor, without in the least detracting from his imperious performance, should the support vouchsafed him by Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra be overlooked. No soloist could hope for better backing. The audience recognized the importance of this orchestral contribution, and gave the conductor more than the usual applause when he returned to the stage after the soloist had finally been released.

The concerto occupied the position immediately following the intermission. The place of honor immediately preceding that interval was allotted to a new Symphony in F major by Vladimir Dukelsky, a young Russian expatriate previously known to Boston only by a suite from his Ballet, "Zéphyr et Flore." M. Diaghileff claims credit for the "discovery" of this young composer, along with his two elder "brothers," Stravinsky and Prokofieff. It appeared to at least one listener yesterday afternoon that M. Diaghileff in this classification had been much too amiable to M. Dukelsky. M. Diaghileff also traces the composer's musical heredity back to his "grandfather," Glinka. But in this musical genealogy has not the immediate parenthood been overlooked? There is perhaps evidence of the influence of Prokofieff in the neo-classical form; and of Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," certainly. But brush aside the film of modernity, and what have you? To this watcher the composer appears as a particularly ill-favored musical son of Tchaikovsky, attempting to conceal his lack of individuality by donning the cast-off toggery of his "elder brothers."

Mr. Heifetz was not the only soloist of the day. Mr. Louis Speyer distinguished himself by his playing of the English horn in the opening C. P. E. Bach-Steinberg Concerto for orchestra in D major, and again in the final number, Berlioz's Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain." This old concerto and like pieces of its period are always welcome because they give us repeated opportunity to enjoy the incandescence of the Boston strings. And those subscribers who left after the violin concerto missed one of the finest performances of the season. Theatrical stuff, this from Berlioz? Very likely; but a touch of the theater, a dash of Gallic liveliness, come not amiss after much Teutonic erudition. And there is nothing to be ashamed of in enjoying a good tune, sprightly rhythms and bright colors.

L. A. S.

CONCERT CALENDAR

TRANS MAR 16

JOSEF HOFMANN

The recital which Josef Hofmann will give in Symphony hall tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 will be the great pianist's last appearance in Boston for two years, dividing his program between the music of Chopin and Liszt.

LAST MONDAY PROGRAM

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give the fifth and last concert of the Monday evening series in Symphony hall, tomorrow evening, March 18, at 8:15.

Serge Koussevitzky will then present Philip Emanuel Bach's Concerto for orchestra, arranged by Maximilian Steinberg; Satie's "Gymnopedies," as orchestrated by Debussy; Dukas's Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," based on the humorous ballad of Goethe, and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in E minor.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give the second and last pair of Young People's concerts this season, in Symphony hall, next Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon, March 19 and 20, at 4 o'clock.

Serge Koussevitzky and Richard Burgin will each conduct, and explanatory remarks will be given, with stereopticon slides, by Alfred H. Meyer.

PENSION FUND PROGRAM

Serge Koussevitzky announces an all Wagner program for the coming spring Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, to be given in Symphony hall on Sunday afternoon, March 24, at 3:30.

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Herald

HERALD MAR. 16

MU

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the 19th concert of the 48th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, C. P. E. Bach-Steinberg, concerto, D major, for orchestra. Dukelsky, symphony, F major—first time in the United States. Brahms, violin concerto (Jascha Heifetz, violinist). Berlioz, overture, "The Roman carnival."

Vladimir Dukelsky's symphony, composed in 1927-8, was first performed at one of Mr. Koussevitzky's concerts in Paris on June 14, 1928. The name of the composer was not unkown in Boston before yesterday. A pleasing suite from his ballet "Zephyr et Flore" was performed here under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction two years ago next month; three of his songs were sung by Gertrude Ehrhart, in Jordan hall last January.

Mr. Diaghilev has called this composer, who is now in his 26th year, a younger brother of Stravinsky and Prokofieff. He does not seem to be so closely related. Whatever his musical parentage, he does not need any family recommendation. Perhaps he is musically an illegitimate child, a rather unruly one, but of a vigorous nature as have been many famous men born out of wedlock. What Dukelsky said to Edwin Evans two years ago was amusing; but not to be taken too seriously, for a young composer talking for publication, will be shyly reticent—this is seldom the case; pontifically priggish, or anxious to call attention to himself by epigrams, paradoxes, windy words to make the bourgeois sit up. Mr. Dukelsky indulged in at least one paradox: "I do hate all 'modernism', and I love being modern." After all this statement, carefully examined, is not so paradoxical as it seems, for he added: "I believe only in construction in the truly classical sense, knowing that it is more difficult to construct a fox-trot than to write a thousand poems on golden fishes, bald Chinamen, or oyster shells as the so-called 'modernists' do."

He went on to say, and sensibly: "We must, and will, undress music; it doesn't need the heavy coat of harmonies any more—winter is gone." The great Couperin, the younger Scarlatti, Mozart and Debussy would have grasped his meaning and approved. And in this symphony Dukelsky is found respecting the sonata form, referring to a scherzo section, and in the finale writing a canon.

The symphony is an interesting work. Like all the compositions of young men who are at all worthy of attention, in their joy of invention, in their desire to strike out a new path, to be individual, the symphonic first movement is yeasty. Here was need of the self-criticism that comes only with greater maturity. The thematic material is not in itself alluring. There are incongruous episodes interrupting noisily and ineffectively any development. It is as if the hearer were subjected to galvanic shocks. Yet even in this movement there is a proud independence—call it not arrogance or a foolish defiance—that wins respect if not wholehearted admiration. Better this wild irregularity than obsequious following in the footsteps of smug, dull music makers of whose works the damning compliment "Anyhow, they are well made" is all that can be said.

The second movement with its broad, flowing chief theme, ingeniously ornamented shows the Dukelsky of whose future one may entertain reasonable hopes; and the finale with its exciting rhythms, and not too scholastic treatment shows fancy as well as originality, though the rhythmic aggressiveness may be derived from Stravinsky.

The concert was a brilliant one. The slow movement of Emanuel Bach's concerto is nobly beautiful; even its great length does not bring the desire for an ending. The crispness and the virility of the other movements displayed the perfection of the strings and a few wind instruments. The ever-welcome "Roman Carnival" overture again proved—it additional proof were needed—that Mr. Koussevitzky has created a virtuoso orchestra of virtuoso players. The repetition of the word "virtuoso" is not here misplaced, for players of pronounced excellence do not always make a virtuoso ensemble.

Mr. Heifetz had not played here with the orchestra for 10 years. His technical proficiency was then recognized, but his interpretation was not conspicuous for musical or emotional qualities. Yesterday he gave a truly eloquent performance of Brahm's concerto. For sheer beauty of tone alone his playing would have been noteworthy, but in addition there was a display of musical appreciation of the concerto's contents, a warmth that was not forced into explosive passion, a refreshing absence of sentimentalism in the second movement. Even in passages of mere padding—from Brahms was a master at treading water until he could swim out for the familiar or a distant shore—Mr. Heifetz held the attention and ravished the ear. His treatment of the measures following the cadenza in the first movement will not be soon forgotten. The orchestra shared in his triumph.

This concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week will comprise Hill's symphony in B flat; "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" by Dukas, and the eighth symphony of Bruckner's which has not been played here for 20 years.

HEIFETZ SYMPHONY SOLOIST

POST MAR. 16

Memorable Performance of Brahm's Concerto Given

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Since the coming of Mr. Koussevitzky soloists have not been plentiful at the Symphony concerts, and soloists of the first rank have been scarcer still. When, therefore, it was announced that Jascha Heifetz would appear as assisting artist at this week's pair of concerts, there was much anticipatory excitement, and that violinist's performance yesterday of the Concerto of Brahms took on the character of an event.

BECOMES THE VIOLINIST

Often, indeed prevailingly in recital, Mr. Heifetz has seemed, for all his remarkable powers, a singularly detached, almost apathetic performer. But let him play, as he did yesterday, a great concerto, with a great conductor and a great orchestra to accompany him, and he becomes himself, in the fullest sense of the word, a great violinist.

In some distant future, when another shall play this Concerto of Brahms at a Symphony Concert, the knowing ones will in all likelihood wag their heads sagely as they do now over Kreisler's and Dr. Muck's performance of that of Beethoven, and say: "Ah, but you should have heard Heifetz play it with Koussevitzky."

His Flawless Tone

It goes without saying that Mr. Heifetz brought to his playing of this Concerto yesterday the miraculous facility of execution that has long distinguished him, and his flawless tone. The august Brahms might hardly write a show-piece as such, yet the Concerto that he wrote for his friend Joachim bristles with difficulties. These Mr. Heifetz overcame with the expected ease, and with never a scratch or lapse of intonation. But not all could have been prepared for the warmth that yesterday he displayed, a warmth, since the music was Brahms, that ritly kept within certain bounds; or for the human note that entered into it and made his tone a living, breathing thing.

Possibly the orchestra fired him; certainly he fired the orchestra; and the result was this memorable performance. Nor was the audience unregaffful of these wonders. After the first and second movements Mr. Heifetz was roundly applauded, and at the end the multiplied recalls threatened to postpone indefinitely the ensuing and final number, Berlioz's Overture, "The Roman Carnival."

A Youngster's Symphony

Despite recent protests in the public prints and elsewhere, Mr. Koussevitzky continues to offer the music of the youthful moderns whom he so valiantly espouses. Yesterday came, for the first time in the United States, a Symphony by the 26-year-old Vladimir Dukelsky, already known here through a ballet-suite.

It would be difficult to be seriously annoyed with Mr. Dukelsky's Symphony, so amiably and ingeniously has he written it, with much melody and an unfailing gusto. But this melody, while copious and fluent, is sadly without distinction, and greatly at variance with the arbitrarily dissonant harmony that is used in a fashion curiously spasmodic. And Mr. Dukelsky has as yet little constructive power.

As a shrewd observer recently remarked apropos the Symphony of Janin played here a fortnight ago, one cannot let Mr. Dukelsky down easily by saying that his music is well-made.

A Philipp Bach Number

The Concerto of Philipp Emanuel Bach, arranged by Steinberg, that Mr. Koussevitzky had twice before played at a pair of Symphony Concerts, began the programme of yesterday.

Again the slow movement, with its prophetic suggestion of "Parsifal," proved the most fruitful in interest.

Globe Mar 16

HEIFETZ HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Performance in Brahms Concerto Superb

First American Performance of Symphony by Vladimir Dukelsky

Jascha Heifetz, appearing as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the first time in 10 years, won an ovation from orchestra and audience for his superb playing in the Brahms concerto at yesterday's Symphony concert. A new symphony by the young Russian composer, Vladimir Dukelsky, was performed for the first time in America. Steinberg's arrangement of a concerto by C. P. E. Bach and Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" overture were the other numbers on a curiously assorted program.

The Heifetz yesterday's audience saw, impassive, with a melancholy masklike face, strangely old and world-weary for a young man only 28, contrasts startlingly with the Heifetz one remembers from a decade ago, an eager, charming boy, elated, but not intoxicated by his astonishing triumphs as a virtuoso. Zimbalist, who heard him play as a boy of 10, says that Heifetz as a child prodigy had the same superb mastery of his instrument which he displayed yesterday. A genius for playing the violin may develop early, as the more recent case of Menuhin would also indicate.

Yesterday's performance of Brahms' concerto had a curiously Russian quality, a nervous, half-melancholy, half-frenzied romanticism utterly un-Teutonic, suggesting Dostoievsky rather than Schiller. For this, both conductor and soloist were apparently responsible. The reading was vivid, powerful, unorthodox. The orchestra accompaniment was rather slipshod in details such as attacks, which are too often uneven, and a bit belated. Mr Koussevitzky does not give sufficiently clear and prompt signals to his men at times, or so it appears from the audience.

Dukelsky, born in 1903, has previously been represented at these concerts by some excerpts from a ballet, "Zphyr et Flore," played two years ago. His symphony in F, first performed at a Koussevitzky concert in Paris last Summer, has three movements, which are structurally more or less in accordance with classic precedent. There is, however, little or nothing that a classicist would recognize as harmony or counterpoint. The composer disclaims any intention of writing descriptive or pictorial music.

A listener biased rather for than against modernist music could not, at a first hearing, find much musical interest or importance in Dukelsky's symphony. Rhythms suggesting Stravinsky and American jazz but without the point and pungency of those in "Le Sacre" or in the best work of men like Gershwin, a slow movement with a banal Italianate melody disguised clumsily by an unnatural harmonization and pointless ejaculations from the percussion section of the orchestra; and a lively but quite unmemorable finale were all one could single out in the tonal melee. One felt that Dukelsky might write better in conventional 19th century style. But such first impressions cannot honestly masquerade as a judicial verdict. It is possible that further hearings might reveal beauties and profundities that went unnoticed yesterday.

Philipp Emanuel Bach might have difficulty in recognizing the elaborate orchestral piece Steinberg has made from a little chamber piece of his which Mr Koussevitzky once admired at a concert in Paris, and so had arranged. But the music has distinction and charm.

Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" overture sounded unusually clear and brilliant yesterday by contrast with the turgid orchestration of the Brahms concerto which preceded it. To one listener it was the most appealing and stirring music of the afternoon. Berlioz is among the most original figures in musical history. His themes are so unlike those of other composers that some critics to this day claim that Berlioz had no melodic invention. This overture alone should suffice to refute them.

Everyone concedes that Berlioz knew by instinct how to score music for a large orchestra. Compare this overture with a Beethoven or Brahms symphony, not to mention Schumann. It is to Liszt and Rimsky-Korsakov that one must turn for examples of orchestral music as sonorous and brilliant as Berlioz'. His rhythms, too, are vital and glowing in their clear intensity.

One wishes Mr Koussevitzky played Berlioz more often. He does it well, except for a tendency to exaggerate Berlioz' tempi and his dynamic contrasts, which, as they stand in the score, are sufficiently dramatic.

The program for next week includes the symphony by Prof E. B. Hill first played last year, Dukas' "Sorceror's Apprentice"; and Bruckner's Eighth Symphony.

P. R.

MUSIC

MAR 16. GLOBE

When Critics Disagree

Lawrence Gilman published last Sunday in the New York Herald Tribune one of his inimitably readable little essays with the title "When critics disagree," which may furnish the point of departure for a few remarks on a perennial topic. For any reader of the reviews, say, of the Boston Symphony concerts printed in half a dozen newspapers in this city, will not need to be told that critics of music do frequently disagree. To one one man Mr Koussevitzky's reading of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" will be poetic, dramatic, inspired. To another it will be an unpardonable violation of the letter and the spirit of the score. To some Bloch's "America" is a masterpiece, to others an amazing and annoying potpourri of trivial popular tunes, and so it goes.

Mr Gilman's examples to prove this point follow, and his conclusion:

"Mr John F. Runciman, one of the most eminent of Wagnerian critics, thought that the 'Redemption' theme which ends 'Der Ring des Nibelungen' bespeaks 'the great lyrical Wagner'; Mr Bernard Shaw thinks 'it might easily be the climax of a popular sentimental ballad.' Mr James Huneker was savagely contemptuous of the music of 'Parsifal'; Mr Ernest Newman thinks 'Parsifal' is 'in many ways the most wonderful and impressive thing ever done in music.' Mr Aldrich thinks a melody of Berlioz 'poor and pale'; Mr Hale thinks it 'beautiful and expressive.' Mr Krehbiel thought that 'nine-tenths of the music of "Pelleas et Melisande" is a dreary monotony'; others think that nine-tenths of 'Pelleas' is among the rarest achievments of the musical imagination.

"In the face of all this, is it not somewhat unrealistic to go on talking of absolute standards in the appraisal of musical values as if there really were such things—except within the narrowest limitations? Is it not foolish to pretend that there is any such thing as an impersonal judgment in asthetic matters? All asthetic judgments, declared Mr Runciman, a good many years ago, are 'the result of art playing upon a certain personality; we must know something of the critic's intellectual and imaginative personality to know the value of the art. . . . In the production of all good art criticism, the personality of the critic is the most important factor.'

"The belief that you can get at the artist except through the critic, with his virtues or his limitations thick upon him, is, unfortunately, a delusion. For if the critic is not Aldrich or Hale or Runciman or Newman or Huneker or Krehbiel, he is quite likely to be—yourself."

Parading Prejudices

Mr Gilman, then, approves of the familiar remark of Anatole France, that criticism is merely "the adventures of a soul among the masterpieces." Everything depends, it would seem, upon the quality of the critic's soul, since masterpieces have no quality of their own independent of human judment upon them.

Most of the younger generation of critics of music, the drama, and literature in this country have too evidently accepted the letter, though not the spirit of this maxim of Anatole France. Does not Mr Mencken, for example, collect his essays and publish them in volumes entitled "Prejudices"? Do not most young reviewers now write as though their personality was what readers wished to learn? Mr George Jean Nathan, when he finds a dull play, sometimes tells us in his review not why he thinks it dull, but how he read such and such a novel while the performance was going on and then went away during the second act to patronize his favorite speakeasy. This is a pity, since Mr Nathan's reasons for finding a play dull, when he deigns to offer them, are usually interesting and often convincing.

Several New York reviewers of music, though not Mr Gilman sometimes offer their readers what they would perhaps call "wisecracks" at the expense of performers and music instead of a serious attempt to give an impersonal and impartial opinion. The "wisecracks" might be even more amusing if the critics turned, as some of them have done, to the writing of humorous "columns," not tied down to so serious and so dull a topic as music, and the performance of music.

It is, of course, true, that nobody can prove mathematically or logically that Beethoven's Seventh Symphony is a masterpiece and Nevin's "Rosary" bad art. But how many of the truths that make life endurable are capable of really scientific demonstration? Must we not take our music, as we take our wives and our religion, very largely on faith? Do absolute standards of a coldly and purely intellectual character, exist outside of the minds of a few mathematicians and scientists? Music, when treated scientifically becomes mere acoustics, which is a branch of physics, not of art.

Seeking Impartiality

Granted that every musical review should be read as though it began in large letters with the remark, "this is merely one man's opinion," does it follow that flippancy and trivial personalities should fill the review? Reviewers, like the rest of the audience, know what they like, even though they don't know anything about "Art." But the reviewer, unlike the plain man knows why he likes it, or why he dislikes it, unless he is a mere trifler and dabbler.

Is not what people who have been to a concert, and perhaps, people who have given a concert want, if they want to read a musical review of it at all, a clear and fair minded statement of the critic's reasons for liking or not liking music or performance?

In a very limited class of cases these reasons are based on measurable observed fact. If wrong notes occur that is not a matter of opinion. If a piece marked andante is played very fast there is no doubt that it was not played "andante." But if the critic feels that the performance was "not in the spirit of the music" he should try and explain what he thinks the music really ought to sound like, and how the interpretation differed from this ideal of his. He can not speak with absolute authority. Colleagues of greater or less renown and experience may differ from him. But the fact that it is not his job to say the final word on the subject does not mean that the critic should take to mere clowning and "smart aleck" tricks.

The critic will, of course, be bound by his temperament and his prejudices, but should he glory in the fact and flaunt it in the face of his public, casting all attempts at fairness and impartiality to the winds?

It is very easy to be glib and flippant, very much harder to try to be fair and to think things through. The reviewer's first duty is to strive for an unattainable ideal of fairness and clearness, not to indulge in cheap and facile attempts at "wit."

Heifetz, who for some years past has played here only in recital, will reappear as soloist with the Boston Symphony this week in the Brahms concerts. The novelty on Mr Koussevitzky's program is to be a new symphony by the young Russian composer Dukelsky, several of whose works have been heard previously without rousing unusual enthusiasm.

For the Tuesday concerts Mr Koussevitzky adheres to his announced intention of offering only standard works. This week two familiar romantic symphonies, and the most popular of Berlioz's overtures will fill the third of the Tuesday programs.

Josef [illegible], most of whose time is now absorbed by his duties as director of the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, will not be heard here for two years, it is announced, after his Symphony Hall recital of next Sunday.

At the Young People's Concerts of the Boston Symphony March 19 and 20, Serge Koussevitzky and Richard Burgin will both conduct the following program: Movements from Handel's Twelfth Concerto Grosso, Prokofieff's "Clasical" Symphony, an Arioso of Bach, with Jean Bedetti as "cello soloist; Movements from Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," and Johann Strauss' Waltz, "Vienna Blood." There is a public sale at the box office, and the remainder of the seats will be distributed through the schools of Boston.

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Both Mr Stokowski and his Philadelphians and Mr Koussevitzky and his Bostonians are recording for a phonograph company, as you know. Well, Mr Koussevitzky had it much on his mind to do Tschaikowski's Fourth Symphony until Mr Stokowski was apprised of his design, and without asking anyone's advice promptly recorded that opus himself. * * * So at least runs the tale, though for its accuracy we are the last to vouch. Suetonius Jr. in the [illegible]lyn

Music Notes and Comment

GLOBE MAR 17

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will make this week what is apparently a record number of appearances in Symphony Hall, apart from such special occasions as the Beethoven Festival in 1927. The last Monday concert, two programs for young people on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, the usual two concerts in the regular series, and a pension fund concert next Sunday. Except for some of the Wagner numbers at the pension fund concert, and the Bruckner symphony on the regular program Mr Koussevitzky has, quite naturally, made his programs from familiar repertory pieces. Bruckner, regarded in Germany and Austria as one of the leading composers of the past century, has not been represented on Boston programs since the [illegible]

A limited number of tickets for the Boston Symphony young people's concerts have been reserved at the box office for public sale. The rest of the house will be filled with young people from public and private schools in and near Boston, whose tickets have been distributed at a nominal price through the schools. Alfred H. Meyer will talk briefly, with the aid of stereopticon slides, about the music to be played. Mr Koussevitzky will conduct part of the program.

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Herald

HERALD MAR. 16

MU

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the 19th concert of the 48th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, C. P. E. Bach-Steinberg, concerto, D major, for orchestra. Dukelsky, symphony, F major—first time in the United States. Brahms, violin concerto (Jascha Heifetz, violinist). Berlioz, overture, "The Roman carnival."

Vladimir Dukelsky's symphony, composed in 1927-8, was first performed at one of Mr. Koussevitzky's concerts in Paris on June 14, 1928. The name of the composer was not unkown in Boston before yesterday. A pleasing suite from his ballet "Zephyr et Flore" was performed here under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction two years ago next month; three of his songs were sung by Gertrude Ehrhart, in Jordan hall last January.

Mr. Diaghilev has called this composer, who is now in his 26th year, a younger brother of Stravinsky and Prokofieff. He does not seem to be so closely related. Whatever his musical parentage, he does not need any family recommendation. Perhaps he is musically an illegitimate child, a rather unruly one, but of a vigorous nature as have been many famous men born out of wedlock. What Dukelsky said to Edwin Evans two years ago was amusing; but not to be taken too seriously, for a young composer talking for publication, will be shyly reticent—this is seldom the case; pontifically priggish, or anxious to call attention to himself by epigrams, paradoxes, windy words to make the bourgeois sit up. Mr. Dukelsky indulged in at least one paradox: "I do hate all 'modernism', and I love being modern." After all this statement, carefully examined, is not so paradoxical as it seems, for he added: "I believe only in construction in the truly classical sense, knowing that it is more difficult to construct a fox-trot than to write a thousand poems on golden fishes, bald Chinamen, or oyster shells as the so-called 'modernists' do."

He went on to say, and sensibly: "We must, and will, undress music; it doesn't need the heavy coat of harmonies any more—winter is gone." The great Couperin, the younger Scarlatti, Mozart and Debussy would have grasped his meaning and approved. And in this symphony Dukelsky is found respecting the sonata form, referring to a scherzo section, and in the finale writing a canon.

The symphony is an interesting work. Like all the compositions of young men who are at all worthy of attention, in their joy of invention, in their desire to strike out a new path, to be individual, the symphonic first movement is yeasty. Here was need of the self-criticism that comes only with greater maturity. The thematic material is not in itself alluring. There are incongruous episodes interrupting noisily and ineffectively any development. It is as if the hearer were subjected to galvanic shocks. Yet even in this movement there is a proud independence—call it not arrogance or a foolish defiance—that wins respect if not wholehearted admiration. Better this wild irregularity than obsequious following in the footsteps of smug, dull music makers of whose works the damning compliment "Anyhow, they are well made" is all that can be said.

The second movement with its broad, flowing chief theme, ingeniously ornamented shows the Dukelsky of whose future one may entertain reasonable hopes; and the finale with its exciting rhythms, and not too scholastic treatment shows fancy as well as originality, though the rhythmic aggressiveness may be derived from Stravinsky.

The concert was a brilliant one. The slow movement of Emanuel Bach's concerto is nobly beautiful; even its great length does not bring the desire for an ending. The crispness and the virility of the other movements displayed the perfection of the strings and a few wind instruments. The ever-welcome "Roman Carnival" overture again proved—it additional proof were needed—that Mr. Koussevitzky has created a virtuoso orchestra of virtuoso players. The repetition of the word "virtuoso" is not here misplaced, for players of pronounced excellence do not always make a virtuoso ensemble.

Mr. Heifetz had not played here with the orchestra for 10 years. His technical proficiency was then recognized, but his interpretation was not conspicuous for musical or emotional qualities. Yesterday he gave a truly eloquent performance of Brahm's concerto. For sheer beauty of tone alone his playing would have been noteworthy, but in addition there was a display of musical appreciation of the concerto's contents, a warmth that was not forced into explosive passion, a refreshing absence of sentimentalism in the second movement. Even in passages of mere padding—from Brahms was a master at treading water until he could swim out for the familiar or a distant shore—Mr. Heifetz held the attention and ravished the ear. His treatment of the measures following the cadenza in the first movement will not be soon forgotten. The orchestra shared in his triumph.

This concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week will comprise Hill's symphony in B flat; "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" by Dukas, and the eighth symphony of Bruckner's which has not been played here for 20 years.

HEIFETZ SYMPHONY SOLOIST

POST MAR. 16

Memorable Performance of Brahm's Concerto Given

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Since the coming of Mr. Koussevitzky soloists have not been plentiful at the Symphony concerts, and soloists of the first rank have been scarcer still. When, therefore, it was announced that Jascha Heifetz would appear as assisting artist at this week's pair of concerts, there was much anticipatory excitement, and that violinist's performance yesterday of the Concerto of Brahms took on the character of an event.

BECOMES THE VIOLINIST

Often, indeed prevailingly in recital, Mr. Heifetz has seemed, for all his remarkable powers, a singularly detached, almost apathetic performer. But let him play, as he did yesterday, a great concerto, with a great conductor and a great orchestra to accompany him, and he becomes himself, in the fullest sense of the word, a great violinist.

In some distant future, when another shall play this Concerto of Brahms at a Symphony Concert, the knowing ones will in all likelihood wag their heads sagely as they do now over Kreisler's and Dr. Muck's performance of that of Beethoven, and say: "Ah, but you should have heard Heifetz play it with Koussevitzky."

His Flawless Tone

It goes without saying that Mr. Heifetz brought to his playing of this Concerto yesterday the miraculous facility of execution that has long distinguished him, and his flawless tone. The august Brahms might hardly write a show-piece as such, yet the Concerto that he wrote for his friend Joachim bristles with difficulties. These Mr. Heifetz overcame with the expected ease, and with never a scratch or lapse of intonation. But not all could have been prepared for the warmth that yesterday he displayed, a warmth, since the music was Brahms, that fitly kept within certain bounds; or for the human note that entered into it and made his tone a living, breathing thing.

Possibly the orchestra fired him; certainly he fired the orchestra; and the result was this memorable performance. Nor was the audience unregardful of these wonders. After the first and second movements Mr. Heifetz was roundly applauded, and at the end the multiplied recalls threatened to postpone indefinitely the ensuing and final number, Berlioz's Overture, "The Roman Carnival."

A Youngster's Symphony

Despite recent protests in the public prints and elsewhere, Mr. Koussevitzky continues to offer the music of the youthful moderns whom he so valiantly espouses. Yesterday came, for the first time in the United States, a Symphony by the 26-year-old Vladimir Dukelsky, already known here through a ballet-suite.

It would be difficult to be seriously annoyed with Mr. Dukelsky's Symphony, so amiably and ingeniously has he written it, with much melody and an unfailing gusto. But this melody, while copious and fluent, is sadly without distinction, and greatly at variance with the arbitrarily dissonant harmony that is used in a fashion curiously spasmodic. And Mr. Dukelsky has as yet little constructive power.

As a shrewd observer recently remarked apropos the Symphony of Janin played here a fortnight ago, one cannot let Mr. Dukelsky down easily by saying that his music is well-made.

A Philipp Bach Number

The Concerto of Philipp Emanuel Bach, arranged by Steinberg, that Mr. Koussevitzky had twice before played at a pair of Symphony Concerts, began the programme of yesterday.

Again the slow movement, with its prophetic suggestion of "Parsifal," proved the most fruitful in interest.

Globe Mar 16

HEIFETZ HEARD AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Performance in Brahms Concerto Superb

First American Performance of Symphony by Vladimir Dukelsky

Jascha Heifetz, appearing as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the first time in 10 years, won an ovation from orchestra and audience for his superb playing in the Brahms concerto at yesterday's Symphony concert. A new symphony by the young Russian composer, Vladimir Dukelsky, was performed for the first time in America. Steinberg's arrangement of a concerto by C. P. E. Bach and Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" overture were the other numbers on a curiously assorted program.

The Heifetz yesterday's audience saw, impassive, with a melancholy masklike face, strangely old and world-weary for a young man only 28, contrasts startlingly with the Heifetz one remembers from a decade ago, an eager, charming boy, elated, but not intoxicated by his astonishing triumphs as a virtuoso. Zimbalist, who heard him play as a boy of 10, says that Heifetz as a child prodigy had the same superb mastery of his instrument which he displayed yesterday. A genius for playing the violin may develop early, as the more recent case of Menuhin would also indicate.

Yesterday's performance of Brahms' concerto had a curiously Russian quality, a nervous, half-melancholy, half-frenzied romanticism utterly un-Teutonic, suggesting Dostoievsky rather than Schiller. For this, both conductor and soloist were apparently responsible. The reading was vivid, powerful, unorthodox. The orchestra accompaniment was rather slipshod in details such as attacks, which are too often uneven, and a bit belated. Mr Koussevitzky does not give sufficiently clear and prompt signals to his men at times, or so it appears from the audience.

Dukelsky, born in 1903, has previously been represented at these concerts by some excerpts from a ballet, "Zphyr et Flore," played two years ago. His symphony in F, first performed at a Koussevitzky concert in Paris last Summer, has three movements, which are structurally more or less in accordance with classic precedent. There is, however, little or nothing that a classicist would recognize as harmony or counterpoint. The composer disclaims any intention of writing descriptive or pictorial music.

A listener biased rather for than against modernist music could not, at a first hearing, find much musical interest or importance in Dukelsky's symphony. Rhythms suggesting Stravinsky and American jazz but without the point and pungency of those in "Le Sacre" or in the best work of men like Gershwin, a slow movement with a banal Italianate melody disguised clumsily by an unnatural harmonization and pointless ejaculations from the percussion section of the orchestra; and a lively but quite unmemorable finale were all one could single out in the tonal melee. One felt that Dukelsky might write better in conventional 19th century style. But such first impressions cannot honestly masquerade as a judicial verdict. It is possible that further hearings might reveal beauties and profundities that went unnoticed yesterday.

Philipp Emanuel Bach might have difficulty in recognizing the elaborate orchestral piece Steinberg has made from a little chamber piece of his which Mr Koussevitzky once admired at a concert in Paris, and so had arranged. But the music has distinction and charm.

Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" overture sounded unusually clear and brilliant yesterday by contrast with the turgid orchestration of the Brahms concerto which preceded it. To one listener it was the most appealing and stirring music of the afternoon. Berlioz is among the most original figures in musical history. His themes are so unlike those of other composers that some critics to this day claim that Berlioz had no melodic invention. This overture alone should suffice to refute them.

Everyone concedes that Berlioz knew by instinct how to score music for a large orchestra. Compare this overture with a Beethoven or Brahms symphony, not to mention Schumann. It is to Liszt and Rimsky-Korsakov that one must turn for examples of orchestral music as sonorous and brilliant as Berlioz'. His rhythms, too, are vital and glowing in their clear intensity.

One wishes Mr Koussevitzky played Berlioz more often. He does it well, except for a tendency to exaggerate Berlioz' tempi and his dynamic contrasts, which, as they stand in the score, are sufficiently dramatic.

The program for next week includes the symphony by Prof E. B. Hill first played last year, Dukas' "Sorceror's Apprentice"; and Bruckner's Eighth Symphony.

P. R.

MUSIC

MAR 16. GLOBE

When Critics Disagree

Lawrence Gilman published last Sunday in the New York Herald Tribune one of his inimitably readable little essays with the title "When critics disagree," which may furnish the point of departure for a few remarks on a perennial topic. For any reader of the reviews, say, of the Boston Symphony concerts printed in half a dozen newspapers in this city, will not need to be told that critics of music do frequently disagree. To one one man Mr Koussevitzky's reading of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" will be poetic, dramatic, inspired. To another it will be an unpardonable violation of the letter and the spirit of the score. To some Bloch's "America" is a masterpiece, to others an amazing and annoying potpourri of trivial popular tunes, and so it goes.

Mr Gilman's examples to prove this point follow, and his conclusion:

"Mr John F. Runciman, one of the most eminent of Wagnerian critics, thought that the 'Redemption' theme which ends 'Der Ring des Nibelungen' bespeaks 'the great lyrical Wagner'; Mr Bernard Shaw thinks 'it might easily be the climax of a popular sentimental ballad.' Mr James Huneker was savagely contemptuous of the music of 'Parsifal'; Mr Ernest Newman thinks 'Parsifal' is 'in many ways the most wonderful and impressive thing ever done in music.' Mr Aldrich thinks a melody of Berlioz 'poor and pale'; Mr Hale thinks it 'beautiful and expressive.' Mr Krehbiel thought that 'nine-tenths of the music of "Pelleas et Melisande" is a dreary monotony'; others think that nine-tenths of 'Pelleas' is among the rarest achievements of the musical imagination.

"In the face of all this, is it not somewhat unrealistic to go on talking of absolute standards in the appraisal of musical values as if there really were such things—except within the narrowest limitations? Is it not foolish to pretend that there is any such thing as an impersonal judgment in asthetic matters? All asthetic judgments, declared Mr Runciman, a good many years ago, are 'the result of art playing upon a certain personality; we must know something of the critic's intellectual and imaginative personality to know the value of the art. . . . In the production of all good art criticism, the personality of the critic is the most important factor.'

"The belief that you can get at the artist except through the critic, with his virtues or his limitations thick upon him, is, unfortunately, a delusion. For if the critic is not Aldrich or Hale or Runciman or Newman or Huneker or Krehbiel, he is quite likely to be—yourself."

Parading Prejudices

Mr Gilman, then, approves of the familiar remark of Anatole France, that criticism is merely "the adventures of a soul among the masterpieces." Everything depends, it would seem, upon the quality of the critic's soul, since masterpieces have no quality of their own independent of human judment upon them.

Most of the younger generation of critics of music, the drama, and literature in this country have too evidently accepted the letter, though not the spirit of this maxim of Anatole France. Does not Mr Mencken, for example, collect his essays and publish them in volumes entitled "Prejudices"? Do not most young reviewers now write as though their personality was what readers wished to learn? Mr George Jean Nathan, when he finds a dull play, sometimes tells us in his review not why he thinks it dull, but how he read such and such a novel while the performance was going on and then went away during the second act to patronize his favorite speakeasy. This is a pity, since Mr Nathan's reasons for finding a play dull, when he deigns to offer them, are usually interesting and often convincing.

Several New York reviewers of music, though not Mr Gilman sometimes offer their readers what they would perhaps call "wisecracks" at the expense of performers and music instead of a serious attempt to give an impersonal and impartial opinion. The "wisecracks" might be even more amusing if the critics turned, as some of them have done to the writing of humorous "columns," not tied down to so serious and so dull a topic as music, and the performance of music.

It is, of course, true, that nobody can prove mathematically or logically that Beethoven's Seventh Symphony is a masterpiece and Nevin's "Rosary" bad art. But how many of the truths that make life endurable are capable of really scientific demonstration? Must we not take our music, as we take our wives and our religion, very largely on faith? Do absolute standards of a coldly and purely intellectual character, exist outside of the minds of a few mathematicians and scientists? Music, when treated scientifically becomes mere acoustics, which is a branch of physics, not of art.

Seeking Impartiality

Granted that every musical review should be read as though it began in large letters with the remark, "this is merely one man's opinion," does it follow that flippancy and trivial personalities should fill the review? Reviewers, like the rest of the audience, know what they like, even though they don't know anything about "art." But the reviewer, unlike the plain man knows why he likes it, or why he dislikes it, unless he is a mere trifler and dabbler.

Is not what people who have been to a concert, and perhaps, people who have given a concert want, if they want to read a musical review of it at all, a clear and fair minded statement of the critic's reasons for liking or not liking music or performance? In a very limited class of cases these reasons are based on measurable observed fact. If wrong notes occur that is not a matter of opinion. If a piece marked andante is played very fast there is no doubt that it was not played "andante." But if the critic feels that the performance was "not in the spirit of the music" he should try and explain what he thinks the music really ought to sound like, and how the interpretation differed from this ideal of his. He can not speak with absolute authority. Colleagues of greater or less renown and experience may differ from him. But the fact that it is not his job to say the final word on the subject does not mean that the critic should take to mere clowning and "smart aleck" tricks.

The critic will, of course, be bound by his temperament and his prejudices, but should he glory in the fact and flaunt it in the face of his public, casting all attempts at fairness and impartiality to the winds?

It is very easy to be glib and flippant, very much harder to try to be fair and to think things through. The reviewer's first duty is to strive for an unattainable ideal of fairness and clearness, not to indulge in cheap and facile attempts at "wit."

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Heifetz Afresh, Young Moderns And "Old Bach"

TRANS. MAR. 18

From The Symphony Concert To the Flute-Players, Most Hospitable

THERE WERE unusual honors and fervors at the Symphony Concert of Saturday. No sooner had Mr. Heifetz appeared to play Brahms's Violin-Concerto than the whole orchestra rose to its feet and hailed him with clapping long and loud. The audience added their hands vigorously. Through two or three minutes the applause crackled; before and behind the violinist bowed; while, as some said, his habitual composure was perceptibly shaken. At the end of the Concerto, feet stamped and throats shouted—rare exuberance in this town; but few had listened without emotion and of a Saturday, in these days of Mr. Koussevitzky, free spirits gather in Symphony Hall. Yet as grateful to Mr. Heifetz must have been the rapt listening of the men of the orchestra at every pause in their several parts. For the more one is master, the more does he treasure the regard of fellow-craftsmen. More than once the orchestra has risen in deference to a guest-conductor or in welcome to its own returning leader. But when, in the past did it do as much, and of its own will, for a visiting virtuoso? Nor was the audience content until, at the return of Mr. Koussevitzky, it had brought both conductor and players to their feet.

Mr. Heifetz is no violinist of mood and impulse. He measures and controls his powers. He prepares a piece and the preparation is complete. In performance the musical, not the personal, equation sways him. Therefore his playing of Brahms's Concerto on Saturday seemed almost an exact replica of his playing of that piece on Friday. Yet there was new occasion to observe, especially in the long-drawn "passage-work" of the first movement, the undulant, the vibrant quality in his tone giving life to every measure. It is not in the same world with the tremolo by which violinists of the baser sort smear out sentiment. It is not even a vibrato in the full musical sense of that term. Rather, it is the intuitive inflection—the exact word is hard to find—that is vitalizing spark to the note or the phrase at each passing instant. The responsive sensibility of a musician, the imparting instinct of a virtuoso—each at finest—join together to generate it. Again to be noted was the beauty of Mr. Heifetz's tone as it moved, through the slow song, against the mezza voce (so to say) of the string choir. The literary-minded recalled the Latin poet's "moon amongst lesser stars." The graphic-minded thought of the glowing velvet in some Venetian portrait crossed by a golden pattern woven fine and clear. The merely musical said "euphony" and held their breaths to listen. And who, having heard Mr. Heifetz's light hand upon the finale, will ever again reproach it as heavy-gaited?

From the younger generation Mr. Koussevitzky has not lately found a more fortunate "modern instance" than Dukelsky's Symphony. On Saturday, as on Friday, applause that was more than polite and scattering rewarded it; while on both occasions it was played to no restless audience. For once, even the unreconciled to the newer musical courses found the dissonances of the first movement forgivable, so plainly were they born of young energy engrossed in creation, speaking the speech that was natural utterance. Quickly, too, they resolved themselves into sonorities that stirred the ear; while page upon page pressed forward, fertile, vigorous, warm-blooded. At last a youthful, a modern, symphonist was to be heard, molding form to substance, to both giving rhythmical life and manifold voice. In many ears the slow movement sang broadly and richly out of well-conceived matter in well-conducted course. Through it clear musical imagination was ranging. The finale proceeds fitfully; the listener fancies that he hears the play of the changeful Russian temperament, brightening and darkening like a spring sky. Then the young energy returns, possesses and drives forward to the full-voiced close. Already Dukelsky can turn current formulas and fashions into individual and imaginative line. That way lies a "modernism" stimulating to hear.

Incidents and Prospects

Those omniscient persons who discovered this and that motive on Mr. Koussevitzky's part for the repetition of Bloch's "America" at the Symphony concerts may be reminded that on Friday and Saturday next Mr. Stock will repeat the Rhapsody in Chicago—for precisely the reason that actuated the Boston conductor, to wit, faith in, and admiration for, the piece. Curiously, Mr. Stock will also mate it with Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony.

What passes through the minds of conductors while they are making programs none but themselves may know. . . . The other day in New York, Mr. Toscanini included in one of his lists Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony," long one of Mr. Koussevitzky's "specialties." On a program for next week at Symphony Hall stands Dukas's Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." Not long ago Mr. Toscanini proffered it to New York with loud applause.

The Rhapsody for Saxophone and Orchestra, written by Debussy on commission from the late Mrs. Hall of Boston, reappeared last month at a concert of the Paris Symphony Orchestra. That band has also played, as concert-piece, Stravinsky's recent ballet, "The Fairy's Kiss." No doubt we shall hear it in Boston next season.

THE BOSTON HERALD
MONDAY, MARCH 18, 1929

MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was never more brilliant than it is today. It is not an exaggeration to say that it is one of the three greatest orchestras in the world, a possession that any metropolis—London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, New York, or Buenos Aires—would boast of and revere. Bostonians who attend its concerts know its value. Every year many who pay for seats also contribute to the deficit fund. This year the deficit will be about $135,000, of which about $90,000 has already been subscribed. A symphony orchestra, like any superlative artistic organization, is an expensive accessory, but more of a necessity than a luxury. Boston would be a poor place to live in without her great library, the Museum of Fine Arts, and the orchestra.

And yet the orchestra, the most animated and perhaps the most naturally appealing of these three institutions, has the smallest following. To a certain degree this is inevitable. Symphony Hall is not a large hall as auditoriums go today, and the price of seats must be so high that the deficit will not be overwhelming. It is doubtful if the regular attendants of the five series of concerts (including the children's series) number more than 15,000 persons. When we consider that there are more than 1,500,000 people in Greater Boston, the number seems pitifully small. Is it any wonder that the symphony orchestra is only a name to the man in the street?

Granted that the appreciation of fine music is not every man's gift, cannot the orchestra's public be doubled or tripled in size? Unquestionably there are many men and women who are prevented from hearing the orchestra because of the prices of the tickets. The cost of taking himself, his wife and two or three children, to a concert is prohibitive to the man of small income. And yet, if the orchestra is to be a truly great inspirational and cultural factor in the community, it should be as accessible as the large motion picture theatres. We wonder if jazz would so predominate in popularity if classical music could be heard as easily. We do not ask that the orchestra in any way lower its standards or that it try to compete with other forms of amusement that the city now affords. We merely suggest that the orchestra is not doing all that it is capable of doing until every man and woman who wants to hear it hears it. After all, the orchestra is not self-sufficient. The beauty and vitality of fine music does not exist until it is heard. The greater its audience, the more souls it fills with glory, and the more men and women it momentarily lifts from the worries and sorrows of everyday life. And the sad part of it is that the people who most need the comfort and inspiration of great music are usually those who can least afford to hear it.

It is possible that one practical obstacle in the path of such a goal has been removed. The new Boston Garden seats 18,000 persons. If an admission charge of only 25 cents were made, $4500 would be realized, more than enough to pay the cost of engaging the hall and probably leaving something toward the running expenses of the orchestra. An admission fee of but ten cents would probably cover the cost of using the Garden instead of Symphony Hall. The only difficulty seems to lie in the question of the Garden's acoustics for orchestral music. But the Royal Belgian Guards band of eighty men is to give a symphonic program there April 3, and a study of the acoustics then should decide the question. The Garden's existence offers an opportunity to which the orchestra's trustees should not close their eyes. Three or four concerts there during a season would make the orchestra thousands of new friends.

A teacher in one of Boston's schools used to warn his English class of the danger of using the word "perfect" in describing things or persons of only superior merit. "There is only one thing that I know of that can be called perfect," he always said in ending the discussion, "and that is the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Is a perfect thing too holy to be enjoyed only by the few?

SYMPHONY GIVES MONDAY CONCERT

Brilliant Playing Draws Enthusiastic Applause

GLOBE — MAR. 19

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave last night at Symphony Hall the fifth concert of its Monday evening series. C. P. E. Bach's D major concerto for orchestra, Satie's "Gymnopedies" (orchestrated by Debussy), Dukas' so-called Scherzo, "L'Apprenti Sorcier," and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony made up an attractive program which, excellently played, drew an exceptionally enthusiastic response from the large audience.

The young Bach's D major concerto, which Mr Koussevitzky introduced last Friday to his audience of the regular series, improves upon further acquaintance. The genial vigor and individual flavor of the two fast movements, their consummate musical craftsmanship, the moving beauty of the noble Andante, are the work of a composer who deserves to be better known by musicians and music-lovers, and who should be ranked higher by historians of the art.

Certainly this work of the humble Carl Philipp Emanuel is much superior to some things of his illustrious father, Johann Sebastian, that are still performed. It is improbable that Steinberg by his effective orchestration has falsified our view of its quality. It was admirably performed.

Debussy's delicate orchestrations of two of the strangely beautiful and disarmingly simple "Gymnopedies" of that queer genius Satie received an exquisitely apt performance. They were taken at a tempo slower than would be possible in their original pianoforte versions, but which suggested well the Greek ritual dances that had inspired them.

The cleverly illustrative "scherzo" which Dukas wrote "after" Goethe's famous ballad of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" drew from Mr Koussevitzky and his orchestra a performance well proportioned and certainly not lacking in brilliance, but which seemed a shade too careful and controlled to reach the heights of breathless excitement at which the composer aimed.

A masterly rendering of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony concluded the program. Mr Koussevitzky's admirable reading of this work is well known here by now. Under his baton the orchestra brought out with the utmost conviction, yet without the exaggeration one might have feared, all its somber, brooding, Slavonic color, its drama, its warm, if somewhat too melting, lyricism, its final overwhelming, defiant brilliance.

The enthusiasm of the audience recalled Mr Koussevitzky four times. On his last reappearance he shook the concertmaster, Mr Burgin, by the hand and motioned to his men to rise to receive the applause they deserved.

TRANSCRIPT, TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1929

Satie and Dukas With Chaikovsky

TO say that it was an enthusiastic audience that took leave of the Monday concerts, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of Serge Koussevitzky last evening, would be to use the language of the lame, the halt and the blind. One might rise to the over-worked "ovation," and still be telling less than the truth. For that term has been used over and over again for the kind of approval which was expressed at the time of the intermission, when Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice" had just been played. At the end, after an exceptionally powerful climax with Chaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, people in the front rows remained in their seats, smiting hand upon hand as though they were anchored there for the night. A little farther back, they were standing, putting on their things, then standing longer, missing not an opportunity of adding, with outstretched hands, to the volume of sound. That audience could not have done otherwise after that music, played as it was. From the beginning of the symphony to the end, Mr. Koussevitzky had been preparing for the climax which he produced at the last. In the very first movement he rose at once to heights which would have been highly climactic for many a conductor. The very sobriety, the very melancholy, of that opening song which is theme for the symphony, created its own tension. The rhythm of opening theme furthered it. The lyric outbursts which analysts call "second theme" gave it the impetus of exaltation. Still it increased. And when the first pause occurred the spines of the audience were at the least fairly straight. But an Andante did not fall back. The glowing melody of the horn was pitched upon no lower plane. For all its restraint in performance, for all its simple straightforward beauty, it nevertheless moved about—serenely, it is true—in the clouds to which a first movement had taken us. And when composer and conductor had done their work upon it, when brass again proclaimed that main theme of the symphony, the clouds had been left far below. Were at this point a third movement to continue in a straight line to greater heights, to tighter tensions, only discomfort would result. But Chaikovsky here brings in his little waltz. Deride its "prettiness" as much as you please in so high-strung a symphony, call it out of place—it served its purpose. It would have been inhumane to do other than one of two things with the audience last evening—either allow it to give vent to its feelings, or afford it relief in the music. Chaikovsky, of course, chooses the latter. But it is the relief which is administered only for the purpose of making it possible to lay on even more heavily. The finale recapitulates. The opening theme is heard again, this time with great breadth and nobility. It is as if it had been removed from earth to heaven. But still there is ascent. And words must needs fail in describing the climax at the end.

In retrospect, the rest of the concert seems but pale beside the magnificence for which it was preparation. And yet one remembers that the drolleries and the humors of a Dukas with his stupid apprentice to a clever sorcerer had done their share, and a large share it was, in

Continued on Following Page

KOUSSEVITZKY SCORES IN LAST SYMPHONY

AMERICAN. MAR 19

By MOSES SMITH

The last of the Monday evening series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was the source of sufficient glory for Serge Koussevitzky and his orchestra to last at least until the beginning of next season. A program which was of good size to begin with, was prolonged greatly by several ovations of unusual length.

The audience expressed its enthusiasm at every occasion. There was a hearty greeting for the conductor at the beginning of the concert. More than once, after the performance of the various pieces, the conductor called on his men to rise, in order to share in tributes. At the end of the program the audience lingered several minutes for final expression of appreciation.

The concert was a brilliant one, as we have had occasion to say many times previously during the five seasons that Mr. Koussevitzky has spent in Boston. He began with C. P. E. Bach's major Concerto for Orchestra, arranged by Maximilian Steinberg—eighteenth century music which the conductor reads with square-edged clarity or, as the occasion demands, with tender simplicity.

Debussy's delicate orchestration of Satie's "Gymnopedies" and Dukas' brilliant orchestral scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," offered two representative aspects of French music of the last generation. For the second half of the program there was Mr. Koussevitzky's great tour de force, the Fifth Symphony of Tchaikovsky.

It would be repetition for us to enumerate the virtues that make the Russian's reading of his fellow-countrymen's music epic. So enthralled were the listeners that, for once, there was no interruption at the pause just before the end of the symphony. The audience was paying heed with its head—and heart—as well as with its ears.

FINAL MONDAY NIGHT CONCERT

Symphony Closes Portion of Extra Series

Post — Mar 19

In anticipation of the symphony concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Mr. Koussevitzky at the concert of last evening, the fifth and final one of the current Monday series, offered his listeners Dukas' Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," and in a singularly brilliant and imaginative performance that was much relished by the audience.

For beginning to last evening's concert there came, out of the programmes of last week's subscription concerts, the interesting concerto of Emanuel Bach which, at Mr. Koussevitzky's suggestion, was arranged for orchestra by Maximilian Steinberg. Between this piece and the scherzo of Dukas stood the "Gymnopedies" of Satie as orchestrated by Debussy. In this music of dancing Greek youths conductor and orchestra once more delighted the ear with transparent euphonies and delicate sonorities. The final number, heard not long ago at the regular Friday and Saturday concerts, was the fifth symphony of Tchaikovsky, which Mr. Koussevitzky and his musicians have now brought to a pitch of perfection which makes it seem certain that in this symphony there is no detail, large or small, which does not receive at their hands its ultimate due.

Throughout the concert last evening's audience was enthusiastic, and justly so.

Miss Bates developed her voice to its full R. R. G.

Herald Mar 19

BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky, played the fifth program of its Monday evening concerts last night at Symphony hall. It seems inadequate to say that the concert last evening was magnificent in its quality of tone and expression, but nevertheless such a meagre expression will have to suffice as words cannot fully express the exquisite musicianship which was shown in the performance of the music Mr. Koussevitzky chose for this program.

Beginning with a Concerto for Orchestra in D major, by C. P. E. Bach, the orchestra played the swift allegro passages with infinite grace and in the second movement the quality of the sustained tones of the strings was of exceptional fineness. The "Gymnopedies" by Satie, might have suffered under a hand less sensitive to tonal effect than that of Mr. Koussevitzky because in truth the shadings and tonal qualities are its salvation. In "L'Apprenti Sorcier," by Dukas, the interpretation was a vital thing, the strings so accentuated the story of the legend that one could almost see the water and imagine the plight of the poor man whose curiosity far exceeded his actual knowledge of proper procedure.

Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 in E minor is said to have been written in the latter part of his life. The music is turbulent, almost defiant, occasionally subsiding to a strain of futility and acquiescence. The orchestra played this symphony with infinite delicacy of phrasing revealing all the pathos of the beautiful slow melodies and the burning intensity of the allegro passages, finally mounting to a climax of superb majesty. O. A.

STON POST, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1929

YOUNG FOLKS AT SYMPHONY

A programme more exacting than some of its predecessors nevertheless kept the large audience attentive and even absorbed at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon when the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented the first of its second pair of Young People's Concerts. Undoubtedly Mr. Alfred H. Meyer's introductory remarks, pointed by stereopticon slides, which preceded each piece, aided in maintaining and renewing this receptive attitude on the part of the listeners.

Not that yesterday's programme was in itself lacking in interest, but it depended less than have those of past concerts upon rhythmic and pictorial appeal. Beginning with the Larghetto and Allegro from Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 12, for two solo violins, which served admirably to display the virtuosity and exquisite tone of the string choirs of the orchestra, it proceeded to the "Classical" Symphony of Prokofiev, "absolute" music that in the 20th century would evoke the spirit of the 18th. Both these pieces Mr. Koussevitzky conducted.

Then for interlude came an Arioso of Bach for violoncello solo with organ accompaniment, prefaced by pictures and an explanation of the interior of an organ as well as comments concerning Bach and the 'cello. Jean Bedetti, leader of the orchestra's 'cello section, as the soloist displayed once more his familiar mastery of his instrument.

And at last to delineative music. With Mr. Burgin at the conductor's desk four of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" in the incomparably effective orchestration of Ravel gave obvious delight, in particular "The Hut on Fowl's Legs," which had been elucidated by a telling of the tale of the Russian witch Baba-Yaga. Johann Strauss' "Voices of Spring," played with all the rhythmic seductiveness which the waltzes of that Viennese master evoke, brought the concert to an end.

TRANS — MAR 20

Incidents and Prospects

In the program-book of the Symphony Concerts next Friday, the trustees will report subscriptions of $88,427 67 to the fund that meets yearly the deficit in the running expenses of the orchestra. These contributions come from 571 subscribers, 216 of whom have been recently added. An increase of no small satisfaction to the trustees, who desire wider support of the orchestra. As it is, the deficit is estimated at $130—$135,000, with $40,000 still necessary to meet it.

Contrary to recent custom Mr. Koussevitzky will not renew his orchestral concerts in Paris next May and June. Instead, he has agreed to conduct the forces of the Opéra through five or six performances of Musorgsky's "Boris Godunov." He used to do so before he came to Boston.

The [illegible] afternoon [illegible] in the Symphony Hall is filled. Then and there, Mr. Levitzki, who seldom revisits this corner of the world, will play piano-pieces.

Heifetz Afresh, Young Moderns And "Old Bach"

TRANS MAR. 18

From The Symphony Concert To the Flute-Players, Most Hospitable

THERE WERE unusual honors and fervors at the Symphony Concert of Saturday. No sooner had Mr. Heifetz appeared to play Brahms's Violin-Concerto than the whole orchestra rose to its feet and hailed him with clapping long and loud. The audience added their hands vigorously. Through two or three minutes the applause crackled; before and behind the violinist bowed; while, as some said, his habitual composure was perceptibly shaken. At the end of the Concerto, feet stamped and throats shouted—rare exuberance in this town; but few had listened without emotion and of a Saturday, in these days of Mr. Koussevitzky, free spirits gather in Symphony Hall. Yet as grateful to Mr. Heifetz must have been the rapt listening of the men of the orchestra at every pause in their several parts. For the more one is master, the more does he treasure the regard of fellow-craftsmen. More than once the orchestra has risen in deference to a guest-conductor or in welcome to its own returning leader. But when, in the past did it do as much, and of its own will, for a visiting virtuoso? Nor was the audience content until, at the return of Mr. Koussevitzky, it had brought both conductor and players to their feet.

Mr. Heifetz is no violinist of mood and impulse. He measures and controls his powers. He prepares a piece and the preparation is complete. In performance the musical, not the personal, equation sways him. Therefore his playing of Brahms's Concerto on Saturday seemed almost an exact replica of his playing of that piece on Friday. Yet there was new occasion to observe, especially in the long-drawn "passage-work" of the first movement, the undulant, the vibrant quality in his tone giving life to every measure. It is not in the same world with the tremolo by which violinists of the baser sort smear out sentiment. It is not even a vibrato in the full musical sense of that term. Rather, it is the intuitive inflection—the exact word is hard to find—that is vitalizing spark to the note or the phrase at each passing instant. The responsive sensibility of a musician, the imparting instinct of a virtuoso—each at finest—join together to generate it. Again to be noted was the beauty of Mr. Heifetz's tone as it moved, through the slow song, against the mezza voce (so to say) of the string choir. The literary-minded recalled the Latin poet's "moon amongst lesser stars." The graphic-minded thought of the glowing velvet in some Venetian portrait crossed by a golden pattern woven fine and clear. The merely musical said "euphony" and held their breaths to listen. And who, having heard Mr. Heifetz's light hand upon the finale, will ever again reproach it as heavy-gaited?

From the younger generation Mr. Koussevitzky has not lately found a more fortunate "modern instance" than Dukelsky's Symphony. On Saturday, as on Friday, applause that was more than polite, and scattering rewarded it; while on both occasions it was played to no restless audience. For once, even the unreconciled to the newer musical courses found the dissonances of the first movement forgivable, so plainly were they born of young energy engrossed in creation, speaking the speech that was natural utterance. Quickly, too, they resolved themselves into sonorities that stirred the ear; while page upon page pressed forward, fertile, vigorous, warm-blooded. At last a youthful, a modern, symphonist was to be heard, molding form to substance, to both giving rhythmical life and manifold voice. In many ears the slow movement sang broadly and richly out of well-conceived matter in well-conducted course. Through it clear musical imagination was ranging. The finale proceeds fitfully; the listener fancies that he hears the play of the changeful Russian temperament, brightening and darkening like a spring sky. Then the young energy returns, possesses and drives forward to the full-voiced close. Already Dukelsky can turn current formulas and fashions into individual and imaginative line. That way lies a "modernism" stimulating to hear.

Incidents and Prospects

Those omniscient persons who discovered this and that motive on Mr. Koussevitzky's part for the repetitions of Bloch's "America" at the Symphony concerts may be reminded that on Friday and Saturday next Mr. Stock will repeat the Rhapsody in Chicago—for precisely the reason that actuated the Bostonian conductor, to wit, faith in, and admiration for, the piece. Curiously, Mr. Stock will also mate it with Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony.

What passes through the minds of conductors while they are making programs none but themselves may know. . . . The other day in New York, Mr. Toscanini included in one of his lists Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony," long one of Mr. Koussevitzky's "specialties." On a program for next week at Symphony Hall stands Dukas's Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." Not long ago Mr. Toscanini proffered it to New York with loud applause.

The Rhapsody for Saxophone and Orchestra, written by Debussy on commission from the late Mrs. Hall of Boston, reappeared last month at a concert of the Paris Symphony Orchestra. That band has also played, as concert-piece, Stravinsky's recent ballet, "The Fairy's Kiss." No doubt we shall hear it in Boston next season.

THE BOSTON HERALD
MONDAY, MARCH 18, 1929

MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was never more brilliant than it is today. It is not an exaggeration to say that it is one of the three greatest orchestras in the world, a possession that any metropolis—London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, New York, or Buenos Aires—would boast of and revere. Bostonians who attend its concerts know its value. Every year many who pay for seats also contribute to the deficit fund. This year the deficit will be about $135,000, of which about $90,000 has already been subscribed. A symphony orchestra, like any superlative artistic organization, is an expensive accessory, but more of a necessity than a luxury. Boston would be a poor place to live in without her great library, the Museum of Fine Arts, and the orchestra.

And yet the orchestra, the most animated and perhaps the most naturally appealing of these three institutions, has the smallest following. To a certain degree this is inevitable. Symphony Hall is not a large hall as auditoriums go today, and the price of seats must be so high that the deficit will not be overwhelming. It is doubtful if the regular attendants of the five series of concerts (including the children's series) number more than 15,000 persons. When we consider that there are more than 1,500,000 people in Greater Boston, the number seems pitifully small. Is it any wonder that the symphony orchestra is only a name to the man in the street?

Granted that the appreciation of fine music is not every man's gift, cannot the orchestra's public be doubled or tripled in size? Unquestionably there are many men and women who are prevented from hearing the orchestra because of the prices of the tickets. The cost of taking himself, his wife and two or three children, to a concert is prohibitive to the man of small income. And yet, if the orchestra is to be a truly great inspirational and cultural factor in the community, it should be as accessible as the large motion picture theatres. We wonder if jazz would so predominate in popularity if classical music could be heard as easily. We do not ask that the orchestra in any way lower its standards or that it try to compete with other forms of amusement that the city now affords. We merely suggest that the orchestra is not doing all that it is capable of doing until every man and woman who wants to hear it hears it. After all, the orchestra is not self-sufficient. The beauty and vitality of fine music does not exist until it is heard. The greater its audience, the more souls it fills with glory, and the more men and women it momentarily lifts from the worries and sorrows of everyday life. And the sad part of it is that the people who most need the comfort and inspiration of great music are usually those who can least afford to hear it.

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BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted by Mr. Koussevitzky, played the fifth program of its Monday evening concerts last night at Symphony hall. It seems inadequate to say that the concert last evening was magnificent in its quality of tone and expression, but nevertheless such a meagre expression will have to suffice as words cannot fully express the exquisite musicianship which was shown in the performance of the music Mr. Koussevitzky chose for this program.

Beginning with a Concerto for Orchestra in D major, by C. P. E. Bach, the orchestra played the swift allegro passages with infinite grace and in the second movement the quality of the sustained tones of the strings was of exceptional fineness. The "Gymnopedies" by Satie, might have suffered under a hand less sensitive to tonal effect than that of Mr. Koussevitzky because in truth the shadings and tonal qualities are its salvation. In "L'Apprenti Sorcier," by Dukas, the interpretation was a vital thing, the strings so accentuated the story of the legend that one could almost see the water and imagine the plight of the poor man whose curiosity far exceeded his actual knowledge of proper procedure.

Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 in E minor is said to have been written in the latter part of his life. The music is turbulent, almost defiant, occasionally subsiding to a strain of futility and acquiescence. The orchestra played this symphony with infinite delicacy of phrasing revealing all the pathos of the beautiful slow melodies and the burning intensity of the allegro passages, finally mounting to a climax of superb majesty. O. A.

STON POST, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1929

YOUNG FOLKS AT SYMPHONY

A programme more exacting than some of its predecessors nevertheless kept the large audience attentive and even absorbed at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon when the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented the first of its second pair of Young People's Concerts. Undoubtedly Mr. Alfred H. Meyer's introductory remarks, pointed by stereopticon slides, which preceded each piece, aided in maintaining and renewing this receptive attitude on the part of the listeners.

Not that yesterday's programme was in itself lacking in interest, but it depended less than have those of past concerts upon rhythmic and pictorial appeal. Beginning with the Larghetto and Allegro from Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 12, for two solo violins, which served admirably to display the virtuosity and exquisite tone of the string choirs of the orchestra, it proceeded to the "Classical" Symphony of Prokofiev, "absolute" music that in the 20th century would evoke the spirit of the 18th. Both these pieces Mr. Koussevitzky conducted.

Then for interlude came an Arioso of Bach for violoncello solo with organ accompaniment, prefaced by pictures and an explanation of the interior of an organ as well as comments concerning Bach and the 'cello. Jean Bedetti, leader of the orchestra's 'cello section, as the soloist displayed once more his familiar mastery of his instrument.

And at last to delineative music. With Mr. Burgin at the conductor's desk four of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" in the incomparably effective orchestration of Ravel gave obvious delight, in particular "The Hut on Fowl's Legs," which had been elucidated by a telling of the tale of the Russian witch Baba-Yaga. Johann Strauss' "Voices of Spring," played with all the rhythmic seductiveness which the waltzes of that Viennese master evoke, brought the concert to an end.

TRANS — MAR 20

Incidents and Prospects

In the program-book of the Symphony Concerts next Friday, the trustees will report subscriptions of $88,427 67 to the fund that meets yearly the deficit in the running expenses of the orchestra. These contributions come from 571 subscribers, 216 of whom have been recently added, an increase of no small satisfaction to the trustees, who desire wide support of the orchestra. As it is, the deficit is estimated at $130—$135,000, with $40,000 still necessary to meet it.

Contrary to recent custom Mr. Koussevitzky will not renew his orchestral concerts in Paris next May and June. Instead, he has agreed to conduct the forces of the Opéra through five or six performances of Musorgsky's "Boris Godunov." He used to do so before he came to Boston.

The [illegible] afternoon, March 31, in the [illegible] phony Hall is filled. Then and there, Mr. Levitzki, who seldom revisits this corner of the world, will play piano-pieces.

Children's Concert, Critic's Excursions

TRANS. — MAR. 20

Young People's Matinee With Side-Glances Toward Other Passing Matters

ANXIOUS, and also irritable, elders should bestir themselves. The children and young people of this town, being born into their own time, are already incipient modernists. In considerable numbers they assembled yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall for their last concert—save only the repetition today—of the current season. Under the present dispensation some three hundred places are reserved for the youngsters whose father, mother or next friend will pay the price and who usually appear accompanied. These are, in the words of a budding cynic of tender age, "the seats of the little rich children." Now on Tuesday afternoon, it was to be observed that almost every one of them was occupied; whereas an appreciable part of the seats distributed among the public schools at a nominal charge stood empty. The upper balcony, for example, was virtually bare; while the center of the parquet yielded hardly a gap. It is regrettable that the pupils in the public schools, their teachers and their parents, are not more receptive of opportunity. There may even be means, as yet unapplied, to incite them to it.

The point, however, to be made at the moment is quite different. A comically passionate voice was lately raised in this town, bidding the Symphony Orchestra give concerts at one dime per head in the vasty depths of the Boston Garden. Then would "the people" receive the "cultural" and "inspirational" impetus believed to proceed from its ministrations. By the cumulative evidence of these children's concerts at Symphony Hall, "the people" remain persistently indifferent to such "privileges"; whereas other social orders more generally and eagerly seek them. Were the trustees of orchestras to compare notes, a like disposition toward any and all symphonic music would probably be disclosed in every American city, with Chicago as the only possible exception. There is ground to believe that for some time to come symphony concerts will remain an aristocratic pleasure, for the excellent reason that the democratic world, customarily called "the people," sedom cares for them. Nor need the thick-waisted wrestlers or the swift-footed hockey-teams take alarm. The Boston Orchestra—it may be said with a smile of re-assurance—has no mind to enter the precincts that they abundantly adorn.

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Though New York is two hundred odd miles away and cares not tuppence ha' penny for us sorry dwellers in the hinterlands, there was reason to marvel at Mr. Koussevitzky's presumption in the placing of Prokoffiev's Classical Symphony upon the program. That eminent conductor, the Signor Toscanini, with whose ascent to the podium the performance of symphonic music seemingly began and with whose descent therefrom it will end "eternellement" (as they say in French operas) lately played the piece in Manhattan. Forthwith "this writer," as he oftenest calls himself, hastened in The Times to put all and sundry in their places. Said he:

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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The Boston Symphony orchestra lived up to its high standard of perfection in the performance. Mr. Meyer gave an entertaining and informative account of each composer and the selections which were to be played before each rendition, illustrated with the stereopticon. The program will be repeated this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

F. A. B.

THE SYMPHONY AND CHILDREN

To the Editor of The Herald:

It would seem obvious to at least one of the readers of yesterday's editorial that if the Symphony orchestra is to win to it an increasing number of patrons, it must create in the young people now growing up a taste and a demand for the kind of music it provides. To that end were the young people's concerts inaugurated, with the hope that school authorities would appreciate the opportunity offered to students, and encourage attendance as far as possible.

Yet such has not proved to be the case. The first concerts came near to taxing the capacity of the hall, but this year's young patrons have so fallen off in numbers that there are always large numbers of vacant seats, in spite of the fact that the management has offered a block of floor seats to the adult public. Private schools have always been represented in goodly numbers. The indifference can be traced directly to the public schools. In several large public schools in the city proper, these young people's concerts have not been announced at all, or announced perfunctorily only by a notice on the school bulletin board. In some instances the order and purchase of tickets has been made difficult, because this must be done between periods, on the way to classes in more or less distant parts of the building. No one, unless possibly the music director, has urged attendance or encouraged interest in what is probably as fine orchestral music as may be heard anywhere in the world.

The young people themselves are not to blame. Many of them come from families whose taste in music as well as in the other arts, is still unformed and uncultured, and who have never realized their own deficiency. They cannot always recognize an opportunity when it is offered.

It remains for the school to stand in loco parentis. Yet here in Boston we could wish our school administrators more sympathetic to education in appreciation of the arts. We could wish them to remember that, over and beyond all training, education should serve as "the initiation of the mind into ever new and finer types of experience."

Boston should not lag so far behind other parts of the country in this. This week in New York a performance of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" is being given for students and school children, to whom choice seats have been awarded as prizes. The whole undertaking has been wisely planned and wisely executed, with a view to giving to children from families of moderate means an unforgettable vision of a beauty that may be part of their lives, or they have learned to recognize it.

... they can recognize ... that the instinct for great art can be encouraged and fostered to an amazing result is amply proved by Ernest Schelling's request program at last of his New York children's concerts. The children expressed a preference for Wagner's "Tannhauser Overture," MacDowell's "To a Water Lily," Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic," Schubert's "Rosamunde" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Golden Cockerell." Quite a contrast to the adult "request" programs at the Boston "pops"!

ELAINE WESTALL GOULD.

Jamaica Plain, March 19.

MAR 21 29

The Screen

After Twenty Years Bruckner's Eighth

A Symphony, Like No Other, Returns This Week to Symphony Hall

WHEN has a Symphony suffered the fate that Bruckner's Eighth has endured in Boston? Mr. Fiedler played it (for the first time in America) on March 3, 1909. It was so well liked that it was repeated "by general request," the same spring, on April 24. None the less, it straightway receded to the shelves. Dr. Muck turned to other Bruckner; Mr. Monteux did not touch it; and now Mr. Koussevitzky is bringing it back to the Symphony Concerts as semi-novelty for his first venture with Bruckner. Perhaps its length makes conductors think twice before they place it upon programs; for it requires well over an hour in performance. Only Mr. Hill's shorter Symphony, replayed from last year, stands with it on tomorrow's program. A brief intermission will separate them.

Anton Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, in C minor, was written in the years 1885-86; was revised in the winter of 1889-90; came to first performance in Vienna Dec. 18, 1892, at a Philharmonic Concert led by Hans Richter. Even Hanslick admitted in his bitter review that the concert was a triumph for the composer. "How was the new Symphony received? Boisterous rejoicing, waving of handkerchiefs from those standing, innumerable recalls, laurel wreaths." It is dedicated to "His Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty, Franz Josef I., Emperor of Austria and Apostolic King of Hungary, etc., etc., with deepest respect, Anton Bruckner." It is scored for three each of the wood-winds, the third bassoon alternating wih a double bassoon; eight horns, four of which alternating with a quartet of tubas; three trumpets, three trombones, contra-bass tuba; three harps, kettle-drums, triangle, cymbals; the usual strings.

Bruckner has sometimes been accused of formlessness. In reality no criticism could be wider of the mark. His handling of form is merely different from that of symphonists like Beethoven. Witness the course of this Symphony in C minor. A single note sustained through several measures, serves as introduction. Bases sing the first theme. It comes in low register, at first hesitatingly, then in full melodic contour. It is gloomy, forbidding, of the essence of tragedy. There are several repetitions, there is some development. Then the second theme emerges. It is in G major, a typically Brucknerian theme. Its first motif comprises two quarter-notes followed by a triplet of three-quarters, a formula which Bruckner especially liked. This theme is the brightest in the symphony—a theme of cheerfulness tinged with sentiment. Bruckner uses it persistently in this first movement, often in inversion. That is, in descending form, whereas orginally it is chiefly ascending. An important subdivision of the theme occurs considerably later in horns followed by woodwinds over a pizzicato bass in triplets. Cheerfulness has now gone out of the mood, which is one of quiet solemnity. The development treats these themes by every known contrapuntal and rhythmical device, mainly in the order in which they originally occur, with a repetition of suggestions of the first theme near the end, to lead into the recapitulation. The recapitulation is much less a direct repetition of themes than is the custom of the classical composers. The first theme is now introduced in high woodwinds, where at first it entered in low basses. Not only is the register changed, but it is now heard also in inversion. And it comes not in the direct forthright form of the beginning, but in a more developed state. Further, there is less obvious preparation for the second theme, which enters in a solo trumpet, "ausdrucksvoll" (expressively).

In the symphonies before the Eighth Bruckner followed his first movement with an Adagio. In the Eighth and the Ninth a Scherzo succeeds. The gloom at the end of the first movement is too deep to permit a slow movement to come next. Rightly or wrongly the appellation "Der deutsche Michel" has come to be associated with this Scherzo. To translate the phrase into "The German Michael" is to lose all its significance. It represents the naive stupidity, the ponderous, and thick-headed humor which one associates with country bumpkins. The theme of the principal division of the Scherzo well deserves the label, "Der deutsche Michel," for its blunt, awkward, square-toed, or better, square-headedness. But it is cast against a background of fantastic and almost fairy-like delicacy. It receives due portion of repetition and development. Of the Trio Bruckner is reported to have said, "Der deutsche Michel träumt ins Land Hinaus—"The German Michael dreams (or would it be better under the circumstances to translate 'träumt' by 'stumbles'?) his way into the country." The theme, at first in the strings, is beautifully lyrical. The Scherzo is then literally repeated.

The Adagio is one of the longest slow movements in existence, and one of the most lovely. One can best understand it by remembering that it consists of three separate developments, each more extended and more climactic than the preceding, of the two themes of the movement. The first theme is of exceedingly long breath, haunting, pleading, in character. It is introduced by the first violins. The second theme is sung by 'cellos, as if in answer to the pleading of the first. It too is wondrously lyric. Near the height of the third development, brass intone the "Siegfried motiv" from Wagner's "Ring." The coda is given to the first theme.

The Finale is grandiose, a culmination in the truest sense. The figure with which it begins (suggestive of galloping horses) continues throughout the long, war-like first theme. A second theme is in part lyric, in part choral-like and churchly in mood. The development is exceedingly complex contrapuntally, with the choral motif frequently heard throughout. The recapitulation makes a powerful entry with the first theme, while the second enters as a fugato. The main climax of the whole work comes in the coda, which is begun by trombones proclaiming the first theme of the Symphony against the trumpets with the theme of the Scherzo, and ends at the last with a combination of the main themes of the four different movements in a triumphal C major.

A. H. M.

Block-Note

A Young Person Attends a Young People's Symphony

STACK your coats in your chairs . . . dears . . . sit on them . . . not your hats . . . just your coats . . . yes, the one in the middle . . . the one waving his arms about . . . yes . . . that's Koussevitzky.

What with beating time on the floor and prodding the velvet flowers on the hat before us while Koussevitzky made whoopee with Prokoffiev, we had an immense interesting time. But during the whoopee-making and the flower-prodding we stopped for a moment and wondered.

Of course there was Mr. Meyer (talking as Mr. Meyer thinks one should talk with children) and the strong and noble Larghetto followed by the weak and repetitious Allegro, both from the Concerto Grosso, No. 12, by Handel. There was the "Classical Symphony" and the sad moment when Koussevitzky left us to the less tender hands of Burgin and Bedetti. Bedetti quite as good as always. Burgin as good as could be expected, giving us a diminished version of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" and a strenuous (for Mr. Burgin only) tussle with Johann Strauss.

Then every one crammed hats onto heads and trolley cars filled. In the poignant north light of Huntington Avenue and violet-venders, some were tempted to sing. . . . At least we were.

JON CHEEVER

Cherubic Bruckner II.

In The Organ-Loft He Rhapsodizes Celestially

Music Aside, The Composer Was Simple-Minded, Devout, Child-Like. The Artist, Boehler, Caught the Fancy of The Viennese by Picturing Him in The Company of Cherubs

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TRANS. — MAR. 20

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Jamaica Plain, March 19.

The Screen

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Then every one crammed hats onto heads and trolley cars filled. In the poignant north light of Huntington Avenue and violet-venders, some were tempted to sing. . . . At least we were.

JON CHEEVER

Cherubic Bruckner II.

In The Organ-Loft He Rhapsodizes Celestially

Music Aside, The Composer Was Simple-Minded, Devout, Child-Like. The Artist, Boehler, Caught the Fancy of The Viennese by Picturing Him in The Company of Cherubs

Children's Concert, Critic's Excursions

TRANS. — MAR. 20

Young People's Matinee With Side-Glances Toward Other Passing Matters

ANXIOUS, and also irritable, elders should bestir themselves. The children and young people of this town, being born into their own time, are already incipient modernists. In considerable numbers they assembled yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall for their last concert—save only the repetition today—of the current season. Under the present dispensation some three hundred places are reserved for the youngsters whose father, mother or next friend will pay the price and who usually appear accompanied. These are, in the words of a budding cynic of tender age, "the seats of the little rich children." Now on Tuesday afternoon, it was to be observed that almost every one of them was occupied; whereas an appreciable part of the seats distributed among the public schools at a nominal charge stood empty. The upper balcony, for example, was virtually bare; while the center of the parquet yielded hardly a gap. It is regrettable that the pupils in the public schools, their teachers and their parents, are not more receptive of opportunity. There may even be means, as yet unapplied, to incite them to it.

The point, however, to be made at the moment is quite different. A comically passionate voice was lately raised in this town, bidding the Symphony Orchestra give concerts at one dime per head in the vasty depths of the Boston Garden. Then would "the people" receive the "cultural" and "inspirational" impetus believed to proceed from its ministrations. By the cumulative evidence of these children's concerts at Symphony Hall, "the people" remain persistently indifferent to such "privileges"; whereas other social orders more generally and eagerly seek them. Were the trustees of orchestras to compare notes, a like disposition toward any and all symphonic music would probably be disclosed in every American city, with Chicago as the only possible exception. There is ground to believe that for some time to come symphony concerts will remain an aristocratic pleasure, for the excellent reason that the democratic world, customarily called "the people," sedom cares for them. Nor need the thick-waisted wrestlers or the swift-footed hockey-teams take alarm. The Boston Orchestra—it may be said with a smile of re-assurance—has no mind to enter the precincts that they abundantly adorn.

To return to the young modernists. . . . They heard yesterday, for example, an air of Bach played with matched skill and just feeling by Mr. Bedetti upon the violoncello and Mr. Snow upon the organ. As numbers at these concerts go, it was a slow movement, longish, sustained, songful. The assembled youngsters listened patiently and, as it is customary to say of their elders on Friday afternoon or Saturday evening, applauded politely. When, however, the orchestra sounded the rhythms and the sonorities of four of Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" in the rich scoring of Ravel, the youthful audience pricked up ears, set eyes alight, clapped hands with a will. Its shoulders danced to a Viennese waltz out of Johann Strauss, while in the numbers in the ancient style—two divisions of a Concerto Grosso of Handel and Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony"—the quick-paced, light-rhythmed Allegros or the Russian's tapping Gavotte most interested it. Even our children—it is to be feared—are as God made most of us, the creatures of our own time. Nor by that token are they musically unsusceptible. In the northwest corner of the first balcony the children caught more of Musorgsky's humor off the tongues of Goldberg and Schmuyle than do some quarters of the hall at the august subscription concerts.

Though New York is two hundred odd miles away and cares not tuppence ha'penny for us sorry dwellers in the hinterlands, there was reason to marvel at Mr. Koussevitzky's presumption in the placing of Prokofiev's Classical Symphony upon the program. That eminent conductor, the Signor Toscanini, with whose ascent to the podium the performance of symphonic music seemingly began and with whose descent therefrom it will end "eter-nellement" (as they say in French operas) lately played the piece in Manhattan. Forthwith "this writer," as he oftenest calls himself, hastened in The Times to put all and sundry in their places. Said he:

Now, the Prokofiev "Classic Symphony" has been played more than once in New York, and with almost impeccable finish and delicacy by Serge Koussevitzky and the superb Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is hard to imagine the work better performed than it is by these gentlemen. Yet there was in the Toscanini interpretation something nearer and further than even the distinguished Bostonians achieved. At their hands one marveled at Prokofiev's ingenuity, fluency, adaptability in assuming for the nonce the mask of the classic form and style. Mr. Toscanini accomplished something more. He gave the music a vitality and an authenticity that neither Koussevitzky nor Prokofiev had achieved. Thus the symphony, transfigured, became a marvelous, laughing, Italianate inspiration, a modern glorification, as it were, of the spirit of a Scarlatti or Pergolesi, or other son of light and beauty. The Symphony danced. It was mercurial. It was winged. There were nuances, particularly Mr. Toscanini's." There were a dozen miracles a minute. The point is that the music sounded new, and freshly created, and genuinely inspired.

Yet Mr. Koussevitzky—shameless man, as they say in Wagnerian music-drama—continues to play the piece. Possibly he might cloak his shame were he to try it once with an orchestra as few in numbers as he assembles for lighter Mozart or earlier Beethoven. The quicker the pace, the defter the turns, the nimbler the touch, so much the better for Prokofiev's quirks and fancies. And the normal seventy strings, however sensitive, may not escape a certain weight of tone and movement.

To make, at last, the record: Mr. Meyer succeeded well with the difficult task of informing and ingratiating talk to youngsters about an eighteenth-century Concerto Grosso and a twentieth-century "Classical Symphony;" apropos Bach digressed entertainly to organs; apropos Musorgsky's "Bydlo" to two-wheeled carts; finally came into his and the youngsters' own with the tale of Baba Yaga, the witch, as pictured—glowingly—in Russian fairy books. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted through the pieces from Handel and Prokofiev; Mr. Bedetti and Mr. Snow went their own sweet way with Bach's air; Mr. Burgin led in the other items, the Viennese waltz included. He took it in straightforward, workmanlike fashion, but at least once Johann Strauss deserves Mr. Koussevitzky himself. There are those who still remember Dr. Muck's "Blue Danube." His successor should set an equal memory beside it. H. T. P.

HERALD MAR. 21

1929 Herald Mar 20

MUSIC

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Perhaps it was due to the charm of the preliminary tales such as children love to hear, which were told by Alfred H. Meyer. It might have been purely because of the melodious and imaginative quality of the music. Whatever the influence, it was plain to see that Moussorgsky's four numbers—excerpts from "Pictures at an Art Exhibition," arranged for the orchestra by the French composer, Ravel, cast a certain spell over the large assemblage of music-loving youngsters gathered in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon for the Young People's concert, quite unequalled by the earlier selections of the program.

It may have been that youth from city apartments could hardly grasp a tonal representation of the heavy-breathing, labored swing of tired oxen and the creaking rumble of wooden carts so vividly described by Mr. Meyer in his interpretation of "Bydlo." But they liked it. And they surely caught the contented barnyard sounds in the "Ballet of Chicks in Their Shells," and the intonations of the two talkative Hebrews in the number, "Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle," if one might judge by happy chuckles. With a fairy story of an old Russian witch and an ill-treated maiden wandering in the woods haunting their memories, there was nothing for it but to be merry over "The Hut on Fowl's Legs."

The program began with Movements from the Concerto Grosso No. 12, by Handel, Larghetto-Allegro, continuing with the "Classical" Symphony, Opus 25, by Prokofieff and the Arioso by Bach. In the last-named number Jean Bedetti played the violoncello, with Albert W. Snow accompanying at the organ. Mr. Koussevitsky conducted throughout this part of the program. Mr. Burgin was the conductor for the Moussorgsky numbers and the final waltz, "Voices of Spring," by Strauss.

The Boston Symphony orchestra lived up to its high standard of perfection in the performance. Mr. Meyer gave an entertaining and informative account of each composer and the selections which were to be played before each rendition, illustrated with the stereopticon. The program will be repeated this afternoon at 4 o'clock. F. A. B.

THE SYMPHONY AND CHILDREN

To the Editor of The Herald:

It would seem obvious to at least one of the readers of yesterday's editorial that if the Symphony orchestra is to win to it an increasing number of patrons, it must create in the young people now growing up a taste and a demand for the kind of music it provides. To that end were the young people's concerts inaugurated, with the hope that school authorities would appreciate the opportunity offered to students, and encourage attendance as far as possible.

Yet such has not proved to be the case. The first concerts came near to taxing the capacity of the hall, but this year's young patrons have so fallen off in numbers that there are always large numbers of vacant seats, in spite of the fact that the management has offered a block of floor seats to the adult public. Private schools have always been represented in goodly numbers. The indifference can be traced directly to the public schools. In several large public schools in the city proper, these young people's concerts have not been announced at all, or announced perfunctorily only by a notice on the school bulletin board. In some instances the order and purchase of tickets has been made difficult, because this must be done between periods, on the way to classes in more or less distant parts of the building. No one, unless possibly the music director, has urged attendance or encouraged interest in what is probably as fine orchestral music as may be heard anywhere in the world.

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JON CHEEVER

LOCAL STATIONS TUNE

WNAC

[illegible] A.M.—News summary.
[illegible] A.M.—Morning Watch.
[illegible] A.M.—Boston Information Ser
[illegible] A.M.—The Polar Bears.
[illegible] A.M.—Grant's Magic Buyers.
[illegible] A.M.—National Radio Homet
[illegible] A.M.—Concert Orchestra.
[illegible] A.M.—The WNAC Women's
[illegible]achusetts Parent-Teacher Assoc
[illegible] A.M.—News Flashes.
[illegible] A.M.—Time Signals and We
[illegible] Noon—Radio Household Baz
[illegible] P.M.—Noon Service. Bro
[illegible] King's Chapel.
[illegible] P.M.—Colonial Luncheon Con
[illegible] P.M.—Barclay Orchestra.
[illegible] P.M.—News Flashes.
[illegible] P.M.—Boston Information Ser
[illegible] P.M.—The Dandies of Yester

WEEI

[illegible] A.M.—Tower Health Exercises
[illegible] A.M.—Rastus and his Musica
[illegible] A.M.—E. B. Rideout, meteor
[illegible] A.M.—Looking over the morn
[illegible] A.M.—Cheerio.
[illegible] A.M.—Parnassus Trio.
8.50 A.M.—Concert for shoppers.
9.00 A.M.—National Home Hour.
10.00 A.M.—Stock report by Paine
11.00 A.M.—Yester-thoughts.
11.05 A.M.—Radio Household Insti
11.15 A.M.—The Friendly Five.
11.30 A.M.—News despatches.
11.59 A.M.—Stock report by Paine
12.10 P.M.—Lenten service broadcas
12.15 P.M.—[illegible]nial Theater under the auspices
Boston Federation of Churches.
[illegible]win H. Hughes, D.D., Methodis
Church, Chicago Area. Ben Redc
[illegible] P.M.—Boston Farmers' Prod

[illegible]—Time.
[illegible]—Beacon Hill Symphonette
[illegible]—Esther Dodge Nagel, sop
[illegible]bit, accompanist.
[illegible] P.M.—Neapolitan Dutch Girls.
[illegible] P.M.—Thayer McNeil program.

WBZ-WBZA

9.30 A.M.—Musicale.
9.45—Town Shoppes.
9.55—Musicale.
9.59—Telechron time.
10.00 P.M.—"The Psychology and I
Beauty."
10.30—Official agriculture report.
10.40—News bulletins.
10.45—Musicale.
10.57—Financial news.
11.00—R.C.A. Educational Hour—
rosch.
12.01 P.M.—University Extension
American Literature by Prof
Emmons Rogers of M.I.T.
12.30—Chimes.
12.31—Official agriculture report
weatherman.
12.50—Financial news.
12.55—Government bulletins.
2.30—Musicale.
2.50—Beauty and Health.

Cherubic Bruckner I.

In the Elysian Fields He Dances with Mozart

Music Aside, The Composer Was Simple-Hearted, Devout, Child-Like. The Artist, Boehler, Caught the Fancy of The Viennese by Picturing Him in The Company of Cherubs

TRANS. MAR 21

TRANS MAR 21

Incidents and Prospects

For the first time in many years, on Friday and Saturday of next week, Beethoven's Choral Symphony, will be heard at the subscription concerts of the Symphony Orchestra. Hitherto, Mr. Koussevitzky has preferred to keep it occasional—for a centenary Beethoven Festival or a concert to increase the Pension Fund of the band. Now, seemingly, he is harking back to the German custom which sets it apart for Good Friday. Dr. Davison's youth from Harvard and Radcliffe will provide the chorus for the Finale; the assisting quartet will soon be announced. Again, by German precedent, Beethoven's First Symphony will precede his Ninth.

Finding the program over-long for the Symphony Concerts of tomorrow and Saturday, Mr. Koussevitzky has put over to another occasion the revival of Dukas's scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." Besides Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, only Mr. Hill's Symphony, first played a year ago and notably well received, will be heard.

SYMPHONY PROGRAMS AGAIN

Trans Mar. 22

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Here's a personal letter which I wrote to a friend, portions of which I quote: "You don't realize the widespread dissatisfaction there is in musical circles about the symphony programs.

"Last Sunday morning I walked the length of Commonwealth avenue. A number of people stopped me, saying that they wanted to thank me for my letters. One person said: 'I will give up my seats if the present conditions continue.' Monday morning I went to Symphony Hall to get my ticket for Rachmaninoff's recital. After a lady had bought her seat, she turned to me and said, 'You are Mr. Johns, and I want to thank you for your letters about the programs.' I then said to the lady, 'I am glad you agree with me.' 'Oh!' said she, 'there are so many who agree with you.' The lady then left and I asked at the box-office the lady's name, which proved to be Mrs. Ginn, the widow of the publisher. Some members of the Tavern Club are violently opposed to the programs. One of the most musical amateurs I know, the other day said, 'I have my regular seats for the concerts, but I have been only once, because I can't stand the programs.'

"My experience of last Sunday and Monday is a sample of other days of the last two or three weeks, when I began to write to the Transcript. Since then, people have come to me in the street, at concerts, in restaurants and everywhere expressing their gratitude."

The performance of Brahms and Berlioz, last Saturday, was magnificent.

CLAYTON JOHNS

Boston, March 21.

Symphony

From Hill To Bruckner with Koussevitzky

TRANS. MAR 23

A Terse American Symphony Is Foil to A Vast Viennese Vision

THROUGH Bruckner's Eighth Symphony yesterday, by the faith and zeal of Mr. Koussevitzky restored—after twenty years—to Symphony Hall, few departed; not too many seemed restless or abstracted. Most heard intent; while enough lingered to return conductor and orchestra two or three rounds of honest applause. Only bare spots in the second balcony suggested a composer remote from current ken, aloof from general admiration. Yet it is hard to imagine a symphony more at odds with the experience and the expectation of current audiences. Only the illustrious and the established — Strauss, Wagner, Beethoven — may risk far-flung lengths in American concert-halls. Even they may not always escape the reproach of tedium. Bruckner's Eighth Symphony turns the hour before the last note has sounded; lays itself open to blame or to indifference that to other music might be doom. Bruckner did not distinguish amongst his musical inventions or meditating them—he was a slow worker—deceived himself. Within him they upsprang clothed with power, garlanded with beauty, aglow with spiritual intensity. They would sweep beyond the earth and there scale the heavens.

Within Bruckner also unfolded other inventions that were platitudes of musical routine, commonplaces of simple, and almost semi-literate, mentality. In his whole life, probably, Bruckner never wrote a measure or spoke a word with tongue in cheek. Therefore these paltry and poverty-stricken expedients were the delusions of a nature too innocent to master the complex, evasive art of self-criticism. Even into his Eighth and Ninth Symphonies, counted his masterpieces, they went, side by side with others that might be as the pure gold of apocalyptic vision or as great winds blowing across the earth. He himself who had made them could not discriminate. Yet any audience, unless it be under the soporific spell permeating Austro-German concert-halls when Bruckner or Mahler is in question, quickly separates the Brucknerian ore from the Brucknerian dross; forgets the unconscious grovelling for the equally unconscious genius. Bruckner's imagination could take superb wing; yet his mind could also plod leaden. Head in air, feet on earth—the one heedless of the other—he walked the cloisters of St. Florian where he was abbey-organist, the garden of the Belvedere in Vienna where he spent his final years. Likewise he sat at his writing table while his fingers traced notes upon the staves.

A like Bruckner developed and fructified these inventions. Sometimes the music so born climbed the heights toward sublimity; filled the surrounding air with glows little short of incandescence; hid the dark and striving effort in the rich mantle of final achievement. In this Eighth Symphony are such pages of nobility and exaltation, pages of ecstasy and awe that, in our mechanistic day, are a treasurable heritage from music. Time and the fates may yet make them perdurable. Yet there are pages as many, and in this same Symphony, in which Bruckner begins, tries, fails, and starts over again—until the waiting ear and the receiving spirit are numb with the balking. There are pages as well in which he takes refuge or gains breathing spell in technical devices and evasions that long before his time were tricks of the classroom in every conservatory.

Or, once more, Bruckner slips into naivétés, and within them paddles about content, that seem the futile pastime of a peasant-mind dowered by inscrutable heaven with the gift of music-making. He can write scherzi that idealize the play of peasants under the stimulus of nature; that in the trios set them to homely dreams and fancies. Into this homeliness, as in the Scherzo of this Eighth Symphony, he can wind beauty—the beauty of old sensations in creation newly remembered. As suddenly his villagers relapse into japing, flat-footed folk unmeet for musical company. Worst of all—scherzi aside—there are moments when Bruckner rises in upswelling climax to the summit of his "great argument"; firm upon that summit sees his solemnities billowing about it, his vision opened and fulfilled. And at the next moment he has toppled over the other side to be lost in scrubby music-making. With harmonies and timbres grant him the imitations and borrowings from Wagner, who to him was the sum of all music. Yet above most composers he has discovered the solemn eloquence of tubas, tenor, bass and double-bass. He is intuitive and imaginative with the string choir; but set him to the woodwinds and too often he is little more than an organist who happens to write music. And so it goes with every facet of his imagination, in every phase of his practice.

Bruckner was born in Austria; lived his years and did his work at Linz and Vienna. He had Austrian qualities and with them his scherzi are imprinted. Yet in the act of composition he was deeper impregnated with vaguer, vastier, more sublimated German moods. Teutonic fashion, he would write, and too often did write a music of grandiose solemnities, of swollen ecstasies, fanning largely a luminous but otherwise empty air. In a Nirvana of platitudes he could swim and believe himself radiant. He needed his Austrian scherzi to recall him to the good, green, sun-kissed earth. The great baroque abbey of St. Florian, near Linz, the more rococo abbey-church, where he played as organist, haunted his spirit—a religious house on the countryside, a house of aspiration, devotion, and illumination. Yet how ornate were—and are—its decorations and how much of that ornament is rococo fustian! Seek out St. Florian's and ever afterward it seems the birth-house of Bruckner's symphonies. Even in Vienna he dwelt over the way from Prince Eugene's baroque Belvedere.

Be the background what it may, there is that in these last symphonies—the Seventh of the Dirge for Wagner, this far-spreading Eighth, the unfinished Ninth, "to the good God" dedicated—to lay hold upon not few that hear; to linger with them in deep impression. The first movement of the Eighth, better sustained than is Bruckner's wont, moves nobly. There are gravities, solemnities, exaltations. The Scherzo touches, gains, holds lightly, the homely, simple, natural beauty that at thought of his native peasant world he could weave into transfiguring tones. The Adagio is music of the visioning Bruckner who saw the heavens opened, the worlds unfolded, the mysteries declared, who in his own imagination experienced the apocalypse and in its reflection wrote black notes on white music-paper. Music of more intensified aspiration, of more rarefied wonder, there can hardly be. Franck pales; Skriabin seems paltry, beside it. In the Finale Bruckner would command majesty and with it encompass the earth. The Lord God descends in His chariot. Bruckner tries, fails; tries and fails again; at turn after turn his faults and his idiosyncrasies mock his purpose, defeat his will. Yet there are moments. And few enough, who can see and would embody such a vision, have even them.

To Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra, Bruckner owed much, listening no doubt, from Paradise where the affectionate and witty Viennese liked to fancy him naive and gauche and cherished. To have played Skriabin, as the conductor plays him, is no unserviceable preparation for Bruckner. Here again is a music of aspiration and ecstasy, of solemnities and exaltation. The Austrian, however, is no prey to the Russian's sensuousness, escapes his nervous restlessness. An austerer mind, a firmer spirit had Bruckner. His needs in performance are perception and intensification. Through his mannerisms and faults, recessions and futilities, the conductor must pierce to the core of the musical thought; in spite of them outspread and sustain the musical mood. Bruckner abounds in half-accomplishment, in semi-attainment. The conductor must intensify him into full achievement, wrap him in the tonal glories that he visioned; with him touch the mysteries and draw not too far back with dazzled eyes. These were the works done by Mr. Koussevitzky upon this Eighth Symphony. One side of his temperament—it was easy to foresee—would go out to Bruckner. In the performance of Friday that union stood affirmed. The preparation had been long; once more the orchestra was resolved into the conductor's instrument and the composer's voice. The strings have seldom sung more luminously. The playing of the tenor and the bass tubas—they are treacherous instruments—made skill the servant of imagination.

By fortunate choice Mr. Koussevitzky set before Bruckner's lengthy Symphony from Vienna the briefer Symphony of Edward Burlingame Hill of Cambridge, produced and applauded last year, heard yesterday with renewed acclaim that led the composer to the stage. Mr. Hill's music is full-bodied, warm-blooded, free-motioned. From the impetuous sonorities of the first movement; through the second division modernly songful, beginning in lyric warmth, ending in more introspective mood; to the energy, incisiveness and high spirits of the finale, it goes clear-voiced, concentrated, vivid and alive. The invention is choice; the workmanship adept; the atmosphere oftenest sunlit; the desired end without obvious labor or calculation achieved. Out of the Symphony breathe an American vivacity and vitality, here and there by graver New England quality tinged. It deserved repetition; it should join Mr. Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" as "standard" American piece. Mr. Koussevitzky might have searched the library of Symphony Hall and found no happy foil to all that is Brucknerian.

H. T. P.

Forty-Fourth Year

The Pops Again from May 1, Mr. Casella Conducting

SIGNS of spring multiply. In yesterday's program-book at the Symphony Concert, the forty-third renewal of the Pop Concerts was announced. This year, contrary to custom, they will not begin on the Monday following the close of the Symphony Concerts. On the succeeding Wednesday, May 1, falls the opening night. Through a third spring, completing his present term, Mr. Casella will be conductor, planning his programs on the broad scale of the past. Eighty men from the Symphony Orchestra will play them. All else as usual. To clubs, colleges and the like that would have their own evening—reserve it now.

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TWO SYMPHONIES AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Bruckner's Eighth, Hill's in B Flat Fill Program

Globe Mar 22

Beethoven's Choral Symphony to Be Heard at Next Week's Concerts

Two symphonies filled the program of yesterday's symphony concert, Bruckner's Eighth, and Prof E. B. Hill's in B flat. Dukas' "Sorceror's Apprentice," announced in advance, was not played. There is unusual interest in the announcement that Beethoven's Choral Symphony will be given at next week's concerts. It has not been played in the regular subscription series since 1910, though there have been numerous performances outside the subscription series. The chorus will as usual be drawn from the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society.

Prof Hill's Symphony in B flat was first performed last March at these concerts. In repeating it now Mr Koussevitzky is refuting a common criticism of orchestral conductors to the effect that after once performing a new work especially one by an American composer they leave it to gather dust on the library shelves.

A single performance does not suffice to test the quality of a piece of music. Anything worth playing once is worth playing more than once. He has already repeated this season Bloch's "America," and revived Arthur Foote's Suite for Strings, so that this prompt repetition of Mr Hill's symphony is not an isolated instance.

Opinion as to the merit of these works varies, as is always the case with new music, and frequently the case with old. But Mr Koussevitzky is unquestionably right in repeating American and other new works in which he believes. In such matters he must be guided by his own judgment, not by that of reviewers or public.

Composer Appears

One found little reason yesterday to alter the opinion of Prof Hill's symphony expressed in these columns after the first performance. It again seemed well written and fluent music in a manner not offensively modern, but devoid of melodic and thematic invention. The audience applauded it cordially, and the composer came to the stage, in response to the conductor's repeated beckoning gesture, to bow.

Not since Nov 19, 1915, when Dr Muck conducted a performance of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony that still glows in memory, has a work by Bruckner been heard in Boston. For this neglect the World War was, of course, partly responsible, but the length of Bruckner's symphonies and their lack of immediate popular appeal has had not a little to do with it. The Eighth Symphony, heard yesterday, was last played here in 1909. Its four movements take about an hour to perform. Bruckner's music is profoundly original in substance, though the influence of Wagner and of Beethoven on his style is obvious. His themes are less salient than his development of them. It is said that his ambition was to use in the symphony the methods Wagner employed in his later music dramas. His working out of his musical ideas has often been called diffuse and rambling, because he does not follow the conventional forms of the classic symphony neatly and concisely.

This objection seemed yesterday ill-founded. Bruckner has a great deal to say. He felt deeply and intensely, and expressed himself in an original and powerful manner. The harmonic element in his music is distinctive. His style is not obviously contrapuntal, yet in his way of inverting themes and combining them one feels the influence of his familiarity with counterpoint, which he taught for years, and of the habit of improvising fugues for organ, which so impressed some of his musical contemporaries.

Eloquent Reading

If the circumstances of his life had been more favorable, if he had not been a peasant, musically educated relatively late in life, Bruckner might have been able to express himself more fully in his music. His symphonies suggest massive sculptured groups hacked and hewn from unmalleable material by an artist whose heart and soul were full of emotions and ideas for which he could not find easy and graceful utterance.

Mr Koussevitzky gave an eloquent and painstaking reading. One missed in the adagio the steady mighty flow of rhythm and melody Bruckner demands. It ought to move with the relentless urge of Bach's greatest music, with no hesitancy and no sudden outbursts.

Next week's program includes Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphonies.

P. R.

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TRANS MAR 23 27

Mahler and Bruckner Return By Just Right and Title To Symphony Hall

RICHARD Wagner, keen critic as well as inspired conductor, delivered an exceptionally far-sighted judgment when he held that the story of the symphony was a closed book after Beethoven's Ninth. For Beethoven's successors found it impossible to carry his symphony to higher development. Wagner might also have recognized that the Mozartean opera could have—did have—no further evolution. It is another opera, that of Weber and Meyerbeer, which his music-dramas bring to its culmination. Similarly a new type of symphony grew during the course of the nineteenth century, finally to reach the highest point of its development in Gustav Mahler.

"Three groups of musicians stand between Beethoven and Mahler," says Paul Bekker in the opening chapter of his book, "Gustav Mahler's Symphonies," in which the chapter entitled "The Symphonic Style," is the principal basis for this article. The first of these groups includes the romanticists of central Germany—Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms. Beethoven's monumental conceptions they were unable to attain. Their horizon is narrower, Beethoven's vision encompassing all humanity is replaced in part by the tasteful literary interest of cultured circles. A second group is that of the program musicians under the leadership of Liszt. Their view is broader than that of the romantic symphonists; but at its worst their product degenerates into a music merely descriptive.

"While these two groups, fighting for supremacy, were in control of the field, a third is growing up in the quiet that results from a lack of external success, —that of the Austrian symphonists. Franz Schubert is their herald, Anton Bruckner their most powerful elemental force, Gustav Mahler fulfills their alms." They discard programs; like Beethoven, plan monumentally; substitute romantic naturalism and pantheistic religiosity for the strictly ethical humanism of Beethoven.

The Beethovenian symphony, based on Haydn's four-movement scheme, brought with it three problems. The first two concerned the order in which the four highly individualized movements should succeed each other. Originally the scherzo or minuet furnished polite and easy transition between the emotion-laden slow movement and the brisk finale. But when the finale came to assume greater importance with Beethoven, the comparatively trivial scherzo could no longer logically precede it. The scherzo itself grew in importance and in the Ninth was placed earlier in the work. The Adagio was another problem. After the Fifth, Beethoven avoids it, resuming it only in the Ninth. The depth and fullness of emotion which it brings when found in its completely developed form, is with difficulty placed logically into the milieu created by three totally different movements. In the Eighth Beethoven went so far as to use neither a slow movement nor a true scherzo,—one answer to these problems.

The third problem concerns the nature of the introduction to the first movement. In his first two symphonies Beethoven merely follows Haydn; the Eroica has no more than a couple of detached introductory chords; in the Fourth and Seventh Beethoven experiments with completely developed introductory movements; the Fifth and Sixth lack introductions altogether; only in the Ninth is there an ideal union of introduction and first movement. But with the greatest problem of all, that of the character of the finale, Beethoven made no more than scant progress. That the apotheosis-finale of the Third, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Ninth—is correct for his type of symphony—was not a solution, is proved by his struggles with the finale of the Ninth.

The reason why Beethoven did not solve this problem is that its solution involved a recasting of the entire scheme of the symphony. Its solution would also furnish the best answer to the other three problems. The cheerful and light-hearted conclusion of the older symphony had to become the cornerstone of the whole structure. The old scheme of a gradual descent from the heights of the first movement to the gayeties of the last, inevitably had to give way to a scheme of ascent which would reach the last movement as climax and summation of the whole. This was the substance of the symphonic problem as Beethoven bequeathed it to the world.

One can judge the followers of Beethoven by the extent to which they were aware of the existence of this problem. Schumann recognized the dangers of the Adagio and Brahms wisely substituted his Allegretti for the Scherzo. Both these composers also sought for greater thematic and poetical unity between the different movements. But the problem of the finale they all evaded, being content with the unclimactic gay ending or the apotheosis. For them Beethoven remained an ideal, his problem a riddle. Not even progress was made toward a solution. Liszt proceeded differently. Recognizing the four-fold problem, he solved it (in his sonata) by realizing the importance of the first movement, extending it to cover the whole work, and introducing slow movement and scherzo as episodes along the way. But this was evasion rather than solution, for Liszt himself returned to the multiple-movement work in his Faust and Dante symphonies.

Schubert, eldest of the Austrians, shows his symphonic method in his two greatest symphonies, the "Unfinished" and the Seventh in C major. The latter brings no sign of the recognition of a symphonic problem. Schubert simply, almost naively, made music. "The genuality of this work lies . . . in the independence and the boldness with which he storms past Beethoven, thereby proving his power and vitality. Probably the earlier B minor symphony had been similarly planned. The noteworthy consideration is that it was never completed. Here was attempted a series of moods which had been foreign to the expressive powers of the symphony—that mystical, darkening dreaminess which rises from the dull theme of the bases . . . to a piercing premonition of death; then loses itself in the Andante in distant fantasies of celestial visions—finally never to discover the way back. Why did Schubert stop?

We know no answer, we know only that he did stop, and we can and must comprehend the fact. This symphony was here at an end, its continuation would have required a flight of fantasy, a power of imagination, which Schubert was unable to summon. He began a scherzo and left it unfinished. But a finale to this symphony he was unable even to conceive. Here would have been the place to plunge into the great symphonic adventure, to lead the first movements into the finale and there allow them to come to transfigured completion. Inasmuch as Schubert refrained from doing so, he stated for the first time in recognizable form, the problem of the finale, which he admitted his inability to solve even as he admitted the unsuitability of his scherzo. Wise Schubert, to know when to stop.

To the solution of this problem the Austrians addressed themselves. They made no attempt to continue along Beethovenian lines, nor to develop in any of the directions in which Beethoven may here and there have hinted. They recognized that a new poetic concept must replace the human subjectivity of Beethoven, and they found it in a quasi-mystical nature-worship. None of the Germans had been able to discover a new poetical basis. Rather than make the futile attempt of following Beethoven, their cousins the Austrians fished in the same waters as had Beethoven and made their own catch. Thus they found a concept which predicated a new style. "Thus Schubert, after abandonng the torso of his B minor symphony, in the creation of the C major symphony made a mighty (though unconscious) confession of his turning away from Beethovenian paths. Thus Bruckner created his nine symphonies, praying religiously to Beethoven, but avoiding his ways, and only occasionally bringing him an offering. And finally thus wrote Mahler, bringing together Schubert and Bruckner, searching out the secrets of the German romanticists and programmists, creating his mighty synthesis of all that the symphony had experienced since Beethoven."

It is the character of the Haydn-Beethoven symphony to proceed from a fundamental proposition which is stated at the beginning. This is expanded, enlarged, developed, commented upon; it is shown in new lights by means of contrasts as well. It is progress from a terse statement to an increasingly less and less involved presentation of its equivalent. It may be compared to the sermon of the minister whose whole message is contained in the text which is read at the beginning of that sermon. Or it is like the geometrical proposition the whole of which is stated in the first sentence, to be proved in the exposition that is to follow. Says Bekker, "The first movements of the Eroica, the Pastoral, the Ninth are really nothing more than commentaries upon the theme which is heard in the first few measures." Their greatness, their unshakeable power, is a result of the unimpeachable logic with which the exposition of the central thought unfolds, a logic which has the same tang of inevitability as a mathematical formula. In any case, the whole symphony with Beethoven grows out of the highly concise, terrifically concentrated initial theme or motif.

The Austrians know not such predetermined logic. Their symphony is one of induction rather than deduction. It is a symphony which gathers power as it proceeds, a symphony which finds its origins variously along the way-side, which seeks to bind together such origins, swelling gradually into a larger and larger stream which rushes on toward a goal undisclosed at the beginning. It grows not out of an accepted premise, but does grow from vague and indefinite beginnings to a powerful conclusion. It is a symphony of development, of evolution. So that the art of the composer here depends upon the persuasiveness with which he leads up and into his final all-embracing goal.

It follows that the center of gravity of such a symphony is to be found in some movement later than the first, while with Beethoven it consistently is in the first. With these Austrians it centered sometimes in the Adagio, sometimes in the Finale. This process of gradual unfolding was of course the natural solution of the problem of the introduction, which in this type of symphony was merely the tentative beginning to which the first movement followed as a first stage of development. The Adagio became a second stage or indeed the central point for the whole work. The scherzo, forming a new point of contact with folk-dances and their rhythms, gathered up fresh forces on the way to the finale. Thus the new logic of the Austrian symphony offered at least a possibility for the solution of all the problems which the symphony of Beethoven had presented.

It was Anton Bruckner's historic mission, taking his cue from the two preliminary works of Schubert, to be the first to clear new paths pointing in this direction. He was the first to undertake to solve the problems, indeed to offer as tenable solutions as could be expected within the life of one individual. He created the new symphonic introduction, in which, as in the fourth symphony, the birth of the theme takes place." Though thematically well and indeed powerfully developed, its first movements are apt to have a preparatory rather than a definitive character. The terse, flint-like mottos of Beethoven, he replaced with [illegible] his first movements are not the cornerstones of his symphonies.

Thus the middle movements acquired increased significance. Bruckner restores the Adagios of the earlier Beethoven symphonies,—the first Adagios worthy of the name to be written since Beethoven. Except in the Eighth and Ninth Symphonies, he places these Adagios before the Scherzi. The Scherzi, too, have a power not felt since Beethoven. It is not the intoxicating, delirious power of some of the Beethoven scherzi, it is a power with roots firmly imbedded in the soil of peasant music. Folk-dances, square-toed folk rhythms, elementally powerful, are its sources, are the origins of a new contribution to the symphony.

But even more powerful than his Scherzi, are Bruckner's Adagios. Often they form the focal point of his symphonies. His power of extending and heightening and enlarging the sustained emotion of the Adagio to the very point of the limit of the hearer's receptivity is one of the greatest achievements of his particular type of genius. Shrewdly, thus he makes them the third movement in the last two symphonies. But in this achievement he spent himself. To quote Bekker again, "The tragedy in Bruckner's work (if indeed it is fair to speak of tragedy amid such accomplishment) is that while he undertook to solve symphonic problems, while he recognized the need, he was nevertheless unable to offer a final solution. Bruckner made the attempt to solve the problem of the finale. For such solution he ran aground because of the very riches of his Adagios." In them he reached a fullness beyond which he was unable to go. For the finale a Beethovenian concentration would have been in place. But Bruckner remained a rhapsodist. The tentative character of his first movements is felt too much also in his finales. "He desired to place the point of greatest weight into the finale, but he exhausted himself in his Adagios, and the finales remained lying afar off in the distance."

Mahler approached the symphony from the same point of view as Bruckner. He had the advantage, however, of being able to view critically the entire work of Bruckner and of the German symphonists of the romantic period as well. His discipleship of Bruckner rests on a far deeper basis than is furnished by the fact that Bruckner was his teacher. Bruckner pointed the way for Mahler to the type of symphony which should solve all existing problems, the symphony in which the finale is climax and summation and goal of all that has gone before. Mahler attempts such a symphony in his very first work in symphonic form. The success of the first symphony is only a tentative one, but is nevertheless sufficient to prove that the riddle of the symphony can be solved. After this many possibilities within the general scheme presented themselves. "All of Mahler's symphonies are finale-symphonies." In each of his finales one finds the key to the particular work in question, the focal point to which all the already existing lines in the work lead.

The most obvious type of "Finale-symphony" is of course the type which proceeds in a straight ascending line through the preceding movements to the finale. Upon the character of the finale in this type, depends everything—the number of movements, their character, their relation to each other. One of the earliest was the liberation of the symphony from the thraldom of the formalism of the conventionalized four-movement scheme. Mahler's first, sixth and eighth symphonies are of this type. Of course, the weight of the finale has a tendency to dwarf the earlier movements. For the vitality of every portion of these symphonies seems to have sense of direction, urges on irresistibly to the finale.

A second type of this kind of symphony is that which does not proceed in a straight line to the finale, but which seems to circle about it, continually narrowing the circle, and approaching the finale as through a spiral line. Mahler's second, third, fifth and seventh symphonies are of this nature. The number of movements is increased to five in the second, fifth and seventh symphonies, and six in the third. "Besides the scherzo and the slow movement there appear song-like structures of the most fantastic formal richness." The finale in these symphonies is not outwardly the movement of most importance. As far as externals are concerned, the mightiest movement in each is one of the middle movements. The finales of these symphonies are a choral movement, an Adagio, two rondos. These final movements are like the keystone of an arch, giving solution to mightier things which may have gone before, but which for all their might and power have remained inconclusive. To them the finale furnishes conclusion.

A last type is found for the fourth and ninth symponies. They are the most mature of Mahler's symphonies, each completing a cycle within his works. Each is in four movements. Their succession is a matter of pure fancy, defying classification. The ascent is neither by straight line nor by spiral. Their finales are not climactic as in the first type, they are rather solutions as in the second. They furnish a transfiguration, so to speak, of much that has gone before. In the fourth this is accomplished in a plain, unadorned song-form. In the ninth it is through an Adagio. Indeed that ninth symphony furnished almost an inversion of older convention in the order of its movements: 1, Andante; 2, Scherzo; 3, Rondo, of the burlesque type; 4, Adagio. It is as if Mahler, thinking back to Bruckner, and remembring that with Bruckner the Adagio was—though unintentionally—the high point, allows himself again to make the Adagio the movement of chief interest, and then has the courage to place it where it belongs, at the end.

"The skepticism of a never-sated age is disappearing. New generations are reaching out toward light, toward new revelation. They respond to the glowing, passionate art of Mahler; and in its shadow the gentler music of Bruckner is also taking root. In both reposes the future of symphonic art, for where art grows out of inner impulse, it has power over all men."

A. H. M.

REDUCTION RATIO

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PM-MGP 13"x18"
METRIC GENERAL PURPOSE TARGET
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PRECISION℠ RESOLUTION TARGETS

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St. Paul, MN 55119

Herald Mar 23

MU

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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However much some people—people, by the way, neither lacking in a healthy intellectual curiosity nor petrified by age or love of tradition—may deplore Mr. Koussevitzky's fondness for exhibiting the efforts, if only they are new, of the mediocre and the immature, everybody ought to thank him for his wise way with new works which prove worth while. Till Mr. Koussevitzky's time new works, though they pleased their hearers mightily, but seldom were given opportunity to please a second time. Only genuine masterpieces, like, say, Debussy's "Faun," could hope to emerge from the obscurity of the library shelves.

Mr. Koussevitzky, in his wisdom managing more reasonably, has enriched the repertory with much agreeable music. For Mr. Hill's symphony, for instance, he has probably made a permanent place. Why not? The supply of new symphonies with musical ideas of charm behind them, ideas developed with all the skill of the learned, but with the easy readiness of youth itself—the supply is scant. Not every symphony, furthermore, turned out today is furnished with an orchestral vesture of color that fits its every musical twist and turn quite as nature's own cunning hand lays colors on a stretch of sea or land. Lovely indeed are the closing measures of the middle movement.

The symphony, excellently played, was received with hearty applause, which Mr. Hill gracefully acknowledged.

There was Bruckner to follow, Bruckner at whom the knowing section of the public think fit to shrug their shoulders, whom conductors fight shy of tackling. For many a year, nevertheless, not a symphony of his came to hearing in Vienna that failed to raise a riot of approval—not, mind, from a special public, but from the customary audiences at Philharmonic concerts. Here in Boston, for the matter of that, Mr. Gericke more than once stirred Bostonians to enthusiasm with a Bruckner symphony. And history does not record that Dr. Muck brought disaster to Symphony hall when he in his day made bold. No more did Mr. Koussevitzky yesterday.

Bruckner, of course, suffered cruelly from the folly of his friends. Admitting, however, freely, that he never learned to curb his prolixity, that he never acquired the fine art of selection and arrangement; could, his circumstances given and his temperament, so much have been expected? A countryman born and bred, a countryman he remained till the day of his death in the Palais Belvedere, after years of life at the conservatory and the university in Vienna. When he acknowledged applause at a Philharmonic concert, he might, from the cut of the clothes on his back, from the arkward shyness of his bows, have come to the stage direct from the remotest upper Austria of the sixties, the village candlestick-maker. The very look of him, nevertheless, the honesty and kindness that showed in his face, won all hearts except Hanslick's!

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They jostle each other, these many moods, there is no denying; Bruckner acquired no feeling for arrangement in the usual sense. When he felt trivially disposed, he expressed his mood in trivial song; his sense of selection was never keen. Not many, though, are the composers who have written symphonies so free of dull moments as that C minor symphony Mr. Koussevitzky played yesterday. For it is indeed a very transcript of life and life, whatever else it may be is not dull.

Mr. Koussevitzky, to be sure, played it superbly, with a sympathy that does him credit, with a mastery that does him proud. How did he shorten it so materially? When Richter gave the symphony its first performance it constituted the entire program.

The audience showed enthusiasm yesterday. Pray let us hear another symphony by Bruckner. R. R. G.

SYMPHONY RESTORES BRUCKNER

The Eighth Is Played After a Lapse of 20 Years

Boston Post Mar 23

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

From 1899 through 1915 the name of Anton Bruckner was of almost yearly occurrence on the programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Not long after came the sudden termination of the Teutonic regime, and Bruckner's music went unheard in this city until yesterday afternoon, when Mr. Koussevitzky in a notable performance offered, for the first time here in 20 years, the Austrian's Eighth Symphony, in C minor.

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In his entertaining and informative history of the Boston Orchestra, M. A. De Wolfe Howe tells us that when Bruckner's Seventh Symphony was first played here, in 1887, the exodus of the audience was so general that at the end there were more people on the stage than in the auditorium. In 1887, Bruckner was an ultramodern, and no doubt the worthy Bostonians of that day found his music almost incomprehensible.

A quarter of a century later, however, the Bruckner symphonies had become almost popular hereabouts, and when, in 190, Mr. Fiedler introduced to us the Eighth, it was repeated "by general request" the following month. Yet even at that late date, Bruckner's symphonies were considered formidable, somewhat cryptic and enigmatic, and there were learned discussions regarding the validity of their formal structure.

Suggests Wagner

Yesterday, after another two decades, this Eighth Symphony sounded for the most part altogether lucid and straightforward. Hearing it, there was less feeling that Bruckner was a seer of apocalyptic visions, a musical St. John on Patmos, and more that he was a true descendant of Schubert strongly imbued with Wagnerism, particularly in the matter of orchestration. Time and again, his use of the Bayreuth tubas creates the illusion that the music is Wagner's own.

Bruckner has been accused, and not without reason, of "puttering" with his themes, of frittering away his time with contrapuntal ingenuities that move the music forward not a whit. Yet in the first movement of this Eighth Symphony and in the Scherzo, where spiritually Bruckner speaks with the voice of Beethoven, the music seemed yesterday to advance without faltering. The Adagio, on the other hand, once held to be the outstanding portion of the Symphony, seemed now and then to drag, to miss continuity and sustained interest. For one listener at least there was not all the remembered eloquence and exaltation, solemnly beautiful and impressive as this over-long movement undeniably is. For a full 20 minutes this Adagio ran its course yesterday, even though Mr. Koussevitzky had made a liberal cut, incidentally, this cut robbed the music of one of the most alluring pages.

The least individual movement of the four, the least distinguished thematically, the Finale pleased yesterday by reason of its rhythmic vigor, its sonorous orchestration. The applause which followed quite justified the pains Mr. Koussevitzky had expended upon this Symphony and argued, furthermore, for the revival of its immediate predecessor, the general favorite among the nine symphonies bequeathed to us by a composer of remarkable if somewhat uneven powers, one whose music rightly belongs in any symphonic repertory that lays claim to breadth and catholicity.

For beginning yesterday Mr. Koussevitzky proffered the singularly attractive Symphony in B flat major, of Edward Burlingame Hill, which received its initial performance here a year ago. The composer, who was present, was warmly applauded, first at his seat in the hall and finally upon the stage whither Mr. Koussevitzky had bade him come.

[illegible] a precedent. It happens that the performance [illegible] year to mark[illegible] the exact date of the [illegible] ver[illegible] formance.

Mr Koussevitzky has put Beethoven's Choral Symphony on this week's symphony program, pairing it with the First Symphony. Not since the days of Fiedler's conductorship has the Ninth Symphony been given at a pair of regular symphony concerts. The difficulty is to find room on the stage for the chorus, since no seats can be removed from the hall when every place has been sold for the season. Usually the stage is built out into the auditorium for choral concerts in Symphony Hall.

HILL HEARS HIS OWN SYMPHONY

Composer Receives an Ovation at Concert by Orchestra

TRAV. MAR. 23

The beautiful spring weather brought an alertly receptive audience to Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. And the program was given a generous and sincere response. Edward Burlingame Hill's symphony in B flat major was the opening number. It is interesting and delightful.

The composer is said to have attempted here merely the development of musical ideas, rather than description and dramatic effects. Mr. Koussevitzky gave it a most brilliant reading. The score, by the way, is dedicated to him. Mr. Hill was present, and with the generous and modest conductor, received an ovation.

Anton Bruckner's symphony in C minor stirred the audience to rapturous applause. It is a marvelous thing and was marvelously done. It has always been a great favorite and when first produced in the 19th century was received with boisterous rejoicing and waving of handkerchiefs, so the program notes state. One can easily understand emotion possessing an audience privileged to hear that great symphony interpreted by Serge Koussevitzky.

This program will be repeated this evening.

NINTH SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give Beethoven's Choral Ninth Symphony as the principal number on the 21st pair of concerts in Symphony hall, next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. This will be the first time that the Ninth Symphony has been played at the regular concerts. The Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society will assist, together with a quartet of soloists.

The Ninth Symphony will be preceded by the First Symphony of the same master.

HERALD MAR 23

PENSION FUND CONCERT

For the pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra Mr. Koussevitzky arranged this Wagner program: Overture to "Rienzi"; Prelude to "Lohengrin"; Ride of the Valkyries from "The Valkyrie"; Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Music from "The Valkyrie"; baritone, David Blair McClosky; Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried"; Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Since the orchestra had drawn an audience filling Symphony hall in response to their appeal for the pension fund, it was meet and right that they should show their well-wishers what they can do. They rose to the occasion.

Not for years, if ever before, or so it seems to one old listener, has the orchestra reached so high a pitch of technical excellence as in this last month or two. And yesterday it surely attained its crowning hour. The ravishing beauty of tone it let loose in one unbroken flow—where can its like be found? A splendid sonority, of course, many an orchestra can achieve, if smears from strings and blurs from wind are tolerated; mostly they must be, and indeed they do slight actual harm. Beautiful tone, however, and strong, that rejoices in the transparent clarity of a perfect solo instrument, such as we gloried in in Mr. Gricke's day, that is not so frequently come by.

We hearers were treated to it yesterday; the entire band, thundering through Wagner at his fullest scoring, cut clear as Mr. Laurent played his flute alone.

More admirably, even, than their wont, the players shaped melody yesterday. Like the greatest of singers they sang, violins, the flute, horns, trumpets too, and 'cellos. Like the greatest of singers, mind. What could not lesser singers learn from these players, if only they had ears in their heads, of the proper way with melody! Of the quickening power of rhythm they could also learn much, of the contentment, too, that lies in a perfect attack, the charm inherent in a skilful release. Hats off before Mr. Koussevitzky, the restorer of the orchestra, technically and musically both, to its highest estate.

Not a bar did he play yesterday that failed to give, by both sound and sense, delight. Granting him his premises, the afternoon long he offered performances no less than perfect. Those premises, however, with Wagner's work in question, not everybody can grant. So robust a voicing of the Lohengrin prelude ill suggests the supernatural. The Valkyrie ride, if too heavily played, hints at dray horses, not winged steeds. And music of potions and Isolde's love is surely not to be proclaimed too forthrightly.

To the early pages, on the other hand, of the "Rienzi" overture, Mr. Koussevitzky, through sympathy and imagination, gave a touch of Wagner's quality of which the master in his best years might well have felt proud. Meeting the triumphant vulgarity of the military measures—militarism has always expressed itself vulgarly, in the days of the tribunes, no doubt, certainly in Wagner's time and in our own—meeting them at least half way, powerfully Mr. Koussevitzky appealed to the vulgarity that, of one sort or another, lurks in every man and woman, be it admitted or not. This was lofty in its way.

Here was a concert to give great pleasure to a hall-full of enthusiastic listeners. The orchestra showed what it could do. R. R. G.

PENSION CONCERT WAGNER'S

Koussevitzky Inspired in Presenting the List

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

To the theory that a Symphony Orchestra Pension Fund concert must of necessity be a Wagner concert, Mr. Koussevitzky has been no wholehearted subscriber. Yesterday, however, for the second Pension Fund concert of the season, he bowed to tradition, and his reward was an unusual demonstration of enthusiasm from an audience that filled every seat in Symphony Hall and overflowed into the aisles as well.

HITS STRIDE IN WAGNER

Although each one of Wagner's operas and music-dramas was not represented upon yesterday's list, the various phases and aspects of his music were nevertheless comprehensively set forth. There was the raw, Meyerbeerish Wagner of the "Rienzi" Overture; the romantic Wagner of the Prelude to "Lohengrin"; the out-of-doors Wagner of the Valkyries' Ride, the fire-music from "Die Walkure" and the forest music from "Siegfried"; the epic Wagner of Wotan's Farewell to Brunnhilde and of Isolde's Love-Death; the passionate yet fateful Wagner of the "Tristan" Prelude; the gloriously human Wagner of the Prelude to "The Mastersingers." And had the "Tristan" and "Mastersinger" excerpts been transposed, the several numbers would have been played in the order of their composition.

Mr. Koussevitzky is not the most consistent of conductors, and in interpreting the music of Wagner he has had his "off days." Yesterday, however, he was for the most part not merely happy and discriminating, but inspired. Never before has he so illumined, exalted and transfigured the excerpts from "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger." With the "Siegfried" forest music, too, he was altogether felicitous, and he played the "Rienzi" Overture exactly as it should be

IT MIGHT BE DONE

There has been more or less discussion in town recently of the possibility of several concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at reduced prices in the Boston Garden, so that the great public might have the opportunity of hearing fine music at rates they could afford. Several things must be taken into consideration before deciding on such a radical departure.

The acoustics of the immense auditorium would have to be considered. A brass band offers no proof whatever of the way an orchestra would sound. Delicate shadings of the violins and the wood-winds must be taken into consideration. The orchestra cannot play at top voice all the time, nor pieces of tremendous power. That question is all important. Mr. Koussevitzky would never consent to play in the Garden unless he were sure that his orchestra would make its proper effect.

Another thing is the rental. The orchestra, playing at reduced prices, would be making a considerable sacrifice. If the management of the Garden would do the same thing, and donate its use, in the public interest, possibly an arrangement for a concert or two might be made, provided the orchestra has the time to give to them. But no full charge could be considered, we imagine.

Sheldon H. Fairbanks, the Garden's manager, requests a meeting with Judge Cabot, chairman of the board of trustees of the orchestra, at which the matter will be discussed. Doubtless such concerts would be greatly enjoyed by the public, and, if things can be satisfactorily arranged, they may be given.

LOWELL PASTOR DIES

LOWELL, March 25 (AP)—The Rev. John R. Chaffee, 59, pastor of the Highland Methodist Episcopal Church here, died in a hospital here today, following an operation. Many of his flock had submitted to blood transfusions in the hope that their pastor's life might be saved.

ABOUT CONCERTS IN BOSTON GARDEN.

HER

ALD, SUNDAY, MARCH 24, 1929

EDITORIALS BY TH

MARK TWAIN MATERIAL

To the Editor of The Herald:

I am writing a biography of my kinsman, Samuel L. Clemens. If any readers of The Herald have letters or information regarding Mark Twain will they please communicate with me.

CYRIL CLEMENS.

May[illegible]d, Cal., March 17.

SYMPHONY BROADCASTS

To the Editor of The Herald:

I read with much interest Dr. Jelalian's letter about broadcasting the Boston Symphony orchestra and agree with him most wholeheartedly about it. The benefits derived from a concert broadcast are far superior to the constant tom-tom jazz. Not only is it true that many can't afford attending the series, but were it not, it would hardly be possible to accommodate the crowd! If we are going to educate ourselves morally, physically, socially and otherwise representative, why not musically? Why doesn't some influential person see to it? New York is far ahead of us! And curiously enough, Boston audiences are more appreciative.

ANNE LEVIN.

Dorchester, March 22.

ENCORE

To the Editor of The Herald:

I agree with Dr. Jelalian in The Herald that the Symphony concerts should be put on the air; for besides there being lots of people who can[illegible] afford to go very often, there are [illegible]ot like myself who can hear very well [illegible]over the radio. They are too deaf t[illegible]hear well in Symphony hall, even [illegible]h a hearing aid, unless they can alwa[illegible] get a seat near the stage.

Before this winter for the last two or three years, the late Mr. Q[illegible]by sponsored the Symphonies every Saturday night when they were in Bos[illegible]n, and I for one enjoyed listening to th[illegible] and I was very sorry when they we[illegible] taken off the air. I hope next seaso[illegible] some one will put them on the rad[illegible] again. New England listeners-in wi[illegible] appreciate it, I am sure.

CASPAR MOTLE[illegible]

Boston, March 22.

IN REPLY

To the Editor [illegible]erald:

I am objecting to M[illegible]sta[illegible]ment that natural beauties are stripp[illegible] from every military camp, that the b[illegible]racks are hideous and that there is [illegible] loveliness in the surroundings, to use h[illegible] own word.

Evidently the lady above has nev[illegible] been in Newport, R. I. If she woul[illegible] take the pleasure of such a trip sh[illegible] would find herself in a beautiful camp[illegible] if she would [illegible]

ican Legion, the American Federation of Labor and other such organizations are not entirely composed of native-born Americans and consequently might not agree with Mr. Varney in his solution?

Does Mr. Varney know that immigrants come to this country not only because they lack work in their respective mother country, but also for personal, religious or political freedom, as the Pilgrims did in 1620?

I would let Congress decide this monumental question after some very able men have presented their evidence before the able and efficient committee in charge of immigration.

JOSEPH G. LARKIN.

Medford, March 22.

STATE HOUSE PRAYERS

To the Editor of The Herald:

I regret that the Boston press failed to note that the General Court of the Commonwealth has seen fit to have a rabbi offer prayers at the opening of each session. On Tuesday Rabbi David Alpert of Temple Covenant of Peace, Easton, Pa., rendered the invocation for the House of Representatives. On Wednesday he did similar service for the state Senate. Rabbi Alpert is the first Boston-born rabbi. This was a real demonstration of the fine feeling [illegible]fellowship existing in the [illegible], and I believe is deserving of public notice. MAX [illegible]EN.

Boston, March 22.

SYMPHONY AT GARDEN

To the Editor of The Herald:

I was very much interested in your editorial, "Music for the People," in which you speak of the possibility of holding the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Garden. The Garden was designed with a view to its use as an auditorium and particular attention was paid to its acoustical properties. A concert was given here last fall by Signor Alphonso D'Avino and at that time music critics agreed that the hall was excellently suited for concerts. We believe this will be demonstrated beyond question when the Symphonic Band of the Royal Belgian Guards gives it concert here on April 3.

The management of the Boston Garden would be most willing to co-operate with the trustees of the Symphony Orchestra in any attempt to increase the usefulness of the orchestra to the public. SHELDON H. FAIRBANKS, General Manager.

Boston, March 20.

TRAV. MAR 23

CONCERT CALENDAR

PENSION FUND CONCERT

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Post Mar 3

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Suggests Wagner

Yesterday, after another two decades, this Eighth Symphony sounded for the most part altogether lucid and straightforward. Hearing it, there was less feeling that Bruckner was a seer of apocalyptic visions, a musical St. John on Patmos, and more that he was a true descendant of Schubert strongly imbued with Wagnerism, particularly in the matter of orchestration. Time and again, his use of the Bayreuth tubas creates the illusion that the music is Wagner's own.

Bruckner has been accused, and not without reason, of "puttering" with his themes, of frittering away his time with contrapuntal ingenuities that move the music forward not a whit. Yet in the first movement of this Eighth Symphony and in the Scherzo, where spiritually Bruckner speaks with the voice of Beethoven, the music seemed yesterday to advance without faltering. The Adagio, on the other hand, once held to be the outstanding portion of the Symphony, seemed now and then to drag, to miss continuity and sustained interest. For one listener at least there was not all the remembered eloquence and exaltation, solemnly beautiful and impressive as this over-long movement undeniably is. For a full 20 minutes this Adagio ran its course yesterday, even though Mr. Koussevitzky had made a liberal cut, incidentally, this cut robbed the music of one of the most alluring pages.

The least individual movement of the four, the least distinguished thematically, the Finale pleased yesterday by reason of its rhythmic vigor, its sonorous orchestration. The applause which followed quite justified the pains Mr. Koussevitzky had expended upon this Symphony and argued, furthermore, for the revival of its immediate predecessor, the general favorite among the nine symphonies bequeathed to us by a composer of remarkable if somewhat uneven powers, one whose music rightly belongs in any symphonic repertory that lays claim to breadth and catholicity.

For beginning yesterday Mr. Koussevitzky proffered the singularly attractive Symphony in B flat major, of Edward Burlingame Hill, which received its initial performance here a year ago. The composer, who was present, was warmly applauded, first at his seat in the hall and finally upon the stage whither Mr. Koussevitzky had bade him come.

TRAV. MAR 23

CONCERT CALENDAR

PENSION FUND CONCERT

An all Wagner program will be presented by Serge Koussevitzky, conducting the Boston Symphony orchestra, tomorrow after in Symphony hall, in the spring pension found concert of the season. The program will include: Overture to "Rienzi"; prelude to "Lohengrin"; Ride of the Valkyries, Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Music, from "The Valkyrie," the part of Wotan to be sung by David Blair McClosky; Forest Murmurs, from "Siegfried"; prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; and prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

a precedent. It happens that the performance Friday comes near to marking the exact date of the [illegible] performance.

Mr Koussevitzky has put Beethoven's Choral Symphony on this week's symphony program, pairing it with the First Symphony. Not since the days of Fiedler's conductorship has the Ninth Symphony been given at a pair of regular symphony concerts. The difficulty is to find room on the stage for the chorus, since no seats can be removed from the hall when every place has been sold for the season. Usually the stage is built out into the auditorium for choral concerts in Symphony Hall.

HILL HEARS HIS OWN SYMPHONY

Composer Receives an Ovation at Concert by TRAV. Orchestra MAR. 23

The beautiful spring weather brought an alertly receptive audience to Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. And the program was given a generous and sincere response. Edward Burlingame Hill's symphony in B flat major was the opening number. It is interesting and delightful.

The composer is said to have attempted here merely the development of musical ideas, rather than description and dramatic effects. Mr. Koussevitzky gave it a most brilliant reading. The score, by the way, is dedicated to him. Mr. Hill was present, and with the generous and modest conductor, received an ovation.

Anton Bruckner's symphony in C minor stirred the audience to rapturous applause. It is a marvelous thing and was marvelously done. It has always been a great favorite and when first produced in the 19th century was received with boisterous rejoicing and waving of handkerchiefs, so the program notes state. One can easily understand emotion possessing an audience privileged to hear that great symphony interpreted by Serge Koussevitzky.

This program will be repeated this evening.

NINTH SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give Beethoven's Choral Ninth Symphony as the principal number on the 21st pair of concerts in Symphony hall, next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. This will be the first time that the Ninth Symphony has been played at the regular concerts. The Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society will assist, together with a quartet of soloists.

The Ninth Symphony will be preceded by the First Symphony of the same master.

HERALD MAR 23

PENSION FUND CONCERT

For the pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra Mr. Koussevitzky arranged this Wagner program: Overture to "Rienzi"; Prelude to "Lohengrin"; Ride of the Valkyries from "The Valkyrie"; Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Music from "The Valkyrie"; baritone, David Blair McClosky; Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried"; Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde"; Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Since the orchestra had drawn an audience filling Symphony hall in response to their appeal for the pension fund, it was meet and right that they should show their well-wishers what they can do. They rose to the occasion.

Not for years, if ever before, or so it seems to one old listener, has the orchestra reached so high a pitch of technical excellence as in this last month or two. And yesterday it surely attained its crowning hour. The ravishing beauty of tone it let loose in one unbroken flow—where can its like be found? A splendid sonority, of course, many an orchestra can achieve, if smears from strings and blurs from wind are tolerated; mostly they must be, and indeed they do slight actual harm. Beautiful tone, however, and strong, that rejoices in the transparent clarity of a perfect solo instrument, such as we gloried in in Mr. Gricke's day, that is not so frequently come by.

We hearers were treated to it yesterday; the entire band, thundering through Wagner at his fullest scoring, cut clear as Mr. Laurent played his flute alone.

More admirably, even, than their wont, the players shaped melody yesterday. Like the greatest of singers they sang, violins, the flute, horns, trumpets too, and 'cellos. Like the greatest of singers, mind. What could not lesser singers learn from these players, if only they had ears in their heads, of the proper way with melody! Of the quickening power of rhythm they could also learn much, of the contentment, too, that lies in a perfect attack, the charm inherent in a skilful release. Hats off before Mr. Koussevitzky, the restorer of the orchestra, technically and musically both, to its highest estate.

Not a bar did he play yesterday that failed to give, by both sound and sense, delight. Granting him his premises, the afternoon long he offered performances no less than perfect. Those premises, however, with Wagner's work in question, not everybody can grant. So robust a voicing of the Lohengrin prelude ill suggests the supernatural. The Valkyrie ride, if too heavily played, hints at dray horses, not winged steeds. And music of potions and Isolde's love is surely not to be proclaimed too forthrightly.

To the early pages, on the other hand, of the "Rienzi" overture, Mr. Koussevitzky, through sympathy and imagination, gave a touch of Wagner's quality of which the master in his best years might well have felt proud. Meeting the triumphant vulgarity of the military measures—militarism has always expressed itself vulgarly, in the days of the tribunes, no doubt, certainly in Wagner's time and in our own—meeting them at least half way, powerfully Mr. Koussevitzky appealed to the vulgarity that, of one sort or another, lurks in every man and woman, be it admitted or not. This was lofty in its way.

Here was a concert to give great pleasure to a hall-full of enthusiastic listeners. The orchestra showed what it could do. R. R. G.

PENSION CONCERT WAGNER'S

Koussevitzky Inspired in Presenting the List

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

To the theory that a Symphony Orchestra Pension Fund concert must of necessity be a Wagner concert, Mr. Koussevitzky has been no wholehearted subscriber. Yesterday, however, for the second Pension Fund concert of the season, he bowed to tradition, and his reward was an unusual demonstration of enthusiasm from an audience that filled every seat in Symphony Hall and overflowed into the aisles as well.

HITS STRIDE IN WAGNER

Although each one of Wagner's operas and music-dramas was not represented upon yesterday's list, the various phases and aspects of his music were nevertheless comprehensively set forth. There was the raw, Meyerbeerish Wagner of the "Rienzi" Overture; the romantic Wagner of the Prelude to "Lohengrin"; the out-of-doors Wagner of the Valkyries' Ride, the fire-music from "Die Walkure" and the forest music from "Siegfried"; the epic Wagner of Wotan's Farewell to Brunnhilde and of Isolde's Love-Death; the passionate yet fateful Wagner of the "Tristan" Prelude; the gloriously human Wagner of the Prelude to "The Mastersingers." And had the "Tristan" and "Mastersinger" excerpts been transposed, the several numbers would have been played in the order of their composition.

Mr. Koussevitzky is not the most consistent of conductors, and in interpreting the music of Wagner he has had his "off days." Yesterday, however, he was for the most part not merely happy and discriminating, but inspired. Never before has he so illumined, exalted and transfigured the excerpts from "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger." With the "Siegfried" forest music, too, he was altogether felicitous, and he played the "Rienzi" Overture exactly as it should be

EDITORIALS BY TH

MARK TWAIN MATERIAL

To the Editor of The Herald:

I am writing a biography of my kinsman, Samuel L. Clemens. If any readers of The Herald have letters or information regarding Mark Twain, will they please communicate with me?

CYRIL CLEMENS.

Mayfield, Cal., March 17.

SYMPHONY BROADCASTS

To the Editor of The Herald:

I read with much interest Dr. Jelalian's letter about broadcasting the Boston Symphony orchestra and agree with him most wholeheartedly about it. The benefits derived from a concert broadcast are far superior to the constant tom-tom jazz. Not only is it true that many can't afford attending the series, but were it not, it would hardly be possible to accommodate the crowd! If we are going to educate ourselves morally, physically, socially and otherwise representative, why not musically? Why doesn't some influential person see to it? New York is far ahead of us! And curiously enough, Boston audiences are more appreciative.

ANNE LEVIN.

Dorchester, March 22.

ENCORE

To the Editor of The Herald:

I agree with Dr. Jelalian in The Herald that the Symphony concerts should be put on the air; for besides there being lots of people who can not afford to go very often, there are a lot like myself who can hear very well over the radio. They are too deaf to hear well in Symphony hall, even with a hearing aid, unless they can always get a seat near the stage.

Before this winter for the last two or three years, the late Mr. Quinby sponsored the Symphonies every Saturday night when they were in Boston, and I for one enjoyed listening to them and I was very sorry when they were taken off the air. I hope next season some one will put them on the radio again. New England listeners-in will appreciate it, I am sure.

CASPAR MOTLEY.

Boston, March 22.

IN REPLY

To the Editor of The Herald:

I am objecting to Mr. [illegible]'s statement that natural beauties are stripped from every military camp, that the barracks are hideous and that there is no loveliness in the surroundings, to use his own word.

Evidently the lady above has never been in Newport, R. I. If she would take the pleasure of such a trip she would find herself in a beautiful camp

ican Legion, the American Federation of Labor and other such organizations are not entirely composed of native-born Americans and consequently might not agree with Mr. Varney in his solution?

Does Mr. Varney know that immigrants come to this country not only because they lack work in their respective mother country, but also for personal, religious or political freedom, as the Pilgrims did in 1620?

I would let Congress decide this monumental question after some very able men have presented their evidence before the able and efficient committee in charge of immigration.

JOSEPH G. LARKIN.

Medford, March 22.

STATE HOUSE PRAYERS

To the Editor of The Herald:

I regret that the Boston press failed to note that the General Court of the Commonwealth has seen fit to have a rabbi offer prayers at the opening of each session. On Tuesday Rabbi David Alpert of Temple Covenant of Peace, Philadelphia, Pa., rendered the invocation for the House of Representatives. On Wednesday he did similar service for the state Senate. Rabbi Alpert is the first Boston-born rabbi. This was a fitting demonstration of the fine feeling of [illegible]ship existing in the [illegible], and I believe is deserving of public notice.

MAX [illegible]EN.

Boston, March 22.

SYMPHONY AT GARDEN

To the Editor of The Herald:

I was very much interested in your editorial, "Music for the People," in which you speak of the possibility of holding the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Garden. The Garden was designed with a view to its use as an auditorium and particular attention was paid to its acoustical properties. A concert was given here last fall by Signor Alphonso D'Avino and at that time music critics agreed that the hall was excellently suited for concerts. We believe this will be demonstrated beyond question when the Symphonic Band of the Royal Belgian Guards gives it concert here on April 3.

The management of the Boston Garden would be most willing to co-operate with the trustees of the Symphony Orchestra in any attempt to increase the usefulness of the orchestra to the public. SHELDON H. FAIRBANKS,

General Manager.

Boston, March 20.

of the world.

POST MAR. 25

IT MIGHT BE DONE

There has been more or less discussion in town recently of the possibility of several concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at reduced prices in the Boston Garden, so that the great public might have the opportunity of hearing fine music at rates they could afford. Several things must be taken into consideration before deciding on such a radical departure.

The acoustics of the immense auditorium would have to be considered. A brass band offers no proof whatever of the way an orchestra would sound. Delicate shadings of the violins and the wood-winds must be taken into consideration. The orchestra cannot play at top voice all the time, nor pieces of tremendous power. That question is all important. Mr. Koussevitzky would never consent to play in the Garden unless he were sure that his orchestra would make its proper effect.

Another thing is the rental. The orchestra, playing at reduced prices, would be making a considerable sacrifice. If the management of the Garden would do the same thing, and donate its use, in the public interest, possibly an arrangement for a concert or two might be made, provided the orchestra has the time to give to them. But no full charge could be considered, we imagine.

Sheldon H. Fairbanks, the Garden's manager, requests a meeting with Judge Cabot, chairman of the board of trustees of the orchestra, at which the matter will be discussed. Doubtless such concerts would be greatly enjoyed by the public, and, if things can be satisfactorily arranged, they may be given.

LOWELL PASTOR DIES

LOWELL, March 25 (AP)—The Rev. John R. Chaffee, 59, pastor of the Highland Methodist Episcopal Church here, died in a hospital here today, following an operation. Many of his flock had submitted to blood transfusions in the hope that their pastor's life might be saved.

ABOUT CONCERTS IN BOSTON GARDEN.

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WAGNER PROGRAM AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

GLOBE MAR 25

Capacity Audience Is Enthusiastic

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a Wagner program yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the pension fund for retired players. Symphony Hall had been completely sold out far in advance. The capacity audience applauded each number enthusiastically. The program began with the "Rienzi" overture, and included the prelude to "Lohengrin" and to "Die Meistersinger," the prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan," the "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried," and portions of the closing scene of "Die Walkuere." David Blair McClosky, baritone, assisted the orchestra in the latter number.

There are some who claim these days that Wagner's day is done. It is certainly true that his influence on the younger generations of contemporary composers is slight, though with such elders as Richard Strauss it has been all-pervading. But the numbers and the emotional ferver of yesterday's audience would suffice to prove, were proofs really needed, that Wagner's hold on the public remains as strong as ever.

Mr Koussevitzky began the concert by conducting the finest performance of the "Rienzi" overture one recalls from anyone. He disguised the immaturity of the melodic style, skilfully waving the opening passages from banality. He could not, of course, hope to do as much for the sonorous peroration. But he played the noisy closing passage with fervor and conviction, so that it made the same sort of effect that a march for military band can make if superbly performed.

One wondered whether a sophisticated listener in the 1840s could have detected beneath the seeming triviality and bad taste of much of this overture the greater Wagner to come. It seems now incredible that the man who wrote "Rienzi" was later to write the "Ring," "Tristan," and "Die Meistersinger." The power already is there, but no trace of refinement, the subtlety, the majesty of the best passages in the later Wagner.

One was less well pleased with Mr Koussevitzky's conduct of the rest of the program. Some of it, like the "Magic Fire" music from "Die Walkuere," apparently failed to stir his emotions and fell rather flat by comparison with the effect one remembers this number to have made time out of mind.

In other numbers, such as the excerpts from "Tristan," Mr Koussevitzky's usual way of conducting as he feels the music, rather than as custom dictates, or the printed score directs, annoyed a listener who prefers his Wagner straight, with no interposition of a conductor's personality between listener and composer.

One felt that Mr Koussevitzky's conducting of Wagner too often slighted that composer's melodies. In the "Liebestod," for example, it is the long flowing spirals of melody that bind the whole work together. But the sonority, rhythm, and color often make people overlook the melody, as Mr Koussevitzky appeared to from his awkward way of phrasing the music. It is only just to repeat that the audience applauded the "Liebestod" with great enthusiasm, so that the orchestra was asked to rise to share the plaudits.

P. R.

Week-End of An Orchestra And Conductor

TRANS. MAR. 25

Bruckner Bettered by Cuts—Wagner Variously and Untarnished

THE "ites"—Wagnerites, Brahmsites, Debussyites, what you will—are both help and hindrance to the object of their faith and admiration. Without them, Wagner would have made way more slowly into the world-wide theater; Brahms been longer counted forbidding in the concert-room; Debussy lingered in the purgatory of innovators. None the less, it is the Wagnerites who now split hairs over the turning of a phrase in a busy opera house; shake with qualms lest Brahms sound too songful and romantic; resent a vigorous, full-voiced Debussy, who is not always refining his sensations and shading his colors. Beside all three, here in Boston stand, for the hour, the Brucknerites. They rejoiced eagerly when Mr. Koussevitzky announced the performance of "the master's" Eighth Symphony. They waited with impatience when he deferred it to make more thorough preparation. They heard it at the Symphony Concerts of Friday and Saturday—and on both days their reproachful outcries rent the surrounding air. Heaven forgive him, he had cut "the master-work." He had indeed. A Symphony that at full length considerably exceeds an hour in performance came and went in almost exactly sixty minutes. The second subject—to risk a technicality—did not return in the first movement, thereby leaving that division rather less than full-rounded. Cherished pages in the Adagio, presumed to be the crown of the whole, went by the board. In the comparatively impotent Finale, the conductor turned over a "fistful" of omitted pages.

Mr. Koussevitzky did make these cuts, though hardly so extensively as the irritated Brucknerites assert. He also made them for the good of the composer, of this particular Symphony, of the two audiences. What had kept the Eighth from Symphony Hall through almost exactly twenty years? What had kept any of Bruckner's Symphonies from that concert-room since 1915? Nothing less than the inordinate length of the best of them and the incredible unevenness—until the hearer comes to know Bruckner—of the matter within them contained. Mr. Monteux contemplated them—and quailed. Mr. Koussevitzky had them in mind when he first set foot in Boston—and postponed the adventure until this, his fifth, season. By that time he had discovered that he must persuade hearers to Bruckner over semi-conscious prepossessions and semi-dormant prejudices. No audience in America has the habit of sustained and exacting musical attention. Strauss's longer tone-poems tax them. It is perilous to risk more than one in a season. Mr. Bloch's "America," multifarious and changeful as it is, was immediately accounted "too long." Outside his slow movements, Bruckner's lengths are also his tediums. To gain the hearing that he deserves they must be reduced. Bruckner is prone to needless repetitions; on many a feeble page he seems all unaware of his impotence. No composer falls away, as does he, from heigths of inspiration to depths of routine, mannerism and futility. Against far-flung visions he sets childish simplicities, turns not a doubting hair. Only German-speaking audiences absorb him unabridged and profess to enjoy the experience.

Not only must Bruckner be shortened; he must be purged so far as possible of his besetting weaknesses. Mr. Koussevitzky set to the cutting with clear mind and honest purpose. Except, possibly, here and there in the slow movement, a Bruckner emerged less diminished and clouded by his own faults than Symphony Hall had hitherto known. Clearly shone the beauty of his melody, as in the Scherzo and the Adagio; the splendor of his brass, the rich depth or the ethereal shimmer of his strings, his power of far-spread and upsurging climax; the instant thrill of his motives re-emerging, of moments like the play of horn and oboe in the first movement or the harp-touches, say upon the Scherzo; the sheer majesty, in the Finale, of his rolling, pounding bass. The plodding Bruckner vanished before the Bruckner who saw the heavens opened, while little less than the divine fire kindled him to music-making. Two audiences listened rapt; in two performances conductor and orchestra outdid themselves. The end crowned the deed. Yet upon the outskirts fanatics for Bruckner fumed over pages for the most part well lost.

Richard the Great

After long interval, the Symphony Orchestra returned yesterday afternoon to a "Wagner-Cconcert" for the profit of its Pension Fund. As of old, the audience filled every seat and overflowed into standing-room; listened coughless; at the end of every number returned long and loud applause. Of old the reviewer took his text from such a company and descanted upon a town seemingly so minded to Wagner, yet content with the performance of only one, two, or three of his operas in a whole musical year. This time, the chronicler may stay his hand, since the Chicago Company, encouraged both at home and abroad, is about to enlarge its Wagnerian repertory and increase its Wagnerian singers; while there is some likelihood that a year hence a German company will again unfold to Boston a cycle of the "Ring" music-dramas. As of old again the orchestra played at the top of its mettle. In few pieces does it more aptly disclose the finesse and the splendor, the beauty of voice and the puissance of expression, which it has now regained, than in the Preludes to "Lohengrin" and to "Die Meistersinger." The ear bathed in the glories of the horns through the orchestral interval that divides "Wotan's Farewell"; in the plangent sonorities of the violoncellos singing of fate at the outset of the Prelude to "Tristan."

Nor is it needful to linger over the qualities of Mr. Koussevitzky as Wagnerian conductor. Between many men of many minds there has been no lack of debate. Yesterday, however, he gave little reason for doubts and scruples. He put by the Venusberg music from "Tannhäuser" and the Prelude to Parsifal" in the performance of which he has been most reproached. If he sped "The Ride of the Valkyrs" beyond the possibilities of the opera house, he was playing it as symphonic piece rather than as music to be co-ordinated with the stage. If the final measures of "Die Walküre"—when Brünnhilde sleeps under the ash-tree and with bent head the god strides gloomily away—sounded tame, be it remembered that the stage-picture is essential part of them. As soon expect from the relatively improvised Wotan of Mr. McCloskey, the operatic eloquence of a Schorr, a Rode or a Bohnen.

On the other hand, Mr. Koussevitzky excelled himself in the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." It was not blurred or over-hastened or over-blown or turned restless. It unfolded and ascended in the unbroken, on-sweeping Wagnerian line, diversified yet all-comprehending. The end was not merely climax, it was culmination. Again, in the Prelude the Closing Scene from "Tristan," Koussevitzky opened out a music tha has tended to keep hot-house like stuffy; gave wing to its passion of sire, depth to its under-voice of fate; high and firm and clear that most po ant and beatified of songful ecsta Isolde's Liebestod. And though it blasphemy to say as much, he exerc upon the Overture to "Rienzi" a t Toscaninian ability to make the stuff" sound in glowing voice. To it restored not only its turged thunde roof-lifter that it is—but also its tur magnificence.

A conventional "Wagner-progra with the episodes from the Forest-Sc in "Siegfried" added to the items alre specified. Yet how ageless, how indo itable, how all-conquering, remains t music, stripped in the concert-hall every glamour of the theater—save recollection has impregnated us wi them—not even prelude to a rising cu tain! For the thirtieth, possibly the f tieth, time some heard the closing sce of "Die Walküre": they could foret almost every measure; yet their ears a hearts leapt not less to those wondro horns; their ears and their fancies to t first tonal gleam of the magic fires. T Valkyr clangors remain the music of a heroic world, when a god's virgin-daug ters rode the skies, smiting spear c shield. The forest drowses and smil and Siegfried dreams of her who bo him—the exhaustless beauty of the m sic of the Volsung pair—until the bi bids him to new adventure. Music passion and fate still stands fulfilled i the Prelude to "Tristan." The tona splendor, the romantic lustres, of th Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" still g unsurpassed. To this day there is cele tial magic in the singing strings weavin the pathway of the descending Grai For us elders, even a "Wagner-Concert brings a hundred joys of memory. Fo the youngsters—God save them!—a whol new world is opening.

H. T. P.

Music in Boston

MON. MAR 25

Week-End Concerts

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its spring pension fund concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon with a program of excerpts from Wagner's music dramas. The audience filled the seats and a large part of the standing room, and made evident its appreciation of the present high estate of the orchestra by its usually hearty and prolonged applause, which on two occasions justified the conductor in calling the men to their feet. The least successful item was the closing scene from "Walkure," with David Blair McClosky to sing Wotan's Farewell. When Mr. McClosky's voice came through, he appeared to be singing well, but for the most part his tones were almost inaudible in the orchestral tumult. Nor was the conductor's contribution entirely satisfactory. The pace was a little too quick, and the phrasing sometimes inept. For the rest, there can be little but praise. Mr. Koussevitzky always spurs the Valkyrs' winged horses to unexampled speed; but as this is not one of Wagner's most inspired passages, it is perhaps as well to get it over without undue delay. The "Rienzi" Overture was duly theatrical, the Prelude to "Lohengrin" and the Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried" were poetically treated, the Prelude and final scene from "Tristan" were set forth with more than common intensity and breadth, and the "Meistersinger" Prelude was joyfully proclaimed.

Yesterday [illegible]

Letters to the Editor

TRANS. MAR. 26 - 29

IF THEY ONLY WOULD!

To the Editor of the Transcript:

For a third year my name is on the waiting list for tickets to the Symphony Concerts on Friday afternoons. It moves up so slowly that if I ever attain them, I shall probably be rolled into Symphony Hall on a wheel-chair. Yet for the twentieth time I gather—from the epistolary Mr. Clayton Johns—that countless seat-holders are about to surrender their tickets unless Mr. Koussevitzky shapes his programs to suit their prejudice. If they only would! But the waiting lists are tangible evidence that they never do. Instead, they fill up their subscription blanks as though they were protecting family heirlooms. Then they "take it out" in "belly-aching around." (My sophomore brother, home for Sunday from Harvard, who expects the other ticket—if we ever get them—insists that I use the word. You Mr. Editor, will probably strike it out.)

IMPATIENT GRIZZEL

Boston, March 24.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION VIEWS THE SYMPHONY

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Apparently one's attitude toward the programs of the Symphony Orchestra is influenced greatly by one's age. Mr Clayton Johns has expressed in your columns a point of view which, for all I know, may be typical of his generation. May I be permitted a few words in which to express a point of view which is, I have good reason to believe, not only my own but that of most of the twenty-five to thirty-five-year-old group to which I belong?

It seems to me that Mr. Koussevitzky's programs have a very fair and reasonable proportion of music by contemporary composers. Mr. Johns believes differently. He inquired some days ago, "Who ever heard of Janin or Dukelsky?" if I remember correctly. I do not know just how old Mr. Johns is, but I should think he might be able to recall a time when elderly Bostonians inquired, "Who is Wagner?" So many great composers have, in the past, been adjudged crazy by the contemporaries that one would suppose that present-day concert-goers would be a little less positive in their harsh opinions of present-day music-makers. Nor may Mr. Johns and his friends say, "But these men do not make music," for that is nothing more nor less than what the anti-Wagnerites said about the "modernist" of their day. Certainly, unless music has become a thoroughly decadent art, some one (or two, or three) of the young composers of the day will be a "great" composer—a "classic" composer—to future generations. Mr. Koussevitzky evidently feels that we should have an opportunity to hear what these young men are doing. We want to hear them, and to have a chance to form our own opinions regarding them. I wish to put the case more strongly. We feel we have a right to hear them (to say nothing of the right of the composer to be heard).

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Yesterday's [illegible] Symphony

Week-End of An Orchestra And Conductor

TRANS. MAR. 25

Bruckner Bettered by Cuts— Wagner Variously and Untarnished

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Richard the Great

After long interval, the Symphony Orchestra returned yesterday afternoon to a "Wagner-Cconcert" for the profit of its Pension Fund. As of old, the audience filled every seat and overflowed into standing-room; listened coughless; at the end of every number returned long and loud applause. Of old the reviewer took his text from such a company and descanted upon a town seemingly so minded to Wagner, yet content with the performance of only one, two, or three of his operas in a whole musical year. This time, the chronicler may stay his hand, since the Chicago Company, encouraged both at home and abroad, is about to enlarge its Wagnerian repertory and increase its Wagnerian singers; while there is some likelihood that a year hence a German company will again unfold to Boston a cycle of the "Ring" music-dramas. As of old again the orchestra played at the top of its mettle. In few pieces does it more aptly disclose the finesse and the splendor, the beauty of voice and the puissance of expression, which it has now regained, than in the Preludes to "Lohengrin" and to "Die Meistersinger." The ear bathed in the glories of the horns through the orchestral interval that divides "Wotan's Farewell"; in the plangent sonorities of the violoncellos singing of fate at the outset of the Prelude to "Tristan."

Nor is it needful to linger over the qualities of Mr. Koussevitzky as Wagnerian conductor. Between many men of many minds there has been no lack of debate. Yesterday, however, he gave little reason for doubts and scruples. He put by the Venusberg music from "Tannhäuser" and the Prelude to Parsifal" in the performance of which he has been most reproached. If he sped "The Ride of the Valkyrs" beyond the possibilities of the opera house, he was playing it as symphonic piece rather than as music to be co-ordinated with the stage. If the final measures of "Die Walküre"—when Brünnhilde sleeps under the ash-tree and with bent head the god strides gloomily away—sounded tame, be it remembered that the stage-picture is essential part of them. As soon expect from the relatively improvised Wotan of Mr. McCloskey, the operatic eloquence of a Schorr, a Rode or a Bohnen.

On the other hand, Mr. Koussevitzky excelled himself in the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." It was not blurred or over-hastened or over-blown or turned restless. It unfolded and ascended in the unbroken, on-sweeping Wagnerian line, diversified yet all-comprehending. The end was not merely climax, it was culmination. Again, in the Prelude the Closing Scene from "Tristan," Koussevitzky opened out a music tha has tended to keep hot-house like stuffy; gave wing to its passion of sire, depth to its under-voice of fate; high and firm and clear that most pe ant and beatified of songful ecsta Isolde's Liebestod. And though it blasphemy to say as much, he exerc upon the Overture to "Rienzi" a t Toscaninian ability to make the stuff" sound in glowing voice. To it restored not only its turged thunde roof-lifter that it is—but also its tur magnificence.

A conventional "Wagner-progra with the episodes from the Forest-Sc in "Siegfried" added, to the items alre specified. Yet how ageless, how ind itable, how all-conquering, remains t music, stripped in the concert-hall every glamour of the theater—save recollection has impregnated us wi them—not even prelude to a rising c tain! For the thirtieth, possibly the f tieth, time some heard the closing sce of "Die Walküre"; they could foret almost every measure; yet their ears a hearts leapt not less to those wondro horns; their ears and their fancies to t first tonal gleam of the magic fires. T Valkyr clangors remain the music of heroic world, when a god's virgin-daug ters rode the skies, smiting spear shield. The forest drowses and smil and Siegfried dreams of her who bo him—the exhaustless beauty of the m sic of the Volsung pair—until the bi bids him to new adventure. Music passion and fate still stands fulfilled the Prelude to "Tristan." The tona splendor, the romantic lustres, of th Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" still g unsurpassed. To this day there is cele tial magic in the singing strings weavin the pathway of the descending Grai For us elders, even a "Wagner-Concert brings a hundred joys of memory. Fo the youngsters—God save them!—a whol new world is opening.

H. T. P.

Letters to the Editor

TRANS. MAR. 26 - 29

IF THEY ONLY WOULD!

To the Editor of the Transcript:

For a third year my name is on the waiting list for tickets to the Symphony Concerts on Friday afternoons. It moves up so slowly that if I ever attain them, I shall probably be rolled into Symphony Hall on a wheel-chair. Yet for the twentieth time I gather—from the epistolary Mr. Clayton Johns—that countless seat-holders are about to surrender their tickets unless Mr. Koussevitzky shapes his programs to suit their prejudices. If they only would! But the waiting lists are tangible evidence that they never do. Instead, they fill up their subscription blanks as though they were protecting family heirlooms. Then they "take it out" in "belly-aching around." (My sophomore brother, home for Sunday from Harvard, who expects the other ticket—if we ever get them—insists that I use the word. You Mr. Editor, will probably strike it out.)

IMPATIENT GRIZZEL

Boston, March 24.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION VIEWS THE SYMPHONY

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Apparently one's attitude toward the programs of the Symphony Orchestra is influenced greatly by one's age. Mr Clayton Johns has expressed in your columns a point of view which, for all know, may be typical of his generation May I be permitted a few words in which to express a point of view which is, I have good reason to believe, not only my own but that of most of the twenty-five to thirty-five-year-old group to which I belong?

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Mr. Johns can remember when Brahms was a "modern," doubtless. I do not know how "radical" the music of Brahms was considered when it was first played in Boston, but I do know that it had to fight against a great deal of misunderstanding before it reached its present high estate. Am I hitting wide of the mark if I suggest that it is probable that when Mr. Johns first heard Brahms—and Wagner—he felt interested? He was younger then. Many of the older persons of the time were bored by the one and greatly irritated by the other, I should like to wager. I assume that Mr Johns now loves Brahms and Wagner and I feel certain that their genius (then unsuspected by most people) plus his long association with them is the reason why he does. When my friends and I are numbered among the older ones we will thank Serge Koussevitzky for having enabled us to live for a long time with—Stravinsky, shall we say?—or perhaps it will be some unknown whose name may appear for the first time on a program next year.

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Richard the Great

After long interval, the Symphony Orchestra returned yesterday afternoon to a "Wagner-Cconcert" for the profit of its Pension Fund. As of old, the audience filled every seat and overflowed into standing-room; listened coughless; at the end of every number returned long and loud applause. Of old the reviewer took his text from such a company and descanted upon a town seemingly so minded to Wagner, yet content with the performance of only one, two, or three of his operas in a whole musical year. This time, the chronicler may stay his hand, since the Chicago Company, encouraged both at home and abroad, is about to enlarge its Wagnerian repertory and increase its Wagnerian singers; while there is some likelihood that a year hence a German company will again unfold to Boston a cycle of the "Ring" music-dramas. As of old again the orchestra played at the top of its mettle. In few pieces does it more aptly disclose the finesse and the splendor, the beauty of voice and the puissance of expression, which it has now regained, than in the Preludes to "Lohengrin" and to "Die Meistersinger." The ear bathed in the glories of the horns through the orchestral interval that divides "Wotan's Farewell"; in the plangent sonorities of the violoncellos singing of fate at the outset of the Prelude to "Tristan."

Nor is it needful to linger over the qualities of Mr. Koussevitzky as Wagnerian conductor. Between many men of many minds there has been no lack of debate. Yesterday, however, he gave little reason for doubts and scruples. He put by the Venusberg music from "Tannhäuser" and the Prelude to Parsifal" in the performance of which he has been most reproached. If he sped "The Ride of the Valkyrs" beyond the possibilities of the opera house, he was playing it as symphonic piece rather than as music to be co-ordinated with the stage. If the final measures of "Die Walküre"—when Brünnhilde sleeps under the ash-tree and with bent head the god strides gloomily away—sounded tame, be it remembered that the stage-picture is essential part of them. As soon expect from the relatively improvised Wotan of Mr. McCloskey, the operatic eloquence of a Schorr, a Rode or a Bohnen.

On the other hand, Mr. Koussevitzky excelled himself in the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." It was not blurred or over-hastened or over-blown or turned restless. It unfolded and ascended in the unbroken, on-sweeping Wagnerian line, diversified yet all-comprehending. The end was not merely climax, it was culmination. Again, in the Prelude the Closing Scene from "Tristan," Koussevitzky opened out a music tha has tended to keep hot-house like stuffy; gave wing to its passion of sire, depth to its under-voice of fate; high and firm and clear that most po ant and beatified of songful ecsta Isolde's Liebestod. And though it blasphemy to say as much, he exerc upon the Overture to "Rienzi" a t Toscaninian ability to make the stuff" sound in glowing voice. To it restored not only its turged thunde roof-lifter that it is—but also its tur magnificence.

A conventional "Wagner-progra with the episodes from the Forest-Sc in "Siegfried" added to the items alre specified. Yet how ageless, how indo itable, how all-conquering, remains t music, stripped in the concert-hall every glamour of the theater—save recollection has impregnated us wi them—not even prelude to a rising c tain! For the thirtieth, possibly the f tieth, time some heard the closing sce of "Die Walküre": they could foret almost every measure; yet their ears a hearts leapt not less to those wondro horns; their ears and their fancies to t first tonal gleam of the magic fires. T Valkyr clangors remain the music of heroic world, when a god's virgin-daug ters rode the skies, smiting spear shield. The forest drowses and smil and Siegfried dreams of her who bo him—the exhaustless beauty of the m sic of the Volsung pair—until the bi bids him to new adventure. Music passion and fate still stands fulfilled the Prelude to "Tristan." The ton splendor, the romantic lustres, of th Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" still g unsurpassed. To this day there is cele tial magic in the singing strings weavin the pathway of the descending Grai For us elders, even a "Wagner-Concert brings a hundred joys of memory. Fo the youngsters—God save them!—a whol new world is opening.

H. T. P.

Letters to the Editor

TRANS. MAR. 26 - 29

IF THEY ONLY WOULD!

To the Editor of the Transcript:

For a third year my name is on the waiting list for tickets to the Symphony Concerts on Friday afternoons. It moves up so slowly that if I ever attain them, I shall probably be rolled into Symphony Hall on a wheel-chair. Yet for the twentieth time I gather—from the epistolary Mr. Clayton Johns—that countless seat-holders are about to surrender their tickets unless Mr. Koussevitzky shapes his programs to suit their prejudices. If they only would! But the waiting lists are tangible evidence that they never do. Instead, they fill up their subscription blanks as though they were protecting family heirlooms. Then they "take it out" in "belly-aching around." (My sophomore brother, home for Sunday from Harvard, who expects the other ticket—if we ever get them—insists that I use the word. You Mr. Editor, will probably strike it out.)

IMPATIENT GRIZZEL

Boston, March 24.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION VIEWS THE SYMPHONY

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Apparently one's attitude toward the programs of the Symphony Orchestra is influenced greatly by one's age. Mr Clayton Johns has expressed in you columns a point of view which, for all know, may be typical of his generation May I be permitted a few words in whic to express a point of view which is, I have good reason to believe, not only my own but that of most of the twenty-five to thirty-five-year-old group to which I belong?

It seems to me that Mr. Koussevitzky's programs have a very fair and reasonable proportion of music by contemporary composers. Mr. Johns believes differently. He inquired some days ago, "Who ever heard of Janin or Dukelsky?" if I remember correctly. I do not know just how old Mr. Johns is, but I should think he might be able to recall a time when elderly Bostonians inquired, "Who is Wagner?" So many great composers have, in the past, been adjudged crazy by the contemporaries that one would suppose that present-day concert-goers would be a little less positive in their harsh opinions of present-day music-makers. Nor may Mr. Johns and his friends say, "But these men do not make music," for that is nothing more nor less than what the anti-Wagnerites said about the "modernist" of their day. Certainly, unless music has become a thoroughly decadent art, some one (or two, or three) of the young composers of the day will be a "great" composer—a "classic" composer—to future generations. Mr. Koussevitzky evidently feels that we should have an opportunity to hear what these young men are doing. We want to hear them, and to have a chance to form our own opinions regarding them. I wish to put the case more strongly. We feel we have a right to hear them (to say nothing of the right of the composer to be heard).

Mr. Johns can remember when Brahms was a "modern," doubtless. I do not know how "radical" the music of Brahms was considered when it was first played in Boston, but I do know that it had to fight against a great deal of misunderstanding before it reached its present high estate. Am I hitting wide of the mark if I suggest that it is probable that when Mr. Johns first heard Brahms—and Wagner—he felt interested? He was younger then. Many of the older persons of the time were bored by the one and greatly irritated by the other, I should like to wager. I assume that Mr Johns now loves Brahms and Wagner and I feel certain that their genius (then unsuspected by most people) plus his long association with them is the reason why he does. When my friends and I are numbered among the older ones we will thank Serge Koussevitzky for having enabled us to live for a long time with—Stravinsky, shall we say?—or perhaps it will be some unknown whose name may appear for the first time on a program next year.

But there is much more to it than this. We are not looking merely to the future—we are enjoying the present. It would be unreasonable to expect that any considerable proportion of the new names appearing from week to week on the Symphony programs will be known after a generation or two. As has been previously suggested in the Transcript columns, the modern number, even though it be in no sense "great" (not all of the German music that Dr. Muck played was great, by any means) serves as spice to the programs—or perhaps I should say, serves as an appetizer. One looks forward with a certain zest toward a new composition which is quite different from the anticipation with which one awaits the playing of a favorite classic. The interest of the program is thereby widened even if the particular piece was not greatly enjoyed. There is always the interesting possibility that it will be enjoyed more the next time it is heard.

I am sure that Mr. Johns will yield to none of us in his devotion to the B. S. O. or in his jealous regard for its reputation. Does it not then mean something to him and to all of us that the programs of our orchestra under Mr. Monteux and Mr. Koussevitzky have become known throughout the country for their breadth, variety, untrammeled freedom, and indeed for their interest? If we are grateful to Mr. Koussevitzky for bringing the orchestra to its present marvellous pitch of perfection it would seem that we ought at least to allow him that freedom in the choice of his programs without which he would doubtless find it difficult to do his best work.

Would it be unkind, in closing, to suggest to Mr. Johns that his generation has had its day in court, so to speak, that he has attended concerts for many years—that the supporters of the Symphony concerts of the future must be recruited from the young of the present—that, in short, he ought to permit us to have our moderns, at least to the extent of one per concert? And he must not think too badly of us, for we love his (and our) Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms as much as he does—except for his advantage of having been longer acquainted with them.

JAMES B. HOBBS

Brighton, March 23.

INCORRECT PAGINATION

MARCH 26, 1929

As the Metropolis Judges Orchestr

As The Metropolis Judges Orchestras

Bostonians, Philadelphians, New-Yorkers When Compared

WITH A MONTH of orchestral concerts remaining, it is still possible that some unpredictable circumstance [writes Oscar Thompson in the New York Evening Post] will add yet another to the thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen or seventeen symphony conductors who have led orchestras in Manhattan's concert-halls this season, the number depending on whether the Philharmonic's children's concerts, the incidental appearance of a Philharmonic violinist in the part of a conductor at a Honegger concert and a program or two by the orchestras not of established place and reputation are included. Stopping at thirteen, however, it is to be noted that two organizations, the Philharmonic and the Philadelphia Orchestra, contrived between them to make use of all but three of the total in their regular subscription concerts for adult symphony patrons in Carnegie Hall. The three whose distinction or misfortune it was to be otherwise associated were Serge Koussevitzky of the Boston Symphony, Nikolai Sokoloff of the Cleveland Orchestra and Georges Zaslawsky of the now impressively silent Beethoven Symphonists who six months ago were announcing largely expanded activities.

There may be some profit in checking the record with a view to corroborating the growing conviction that the guest-system is a bad one for our foremost American orchestras, however much it may please conductors and the friends of conductors and ward off stalemate for listeners more concerned with personalities than with qualities of performance. Undoubtedly the most consistent good playing of the season has been that of the Boston Symphony under Mr. Koussevitzky. At its best it has played no better than the Philharmonic and the Philadelphia Orchestra at their best. The Philadelphia Orchestra's first concert of the year, that which marked the return of Leopold Stokowski, and the concerts of the Philharmonic under Mr. Toscanini, not to forget several really superb programs by Mr. Mengelberg would leave this commentator without a choice in this dubious matter of what is best among the best. But both the Philharmonic and the Philadelphia Orchestra have sagged between their peaks of superb playing in a manner and to a degree that most certainly has not been true of the Boston visitors.

Granting the different personalities not only of the conductors but of the orchestras and the purely personal preference that any one listener may have for the Philadelphia or the Philharmonic tone, or for Mr. Toscanini's or Mr. Stokowski's particular results with a particular work, it must be admitted without question that the Koussevitzky-Boston standard has been a higher one than the Mengelberg-Damrosch-Reiner-Honegger-Gabrilowitsch-Toscanini standard of the Philharmonic, or the Stokowski-Gabrilowitsh-Goossens-Kraus standard of the Philadelphians. It is not to be expected that the addition of Mr. Kraus to the Philharmonic list will perceptibly alter the average, for better or worse.

Nothing has been more apparent during the season than that the superior achievements of Mr. Koussevitzky with the Boston band were the result not merely of one-man leadership this season but of one-man leadership in the preceding seasons. He did not accomplish his ends in his first year or his second in Boston, even without the interruptions and distractions of a divided command. Indeed, Mr. Koussevitzky's earlier seasons in Boston may be said, on the basis of the orchestra's playing in New York this year, to have been preparatory. At the close of last season there was a clear indication of what was to be. There were those who felt then that the Boston Symphony had "come back—all the way back"; though with a very different personality from that of the days when it was the basis of comparison for all American orchestras.

Even those who have most admired the Bostonians' performances this year would hesitate to put this orchestra ahead of the Philharmonic or the Philadelphia in basic quality; probably the most discriminating still would favor one or the other of the latter, or both, over Mr. Koussevitzky's orchestra, as an orchestra, and it is more than possible that they would in some measure agree that the potentialities of the present Philharmonic under Toscanini or the present Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowsk are greater than those of the present Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky. Assuming this as so (and it would be rash not to admit that the assumption is open to attack from those who have become devout partisans of the Boston ensemble) the fact remains that the Boston Orchestra has played more consistently well in New York, this year, than its rivals. If it has done this without being clearly the best orchestra, the reason plainly is to be found in the circumstances surrounding its leadership.

Those who would be ready to argue that Mr. Koussevitzky is a superior conductor to Mr. Toscanini or Mr. Stokowski are probably fewer in New York than those who would argue the contrary. This is a hazardous subject, at best, shot through with personal preferences and prejudices that may hinge upon some such insignificant detail as the tempo of a single work or the conductor's particular way of holding the baton. Of the four chief conductors appearing in New York, surface indications of their popularity would appear to rank Mr. Toscanini first, Mr. Stokowski second, Mr. Koussevitzky third and Mr. Mengelberg fourth, but the correctness of this or the justness of it is about as provable as the relative beauty of as many fair women.

Little room for dispute exists, however, over the consistent and remarkable progress the Boston Symphony has made under Mr. Koussevitzky. There was as little for doubt last season with repect to the deterioration of the Philadelphia Orchestra in the absence of Mr. Stokowski. What had been built up there by the same process as that observed more latterly in Boston began to decline when the mainspring of this progress was temporarily detached. Nothing could have been more startling than the superb playing of the Philadelphia Orchestra when Mr. Stokowski returned to it last fall, in view of its inferior performance the year before under Mr. Reiner and Mr. Monteux. Subsequently, it relapsed into much the same condition as a year ago, when Mr. Stowowski passed it on to Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Mr. Goossens's single concert was a little better, that of Mr. Kraus was one of the most unsatisfactory New York has known from this orchestra. Given a similar situation in Boston, like results might be taken for granted.

As the superlative playing of the Philadelphia and the Boston Orchestras at their best this year is to be attributed in each instance to the hard work of a conductor in other years quite as much as to anything that conductor may have achieved in the current season, so it is only fair and logical to give Mr. Mengelberg the credit for much that is of the highest order in the playing of the Philharmonic. His was the problem this year of fusing the new blood from the Symphony Society with the old Philharmonic men, and while the task may not have been so formidable a one as was assumed at the first of the season when the orchestra played a little uncouthly (for the Philharmonic) it must be said without equivocation that the ensemble was completely itself before Mr. Mengelberg departed. Such differences as individuals may find between Toscanini's performances and Mengelberg's performances are the differences between the two men. The orchestra has given both what they wanted, without stint and with a superb virtuosity. But the period of guesting between the departure of Mengelberg and the coming of Toscanini was another story. Mr. Reiner and Mr. Gabrilowitsch had much the same difficulties—or perhaps it should be said the orchestra had much the same deficiencies—as were only too evident in the Philadelphia concerts of these same guests.

Mr. Toscanini no doubt would give us mervelous concerts with either the Philadelphia of the Boston orchestra. If he were the cole conductor of any one of the three leading ensembles for a number of years he might surpass the present Philharmonic concerts because of an organization as much more responsive to his genius ah the present superb ensemble is when compared to his Ssala orchestra. But such speculation is a little remote from the true situation. New York could consider itself the most fortunate of cities if it could maintain a level not necessarily that of Toscanini's most conflagratory eloquence, but one that can be described as a Mengelberg-Stokowski-Koussevitzky-Toscanini level. It is not likely to be content with less.

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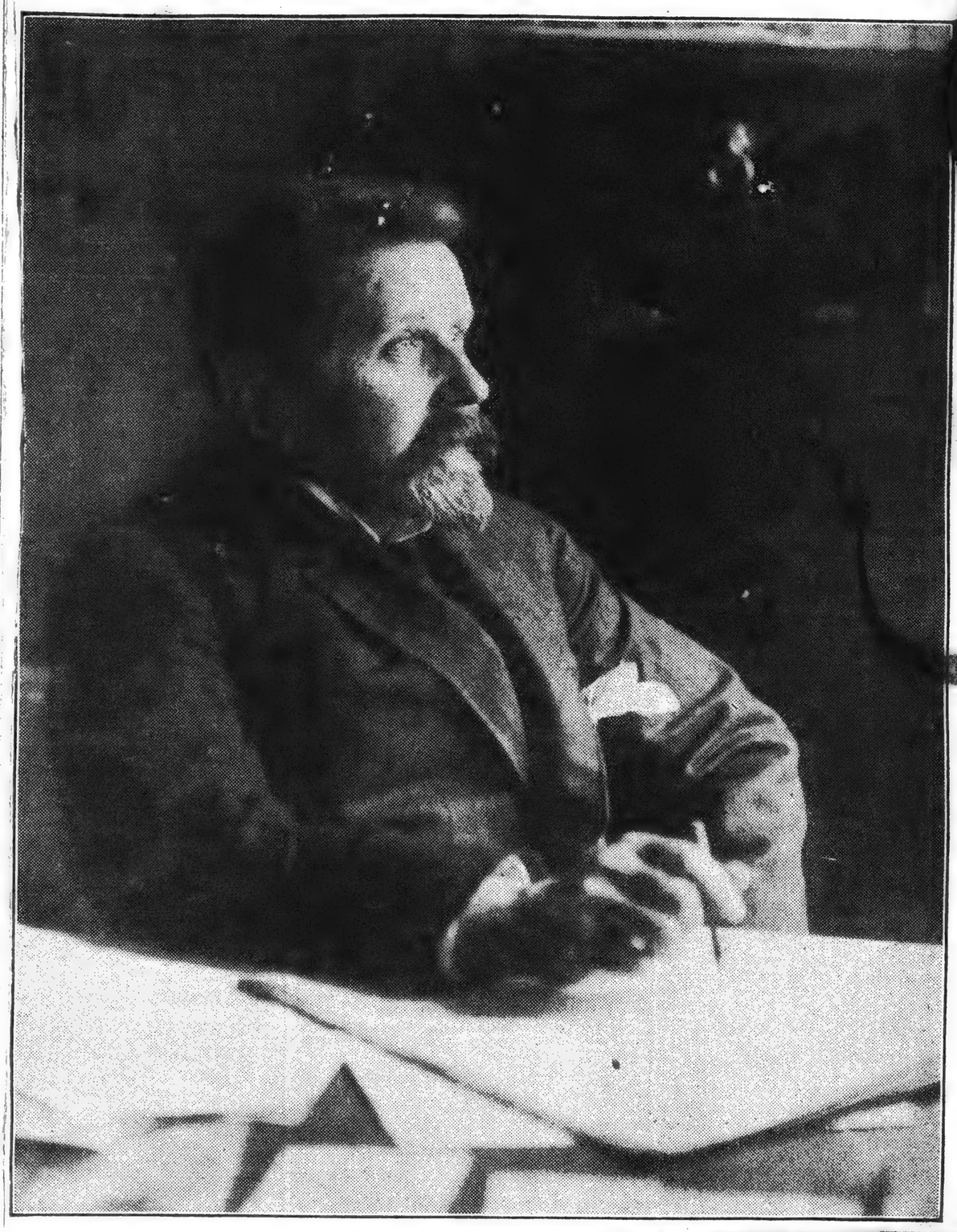
BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1929

sicians --- Plays and Players

Slavs Have Dreams in Their Eyes



Alexander Gretch

Russian Composer of F[illegible] Songs, Making His First Visit to Boston Tomorrow

Home Talent for Cambridge Hearing

EARLY in the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Cambridge last evening, Mr. Koussevitzky presented an interesting contrast of styles. He began with Arensky's "Variations on a Theme of Chaikovsky." This is melodious music of the nineteenth century, combining familiar German and Russian harmonic methods. It is soothing in effect. One may listen to it easily without feeling greatly stimulated. The variations are graceful, if conventional. As far as character goes, Chaikovsky might have devised them himself in the manner of a slow movement to a symphony. The audience at Sanders Theater heard and clapped these variations in an amiable mood. Then came Mr. Randall Thompson's Symphonic Prelude, "The Piper at the Gates of Dawn," in which the composer has written what he imagines was the "music heard down by the river toward early morning," described in Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows." Mr. Thompson is professor of music at Wellesley and lecturer in music at Harvard. He studied at Harvard, at the American Academy in Rome and with Ernest Bloch. To say that he is a composer of the twentieth century in spirit as well as in fact is to suggest the character of the contrast which was afforded by the performance of his music immediately after that of Arensky. Lulled into a receptive mood by the nineteenth century variations, the listener sat up quickly at the first pungent pipings of Mr. Thompson's piece. It was stimulating music from the start. The significance of the composer's ideas were not revealed in the first few measures, but they were gradually and impressively developed until their importance was fully disclosed. It was as though the piper had first caught our attention with his eerie notes and then turned master of orchestration to give us a symphonic development of his thoughts. In sum, Mr. Thompson has used individualized choirs and individualized voices to fashion an intricate, close-woven, scholarly and increasingly engrossing composition. Hearing it for the first time, one would like to have it longer.

Having introduced contemporary and one might say, domestic, music (since the composer lives among us) by Mr. Thomson's piece, Mr. Koussevitzky continued the vein more extensively with Mr. Hill's vigorous Symphony in B-flat. From the performances of last year and this, the conductor is thoroughly familiar with Mr. Hill's compact and arresting music. Last evening he impressively announced the opening themes and subhandedly manipulated the development. He discerningly prepared the way for the more serene close of the second movement. With characteristic Koussevitzkian zest, he conducted the brilliant finale. Both Mr. Hill and Mr. Thompson were in the audience and were called to their feet.

For the concluding portion of the evening, Mr. Koussevitzy drew from the all-Wagner program of the preceding Sunday. The excerpts included "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried"; the Prelude to "Lohengrin" and the Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg. It was in the first of these, with its melodies for woodwinds and leafy quiverings of the strings, that the advantages of an orchestra of virtuosi musicians were especially in evidence. What gave the greatest pleasure to the audience, however, was Mr. Koussevitzky's beautiful reading of the Prelude to "Lohengrin." The conductor repressed nothing; he inflated nothing. He merely set a slow, even flowing, most subtly undulating movement which perfectly matched the sublime aspiration of the music. Mr. Koussevitzky was recalled to bow with the orchestra. For conclusion, there was Mr. Koussevitzky's carefully inflected and dramatically expanding interpretation of the Prelude to "The Mastersingers," which has been heard several times before this season, once at Sanders Theater.

Concerts in Prospect

Impending Programs

A GRIST of programs comes to hand. First from Mr. Koussevitzky for the Symphony Concerts of next week:

Overture-Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" ... Chaikovsky
Symphony in E minor, "Nordic" ..... Hanson
(Conductor: The Composer)
Tone-Poem, "Death and Transfiguration" ... Strauss

Again from Mr. Koussevitzky for the supplementary matinée of the Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday next:

Symphony in D minor ..... Franck
Forest Scene from the Opera, "Siegfried"—
Prelude and Closing Scene from the Opera, "Tristan and Isolde"—Prelude to the Opera, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" ..... Wagner

tems of the Day

The schedule for the remaining Sunay-afternoon concerts at Symphony Hall now complete. It stands:

rch 31—Mischa Levitzki, pianist.
ril 7—Serge Rakhmaninov, pianist.
April 14—John McCormack, tenor.
[illegible]
April 28—Roland Hayes, tenor.

Subscriptions to the fund to meet the working costs of the Symphony Orchestra for the current season now stand at $89,682.67, pledged by 594 subscribers. To meet the estimated deficit of $135,000 no less than $45,000 more is necessary. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

On the next visit of the Symphony Orchestra to New York at the middle of April, Mr. Koussevitzky will include Beethoven's Choral Symphony in his programs. A resident choir will assist in the finale. New York has never heard him in the piece.

THE MODERNS IN MUSIC

TRANS — MAR 29

To the Editor of the Transcript:

I've been much interested in following the articles concerning Mr. Koussevitzky's programs and I want to register my pleasure in reading the last two Letters to the Editor.

I've been a subscriber to the Symphony concerts almost since the beginning, so my age does not influence my opinion in the way Mr. Hobbs thinks it might. I thoroughly agree with what he says about the moderns, but why restrict it to the younger generation? We older listeners are as anxious as he to hear what is being composed today.

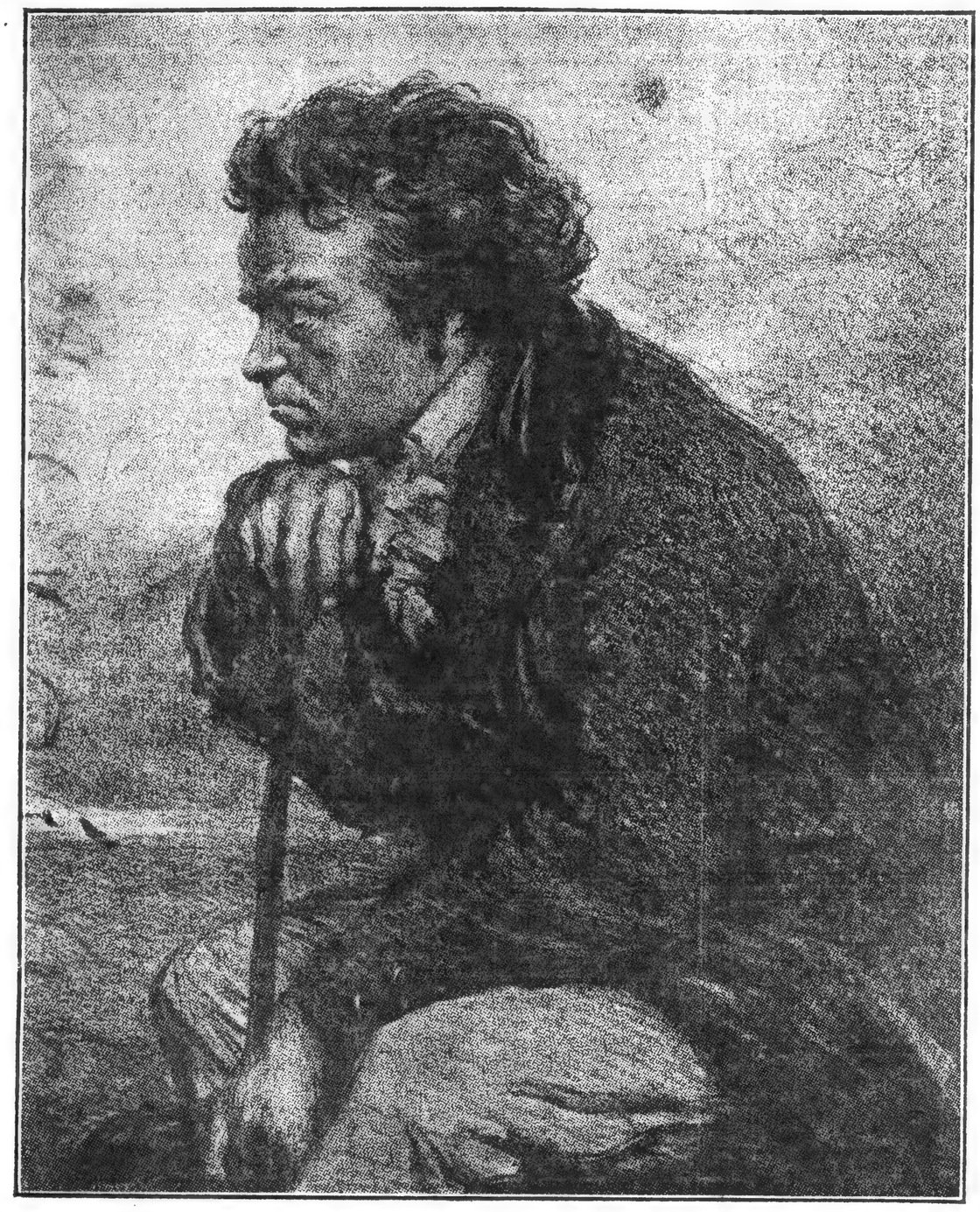
Wouldn't it be well as we are harking back to Brahms and Wagner to remember how harshly Beethoven was criticized? I seem to remember reading years ago that no less a personage than Carl Maria von Weber ridiculed one of his symphonies and spoke of him as a Nobody Composer.

Impatient Grissel is delicious, though I think some of the Transcript readers may have been shocked. I was a little.

F. A. M. B.

Newton Center, March 28.

The Vision of The Strong



Beethoven (Musical America)

From A New Lithograph by S. J. Woolf

Beethoven's Ninth for a Good Friday

TRANS-MAR.30

With the First Symphony and The "Eroica" Funeral March for Foch

FOR the concert of Good Friday Mr. Koussevitzky had assembled two symphonies of Beethoven, the First and the Ninth, in C major and D minor. Once before the symphony concerts heard the same combination, on April 29 and 30, 1910. This, however, did not include a Good Friday, for in 1910 Easter fell upon the twenty-seventh day of March. To add to Beethoven, and to add to the "Charfreitagsstimmung," as Beethoven's countrymen would have said, as well as to do honor to the memory of the late departed Ferdinand Foch, field marshal of France, the orchestra played at the beginning the funeral march from the "Heroic Symphony." Immediately there was speculation in the halls: Would Beethoven, who tore up the dedication of the third symphony to Napoleon, have torn it up had it been dedicated to Marshal Foch? Would Beethoven have approved of Foch? Would Foch have wanted the music of the German Beethoven played in his honor? We hasten to add that we do not know the answer to such questionings, nor would we want to hazard a guess. This can be said, however: So much the better for both of them, were it possible to record full approval of each other. And the march out of the "Eroica" fitted with singular appropriateness into the beginning of this program.

For this concert the aspect of the platform at Symphony Hall was a new one. At a glance one noted the absence of the raised tiers upon which the orchestra usually has its place. Again the orchestra was to sit upon a level platform. Further, double basses were moved to the extreme right, to the rear of 'cellos and violas. The know-it-alls would probably add "where they belong." For this change consolidates the bass section in a manner in which it could not possibly be unified otherwise. Not in a long crescent, as usual, were these basses placed, but in two short rows, immediately in front of each other. In the recitative passages of the Ninth, tone was thus of a remarkable ensemble.

Nor was the contingent from the colleges across the river arrayed in manner entirely similar to that in which we have become acoustomed to see at Pension concerts. At a concert of a Friday afternoon or a Saturday evening, subscribers' seats cannot be removed from the front of the hall. In consequence, there is not room for the full choruses from Radcliffe and Harvard. And the chorus of yesterday afternoon numbered no more than a hundred and twenty, not much larger than the orchestra itself. Singers of the solo parts were, with one exception, the alto, such as have become entirely familiar to concerts of choral music in Boston—Ethel Hayden, Devora Nadworney, Charles Stratton, Fraser Gange.

For his first symphony, also, Mr. Koussevitzky broke precedent; substituted for it his clear-headed logic, used the small orchestra which latterly it has been his wont to use for performances of Mozart. Evidently, thus, the conductor takes no stock in the arguments of those Beethovenophiles who see in this work a startling and entirely original mind, springing full-formed and in perfect maturity out of the nowhere. The rest of us of course see that Beethoven, in making this first plunge into symphonic waters, used as his pair of water-wings (to continue the figure) the Jupiter symphony under his right arm and the symphony in G minor under his left, and all with Papa Haydn standing on the farther shore with life-preserver in hand ready to throw to the young learner. But oh! the kick which this young giant used in the waters. The observing Mozart and Haydn must have given it more than approval. And if they were sporting men must have picked its owner at once as a winner. But the small orchestra, to return to terra firma, was the one to give this first symphony its most characteristic voice. Thus one hears best the opening movement of rock strength (not intentionally so, of course) and gay trivialities; a second, of straightforward but pleasing melody, escaping not fugal complications; a minuet which is in reality more scherzo than minuet, which ran along in fleetest manner possible; and a bustling finale which did no more than afford fast-moving conclusion.

Upon this work, which precedes the real symphonic lifework of Beethoven, Mr. Koussevitzky added the great Ninth, which also stands outside of the poetic cycle of his symphonies. For eleven years elapsed between the composition of the Eighth and the Ninth. During these eleven years he busied himself with other matters,—the last piano sonatas, for example. But he made plans also for several symphonies. Did these plannings find their way into the Ninth? Very likely, to a degree. Was the Ninth the beginning of a new poetic cycle? Or was it (is it) the final effort of a man who passes in review the previous things he has done? These are matters which have much been called into question, to which there seems to be no conclusive answer. Much of the symphony is purely contemplative. There is no struggle with fate, no picturing of a hero, no poetised and energised dance as dominating motif. Though some have seen in the text of the finale the joy of brotherhood as philosophic answer to the brooding and questioning of the first movement.

At beginning there is no terse statement of motif for fuller treatment. For once Beethoven builds up his theme before fully announcing it. It is not brought in opposition to another theme, so that there is not struggle but enhancing development. A Scherzo continues from new view-points in the same emotional line. Ghostly is its swift progress, uncanny its course. But its themes of contrast strike the same note as the contrasting themes in the first movement, and its main theme is one that sheds new light upon the poetic subject at the basis of the first theme of the first movement. An Adagio brings new thought. Its two themes are of exceedingly great loveliness. One commentator has been moved to a comparison with the "two female figures in Titian's well-known picture, 'Earthly and Heavenly Love.'" For some of us, at least, the comparison breaks down, for we would indeed have difficulty in knowing which of these two themes was earthly and which heavenly, even granting that both represent love. Too well-mated they seem to justify such interpretation. Possibly both are different aspects of heavenly love, a love that is the love of angels—without sex. As such is it an answer, a tentative one, to the questionings brought in the first movement, and re-stated in the scherzo? And then follows that long introduction to the finale in which the recitatif of the basses interrupts sucessively references to the themes of the three previous movements, in which the composer suggests ever so softly a new theme. And a bass begins, "Not these tones, my friends; more pleasant and more joyous ones let us intone." And there follows with the latest melody, Schiller's "Ode to Joy" for vocal quartet and chorus as well as orchestra, in a climax wide and far flung. This, rather than the Adagio, must be the answer to those first two movements. A program which proceeds not in a straight line, but, as the scientists might say, by the "trial and error" method.

In performance Mr. Koussevitzky and his forces were on their mettle yesterday. With clearness and force he stated his subject in an opening movement. With artistry restated it in the fleet scherzo. While the songs of the Adagio were of purest and noblest voice. As though of speech itself came the forbidding tones of recitatif. And a mere breath was the first intimation of the theme of the finale. While its ending was little short of riot. It seemed as if in anticipation of this performance that the program ist had quoted" . . . . the final Prestissimo, "in which the chorus goes stark mad with joy.'" Of a truth one thought more of Stravinsky and Prokoflev than of Beethoven. And the small chorus of 120 would have been adjudged as doing well had double their number given the same effect.

A. H. M.

Beethoven's Ninth on Boston Program

MAR 30 MON

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was the major item on the twenty-first program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, played yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The Choral Symphony had been heard several times before from Mr. Koussevitzky—in the Beethoven Festival of two years ago and at Pension Fund concerts; but not at a "regular" subscription concert since long before the Koussevitzkyan protectorate. The orchestra was assisted, as it had been previously, by the Harvard Glee Club, prepared by Dr. Archibald T. Davison, and the Radcliffe Choral Society, trained by G. Wallace Woodworth. The soloists were Ethyl Hayden, soprano; Devora Nadworney, contralto; Charles Stratton, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass.

The orchestral performance was of that excellence which we take for granted from this organization, and the choruses again proved that for these difficult tasks their generous devotion guarantees better results than the experience of more mature bodies of singers. The soloists were all of familiar quality except Miss Nadworney, whom we do not remember having heard before. We hope, however, that we shall hear her again, for she is one of the few contraltos in our experience who can hold up their end in a mixed quartet. She could actually be heard when all four were singing. She revealed a voice of fine quality, which she handled admirably.

The audience, which was enthusiastic, had previously bestowed its approval on a performance of Beethoven's First Symphony. The plaudits were well earned. Employing a reduced orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky secured an immaculate utterance of these transparent measures, not forgettting the foreshadowing in the Scherzo of the greater composer.

The concert opened with the Funeral March from the "Eroica" Symphony, played, while orchestra, chorus and audience stood, in memory of Marshal Foch.

L. A. S.

Herald Mar 30

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BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 21st concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, comprised Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphonies. In the performance of the latter the orchestra was assisted by Ethyl Hayden, soprano; Devora Nadworney, contralto; Charles Stratton, tenor; Frazer Gange, bass; the Harvard Glee Club, which had been prepared by its conductor, Dr. Davison, and the Radcliffe Choral Society, prepared by Mr. Wallace Woodworth, its conductor.

It might be said that the feature of this concert was the beautiful, the incomparably beautiful performance of the First Symphony for which Mr. Koussevitzky reduced the size of the orchestra. We are speaking of performances, not of the two symphonies themselves. That the Ninth Symphony was not so perfectly performed as a whole was the fault of Beethoven, not of Mr. Koussevitzky, not of the players, not of the chorus singers who were valiant in their endeavor to perform a well-nigh impossible task and achieve musical or even musically-dramatic results. The performance of the purely instrumental movements of this Symphony was eloquent in understanding, expression and spirit; mysterious and dramatic in the opening allegro; riotously joyful and inspiring in the scherzo with fine delicacy in the details of the trio; poetic, deeply emotional in the wonderful adagio. Would that Beethoven nad written the finale without the introduction of voices, or if he thought that a chorus could express what instruments could not, had regarded the limitations of human voices.

That the singers at the first performance rebelled against Beethoven's cruelty is an old story—and what soprano today could hope to rival Mme. Sontag famous as singer and musician?

Is it blasphemy to say that the music given to the solo singers is for the most part ugly and inexpressive of the text? Mr. Gange declaimed vigorously his opening recitative; Mme. Nadworney with a fine, rich voice, gave the audience the desire to hear her in music, not in vocal contortions.

And the chorus. There were one or two great moments—by the permission of Beethoven. For the rest of the time there was choppy, hurried hurling out of necessarily unmusical sounds; at times one was reminded of the noises coming from an irritated kennel. Now these singers have naturally good voices, at least the great majority of them are so blessed; they rehearsed diligently, no doubt, under their own conductors; they were probably as sure of their notes as was possible. It was Beethoven that handicapped them in their laudable endeavor.

And it is not sacrilegious to say that the music of this finale, except for one or two sublime moments, falls below that of the movements preceding. There is more frenzied joy in the scherzo; there is greater world-embracing humanity, a loftier, nobler spirit in the adagio. Better to leave the hall with the memory of that adagio than to depart with the vocal hurry-scurry and shouting of the final measures assailing ears and nerves.

Before the first symphony the orchestra played a portion of the funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica" in honor of Ferdinand Foch, field marshal of France (1852-1929).

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Tchaikovsky, overture Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" (after Shakespeare), Hanson, "Nordic" symphony, E minor (conducted by the composer, first time in Boston); Strauss, "Death and Transfiguration."

FOCH TRIBUTE BY SYMPHONY

Funeral March Opens Program; Choral Clubs Sing

TRAV. MAR 30

As a tribute to the memory of Ferdinand Foch, field marshal of France, the funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony was performed at the beginning of yesterday's program, while orchestra and audience remained standing.

Beethoven's symphony No. 1 in C major was beautifully done. It swept the enraptured audience into a mood for the magnificent ninth symphony, with final chorus on Schiller's Ode to Joy, which followed. This is probably one of Beethoven's most imposing contributions to music.

It is said that for years Beethoven cherished the dream of putting Schiller's Ode to music. When at last he succeeded in rich realization, he was overjoyed. He dedicated this symphony with chorus to Friedrich Wilhelm III, King of Prussia, and his gesture was graciously received and acknowledged in a flattering manner.

Excellent choral work was done yesterday by the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society in the last movement when the Hymn To Joy was sung. The soloists were Ethyl Hayden, soprano; Devora Nadworney, contralto; Charles Stratton, tenor; Fraser Ga[illegible] bass.

The concert will be repeated [illegible] evening.

NINTH SYMPHONY AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Harvard and Radcliffe Singers Assist

"Eroica" Funeral March Performed In Memory of Marshal Foch

Globe Mar 30

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was the chief item on the program of yesterday's Symphony concert, to be repeated tonight. The assisting chorus was drawn from the Harvard Glee and the Radcliffe Choral Society. The solo singers were Ethyl Hayden, soprano; Devora Nadworney, contralto; Charles Stratton, tenor; Fraser Gange, baritone.

The concert began with a portion of the funeral march from the "Eroica" Symphony of Beethoven, played in memory of Marshal Foch, with orchestra and audience standing. The First Symphony of Beethoven preceded the Ninth.

Mr Koussevitzky, by making the players stand when performing a piece in memory of a dead celebrity, incites the audience to rise likewise to its feet. His predecessors did not impart the same solmen character to these recurring memorial rites. When orchestra and audience remained seated, as they did before the Koussevitzky regime on such occasions, there were always many who failed to notice the little black-bordered slip in the programs, and applauded. But applause for a memorial piece would be as out of place as a musical review of its performance. Here, as in forbidding applause between movements of a symphony, Mr Koussevitzky has made a great and long-needed improvement in the conduct of the Symphony concerts.

Not since 1910 has the Ninth Symphony appeared on the programs of the regular subscription series, though there have been many extra concerts at which it has been heard. The difficulty is to find place on the stage for a chorus as well as the orchestra. For choral concerts in Symphony Hall the stage is usually extended and a number of rows of seats removed. But this cannot be done in the subscription series, with every seat sold for the season.

Yesterday, room was made on the stage for a chorus that seemingly numbered about 150 singers. The orchestra sat on one level, instead of in the usual tiers. The chorus was spread about the rear and side of the stage. Everyone was crowded, but the musical forces needed for the Ninth Symphony were all there.

Mr Koussevitzky's individual and personal interpretation of the Choral Symphony is now so familiar to Boston audiences as not to call for extended comment. Yesterday's performance was less dramatic, less compelling than the one last November at a pension fund concert which stirred a very large audience to prolonged applause. Yet it was curious that there was not more display of enthusiasm at the end. Most of the audience gathered up their belongings and hurried from the hall, as though intent on catching trains for suburbs, stopping only for one or two half-hearted hand claps. Some remained to clap loudly and long.

The chorus of college students again sang their taxing measures as though the difficulties of the music did not exist. The soprano, in particular, seemed able to go on holding high notes indefinitely. All that the conductor exacted of them he received in full measure. One felt that the reserve power of this chorus was immeasurable. Usually in this choral finale the singers sound laboring, almost breathless, as the four professional soloists did yesterday in their quartet.

It ought to be possible to assemble a really first quartet of soloists for the Ninth Symphony, something not achieved here in the past 20 years. It would also be appreciated by some in the audience if the translation of Schiller's Ode to Joy printed in the program were the same as the one used by the singers, and not, as yesterday, a different version.

To play the First Symphony with the Ninth is to put the music of the young Beethoven, still obviously influenced by his predecessors, to the cruel test of comparison with the masterpiece of his mature years. Yet if one compares this early symphony with the early work of other geniuses, such as Wagner's "Rienzi" or the now forgotten early work of Mozart and Haydn, or the early piano sonatas of Brahms, also forgotten, save for the one in F minor, opus 5, one's respect for Beethoven's youthful efforts grows.

The First Symphony has points in common with Haydn and Mozart. It is obviously inferior to Mozart's "Jupiter," which the first movement recalls, and to Mozart's G minor, of which there are suggestions in the slow movement. But well played by a small orchestra, as it was yesterday, this little Beethoven symphony has a charm, a freshness, a distinction of its own, with not a few touches forecasting the greater works to follow.

Next week's program includes Tchaikowsky's "Romeo ond Juliet" overture; Howard Hanson's "Nordic Symphony," to be conducted by the composer, and Strauss' "Tod und Verklaerung."

P. R.

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Post Mar. 30

BEETHOVEN HOUR WITH SYMPHONY

First and Ninth Given as Good Friday Music

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Holding with the German tradition that Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphonies make an orchestral programme appropriate to Good Friday, Mr. Koussevitzky has coupled those works on the programme of this week's pair of Symphony Concerts. As in other recent performances the chorus for the final movement of the Ninth Symphony was recruited from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society.

TRIBUTE TO FOCH

Out of respect to Marshal Foch yesterday's concert began with a performance of the first portion of the Funeral March from Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, with orchestra and audience standing.

Not since 1910 has Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in its entirety been heard at the regular subscription concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Subsequent performances of the piece have been confined to special concerts of one sort or another. It may be argued, indeed, that to make of the Ninth Symphony a repertory piece is to run the risk of routine performance. Not that the performance of yesterday was that; nevertheless it was possible to miss in that performance, excellent as it was in so many respects, the electric quality, the rare enthusiasm and high elation present in performances under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction at Pension Fund Concerts and in the cycle of Symphonies that made the Beethoven Centenary.

That the choral Finale made less impression yesterday is readily attributable to the fact that, since an enlarged stage could not be used without dispossessing a considerable company of subscribers, the chorus yesterday was of necessity smaller than that to which we have become accustomed. And with immature voices, especially among the sopranos and contraltos, only through numbers may the requisite volume of tone be attained.

The solo singers yesterday, and Beethoven has set them anything but a grateful task, were Ethel Hayden, Devora Nadworney, Charles Stratton and Fraser Gange. At times these four gave excellent account of themselves. In particular was Mr. Stratton successful with the treatment of his solo in the March-like section, wherein he caught admirably the note of exultation. But the exceedingly difficult quartet toward the end of the movement came off not so well.

Unheard here since the Beethoven Centenary aforementioned, Beethoven's First Symphony, so far removed in spirit and in substance from the mighty Ninth, received yesterday an admirable performance. As before Mr. Koussevitzky reduced the number of strings, thus permitting the wind instruments to sound through, and attaining a balance closer to Beethoven's intentions than would be possible were the entire string choir of the present Boston Symphony to be used. Deserving of especial admiration was the virtuoso playing yesterday of the final movement. For all its outward simplicities Beethoven's First Symphony may here prove an exacting test of orchestral proficiency.

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Music Notes and Comment

Howard Hanson, a young American composer associated with the Eastman School, Rochester, N Y, will conduct at this week's Symphony concerts his "Nordic Symphony;" another proof of Mr Koussevitzky's wish to give American composers a hearing. Mr Koussevitsky will conduct the rest of the concerts on Friday and Saturday. The Tuesday program is drawn this time from Wagner and Franck, representing the romantic music of the latter part of the 19th century. The last program in this series represented the earlier romantic writers, Schubert, Schumann and Berlioz.

ABOUT SYMPHONY PROGRAMS

The Symphony programs of series of subscription concerts like those offered by the Boston Symphony and People's Orchestras offer a perennial topic for discussion. No conductor seems able to choose groups of numbers that will please all tastes. Mr Koussevitzky, in particular, often makes selections that drive subscribers to write to the newspapers to complain that he gives too much modern music, too many symphonies, too many or too few repetitions of new works, particularly by American composers, too heavy or too light programs.

The variety of complaints is probably evidence that the programs, on the whole, include all types of music that should be offered. Too few people really enjoy all types of music, old and modern, light and serious.

Mr Koussevitzky's devotion to modern music is well known, and a frequent source of complaint to conservative listeners, some of whom do not wish to hear any music more recent than that of Tchaikovsky or Brahms.

What should be the rule about putting modern pieces on the Symphony programs? Mr Koussevitzky has more than once said that he intends to give one modern piece at each Boston Symphony concert. The programs for the five seasons he has served as conductor here prove that he has in the main adhered to this idea. Nearly always there is at least one piece by a living composer, or by someone like Debussy, whose music is definitely of the 20th rather than the 19th century.

There should always be one modern piece on the Symphony program. Otherwise how are the audiences to keep up-to-date, to learn to enjoy the best music of our own day? It is true that perhaps nine out of 10 of the new pieces performed at these concerts drop from the repertory after a single performance.

It is true that the pieces played once and then left to gather dust on the library shelves are most of them not to be compared in musical value with the classics that have always formed the bulk of the repertory. But how is the repertory to be increased if new pieces are not tried out?

Selecting Novelties

Sometimes Mr Koussevitzky performs pieces that seem obviously futile. But in most cases only the performance of new compositions can show whether or not they are likely to interest audiences. The interest of the enthusiastic minority that keeps an eager curiosity about new music is of vital importance to the progress of the art of music.

Mr Koussevitzky's selection of new pieces tends to favor French, Russian and American composers to the exclusion of German, English and Italian. He neglects Schoenberg and Holst and Pizzetti, to mention only a few names, and performs the work of lesser men like Dukelsky and Janin. His novelties are chosen less impartially than those of Mr Monteux or Dr Muck among his predecessors. But within th range of his sympathies and knowledge he chooses novelties, many of which are apparently of permanent value, such as, for instance, "Pacific 231."

When as sometimes happens more than one modern piece is on the program there is just cause for complaint. It is too hard to listen intelligently to new music in strange idioms for it to be pleasurable to hear a series of modernist works at a single concert.

Another cause of complaint is this season the repetition of works like Bloch's "America," given at two of the 24 pairs of concerts. This same work was repeated by Mr Stock in Chicago. The two conductors unquestionably believe it to be very important. So believing, they are right to repeat it, although many, including the present writer, do not agree with their estimate of Bloch's rhapsody.

Mr Koussevitzky, when he first came, used to give each season several programs of short pieces with no symphony or other long work on them. This was an objectionable idea, tending to reduce the concerts to "high-brow pops." Now that he has abandoned it, Mr Koussevitzky seems in some danger of going to the opposite extreme of giving programs that are too heavy.

Last week and the week before the Symphony programs contained two symphonies and nothing else.

Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphonies make an unobjectionable unified program. Both works are familiar from childhood to the subscribers. Both are masterpieces. But to pair the unfamiliar symphonies of Hill and Bruckner is to risk wearying the audience with too much intricate music hard to follow.

Repeating Classics

Another idea is that symphony programs should always be unified by choosing similar or contrasted works grouped to illustrate an idea or depict a mood. Mr Koussevitzky has seldom offered unified programs. His are usually miscellanies chosen rather with reference to getting in everything that ought to be heard during a season than to securing unified programs for single concerts.

Dr Muck used to devote part of each Summer to planning and studying the programs for the next season. When he came back to Boston in the Fall he brought with him the completed programs for the season, which were later changed only in case of necessity. It does not appear that Mr Koussevitzky's program-making is as systematic.

Instead of studying and preparing all his scores before the season begins he is often in doubt until after rehearsing a number whether he will perform it at all. Changes in the programs are frequent, sometimes made too late to permit of altering the program notes, often too late to suit the convenience of the many subscribers who try to study the music they are going to hear. On this rather haphazard system it is plainly impossible to make all programs unified.

The final summaries at the end of each season of Mr Koussevitzky's conductorship have shown a fair division between classic and modern works, with no marked excess of moderns. The complaints come about largely because the modern works are not judiciously scattered, and because the classics are not repeated year after year on any particular system.

We may hear all the Brahms symphonies in a single season, for example, and wait five years for Mozart's "Jupiter." Such standard symphonies should each be played in every other season, so that one goes the round of the great classic symphonies in the course of two years. This Dr Muck and his predecessors did. Since the war it has not been done as a matter of routine, so that some classics have been overlooked, and others overplayed.

All in all, however, there is not much fault to be found with Mr Koussevitzky's programs. He may group pieces injudiciously, thus boring or annoying all of his subscribers for a single concert. But, taking each season as a whole, he offers a wide variety of old and new music, chosen with a reasonable amount of regard both for conservative and for modernist taste.

It is, finally, especially to his credit that Mr Koussevitzky does not neglect American music, but plays a good deal of it, ranging from such conservative elders as Chadwick to such moderns as Copland and Sessions.

POST MAR 31

Pops Will Start in on May Day--- Musical Notes

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

May Day is to be the occasion, this year, of the opening of the Pops. Although the final Symphony Concerts of the season fall on April 26 and 27, the opening night of the Pops will be deferred from the following Monday to Wednesday evening, May 1. Alfredo Casella will, for the third season, be the conductor of an orchestra 80 strong. And it may not be amiss to remind those who, yearning to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra, are suggesting concerts in the vast spaces of the Boston Garden, that in one more month a substantial portion of that orchestra, under a conductor of international reputation, may be heard nightly in its own auditorium at a price that is surely far from exorbitant, while Mr. Casella's programmes are by no means lacking in worth while music.

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Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester and American composer not unknown to audiences of orchestral concerts, will himself conduct his Nordic Symphony at the Symphony Concerts of this week. The work received its premiere in New York during the earlier part of the present season.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
BULLETIN
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
FEB 20 1929

Boston Symphony

The season's third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening in the Albee Theatre consisted of Bloch's "America," an Epic Rhapsody; for the music of the "Unfinished" Symphony and the Terpsichorean travesty of Ravel served merely to arouse expectations and stimulate interest—to warm up the ear for the reception of newer and more significant guests. The program:

Schubert .....
Symphony in B-minor ("Unfinished")
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante con moto.
Ravel .....
"La Valse," Choreographic Poem

Bloch .....
"America," an Epic Rhapsody in Three parts
I. Poco lento (....-1620)
The Soil—The Indians—(England)—The Mayflower
The Landing of the Pilgrims
II. Allegretto (1861-1865)
Hours of Joy—Hours of Sorrow
III. Allegro con spirito (1926-....)
The Present—The Future

The greatest rhapsody the world ever saw, Homer wrote on a theme as narrow as "The Wrath of Achilles;" and this narrow theme furnished material enough for 24 books. Ernest Bloch's "America," in three movements, discovers a new world, peoples it, develops it, tears it with civil war and internal discord, shreds it with the sharp cacophony of a sound-mad age, synthetizes it with a hymn, and then turns it over to Faith and Hope, who are to be the guardians of its future.

The composer dedicated his composition to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman, which may account in a measure for its inequality. If it suggests in places quite strongly the sentiment, the poise and the logic of the great liberator, all too often it wallows in the reek of a frothy, flamboyant Whitmania at its very worst—which is bad enough. There is, to be sure, a nexus, a sort of unity—the "Anthem Theme," that serves its purpose well. It is the golden cord on which the composer suspends quite carefully his garlands of various hues and sometimes dubious perfumes, the various "calls" being on occasion surprisingly pungent.

The Musical Reminiscences

The various musical reminiscences—folk songs, old tunes, hymn tunes, national airs, etc., are clearly overdone; or else, if it was the purpose to make that sort of music really significant, a greater variety should have been introduced, to give the whole country a chance, calling for the services of a sort of rustic Polyhymnia, or maid of all kinds and conditions of song.

More of the old dance tunes might have been utilized —"Money Musk," "Arkansas Traveller," "Turkey in the Straw," "Billy in the Low Grounds," "The Ring-Tailed Roarer," or any of what the old timer under the inspiration of Apple Jack would have called "hell benders." Such music added to the merriment and hilarity that had a week-end vogue in the old days over wide and extensive territory; and even today it sometimes makes itself heard from under the cryptic foliage of the jazz flower, poison ivy, that is steadily choking to death the true ivy as well as the bay and the laurel and the myrtle and other weeds of the muses.

Some philosopher has said that if he could make a nation's songs he cared little who made the laws. America's songs were not written by such a philosopher; they are a hap-hazard, hit and miss lot, deserving little place in a great symphony such as Mr. Bloch has shown by his best passages that he can write. The Marseillaise and the Russian hymn come face to face in Tschaikowsky's overture, "1812," and fight until the French song is exterminated; and Brahms interpolated student songs into his "Festival Overture;" but the composers of these two numbers did not claim for them the profound national significance that Mr. Bloch claims for "America."

He outlines the nation's birth, growth, struggles, aims and ideals, and then himself writes a national song of songs to be its inspiration and its support. It may be that some time a national anthem may be written under such conditions, in the heat of the composition of a more extensive work; but it is not very probable.

Outdoing the Conception.

Mr. Bloch's music is far superior to the fabric of his dream of the future. It is rich in texture, its fibre is well knit and strong, its sheen is as multi-colored as the rainbow, and its movement is often as sinuous as a serpent. But while chanting the demagogue optimism of Whitman he is often so carried away by the torrents of his verbiage that he cannot, for all his knowledge of music and his skill in composition, save himself from the insignificant and the ridiculous ideas that often seem to exude from the pages of that "magnificent Idler."

Dr. Koussevitzky played the composition with true loving kindness, and doubtless his interpretation added much to its intrinsic worth. If the composer had called the first movement the voyage of the Mayflower, he would have hit close to the mark. The ground swell, the big clouds, the sea gulls, fair weather, the dolphins, were all there, followed by lovely viola effects, suggesting music. Perhaps one of the most striking passages in the composition was the "Old Hundred" phrase followed immediately by the challenge of the Indian pipe.

Disaster and desolation seemed to be the significance of the English horn at the opening of the second movement. The rapid succession of song after song was interesting principally because of the instrumentation. "Pop goes the weasel" was tame because Dr. Koussevitzky evidently had never heard it played with its pristine "pop" by a country fiddler at a cross-road store. But the discord of preparations for war was magnificently done—one of the finest passages in the whole composition. The spirit of interminable desolation following the quartet was also extremely realistic.

Superlative Jazz

The jazz playing in the third movement would have made Mr. Whiteman green with envy. Such stuff seems fated to be the end of every orchestra's desire. Mr. Bloch did more than make a parody, he made innovations and improvements, from which jazz will doubtless profit. The Boston Symphony showed itself past master at playing the stuff; but then it has played a lot of dance music of late.

"The anthem, pure and simple, was sounded proudly, the people singing with deep fervor and enthusiasm." The chorus, after its long wait in the aisles filled the hall with its volume, all the more easily because it was between the audience and the orchestra, somewhat unusual position.

Ravel's "Waltz" was particularly interesting as a piece of ultra-sophistication. We have been told that it suggested whirling clouds through which the dancers at a court ball could be seen; but the unsophisticated might readily hear in it the sound of mill wheels, frogs, early morning noises from the canebrake and animals waiting for their breakfast. The composer gives rein to a cynical satisfaction at being able to outdo the emotionalists with his strange sounds and joyous rhythms, all struggling to be born. The close was suggestive of the ignobile vulgus, senselessly shouting and sweating and pushing itself along.

The Schubert Symphony was remarkable for the finish of its performance. Perhaps the extreme pianissimo of the introduction robbed it of its vigor, as it did the song of the 'cellos later; and in the second movement there was some angular and seemingly unnecessary bowing in the violin section, but the passionless beauty of the performance as a whole was quite unusual.

Dr. Koussevitzky's work was extremely gratifying to the audience, which overflo
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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TELEGRAM
MAR 2 - 1929

VIENNESE CONDUCTOR TO GIVE CONCERT IN CARNEGIE HALL

Clemens Krauss Latest of Notable Foreign Musicians to Visit America—Will Direct Philadelphia Orchestra.

By PITTS SANBORN

STILL the conductors come a-visiting. Clemens Krauss, the latest of the line to reach our shores, will be observed with close interest.

He is to direct in Philadelphia four pairs of concerts for the Philadelphia Orchestra and also in New York the Carnegie Hall concert of that organization on March 19.

He was born in Vienna in 1893, is said to look like a torero, and seems to be an authentic kinsman of the House of Hapsburg. He has filled important conductorial posts at Vienna and at Frankfurt-on-the-Main and soon will return to Vienna to become director of the State Opera. The New York program of this promising batonist has not yet been divulged.

THE current Philadelphian guest, Eugene Goossens, is to guide next Tuesday evening's Carnegie Hall concert of the Quaker Band. The Belgo-British musician is by no means unfamiliar to local audiences, whether as conductor or as composer. At present his steady job is the leadership of the Rochester Philharmonic.

The program which he will offer on Tuesday includes the fourth symphony of Brahms, three dances from Manuel de Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat," a suite from "The Triumph of Neptune" by Lord Berners, and the orchestral version, by Alfred Casella, of Balakireff's "Islamey."

The Berners music was recently played in Philadelphia for the first time in this country. "The Triumph of Neptune," from which it is taken, is described as "an English pantomime in ten tableaux."

It was produced in London by the Diaghleff Russian Ballet on December 3, 1926, with Mr. Goosens conducting. Lord Berners (Gerald Hugh Tyrwhitt) is a diplomat as well as a composer. When he was attached to the British Embassy in Rome he studied with Casella, and he has also studied with Stravinsky.

ARTURO TOSCANINI and the Philharmonic Symphony will go on tour after the Carnegie Hall concert of next Sunday afternoon, appearing in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Rochester and Pittsburgh. On their return to New York Sunday, March 10, they will give another Carnegie Hall matinee of Mozart's "Haffner" symphony, Respighi's "Roman Festivals," Debussy's "Iberia" and Wagner's "Tannhäeusser" overture.

Ernest Schelling is to be the soloist of the concerts of March 14 and 15, playing the piano part in his own "Impressions of an Artist's Life."

FREDERICK THE GREAT, whose musical compositions include several orchestral scores as well as pieces for the flute, will be represented by a symphony on the program which Serge Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra are to present at Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon, March 9.

The symphony in question is the royal gentleman's third, for two two flutes, two oboes, two horns and a bassoon, in addition to strings, though its three fellows are written for strings only.

It seems that this symphony of the Prussian King is the only one of his four which was not substantially altered by Quantz, the King's master of the flute. The work was performed at Berlin on May 4, 1928, and was introduced to this country at Boston yesterday.

Symphony by Sibelius.

ON the same program with this product of royal genius will be the comparatively unfamiliar third symphony of Sibelius and the tone-poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," of Richard Strauss.

The preceding Carnegie Hall concert of the Bostonians on Thursday evening will be devoted to Arthur Foote's E minor suite for strings, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" (in the orchestral version of Maurice Ravel).

AMUSEMENTS.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LAWRENCE, MASS.
EVE. TRIBUNE
MAR 1 - 1929

New York Writer Eulogizes the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The following tribute to the Boston Symphony orchestra written by Richard L. Stokes, appeared in a recent issue of the New York Evening World:

"With at least equal and presumably superior financial resources, the Philharmonic Symphony has functioned this season like a willing subordinate of the Boston Symphony orchestra, as it did in previous years—save for Mr. Toscanini's transfigurations—in relation to the Philadelphia orchestra before Mr. Stokowski's indisposition.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK WORLD
MAR 3 - 1929

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Saturday Afternoon

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"Also Sprach Zarathustra"..Strauss
Pictures at an Exhibition
Moussorgsky

Thursday Evening

Symphony.....Frederick the Great
Symphony No. 5.....Sibelius
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Koussevitzky to Revive Sibelius

Symphony by Frederick the Great Listed for Saturday

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On the first program Serge Koussevitzy has put Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," the suite of descriptive piano pieces arranged for orchestra especially for this conductor by Maurice Ravel. At the Thursday evening concert Mr. Koussevitzky also will play the Suite for String Orchestra, in E Minor, by Arthur Foote, the American composer, and Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Also Spake Zarathustra."

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When Moussorgsky wrote his "Tableaux d'une Exposition" in memory of his painter friend, Victor Hartmann, the composer described in these piano pieces his impressions of the following pictures at a posthumous exhibition of the artist's work. The subtitles are: "Promenade," "Gnomus," "Tuileries," "Bydlo," "Ballet des Poussins dans leur coques," "Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle," "Catacombs," and "La Cabane sur des paites de Poule" and "La Grands Porte de Kiev."

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DETROIT, MICH.
NEWS
MAR 3 - 1929

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One other score stands upon Koussevitzky's program—Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," arranged for orchestra by Maurice Ravel. Moussorgsky's score is a vivid and descriptive piano concerto, in which he characterizes a series of pictures in an exhibition by his artist friend, Hartman. This suite has been orchestrated by three different composers, but Ravel's [illegible]

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BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION
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Frederick the Great composed his little symphony in 1743 and although he wrote others too, this score was not corrected by his music and flute master, Johann Joachim Quantz, but left exactly as it was written. Frederick, whose proficiency as flute virtuoso is historical, uses two flutes in his symphony.

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At the Saturday afternoon concert "Also Sprach Zarathustra" will be repeated. Koussevitzky will revive the Third Symphony of Sibelius. This symphony, practically unknown in America, was revived in Boston by Koussevitzky in November. Another novelty will be the Third Symphony by Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. This eighteenth century piece had its first American performance in Boston a few days ago.

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Special interest attaches to two of the three numbers that will be played at the concert of Boston Symphony in the Academy of Music next Friday evening—the last visit but one of this organization to Brooklyn this season. Serge Koussewitzky will open the program with a little symphony by Frederick the Great, which he gave its first American performances in Boston last Friday and Saturday. The Eighteenth Century monarch, known to have been a skilled flutist, writes two flute parts into this score, giving them prominence in the slow movement. The Symphony was revived in Berlin last May.

As soloist of the evening, Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the orchestra, will play the seldom heard Violin Concerto of Sibelius. The concert will conclude with Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, in E minor.

* * *

Goossens and Koussevitzky To Conduct Here This Week

Arturo Toscanini and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, after repeating the program first offered last Thursday and Friday this afternoon in Carnegie Hall, will spend this week on tour, visiting Philadelphia to-morrow, Washington Tuesday, Baltimore Wednesday, Rochester Thursday and Pittsburgh Friday and Saturday. Returning, the orchestra will repeat next Sunday afternoon at Carnegie Hall Mr. Toscanini's first program of the season, consisting of Mozart's "Haffner" symphony, Respighi's "Feste Romane," Debussy's "Iberia" and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture.

Ernest Schelling will be the soloist of the Carnegie Hall concerts of Thursday night and Friday afternoon, March 14 and 15, playing the piano parts of his "Impressions of an Artist's Life." The following morning he will conduct the last of this season's children's concerts, at which the prize winners for the best note books will be announced and a program played of numbers chosen by ballot.

Despite the Philharmonic-Symphony's absence, we will not have a shortage of orchestral music this week, as the Philadelphia Orchestra gives its seventh Carnegie Hall concert of the season Tuesday night, and George Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony pay their fourth New York visit of 1928-'29 in the latter part of the week. The orchestra of the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia, also will contribute to the week's concert quota, making its New York debut at Carnegie Hall next Friday evening.

Eugene Goossens, regular conductor of the Rochester Philharmonic, will conduct the Philadelphia Orchestra next Tuesday, presenting among more familiar numbers the first New York performance of Lord Berners's suite from "The Triumph of Neptune," which had its American premiere last week in Philadelphia. The original Berners ballet from which the suite is drawn, a pantomime in ten tableaux, was produced in London by the Diaghileff ballet on December 3, 1926, with Mr. Goossens conducting. Lord Berners (Gerald Hugh Tyrwhitt, ninth Baron Berners) is both a musician and a diplomat, and studied with Casella while attached to the British Embassy in Rome. He also [illegible] from Stravinsky.

Mr. Koussevitzky has made some changes in the Boston Symphony's Carnegie Hall programs announced last week. As the list now stands, next Thursday night's program begins with the E major suite for strings, Op. 63, of Arthur Foote (1853-) a prominent member of the elder generation of Boston musicians. The other numbers will be Strauss's "Thus spake Zarathustra" and Ravel's orchestration of Moussorgsky's piano suite "Pictures at an Exhibition," which had its premiere under Mr. Koussevitzky at Paris in 1926.

Saturday afternoon's program will open with the third of the four symphonies of Frederick the Great (King Frederick II of Prussia, 1740-1786). This work of the noted Prussian monarch, who is more generally known as a warrior than a composer, is the only one of the symphonies not for strings alone and the only one not substantially revised by Quantz, the King's flute teacher. The symphony was played in Berlin on May 4, 1928, and introduced to this country by the Boston Symphony in Boston last week.

The next number is the third symphony of Jan Sibelius, in C major (1907). The Boston Symphony's management, having looked up the records, reports that the only American performance of the symphony prior to this season was given by the Russian Symphony under Modeste Altschuler at Carnegie Hall on January 16, 1908. Two former conductors of the Boston Symphony planned to play the work and even rehearsed it, but withdrew it without public performances. Mr. Koussevitzky gave it in Boston in two pairs of concerts earlier this season, November 9-10, December 28-29. The Strauss tone-poem will close the program.

Friday night's Brooklyn program will include the Sibelius violin concerto with Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the orchestra, soloist.

N.Y. HER. & TRI.
MAR 3.1929

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BROOKLYN EAGLE
MAR 3 - 1929

In Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon of this week the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its fourth pair of New York concerts. Mr. Koussewitsky, who will conduct, has arranged the following programs:

Thursday evening:

Foote.....Suite in E Minor for strings
Strauss.....Also Sprach Zarathustra
Moussorgsky.....Pictures at an Exhibition

Saturday afternoon:

Frederick the Great.....Symphony
Sibelius.....Third Symphony
Strauss.....Also Sprach Zarathustra

Both the Foote Suite and the Symphony by Frederick the Great will have their first New York performances at these concerts.

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Answer, Echo—

CLEMENT KRAUSS of Vienna and Frankfurt-am-Main arrived in town last Wednesday. * * * Among his comments was none on the skyline. * * * Countrymen and colleagues of Herr Krauss predict for him a series of triumphs as guest-conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. His figure, they tell us, will be his fortune. * * * And what's this we hear of cerulean blood flowing in his veins? * * * Herr Krauss' hair is graying, and he has become somewhat broader of recent years, but his waistline—more important to a conductor than a sense of rhythm—is still elegant enough to rival Mr. Koussevitsky's profile on the podium. * * * And speaking of conductors, what do we hear concerning the indefatigable Georges Zaslawsky! Little short of the rumor that he is busy these days securing the cash and the credit for the resumption of Beethoven Symphony activities. * * * Nothing daunted by this fall's debacle, Mr. Zaslawsky still believes himself a great conductor. Maybe he is. Confidence, we read, is an indication of talent.

* * *

The Opera House these days is not as fertile in gossip as it might be. We might tell you that Mme. Karin Branzell is to sing Kundry in a Philadelphia performance of "Parsifal," and that Lauritz Melchior will do his first "Tristan und Isolde" in the same city, under Metropolitan auspices. Or we might ask, Where is Marion Talley? Should we remind you that it was in The Eagle you read last winter that the wonder child of Kansas City would not be re-engaged, except possibly for a very few "guest" appearances? The prophecy, denied at the time, seems to have come true. * * * Six weeks of the season remain and no sign of Marion. * * * Courage, friend! She will sing either "Rigoletto" or "Mignon" on the 11th of April. * * * Which brings to mind the strange ways of the Met. One of the musical papers last winter congratulated Marie Sundelius on her "11th and best" season with Mr. Gatti-Casazza's company. The fact was that Mme. Sundelius had not appeared in opera at the Metropolitan for a number of years. * * * There will be no "Fidelio" and no "Verkaufte Braut" this season. The loss of the former should break no hearts, but Smetana's charming musical comedy was one of the brightest jewels in New York's operatic crown.

* * *

Both Mr. Stokowski and his Philadelphians and Mr. Koussewitsky and his Bostonians are recording for a phonograph company, as you know. Well, Mr. Koussewitsky had it much on his mind to do Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony until Mr. Stokowski was apprised of his design, and without asking anyone's advice promptly recorded that opus himself. * * * So at least runs the tale, though for its accuracy we are the last to vouch. * * * Still speaking of conductors, we hear that Toscanini is much upset over the profile written of him by Samuel Chotzinoff and duly published in the New Yorker. * * * Mr. Toscanini believes that Samuel gave him too neurasthenic a character.

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Suite in E Minor for Strings..Foote
"Also Sprach Zarathustra"..Strauss
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Arturo Toscanini and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, after repeating the program first offered last Thursday and Friday this afternoon in Carnegie Hall, will spend this week on tour, visiting Philadelphia to-morrow, Washington Tuesday, Baltimore Wednesday, Rochester Thursday and Pittsburgh Friday and Saturday. Returning, the orchestra will repeat next Sunday afternoon at Carnegie Hall Mr. Toscanini's first program of the season, consisting of Mozart's "Haffner" symphony, Respighi's "Feste Romane," Debussy's "Iberia" and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture.

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Despite the Philharmonic-Symphony's absence, we will not have a shortage of orchestral music this week, as the Philadelphia Orchestra gives its seventh Carnegie Hall concert of the season Tuesday night, and George Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony pay their fourth New York visit of 1928-'29 in the latter part of the week. The orchestra of the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia, also will contribute to the week's concert quota, making its New York debut at Carnegie Hall next Friday evening.

Eugene Goossens, regular conductor of the Rochester Philharmonic, will conduct the Philadelphia Orchestra next Tuesday, presenting among more familiar numbers the first New York performance of Lord Berners's suite from "The Triumph of Neptune," which had its American premiere last week in Philadelphia. The original Berners ballet from which the suite is drawn, a pantomime in ten tableaux, was produced in London by the Diaghileff ballet on December 3, 1926, with Goossens conducting. Lord Berners (Gerald Hugh Tyrwhitt, ninth Baron Berners) is both a musician and diplomat, and studied with Casella attached to the British Embassy [illegible]. He also [illegible] Stravinsky.

Koussevitzky has made some [illegible] in the Boston Symphony's Carnegie Hall programs announced last [illegible]. As the list now stands, next [illegible] night's program begins with [illegible] major suite for strings, Op. 63, of [illegible] Foote (1853-) a prominent member of the elder generation of Boston [illegible]. The other numbers will be [illegible] "Thus spake Zarathustra" and [illegible] orchestration of Moussorgsky's [illegible] "Pictures at an Exhibition," [illegible] had its premiere under Mr. [illegible]tzky at Paris in 1926.

[illegible] afternoon's program will [illegible] the third of the four symphonies of Frederick the Great (King [illegible]rick II of Prussia, 1740-1786). This work of the noted Prussian monarch, who is more generally known as a warrior than a composer, is the only one of the symphonies not for strings alone and the only one not substantially revised by Quantz, the King's flute teacher. The symphony was played in Berlin on May 4, 1928, and introduced to this country by the Boston Symphony in Boston last week.

The next number is the third symphony of Jan Sibelius, in C major

N.Y. HER. & TRI.
MAR 3.1929

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE
MAR 3 - 1929

In Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon of this week the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its fourth pair of New York concerts. Mr. Koussewitsky, who will conduct, has arranged the following programme:

Thursday evening:

Foote.....Suite in E Minor for Strings
Strauss......"Also Sprach Zarathustra"
Moussorgsky.....Pictures at an Exhibition

Saturday afternoon:

Frederick the Great.....Symphony
Sibelius..... Third Symphony
Strauss....."Also Sprach Zarathustra"

Both the Foote Suite and the Symphony by Frederick the Great will have their first New York performances at these concerts.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE
MAR

Answer, Echo—

CLEMENT KRAUSS of Vienna and Frankurt-am-Main arrived in town last Wednesday. * * * Among his comments was none on the skyline. * * * Countrymen and colleagues of Herr Krauss predict for him a series of triumphs as guest-conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. His figure, they tell us, will be his fortune. * * * And what's this we hear of cerulean blood flowing in his veins? * * * Herr Krauss' hair is graying, and he has become somewhat broader of recent years, but his waistline — more important to a conductor than a sense of rhythm—is still elegant enough to rival Mr. Koussevitsky's profile on the podium. * * * And speaking of conductors, what do we hear concerning the indefatigable Georges Zaslawsky! Little short of the rumor that he is busy these days securing the cash and the credit for the resumption of Beethoven Symphony activities. * * * Nothing daunted by this fall's debacle, Mr. Zaslawsky still believes himself a great conductor. Maybe he is. Confidence, we read, is an indication of talent.

* * *

The Opera House these days is not as fertile in gossip as it might be. We might tell you that Mme. Karin Branzell is to sing Kundry in a Philadelphia performance of "Parsifal," and that Lauritz Melchior will do his first "Tristan und Isolde" in the same city, under Metropolitan auspices. Or we might ask, Where is Marion Talley? Should we remind you that it was in The Eagle you read last winter that the wonder child of Kansas City would not be re-engaged, except possibly for a very few "guest" appearances? The prophecy, denied at the time, seems to have come true. * * * Six weeks of the season remain and no sign of Marion. * * * Courage, friend! She will sing either "Rigoletto" or "Mignon" on the 11th of April. * * * Which brings to mind the strange ways of the Met. One of the musical papers last winter congratulated Marie Sundelius on her "11th and best" season with Mr. Gatti-Casazza's company. The fact was that Mme. Sundelius had not appeared in opera at the Metropolitan for a number of years. * * * There will be no "Fidelio" and no "Verkaufte Braut" this season. The loss of the former should break no hearts, but Smetana's charming musical comedy was one of the brightest jewels in New York's operatic crown.

* * *

Both Mr. Stokowski and his Philadelphians and Mr. Koussewitsky and his Bostonians are recording for a phonograph company, as you know. Well, Mr. Koussewitsky had it much on his mind to do Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony until Mr. Stokowski was apprised of his design, and without asking anyone's advice promptly recorded that opus himself. * * * So at least runs the tale, though for its accuracy we are the last to vouch. * * * Still speaking of conductors, we hear that Toscanini is much upset over the profile written of him by Samuel Chotzinoff and duly published in the New Yorker. * * * Mr. Toscanini believes that Samuel gave him too neurasthenic a character.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN
MAR 3 - 1929

Orchestras, Pianist And Chor Coming

Boston An Philharmonic Musicia Will Give Concerts At The Lyric This Wee

Gitta Grado To Appear In Recital nd Dayton Westminst Chorus To Sing Frida

By VIRGINIA PO ELL HARRISS

THE coming week has an outstanding array of musical events to brighten the days of Lent. Two important orchestral v tors, the Boston and the Philharmon , a gifted young pianist, Gitta Grad a, and the Dayton Westminster C oir, one of the great choral organi of America, are among the major events which will grace the next seven days.

Sergei Koussevitsky will offer a program of unusual variety and musical interest, two numbers hitherto unheard in Baltimore, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra makes its second and final appearance here this season on Tuesday at the Lyric. He will open with a little symphony by Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, which has lately been discovered in Berlin.

Frederick composed this symphony in 1743 and, although he wrote others, too, this score was not corrected by his music and flute master, Quantz, but left exactly as the King wrote it. Frederick, whose proficiency as flute virtuoso is historical, uses two flutes in this score. Koussevitsky gave the opus its first American performance in Boston last week and will also introduce it to New York.

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The last piece on the program will be the Fifth Symphony of Tschaikowsky in E Minor, which is known as one of the finest and most moving interpretations in the repertory of the great Russian conductor. The program will be:

Symphony in D major, No. 3, Frederick the Great
Allegro.
Andante.
Allegro scherzando.
Symphony No. 3, Opus 52.....Sibelius
Allegro moderato.
Andantino con moto, quasi allegretto.
Allegro.
Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64, Tchaikowsky
Andante.
Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.
Valse (Allegro moderato).
Finale: Andante maestoso; allegro vivace.

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A recital of song and piano compositions will comprise the [illegible] recital of the series tomorrow by teachers of the Peabody Conservatory Preparatory Department on Thursday evening. The soloists will be Josephine [illegible]cLaughlin, soprano; Mary Stone, [illegible]anist, and Sarah Stulman, pianist. The singer will be accompanied by [illegible]hillip Jeffreys. A varied and at[illegible]ctive program has been planned [illegible]th the following works:

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Schlagende Herzen.....Strauss
Miss McLaughl[illegible]
Prelude and Fugue in E [illegible]nor, [illegible]endelssohn
Intermezzo in A.....Brahms
Ballade in B minor.....Brahms
Miss Stone.
Vogel als Prophet.....Schumann
Jagdlied.....Schumann
Rondo Capriccioso.....Mendelssohn
Miss Stulma[illegible]
Carmela.....Ross
(Spanish California [illegible]olk-song.)
El Majo Discreto.....Grandados
Jota.....De Falla
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Berceuse.....Chopin
Waltz in C sharp minor.....Chopin
Two Etudes.....Chopin
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Humoreske.....Reger
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The Python.....Couper
When I Love You.....Cole
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Toscanini was scheduled to have directed the previous concert by the Philharmonic, but was unavoidably detained abroad, and as his appearance here is one of the important events of the season, he is sure to be greeted by a capacity audience of musical devotees.

In addition, the program offered is one sure to attract widespread attention, for whatever Mr. Toscanini essays is sure to be revivified, given new and greater values. His interpretations of Mozart as well as that of Debussy, his own countryman, Respighi, and the Wagner music is sure to be brilliant and illuminating.

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Miss Gradova is regarded by many critics as an authoritative exponent of that master's difficult music, though her repertoire is an eclectic and extensive one, ranging from Bach to the moderns. Miss Gradova's musical training, as has been the case with so many artists, began in the home, where, in the artistic atmosphere which characterized the lives of her parents, first began her study of the piano.

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Sonata No. 4.....Scriabin
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Ruth Hour in Hongkong.....Chasins
Danse Rituelle du Feu.....De Falla

DAYTON CHOIR

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To understand the reason for the increasing demand for the Westminster Choir and choir leaders trained in the Westminster Choir School—that unusual institution in Dayton, Ohio, established primarily for the training of church music leaders—one must know something of John Finely Williamson, the man who conceived the idea and whose genius is carrying it on.

Dr. Williamson—the son of a minister—was born in Ohio and grew up in the shadow of the church. After graduation from Otterbein College, he became a teacher of public speech and church music in Dayton. It was while in this work he organized and directed several choirs in Dayton, which finally led to the organization of his present singing group, and to the establishment of the Dayton Westminster Choir School, which has as its chief interest the teaching of church music.

PIONEER IN FIELD

Dr. Williamson may truly be called a pioneer in this far-reaching field of music and religious endeavor. A more recent development is the establishment of a summer choir school at Winston-Salem, N. C., where, for six weeks, leaders and directors of some of the largest and best-known church choirs in America attend daily classes and rehearsals—a living evidence to the real need for such a school.

"We are attempting," says Dr. Williamson, "to recreate an interest in the art of hymnology—which has been too long neglected. In our musical training we have wandered too far from the church. Our great musicians of the past—Bach, Schubert, Haydn, Mendelssohn and the rest—were trained in the church. Music as a child of the church must be brought back to the church—to work for it and not against it. We should never lose sight of the fact that the one and only purpose of church music is worship. Music in itself is not religious, but if it is to serve its purpose in the church it must arouse emotions that are religious."

INTEREST MANIFEST

Interest from a variety of angles is being manifested in the visit of this famous singing group. There are the friends of Mrs. H. E. Talbott, president of the Westminster Choir Association, who are acting as patronesses of the concert, among whom are Mrs. Charles Rieman, Mrs. John Gill, Mrs. P. Lea Thom, Mrs. De Courcy Thom, Mrs. Robert Garrett, Mrs. Lewellys F. Barker, Mrs. E. H. Bouton, Mrs. Harrison Cassard, Miss Jane Cook, Mrs. George Colston, Mrs. Frank H. Hambleton, Mrs. David McIntosh, Jr., Mrs. Theodore Miller, Mrs. Richard H. Pleasants and Mrs. Tunstall Smith.

Musicians are showing their interest in the matter by organization of a committee, which include Miss Catherine Luck, Mrs. Imogene Matthews, Miss Clara Groppel, Howard Thatcher, Franz Bornschein, E. S. Enders, J. W. Lewis, J. Norris Hering, Herbert J. Austin and Miss Ida Ermold, to further interest in the choir's appearance.

Organizations cooperating in furthering the concert are the Baltimore Music Club, Treble Clef Club, the Young Women's Interdenominational Union and the Federation of Churches.

Following is the program:

I
Hodie Christus natus est. G. P. da Palestrina
Crucifixus.....Antonio Lotti
Sing Ye the Lord. Johann Sebastian Bach
a. Poco Allegro.
b. Allegro Vivace.

II
Jesus, Friend of Sinners..Edvard Grieg
Offer Thanksgiving. F. Melius Christiansen
Psalm Fifty-One, Opus 29. Johannes Brahms

III
*God is a Spirit.....David Hugh Jones
Alleluia! Christ is Risen....Kopolyoff
(Arranged by Harvey Gaul.)
Going Home.....Anton Dvorak
(From Largo of New World Symphony.)
(Arranged by William Arms Fisher.)

IV
What Christ Said. Peter Christian Lutkin
In dulci jubilo (Fourteenth Century).
(Arranged by F. Melius Christiansen.)
Father Most Holy. F. Melius Christiansen
*The Shepherd's Story. Clarence Dickinson

*Dedicated to Mr. Williamson and the Westminster Choir.

BALTIMORE SYMPHONY

Seats are now on sale for the fifth concert of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, to be given at the Lyric Sunday evening. For this concert has been secured the violinist, Kathleen Parlow.

Madame Parlow's appearance will mark her first engagement in this city for many years and her first appearance with the municipally controlled musical organization. A native of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, she was taken by her parents to California at the age of 5 and began her violin studies in that State under Conrad and Henry Holmes, making her first public appearance at the age of 6.

Her adult debut occurred at Bechstein Hall, in London, in 1905, following which she went to St. Petersburg and continued her studies under Leopold Auer. She appeared in London with the Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall, and received a signal distinction when she played a command performance before the late dowager Queen Alexandra.

AT OSTEND FESTIVAL

Madame Parlow appeared at the International Musical Festival held at Ostend in 1907, and subsequently toured extensively and with great success throughout Europe and the British Isles. She had appeared as soloist with all the important orchestras of Europe before she came to America for the first time in 1910, and was engaged as soloist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Madame Parlow's home is at Meldreth, Cambridgeshire, England. Her American appearances are, consequently, limited to the larger cities.

AT MARYLAND CASUALTY

The program to be given this afternoon at the Maryland Casualty Auditorium will be by the Maryland Casualty Chorus, Ruth V. A. Spicer, A. A. G. O., organist, and the Gypsy Violins, also play important parts in the excellent presentation that is to be offered.

The program is as follows:

Chorus—
Merrily I Roam.....Schleiffarth
Two old slave songs—
a. Heaven.
b. Go Down, Moses.
Organ—
Grand March from "Tannhauser." Wagner
Tenor Solo—
Ah! So Pure (from the opera "Martha").....Flotow
Chorus—
March of the Puppets..Tschaikowsky
Longing (O Sole Mio). Eduardo di Capua
Serenade.....Schubert
Sympathy (from "The Firefly"). Friml
Gypsy Violins—
Waltz, Wedding of the Winds..Hall
Mother Machree.....Ernest Ball
Frieda Etelson, soloist.
Chorus—
Glory to Isis (from the grand opera "Aida").....Verdi
Festival Octet—
Barcarolle (Contes d' Hoffman). Offenbach
Sweet Birds of Night.....Bailey
Solo and Chorus—
The Sweetest Hour.....Glover
J. Blaine Diven, Jr. tenor.
The Weaver of Dreams (an Indian Fantasie)—
Prologue adapted from "Hiawatha," by Longfellow.
Frederick W. Pilgrim, the Indian Chief.
Music, "By the Waters of Minnetonka" (Indian Love Song). Lieurance
Muted violin, Dora Sohffer.
Harp accompaniment (organ), Miss Spicer.
Tableau, Doris Penn.
Music, "Pale Moon." Frederick Knight Logan
Maryland Casualty Women's Chorus.

RICHARD GOODMAN RECITAL

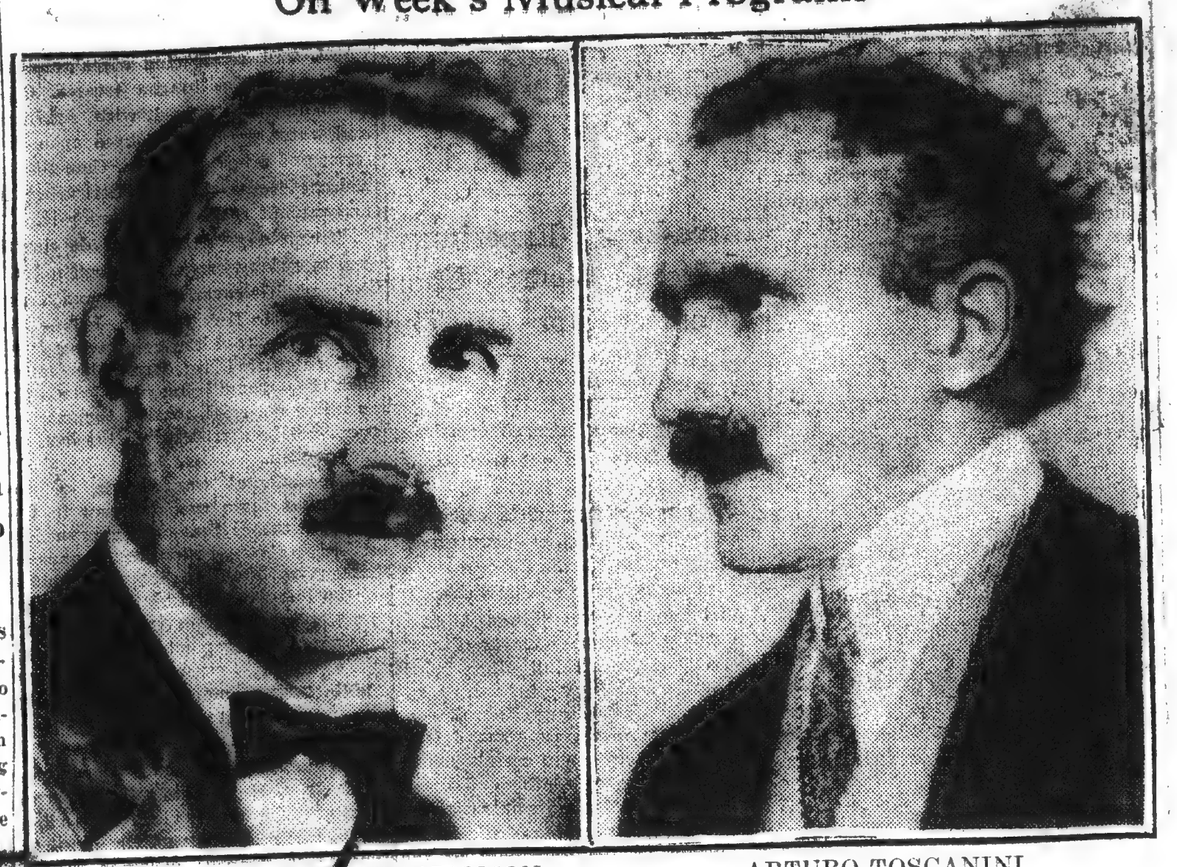
Richard Goodman, one of Baltimore's younger generation of pianists, will present a recital at the Lord Baltimore Hotel March 19. Mr. Goodman is a Baltimorean by birth and education, having been a student at the Peabody Conservatory, where he obtained both a teacher's certificate and an artist's diploma.

Mr. Goodman's training has been obtained in Baltimore under Charles Cooper and Howard Thatcher. In June he will go to Europe for an indefinite stay and further study.

TO GIVE RECITAL

This evening at 1911 Eutaw Place the Castelle Studios are presenting a program of vocal and instrumental numbers by the advanced students, many of whom are well known in local musical circles as well as on the concert and operatic stage.

On Week's Musical Programs



DR. JOHN FINLEY WILLIAMSON ARTURO TOSCANINI

Dr. Williamson is director of the Dayton Westminster Choir, which will be heard at the Lyric on Friday night, and Toscanini will direct the Philharmonic Orchestra at its concert at the Lyric on Wednesday evening

128

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN
MAR 3 - 1929

Orchestras, Pianist And Choir Coming

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Gitta Gradova To Appear In Recital And Dayton Westminster Chorus To Sing Friday

By VIRGINIA POWELL HARRISS

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PIONEER IN FIELD

Dr. Williamson may truly be called a pioneer in this far-reaching field of music and religious endeavor. A more recent development is the establishment of a summer choir school at Winston-Salem, N. C., where, for six weeks, leaders and directors of some of the largest and best-known church choirs in America attend daily classes and rehearsals—a living evidence to the real need for such a school.

"We are attempting," says Dr. Williamson, "to recreate an interest in the art of hymnology—which has been too long neglected. In our musical training we have wandered too far from the church. Our great musicians of the past—Bach, Schubert, Haydn, Mendelssohn and the rest, were trained in the church. Music as a child of the church must be brought back to the church—to work for it and not against it. We should never lose sight of the fact that the one and only purpose of church music is worship. Music in itself is not religious, but if it is to serve its purpose in the church it must arouse emotions that are religious."

INTEREST MANIFEST

Interest from a variety of angles is being manifested in the visit of this famous singing group. There are the friends of Mrs. H. E. Talbott, president of the Westminster Choir Association, who are acting as patronesses of the concert, among whom are Mrs. Charles Rieman, Mrs. John Gill, Mrs. P. Lea Thom, Mrs. De Courcy Thom, Mrs. Robert Garrett, Mrs. Lewellys F. Barker, Mrs. E. H. Bouton, Mrs. Harrison Cassard, Miss Jane Cook, Mrs. George Colston, Mrs. Frank H. Hambleton, Mrs. David McIntosh, Jr., Mrs. Theodore Miller, Mrs. Richard H. Pleasants and Mrs. Tunstall Smith.

Musicians are showing their interest in the matter by organization of a committee, which include Miss Catherine Luck, Mrs. Imogene Matthews, Miss Clara Groppel, Howard Thatcher, Franz Bornschein, E. S. Enders, J. W. Lewis, J. Norris Hering, Herbert J. Austin and Miss Ida Ermold, to further interest in the choir's appearance.

Organizations cooperating in furthering the concert are the Baltimore Music Club, Treble Clef Club, the Young Women's Interdenominational Union and the Federation of Churches.

Following is the program:

I

Hodie Christus natus est. G. P. da Palestrina
Crucifixus.....Antonio Lotti
Sing Ye the Lord. Johann Sebastian Bach
a. Poco Allegro.
b. Allegro Vivace.

II

Jesus, Friend of Sinners..Edvard Grieg
Offer Thanksgiving. F. Melius Christiansen
Psalm Fifty-One, Opus 29. Johannes Brahms

III

*God is a Spirit.....David Hugh Jones
Alleluia! Christ is Risen....Kopolyoff
(Arranged by Harvey Gaul.)
Going Home.....Anton Dvorak
(From Largo of New World Symphony.)
(Arranged by William Arms Fisher.)

IV

What Christ Said. Peter Christian Lutkin
In dulci jubilo (Fourteenth Century),
(Arranged by F. Melius Christiansen.)
Father Most Holy, F. Melius Christiansen
*The Shepherd's Story. Clarence Dickinson

*Dedicated to Mr. Williamson and the Westminster Choir.

BALTIMORE SYMPHONY

Seats are now on sale for the fifth concert of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, to be given at the Lyric Sunday evening. For this concert has been secured the violinist, Kathleen Parlow.

Madame Parlow's appearance will mark her first engagement in this city for many years and her first appearance with the municipally controlled musical organization. A native of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, she was taken by her parents to California at the age of 5 and began her violin studies in that State under Conrad and Henry Holmes, making her first public appearance at the age of 6.

Her adult debut occurred at Bechstein Hall, in London, in 1905, following which she went to St. Petersburg and continued her studies under Leopold Auer. She appeared in London with the Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall, and received a signal distinction when she played a command performance before the late dowager Queen Alexandra.

AT OSTEND FESTIVAL

Madame Parlow appeared at the International Musical Festival held at Ostend in 1907, and subsequently toured extensively and with great success throughout Europe and the British Isles. She had appeared as soloist with all the important orchestras of Europe before she came to America for the first time in 1910, and was engaged as soloist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Madame Parlow's home is at Meldreth, Cambridgeshire, England. Her American appearances are, consequently, limited to the larger cities.

AT MARYLAND CASUALTY

The program to be given this afternoon at the Maryland Casualty Auditorium will be by the Maryland Casualty Chorus, Ruth V. A. Spicer, A. A. G. O., organist, and the Gypsy Violins, also play important parts in the excellent presentation that is to be offered.

The program is as follows:

Chorus—
Merrily I Roam.....Schleiffarth
Two old slave songs—
a. Heaven.
b. Go Down, Moses.
Organ—
Grand March from "Tannhauser." Wagner
Tenor Solo—
Ah! So Pure (from the opera "Martha").....Flotow
Chorus—
March of the Puppets..Tschaikowsky
Longing (O Sole Mio). Eduardo di Capua
Serenade.....Schubert
Sympathy (from "The Firefly"). Friml
Gypsy Violins—
Waltz, Wedding of the Winds..Hall
Mother Machree.....Ernest Ball
Frieda Etelson, soloist.
Chorus—
Glory to Isis (from the grand opera "Aida").....Verdi
Festival Octet—
Barcarolle (Contes d' Hoffman). Offenbach
Sweet Birds of Night.....Bailey
Solo and Chorus—
The Sweetest Hour.....Glover
J. Blaine Diven, Jr. tenor.
The Weaver of Dreams (an Indian Fantasie)—
Prologue adapted from "Hiawatha," by Longfellow.
Frederick W. Pilgrim, the Indian Chief.
Music, "By the Waters of Minnetonka" (Indian Love Song). Lieurance
Muted violin, Dora Sohiffer.
Harp accompaniment (organ), Miss Spicer.
Tableau, Doris Penn.
Music, "Pale Moon." Frederick Knight Logan
Maryland Casualty Women's Chorus.

RICHARD GOODMAN RECITAL

Richard Goodman, one of Baltimore's younger generation of pianists, will present a recital at the Lord Baltimore Hotel March 19. Mr. Goodman is a Baltimorean by birth and education, having been a student at the Peabody Conservatory, where he obtained both a teacher's certificate and an artist's diploma.

Mr. Goodman's training has been obtained in Baltimore under Charles Cooper and Howard Thatcher. In June he will go to Europe for an indefinite stay and further study.

TO GIVE RECITAL

This evening at 1911 Eutaw Place the Castelle Studios are presenting a program of vocal and instrumental numbers by the advanced students, many of whom are well known in local musical circles as well as on the concert and operatic stage.

On Week's Musical Programs

DR. JOHN FINLEY WILLIAMSON — ARTURO TOSCANINI

Dr. Williamson is director of the Dayton Westminster Choir, which will be heard at the Lyric on Friday night, and Toscanini will direct the Philharmonic Orchestra at its concert at the Lyric on Wednesday evening

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
HERALD
MAR 3 - 1929

* * *

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Boston Symphony

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.
CITIZEN
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As soloist of the evening, Richard Burgin, the talented young Russian concertmaster of the orchestra, will appear in the Violin Concerto of Sibelius, the Finnish composer. Burgin is well known by his appearance as soloist, also by his recitals and the string quartet which bears his name.

The concert will close with Tschaikowsky's Symphony in E Minor, No. 5, which Koussevitsky is considered to give one of his finest and most moving interpretations.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
HERALD
MAR 3 - 1929

BOSTONIAN

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, conductor of the Boston Sympyony, at Poli's Wednesday.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASH., D. C.
STAR
MAR 3 - 1929

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MAR 3 - 1929

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WASH., D. C.
POST
MAR 3 - 1929

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Bloch divides his rhapsody into three parts, the first depicting the America of the Indians and early Puritan settlers. The second movement portrays the old South, with its gay romance and the tragedy and sorrow brought by the Civil War. The last movement, entitled "The Present—The Future," sets forth our own jazz age and thence builds up hopes of a more ideal future. The climax of the composition, magnificently prepared, is a hymn to America, in which the composer affirms his faith in the greatness and idealism of this, his adopted country. The culminating hymn will be sung by a mixed chorus of Washington, trained by Albert W. Harned.

One other score stands upon Koussevitzky's program—Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," which has been arranged for orchestra by Maurice Ravel. Moussorgsky's score is a vivid and descriptive piano concerto, in which he characterizes a series of pictures in an exhibition by his artist friend, Hartmann. This suite has been orchestrated by three different composers but Ravel's arrangement, needless to say, is far superior to the others.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD
MAR 4 - 1929

In a leaflet inclosed in the program books of the Boston Symphony Orchestra recently, [illegible] director, Serge Koussevitsky, invited subscriptions for a monument to Claude Debussy which is being projected in France, and suggested that if everyone would give 25 cents the result would be gratifying. Next week the appeal was repeated, but the two-bit reference had been blue penciled. The phrase was changed to "a contribution, however small."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
TRIBUNE
MAR 7 - 1929

WASHINGTON SOCIETY

Washington, D. C., March 6.—[Special.]—Mrs. Hoover made her first public appearance as first lady of the land this afternoon at the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. She had with her the President's sister, Mrs. Leavitt, of California; her uncle, Maj. W. D. Henry of North Dakota; her sister, Mrs. Large, and the latter's daughter, Miss Janet Large.

Mrs. Hoover wore black, a dress of black velvet and black hat, with a coat of black broadtail lamb trimmed with sable. A secret service man escorted the party to their box and returned for them during the last number on the program.

The President's wife has appointed Miss Mary Randolph, who was secretary to Mrs. Coolidge, as her social secretary with two aides, Miss Ruth Fessler, who accompanied her on the Hoover trip to Latin American countries, and Mildred Hall, both [illegible] ford univer-

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SAN FRANCISCO
CALL
MAR 5 - 1929

Bloch's 'America' Featured Tonight At Hoover Recital

Two great Californians, Herbert Hoover and Ernest Bloch, will be honored simultaneously tonight at the traditional inaugural concert to be held in Washington, D. C.

Bloch received word from Washington today that the epic rhapsody, "America," prize winning symphony composition, has been chosen as the work to be played at the concert tonight.

O. Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will lead the orchestra playing "America."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
EVE. SUN
MAR 6 - 1929

MUSIC

By F. W. Strehlau.

Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony Features Last Concert Of Season By Boston Orchestra Under Baton Of Serge Koussevitzky — Two Other Works Given

THE Tschaikowsky Symphony No. 5, in E minor, opus 64, is perhaps the most self-revealing of all this composer's works. In it the great Russian, so reticent at other times and in the spoken word, discloses all of his longing, his passion, his despair, his exaltation, his hopes, his gayety verging on gloom, his almost hysterical ebullience. The symphony, in a way, is autobiographical.

Its poignance, its nobility, its restlessness, its richness of tonal coloring, its beauty were painted last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky with bold strokes and with a broad sweep that voiced to the full the surcharged emotions which have been put into the work.

Always an arresting interpreter of Russian music, Koussevitzky perhaps surpassed himself in depicting the intensity of this close-knit Fifth, drawing a picture that moved the audience to a demonstration. In the presentation of this music he is probably unapproached and in it he attains his highest eloquence. It was an inspiring feature of the farewell visit of the Bostonians for this season and made an impression that will linger long in the memory. It was notable for various things apart from the massed effect, among them the mellifluous horn notes in the *andante*.

There were other things in the concert to hold the attention closely, one of these being the introductory number, the Symphony in D major No. 3, by Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, for small orchestra. It is generally known that this royal personage busied himself with various things besides statecraft, that he composed extensively and also played the flute with skill. In this work he has given expression to his fondness for the instrument by including a two-flute slow movement. The piece is very simple in its structure and carries swinging melodies, though it lacks Mozartian grace and is not at all spiritual in its essence. It was played with smoothness and a careful preservation of its atmosphere.

As for the Sibelius Symphony No. 3, opus 52, the only other number, its reiterations might give a sense of monotony but for its peculiar idiomatic structure, its unusual progressions, its use of an irregular figure to produce quaint rhythms and its employment of what might be called folk tunes. It carries a forceful suggestion of forests and lakes and of northern psychology, and there is about it a persistency of utterance that does not let one wander. The opening is striking with its unison passages.

Above all, the work is not somber, but [illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN
MAR 6 - 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Serge Koussevitsky Conducts Unusual Program Of Three Symphonies, By Frederick The Great, Sibelius And Tschaikowsky

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its final concert of the season last night at the Lyric Theater, with Serge Koussevitsky conducting. As a program maker, Mr. Koussevitsky has achieved a reputation for the unusual and last night's was no exception, for three symphonies were presented, two of which never had been heard in Baltimore before.

In the first instance there was the Symphony in D major by Frederick the Great, who was a performer on the flute and a composer of no mean ability. He was an amateur in the real sense of the word, his love for music being so great that although his father considered its study effeminate and declined to allow [illegible] studied in secret, engaging musical servants.

Not serious in content, his opus is courtly, gay music, typical of the period, very pleasant to hear and easy of comprehension and which the orchestra disposed of in a very happy and graceful fashion.

The music of Sibelius' Third Symphony was neither happy nor so easily disposed of. It is neither deliberately modern nor studiedly archaic, but has most characteristic manifestations. He uses the traditional symphonic form with which to hold his ideas together, which are short motives of a mosaic style with folk flavor. Meticulously written, there are times when the very thin orchestration seems sombre and spare.

After the Finnish music, the kaleidoscopic tonal hues of Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony provided a rich contrast. The masterly first movement—every note a telling one—the impassioned romance of the French horns in the second, the perfectly proportioned passages in the conversation between the oboe and the horn, the slow valse of the third—sorrowfully jesting in the Russian style—and the tremendous swirl of the finale were in direct contrast with the music which preceded it.

If any conductor can vitalize the contemporary works, it is Mr. Koussevitsky, and although he lavished much care and skill upon the Sibelius Symphony, bringing out with finesse the fine points of the opus—even that failed to make it wholly convincing music.

With Russian music Mr. Koussevitsky is unsurpassed. His native music, he brings to it a sympathetic insight and grasp of the inner meaning which revivifies and gives it new life.

V. P. H.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASH., D. C.
STAR
MAR 7 - 1929

MUSIC

ERNEST BLOCH'S "AMERICA."

That admirable organization, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, who has many friends and ad[illegible] Washington, made its second and final appearance of the season at Poli's Theater, yesterday afternoon, when the feature was the local premiere of Ernest Bloch's prize-winning epic rhapsody, "America."

A large audience, led by Mrs. Herbert Hoover in the presidential box, showed unusually alert anticipation of the epic rhapsody. In fact, so anxious had a group of sincere Washington music lovers become to hear this prize-winning work that, when they found it was liable to be canceled due to the extra cost of erecting a platform for the 125 singers in Dr. Albert Harned's National Capital Oratorio Association chorus they went into their own pockets and raised the amount. It was a highly laudable gesture, and it is to be hoped that they felt the result merited the expense. Certainly no fault could be found with the work of the chorus. The majority of Mr. Bloch's very common-place phrases were clearly audible, with admirable enunciation and tone. There seemed no room for worry about the life of "The Star Spangled Banner" being threatened by this rather banal verse and its setting.

As for the epic rhapsody as a whole, one felt a decided gratification to hear a work considered sufficiently important for five famous conductors to have awarded it the first prize of $3,000 and to have burst forth practically simultaneously with first performances of it by their respective orchestras. Mr. Koussevitzky was one of the five. Ordinarily, but for the interest and initiative of the above-mentioned music lovers, Washington, in the natural course of indifferent events, would not have heard this work, which the whole country is animatedly discussing—except perhaps via radio—for several seasons to come, perhaps never.

It was Reginald de Koven, an American born in Middletown, Conn., who had a song in his popular work, "Robin Hood," entitled "It Takes Nine Tailors to Make a Man." Similarly, it would seem that it takes more than a dozen years to make an American composer. Superficially and even patriotically, perhaps that length of time is sufficient. But not spiritually or emotionally. Mr. Bloch's sincerity and industry are quite as unquestioned as his European point of view. He obviously loves his adopted land and is intrigued by its folk tunes, an accumulated assortment of a trio of racial backgrounds, and also by the ballads of Stephen Collins Foster, America's greatest song writer.

Ernest Bloch has proved a clever researcher among such themes, making an undeniably variegated and well organized patchwork quilt which would grace any musical antiquarian's collection. His use of Indian motives is to the barbaric, blazing crudeness of their native charm as the generally accepted "Indian" words "wigwam" and "Great Spirit," ect., are to the real, guttural Indian languages. In the second movement, dedicated to the Civil War period, one never felt the primitive passions and power of the bitterest of conflicts that our country has ever known; one only glimpsed them dimly down the vague corridors of funereal dirges and looked instinctively for a silver screen "Birth of a Nation" to vivify them. The Southern tunes and, in the third movement, the jazz tunes had moments when they seemed perilously close to the better motion picture orchestra's medleys, even though they wore noticeably authentic symphonic cut of garments. There were moments when, even with the score before one, the mind of one listener at least would wander wearily.

After all, American spirit is essentially energetic optimism, with sparkle and snap in rhythms. This rhapsody seemed to lack such qualities. It was frequently minor-keyed and pessimistic. In spite of all its contrapuntal adroitness in sorting a "Message" out of a medley, it distinctly had its dreary moments. This clearly was not due to conductor or orchestra.

Preceding the epic rhapsody yesterday was Ravel's delightfully clever orchestration of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," which has not been heard here for some time. It is amusing and fascinating music, definitely programmatic with the subtle delineation of the conversation between two Jews one of the best limning in music of human characters ever written. It was excellently performed.

H. F.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
HERALD
MAR 3 - 1929

* * *

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EVE. WORLD
MAR 4 - 1929

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
HERALD
MAR [illegible] 1929

BOSTONIAN

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, conductor of the Boston Sympyony, at Poli's Wednesday.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SAN FRANCISCO
CALL
MAR 5 - 1929

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
TRIBUNE
MAR [illegible]

WASHINGTON SOCIETY

Washington, D. C., March 6.—[Special.]—Mrs. Hoover made her first public appearance as first lady of the land this afternoon at the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. She had with her the President's sister, Mrs. Leavitt, of California; her uncle, Maj. W. D. Henry of North Dakota; her sister, Mrs. Large, and the latter's daughter, Miss Janet Large.

Mrs. Hoover wore black, a dress of black velvet and black hat, with a coat of black broadtail lamb trimmed with sable. A secret service man escorted the party to their box and returned for them during the last number on the program.

The President's wife has appointed Miss Mary Randolph, who was secretary to Mrs. Coolidge, as her social secretary with two aides, Miss Ruth Fessler, who accompanied her on the Hoover trip to Latin American countries, and Mildred Hall, both graduates of Stanford university.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
EVE. SUN
MAR 6 - 1929

MUSIC

By F. W. Strehlau.

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THE Tschaikowsky Symphony No. 5, in E minor, opus 64, is perhaps the most self-revealing of all this composer's works. In it the great Russian, so reticent at other times and in the spoken word, discloses all of his longing, his passion, his despair, his exaltation, his hopes, his gayety verging on gloom, his almost hysterical ebullience. The symphony, in a way, is autobiographical.

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Always an arresting interpreter of Russian music, Koussevitzky perhaps surpassed himself in depicting the intensity of this close-knit Fifth, drawing a picture that moved the audience to a demonstration. In the presentation of this music he is probably unapproached and in it he attains his highest eloquence. It was an inspiring feature of the farewell visit of the Bostonians for this season and made an impression that will linger long in the memory. It was notable for various things apart from the massed effect, among them the mellifluous horn notes in the *andante*.

There were other things in the concert to hold the attention closely, one of these being the introductory number, the Symphony in D major No. 3, by Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, for small orchestra. It is generally known that this royal personage busied himself with various things besides statecraft, that he composed extensively and also played the flute with skill. In this work he has given expression to his fondness for the instrument by including a two-flute slow movement. The piece is very simple in its structure and carries swinging melodies, though it lacks Mozartian grace and is not at all spiritual in its essence. It was played with smoothness and a careful preservation of its atmosphere.

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BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN
MAR 6 - 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Serge Koussevitsky Conducts Unusual Program Of Three Symphonies, By Frederick The Great, Sibelius And Tschaikowsky

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its final concert of the season last night at the Lyric Theater, with Serge Koussevitsky conducting. As a program maker, Mr. Koussevitsky has achieved a reputation for the unusual and last night's was no exception, for three symphonies were presented, two of which never had been heard in Baltimore before.

In the first instance there was the Symphony in D major by Frederick the Great, who was a performer on the flute and a composer of no mean ability. He was an amateur in the real sense of the word, his love for music being so great that although his father considered its study effeminate and declined to allow [illegible], he studied in secret, engaging musical servants.

Not serious in content, his opus is courtly, gay music, typical of the period, very pleasant to hear and easy of comprehension and which the orchestra disposed of in a very happy and graceful fashion.

The music of Sibelius' Third Symphony was neither happy nor so easily disposed of. It is neither deliberately modern nor studiedly archaic, but has most characteristic manifestations. He uses the traditional symphonic form with which to hold his ideas together, which are short motives of a mosaic style with folk flavor. Meticulously written, there are times when the very thin orchestration seems sombre and spare.

After the Finnish music, the kaleidoscopic tonal hues of Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony provided a rich contrast. The masterly first movement—every note a telling one—the impassioned romance of the French horns in the second, the perfectly proportioned passages in the conversation between the oboe and the horn, the slow valse of the third—sorrowfully jesting in the Russian style—and the tremendous swirl of the finale were in direct contrast with the music which preceded it.

If any conductor can vitalize the contemporary works, it is Mr. Koussevitsky, and although he lavished much care and skill upon the Sibelius Symphony, bringing out with finesse the fine points of the opus—even that failed to make it wholly convincing music.

With Russian music Mr. Koussevitsky is unsurpassed. His native music, he brings to it a sympathetic insight and grasp of the inner meaning which revivifies and gives it new life.

W. P. H.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASH., D. C.
STAR
MAR 7 - 1929

123

MUSIC

ERNEST BLOCH'S "AMERICA."

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A large audience, led by Mrs. Herbert Hoover in the presidential box, showed unusually alert anticipation of the epic rhapsody. In fact, so anxious had a group of sincere Washington music lovers become to hear this prize-winning work that, when they found it was liable to be canceled due to the extra cost of erecting a platform for the 125 singers in Dr. Albert Harned's National Capital Oratorio Association chorus they went into their own pockets and raised the amount. It was a highly laudable gesture, and it is to be hoped that they felt the result merited the expense. Certainly no fault could be found with the work of the chorus. The majority of Mr. Bloch's very common-place phrases were clearly audible, with admirable enunciation and tone. There seemed no room for worry about the life of "The Star Spangled Banner" being threatened by this rather banal verse and its setting.

As for the epic rhapsody as a whole, one felt a decided gratification to hear a work considered sufficiently important for five famous conductors to have awarded it the first prize of $3,000 and to have burst forth practically simultaneously with first performances of it by their respective orchestras. Mr. Koussevitzky was one of the five. Ordinarily, but for the interest and initiative of the above-mentioned music lovers, Washington, in the natural course of indifferent events, would not have heard this work, which the whole country is animatedly discussing—except perhaps via radio—for several seasons to come, perhaps never.

It was Reginald de Koven, an American born in Middletown, Conn., who had a song in his popular work, "Robin Hood," entitled "It Takes Nine Tailors to Make a Man." Similarly, it would seem that it takes more than a dozen years to make an American composer. Superficially and even patriotically, perhaps that length of time is sufficient. But not spiritually or emotionally. Mr. Bloch's sincerity and industry are quite as unquestioned as his European point of view. He obviously loves his adopted land and is intrigued by its folk tunes, an accumulated assortment of a trio of racial backgrounds, and also by the ballads of Stephen Collins Foster, America's greatest song writer.

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H. F.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
HERALD
MAR 3 - 1929

* * *

POLI'S—

Boston Symphony

ONE of the musical highlights of Inauguration Week will be the final 1928-29 concert in Washington of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, at Poli's Theater, Wednesday afternoon, at 4:30 o'clock, which closes the Philharmonic Course of afternoon concerts presented by Mrs. Wilson-Greene.

Mr. Koussevitzky will present for the first time in this city, Ernest Bloch's epic rhapsody, "America," which was unanimously selected by a jury of five famous conductors, including Mr. Koussevitzky, as the prize-winning entry in Musical America's contest. The anthem, which constitutes an outstanding feature of Bloch's composition, will be sung by a chorus of 125 Washington singers.

Bloch's first number, based upon Indian tribal melodies and Puritan hymns, depicts the life of the early white settlers in America. The second movement describes the Old South, suddenly broken by the tragic measures of the outbreak of war. The third movement, "The Present—the Future," opens with a depiction of our own age of riotous jazz and pounding machinery.

Another interesting feature of this concert will be Koussevitzky's introduction of Moussorgsky's humorous suite of piano pieces by Maurice Ravel.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
CITIZEN
MAR 3 - 1929

MUSIC IN BROOKLYN

Special interest attaches to each of the three numbers on the program of the coming Boston Symphony concert in the Academy of Music next Friday evening, which will be the last visit but one of Boston's Orchestra in Brooklyn this season.

Serge Koussevitzky will open the program with a little symphony by Frederick the Great, which this conductor gave its first American performance in Boston last Friday and Saturday. The eighteenth century king, known in history to have been a skilled flutist, writes two flute parts into this score, giving them prominence in the slow movement. This symphony was revived in Berlin last May, and it is also being played by Koussevitsky in New York.

As soloist of the evening, Richard Burgin, the talented young Russian concertmaster of the orchestra, will appear in the Violin Concerto of Sibelius, the Finnish composer. Burgin is well known by his appearance as soloist, also by his recitals and the string quartet which bears his name.

The concert will close with Tschaikowsky's Symphony in E Minor, No. 5, which Koussevitsky is considered to give one of his finest and most moving interpretations.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
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BOSTONIAN

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASH., D. C.
STAR
MAR 3 - 1929

BOSTON ORCHESTRA—Wednesday.

One of the outstanding musical events of inauguration week in Washington will be the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, at Poli's Theater Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene.

Mr. Koussevitzky will present for the first time in Washington Ernest Bloch's prize-winning symphony, "America," which Mr. Koussevitzky, with four other distinguished American conductors, unanimously selected in Musical America's prize contest. The anthem which constitutes the climax of "America" will be sung by a mixed choir of 125 Washington singers, the National Capital Oratorio Association, Dr. Harned, conductor.

The program also will include Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," orchestrated especially for the Boston Symphony by Maurice Ravel, which has been a feature of Mr. Koussevitzky's concerts in Boston and New York.

Seats are on sale at the concert bureau in Droop's, 1300 G street northwest.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES
MAR 3 - 1929

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra pay their last visit but one to New York this season in the coming week. On the first of his three programs here the Russian leader has put Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exposition" in an arrangement made for Koussevitzky in Paris by Maurice Ravel. Next Thursday's concert in Carnegie Hall opens with a suite for strings, Op. 63, by the American composer Arthur Foote.

Sibelius's Third Symphony, to be heard Saturday afternoon, was once performed in New York, on Jan. 16, 1908, by the former Russian Symphony Orchestra under Modest Altschuler. Two of Koussevitzky's predecessors announced the work, but left it unperformed until he revived it on Nov. 9 last and thrice since in Boston. Another matinee "novelty" is a symphony credited to Frederick the Great.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASH., D. C.
POST
MAR 3 - 1929

IN ITS THEME, EPIC RHAPSODY LAUDS AMERICA

"America," Ernest Bloch's "Epic Rhapsody," the new prize-winning composition which has been played all over the United States with great success, will be brought to Washington by Serge Koussevitzky, when the Russian conductor comes here with the Boston Symphony Orchestra to give his second concert of the season in Poli's Theater on Wednesday afternoon, March 6. The performance of "America" will thus fittingly take place just after the inauguration. Koussevitzky was one of the five awarding judges in the contest in which the score won. The piece was played simultaneously in five cities last December.

Bloch divides his rhapsody into three parts, the first depicting the America of the Indians and early Puritan settlers. The second movement portrays the old South, with its gay romance and the tragedy and sorrow brought by the Civil War. The last movement, entitled "The Present—The Future," sets forth our own jazz age and thence builds up hopes of a more ideal future. The climax of the composition, magnificently prepared, is a hymn to America, in which the composer affirms his faith in the greatness and idealism of this, his adopted country. The culminating hymn will be sung by a mixed chorus of Washington, trained by Albert W. Harned.

One other score stands upon Koussevitzky's program—Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," which has been arranged for orchestra by Maurice Ravel. Moussorgsky's score is a vivid and descriptive piano concerto, in which he characterizes a series of pictures in an exhibition by his artist friend, Hartmann. This suite has been orchestrated by three different composers but Ravel's arrangement, needless to say, is far superior to the others.

Koussevitzky has introduced this score to Europe and America.

This concert will bring to a close the Philharmonic Course of afternoon concerts presented by Mrs. Wilson-Greene.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph
MAR 3 -1929

FREDERICH THE FIRST, King of Prussia, was a composer. His Third Symphony will be given its first New York hearing on Saturday.

At that time it will be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, who will also revive the Second Symphony of Sibylius and Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustia." The last named will have previously been played Thursday, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra makes its fourth visit and last but one of the season to New York. On Thursday's program Serge Koussevitzky has put Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition"—the suite of descriptive piano pieces which have been arranged for orchestra especially for this conductor by Maurice Ravel. He will also play the Suite for String Orchestra in E minor by Arthur Foote, the American composer.

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Above all, the work is not somber, but quaintly wistful, especially in the *andantino*, and without any of the gloom that characterizes Tschaikowsky. It is the expression of a composer serious and influenced by conditions of climate and country, but not moody.

The presentation gave recognition to and projected this quality in an admirable manner and imparted vitality to the music.

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[illegible]ONY

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
NEWS
MAR 7 - 1929

MUSIC

Strange new music ushers out local orchestral season; Koussevitzky leads Boston Orchestra in new Block rhapsody

By RUTH HOWELL

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY and the Boston symphony orchestra made their farewell bow to Washington for this season yesterday at Poli's, and Ernest Bloch's prize-winning symphony made its initial obeisance. After Toscanini and the Philharmonic the day before, yesterday's music was a little dull. But that is hardly a fair criticism, because Koussevitzky is, after all, a fine conductor, and the Boston orchestra 'way up the scale.

Koussevitzky's talents do not need delineation. He conducts with intelligence—more of it than emotion usually—and his abilities are widespread over the field of orchestral music. His most intensive and evident achievement yesterday was in the leading of the chorus, an unusual feature of the program which he whipped and obviously inspired to a good performance.

Not that the rest of his work wasn't good; but that part was such hard work. The Bloch prize rhapsody, "America," heard here for the first time, awakened great interest. But it is not great. Bloch has written a great deal and should by this time know how to write intelligently. His most recent piece shows that, and shows an idea behind the whole. However, it is not replete with musical ideas. One or two good themes were evident—one at the very beginning, and the other in the last movement, a really choice short theme for the horns.

To the audience, the portions of the composition that worked in folk songs and familiar themes were most interesting. It seemed that "Sewanee River" and the "Battle Cry of Freedom" were overworked; and the Whitemanesque quaking of Koussevitzky's knees as he led the orchestra over a tempting passage devoted to "Wabash Blues" on the slide trombone showed him still a young conductor, but was almost more than a prize symphonic work could stand. The anthem which concludes the rhapsody, however, is simple and appropriate in theme, and yesterday was notably well sung by a local chorus. More voices, mostly men, to throw the singing out over the orchestra, would improve this portion.

Bloch's music did one obvious thing yesterday: it showed what a thoro musician Moussorgsky was. His "Pictures at an Exhibition," the other number on the program, was simply conceived and utterly charming thruout. The interesting series of pictures was understandingly played by Koussevitzky and his men, and the merit of Ravel's orchestration was notable. In succession, the pictures of the Polish ox-cart, of the chicken ballet, of the catacombs, and of the weird witch's hut were most entertaining.

And no more orchestra music until next fall.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASH., D. C.
POST
MAR 7 - 1929

FIRST LADY HEADS PARTY AT CONCERT

Mrs. Herbert Hoover Has Box for Orchestra Program at Poli's Theater.

PROMINENT IN APPLAUSE

Mrs. Herbert Hoover, wife of the President, made her first public appearance in her capacity of First Lady of the Land when she appeared at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at Poli's Theater yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Hoover, who occupied a stage box, was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. J. M. Large, the President's sister, Mrs. May Leavitt, of Long Beach, Calif., and her uncle, W. D. Henry, of North Dakota, all of whom are house guests at the White House. Mrs. Hoover was gowned attractively in a one-piece black silk frock over which she wore a black silk coat with a collar of mink. Her hat was a close-fitting black felt.

Appropriately enough, the principal feature of the program was the first presentation in Washington of "America," the epic rhapsody by Ernest Bloch, a new symphony which won the Musical America prize in 1928.

The orchestra, under the dynamic baton of Serge Koussevitsky, gave a splendid rendition of the stirring movements of this much discussed symphony. Quite novel in symphonic form and at times slightly monotonous in theme, yet the introduction of native American airs and a lofty purpose throughout the symphony of voicing in melody the spirit of America, won it much applause yesterday.

The concluding anthem, "America," with its magnificent measure, brought a new element into the music, that of the singing of the large mixed chorus which had been trained by Albert W. Harned and which occupied seats at the back of the stage during the playing of the symphony.

Mrs. Hoover led the applause which followed the conclusion of the rhapsody and did not leave her box until the conductor had bowed his acknowledgment to several distinct ovations.

The other number on the program was Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," arranged for the orchestra by M. Ravel, which also pleased the audience greatly.

This was the last appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Washington this season. The series was presented under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
HERALD
MAR 7 - 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN FINAL CONCERT

Serge Koussevitzky gave a brilliant (to Washington) program with his splendid Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon at Poli's, when he appeared for the second and last time for this season under the local management of Mrs. Wilson-Greene as one of her concert-course attractions.

He played two suites only, the first a series by Moussorgsky called "Pictures at an Exhibition," which was literally painting in music. Each number was a musical replica of pictures the composer had passed in an exhibition. They were all graphic, but one called "Bydlo," representing a lumbering two-wheeled cart of Poland, was not only uncanny in its reproduction, but it was very beautiful, and the final, "Grand Porte de Kiev" was magnificent. Mr. Koussevitzky read the whole suite marvelously.

Many were interested in the new "America" composition by Ernest Bloch which took the prize in the Musical America symphony contest last fall. It is full of "atmosphere," folk song and other songs of other nations as well as American music of the three periods it represents, the landing of the Pilgrims, the storm and stress of the civil war, and the present, which is ushered in by jazz, and finishes with the hymn "America I Love Thee" sung by a mixed chorus. The Washington chorus was trained by Albert W. Harned, whose "Messiah" presentations are a part of each Christmas season.

The composition as a whole is not original, though it shows great skill and musicianship in the way Bloch has combined his multitudinous themes. Nor will "America I Love Thee" become the national anthem as was hoped by some of the promoters, but the work has a high popular appeal and will probably be heard frequently, we venture to say never better read and played than yesterday by Mr. Koussevitzky and his delightful orchestra, whose smoothness and form are a perpetual pleasure. A large house greeted leader and orchestra enthusiastically.

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The stately Serge Koussevitzky, who conducted the remarkable organization through the stupendous compositions, merited well the ovations that were accorded him at the sub-divisions and close of the program.

His mode of leadership, one of moderate augmentation of the energies, rising to a brilliant and glorious climax, leads to a volcanic eruption of tonal grandeur and flaming expression.

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"America" was also introduced in New England by Koussevitzky and his men, December, 1928.

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The entire program, rare in subject, unique in treatment, was poetic and inspirational. The readings were vivid, the interpretations masterful. Koussevitzky won sincere admiration as a poetic moster of conducting.

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By OLIN DOWNES.

Serge Koussevitzky Conducts.

The program given by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Carnegie Hall was one of the richest and the best contrasted in material that these concerts have provided for audiences of this city. Mr. Koussevitzky began with a Suite for strings by Arthur Foote, who is now in his seventy-sixth year, one of the most modest and accomplished musicians of his group and generation, and, as the event proved, a composer of delightful music. The conductor proceeded with the thunderous visions of Richard Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra," a composition of compelling audacity, scorn and revolt, and a fantasy which is often apocalyptic; and he concluded with the Moussorgsky-Ravel "Pictures at an Exposition." Of this last work, it may be said that the genius of Ravel, the orchestrator, is only second to that of Moussorgsky, creator of the music; and that, notwithstanding excellent preceding performances, it became the climax of the evening of magnificent playing.

Nothing is rarer or pleasanter in these days of 1929 than to encounter in art or on the street a gentleman who is quietly himself, who never alters his manner for an occasion, and whose simplicity and self-possession are indexes to like qualities of his character. Mr. Foote makes his listener think of these things. His music apes no other composer; it does not affect a modernity to which its author is not sympathetic; it does not rest upon platitudes or academic devices to command the respect of the listener. The Suite is simple, melodic; it is simply and well composed, and scored gracefully and in a transparent manner. Harmonically the music could have been written by Mendelssohn. Composed in 1907 and 1908, it holds the attention and it gratifies the listener by its melodiousness, proportion, and workmanship.

It served not only as a genial opening performance but as the most effective possible foil to what followed. With Strauss, of course, everything is resplendant, intense, romantic, and defiant of high heaven. It might be said that "Also Strach Zarathustra" is nothing but a passage of gorgeous post-romanticism. But there is more in the music. First of all there is a formal power that the dreaming romantics of the early nineteenth century did not know. There are vast arches, and lines, and stark contours under Strauss's dripping orchestral color and his occasional Bavarian sentimentality. Above everything, and through everything, there drives a special irresistible and heroic force.

This force generates a heat which fuses all the material, the weakest as well as the strongest in the composition, together, and gives it new shapes and new potencies of Strauss's devising. It is the imperious will back of the music, the imagination that vaults to the very skies, and knocks impudently on the portals of unknown realms, which stir and excite some listeners as perhaps no other music, even of Strauss, contrives to do. From the very beginning we are overwhelmed, and the spell is not quickly dissipated.

Of the performance, which was of special lucidness and technical brilliancy, more can be said when "Zarathustra" is repeated by Mr. Koussevitzky and his men tomorrow afternoon. Of the performance of the Moussorgsky-Ravel "Pictures at an Exposition" it is only possible to speak in unqualified superlatives. It was one of those performances which seem to belong to one conductor, and to him alone. We do not refer here merely to Mr. Koussevitzky's exclusive proprietorship of the Ravel orchestration, but to every detail, color, nuance of his performance.

But he has one enormous, indeed unconquerable, handicap over all other conductors in his exclusive right to Ravel's arrangement, which the composer completed for Mr. Koussevitzky by decree of the publishers, and for him alone, in 1923. In this arrangement Ravel has done more for Moussorgsky than Moussorgsky could do for himself. His orchestral version is infinitely preferable to the original piano pieces. For the conceptions of Moussorgsky, in the first place, the piano was too limited, while only Ravel has been able to reveal to the world what Moussorgsky imagined, and what he was only able to suggest in a series of singularly original compositions. How can such insight, divination, united to consummate orchestral knowledge on the part of an arranger, and that arranger a musician not of Moussorgsky's nature, be explained?

Only, perhaps, by the supposition that the great knowledge and sensibility of a very old race is in Ravel's veins, and that such knowledge and wisdom may become nourished and newly creative by contact with a younger race and a more virile creative power. Thus Ravel with Moussorgsky. Only one factor was needed to complete the creative circuit interpretation of M. Koussevitzky.

Programs This Week Of Boston Orchestra

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Saturday Afternoon
Suite in E Minor for Strings...Foote
"Also Sprach Zarathustra"...Strauss
Pictures at an Exhibition
Moussorgsky

Thursday Evening
Symphony.....Frederick the Great
Symphony No. 3.....Sibelius
"Also Sprach Zarathustra"...Strauss

N.Y. WORLD MAR 8-1929

Koussevitzky to Revive Sibelius

Symphony by Frederick the Great Listed for Saturday

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra will make its fourth visit and last but one of the season to New York to give concerts in Carnegie Hall, next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon, March 7 and 9.

On the first program Serge Koussevitzy has put Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," the suite of descriptive piano pieces arranged for orchestra especially for this conductor by Maurice Ravel. At the Thursday evening concert Mr. Koussevitzky also will play the Suite for String Orchestra, in E Minor, by Arthur Foote, the American composer, and Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Also Spake Zarathustra."

At the Saturday afternoon concert, Mr. Koussevitzky will revive the third symphony of Sibelius. This symphony, practically unknown in America, was revived in Boston by Koussevitzky on Nov. 9 and 10 and repeated there Dec. 28 and 29. Another novelty will be the third symphony by Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. This eighteenth century piece had its first American performance in Boston last Friday and Saturday.

Frederick Wrote Four Symphonies

Frederick the Great wrote a number of orchestral scores as well as compositions for the flute. Among these were four symphonies. The third, which Koussevitzky is to play here, is the only one of these which is not for strings only. It is scored for two flutes, two oboes, two horns and a bassoon, in addition to strings. This is the only symphony which was not substantially changed by Quantz, the King's master of the flute. The symphony was performed in Berlin May 4, 1928. It had its first American performances in Boston, in Symphony Hall, on Friday and Saturday, March 1 and 2.

The third symphony of Sibelius, although well known in Europe, is unfamiliar in this country, records on hand showing only one performance previous to this season, at a New York concert of the Russian Symphony Society, Modest Altschuler, conductor, Jan. 16, 1908. Two previous conductors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra planned to perform the score, and even rehearsed it, but withdrew it without a public performance. Koussevitzky performed the symphony at the Boston Symphony concerts in Boston last Nov. 9 and 10, and repeated the work on Dec. 28 and 29.

Four Composers Transcribed Moussorgsky's "Pictures"

Moussorgsky's piano suite, "Pictures at an Exhibition," has been transcribed for orchestra by four composers—Toushmalov in 1891, and in recent years Sir Henry Wood, Leonidas Leonardi and Maurice Ravel. Ravel's orchestration was performed in Paris by Koussevitzky, and in America in this conductor's first season here.

When Moussorgsky wrote his "Tableaux d'une Exposition" in memory of his painter friend, Victor Hartmann, the composer described in these piano pieces his impressions of the following pictures at a posthumous exhibition of the artist's work. The subtitles are: "Promenade," "Gnomus," "Tuileries," "Bydlo," "Ballet des Poussins dans leur coques," "Samuel Goldenberg and Schmuyle," "Catacombs," and "La Cabane sur des paites de Poule" and "La Grande Porte de Kiev."

Bach "St. Matthew" By Friends To-day

Bach's "Passion According to St. John" will be given by the Friends of Music this afternoon in Town Hall.

This somewhat less celebrated of the two extant Bach "Passions," leaving aside the doubtful St. Luke, should by this time be as well known to New York concert goers as the St. Matthew "Passion," as it has become a regular Lenten production of the Friends of Music since that society revived it in 1924. The same soloists as last year will take part and Artur Bodanzky will conduct, as usual, with the society's chorus trained by Walter Wohllebe and the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
WASHINGTON, D. C.
NEWS
MAR 7 - 1929

MUSIC

Strange new music ushers out local orchestral season; Koussevitzky leads Boston Orchestra in new Block rhapsody

By RUTH HOWELL

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY and the Boston symphony orchestra made their farewell bow to Washington for this season yesterday at Poli's; and Ernest Bloch's prize-winning symphony made its initial obeisance. After Toscanini and the Philharmonic the day before, yesterday's music was a little dull. But that is hardly a fair criticism, because Koussevitzky is, after all, a fine conductor, and the Boston orchestra 'way up the scale.

Koussevitzky's talents do not need delineation. He conducts with intelligence—more of it than emotion usually—and his abilities are widespread over the field of orchestral music. His most intensive and evident achievement yesterday was in the leading of the chorus, an unusual feature of the program which he whipped and obviously inspired to a good performance.

Not that the rest of his work wasn't good; but that part was such hard work. The Bloch prize rhapsody, "America," heard here for the first time, awakened great interest. But it is not great. Bloch has written a great deal and should by this time know how to write intelligently. His most recent piece shows that, and shows an idea behind the whole. However, it is not replete with musical ideas. One or two good themes were evident—one at the very beginning, and the other in the last movement, a really choice short theme for the horns.

To the audience, the portions of the composition that worked in folk songs and familiar themes were most interesting. It seemed that "Sewanee River" and the "Battle Cry of Freedom" were overworked; and the Whitemanesque quaking of Koussevitzky's knees as he led the orchestra over a tempting passage devoted to "Wabash Blues" on the slide trombone showed him still a young conductor, but was almost more than a prize symphonic work could stand. The anthem which concludes the rhapsody, however, is simple and appropriate in theme, and yesterday was notably well sung by a local chorus. More voices, mostly men, to throw the singing out over the orchestra, would improve this portion.

Bloch's music did one obvious thing yesterday: it showed what a thoro musician Moussorgsky was. His "Pictures at an Exhibition," the other number on the program, was simply conceived and utterly charming thruout. The interesting series of pictures was understandingly played by Koussevitzky and his men, and the merit of Ravel's orchestration was notable. In succession, the pictures of the Polish ox-cart, of the chicken ballet, of the catacombs, and of the weird witch's hut were most entertaining.

And no more orchestra music until next fall.

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Bach "St. Matthew" By Friends To-day

Bach's "Passion According to St. John" will be given by the Friends of Music this afternoon in Town Hall.

This somewhat less celebrated of the two extant Bach "Passions," leaving aside the doubtful St. Luke, should by this time be as well known to New York concert goers as the St. Matthew "Passion," as it has become a regular Lenten production of the Friends of Music since that society revived it in 1924. The same soloists as last year will take part and Artur Bodanzky will conduct, as usual, with the society's chorus trained by Walter Wohllebe and the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House.

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The music bears the imprint of the Russian master's strange individuality and naturally makes an effective orchestral piece. Possibly for most of the more hardened music lovers in the audience the Strauss work, which is not too often performed, was the focus of attention. Every one knows what a superman is and can enjoy a tone poem referring to such a being. The Kaiser is still alive and Mussolini has arisen. There are several other supermen even "in our midst" and no end of superfluous ones prancing in the spotlight of the world. Therefore what Nietzsche had to say about this race divine seemed worth while.

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The two-key conclusion over which musical bigwigs were once agog had to be listened to very dilligently to be recognized for what it is, in these days of polytonality, and, like so many of the innovations that caused Strauss to be regarded in some quarters as a master cacophonist, yielded the effect of something soundly conventional if not even a little commonplace. But "Zarathustra," as restored to currency last night by a conductor gifted with no ordinary powers of reanimation, and an orchestra fully settled into its new stride of responsive virtuosity, has weathered the years better than was predicted for it after its early performances in America.

This is not to say that the Strauss tone-poem has grown in stature. To the contrary, it seemed last night to have contracted, to have given up most of its pretenses to the supermanish, to have receded in large measure from its grandiose apotheosis of life, or whatever it is the musical program-maker had in mind to deify; and to have relapsed into a simpler and more purely musical message for humanity. "Zarathustra," as music, is sentimental, and it is bourgeois. But it is not necessarily the bore hostile critics voted it twenty and thirty years ago, when there was more concern about its philosophical implications than is likely to confront it today. Perhaps quite as much of banality can be found in the thematic material of other tone-poems of Strauss which have had a much firmer place in the repertory of American orchestras; perhaps, also, quite as much beauty of scoring and sensuous warmth are to be found in "Zarathustra" as in these others. The much traduced "Tanzlied" is not lofty or inspired music, but in the light of much of the dance music of latter-day novelties it has at least the virtue of human feeling to compensate for its none too distinguished invention.

IN those sections given titles of "The Great Yearning," "Grave Song," "Night Song" and "Song of the Night Wanderer" there are felicities and sonorities that need not be thrust aside because the tone-poem nowhere reaches again the level it achieves in the "Sunrise" of the Introduction. "Zarathustra" is not likely to be overplayed. It was well worth while for Mr. Koussevitzky to include the work in his two New York concert this week.

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Besides Mr. Schorr, praise must be accorded the Alberich of Gustav Schutzendorf. Gertrude Kappel was less happy in the music of the Bruennhilde of "Siegfried" than that of "Walkuere" and there was much forced tone between her and Mr. Laubenthal, the Siegfried of the afternoon. The latter did not improve his characterization by bits of clowning or by his time-beating with the sword fragments in the forge scene. Karin Branzell sang Erda in place of Ernestine Schumann-Heink, originally announced, which was, of course, a disappointment, although the big voice of the substitute aided Mr. Schorr in making the first scene of the last act the highest point of the cycle to date. Max Bloch again sang Mime. William Gustafson did megaphone duty as Fafner and Thalia Sabanleeva had the minor tribulations of the Forest Bird.

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By Samuel Chotzinoff

Philosophy and Music

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Suite in E major for Strings, Op. 63 ..... Arthur Foote
Also sprach Zarathustra ..... Strauss
Pictures at an Exhibition. Moussorgsky-Ravel

As Schopenhauer spake thus spake Wagner; as Nietzsche spake thus spake Strauss; and whatever is outmoded in the utterance of the philosophers is the weakest portion of the music of the two Richards. Fortunately both Wagner and Strauss spoke of other things besides a sensuous pessimism and a self-conscious superman—the former of Eva and Walther and the poetic wonders of youth and of Hans Sachs, that wise adumbration of experience; the latter of Til and Sophie, Octavian and the Marschallin, all human in their joys and their sufferings. Theories and grandiose systems are born with every new philosopher and often die with their originators, and composers who wreak their talents on philosophical abstractions must be content to see their efforts speedily suffer mortality.

Last night Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra attempted to recapture for us the passionate intellectual thrill we used to get in the old days from Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra." When the band blazed a monstrous C major sunrise we were indeed engulfed in the vivifying majesty of Nature. But whatever thrills there were for us came not at all from Nietzsche's poetic system but from the lesser more familiar phenomena of Nature, the shriek of the terrified animals who fled from their caves at the sound of Zarathustra's voice, or the lovely B major theme at the close, sufficiently beautiful in itself not to require the most esoteric of literary explanations.

Even with the help of Strauss's own program notes we turned an indifferent ear to the intellectual implications of the tone poem, preferring to surrender ourselves to the obvious beauties of the score, the orchestral amplitude, the magnificent effects.

The dry fugue which Strauss invented to portray that science toward which man turns in vain for a solution to the problems of life left us as chilled as the fugal invocation, but the memory of the song of the "Night Wanderer" was still upon us when we left the hall.

Mr. Foote's E Major Suite seemed like good, innocent, well-made New England music, and the Moussorgsky "Pictures at an Exhibition" again convinced us that the real Moussorgsky is only to be found in "Boris," "Khovantchina" and a half dozen songs.

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Pictures at an Exhibition, Moussorgsky-Ravel

As Schopenhauer spake thus spake Wagner; as Nietzsche spake thus spake Strauss; and whatever is outmoded in the utterance of the philosophers is the weakest portion of the music of the two Richards. Fortunately both Wagner and Strauss spoke of other things besides a sensuous pessimism and a self-conscious superman—the former of Eva and Walther and the poetic wonders of youth and of Hans Sachs, that wise adumbration of experience; the latter of Til and Sophie, Octavian and the Marschallin, all human in their joys and their sufferings. Theories and grandiose systems are born with every new philosopher and often die with their originators, and composers who wreak their talents on philosophical abstractions must be content to see their efforts speedily suffer mortality.

Last night Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra attempted to recapture for us the passionate intellectual thrill we used to get in the old days from Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra." When the band blazed a monstrous C major sunrise we were indeed engulfed in the vivifying majesty of Nature. But whatever thrills there were for us came not at all from Nietzsche's poetic system but from the lesser more familiar phenomena of Nature, the shriek of the terrified animals who fled from their caves at the sound of Zarathustra's voice, or the lovely B major theme at the close, sufficiently beautiful in itself not to require the most esoteric of literary explanations.

Even with the help of Strauss's own program notes we turned an indifferent ear to the intellectual implications of the tone poem, preferring to surrender ourselves to the obvious beauties of the score, the orchestral amplitude, the magnificent effects.

The dry fugue which Strauss invented to portray that science toward which man turns in vain for a solution to the problems of life left us as chilled as the fugal invocation, but the memory of the song of the "Night Wanderer" was still upon us when we left the hall.

Mr. Foote's E Major Suite seemed like good, innocent, well-made New England music, and the Moussorgsky "Pictures at an Exhibition" again convinced us that the real Moussorgsky is only to be found in "Boris," "Khovantchina" and a half dozen songs.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD
MAR 8 - 1929

Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," arranged for orchestra by Maurice Ravel, which was on the Boston Symphony's program last night, is the exclusive property of Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor. No other director may perform it, and Mr. Koussevitzky possesses the original manuscript presented to him by M. Ravel.

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NEW YORK
JOURNAL
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KOUSSEVITZSKY DIRECTS BOSTON ORCHESTRA AT CARNEGIE

By IRVING WEIL.

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Mrs. Hoover and Party Occupy Box at Symphony Concert

By SALLIE V. H. PICKETT

WASHINGTON, March 9.—(AP)—Socially speaking, the new administration is finding its bearings without the slightest difficulty, both the president and Mrs. Hoover being well versed in the intricate labyrinth of official etiquette, the most important event being in arranging for the diplomatic corps to meet the new administration. This the president and Mrs. Hoover have planned for 4 o'clock Monday afternoon.

For the first time since becoming the first lady of the land Mrs. Hoover occupied the White House box in a local theater, going to hear the Boston Symphony orchestra in its ... gram. She created quite a flurry as the White House car drove up and she and her party stepped out.

While Mrs. Coolidge added to the fame of her husband's administration by her spontaneous smile Mrs. Hoover also smiles, and when she does she shows dimples in her pretily turned cheeks and her eyes dance.

She wore a becoming gown of black velvet very simple in desig , a black velvet hat, brimless and quite close fitting, and long white gloves. The coat was the one she wore for the inaugural ceremonies, of black broadtail quite conservative in length and with a broad collar of sable and a deep band of the fur reaching the bottom of the coat. The cuffs of sable were quite deep.

With Mrs. Hoover was her uncle, W. D. Henry of Wahpeton; her sister, Mrs. Jean Henry Large; Mrs. May Leavitt, the sister of the president, ... Mrs. Mark Requa of California, second year of her residence here as the wife of the vice president, and when she became the first lady of the land Miss ...andolph accompanied her to the Wh... House, occupying a secondary plac... under Miss Laura Harlan, who ha... been secretary to Mrs. Harding. La...r she succeeded to the first place a... was the friend and companion of ...Mrs. Coolidge as well as secretary. ...hat Miss Randolph is successful in ...er position is evidenced by the ...ct that she made no enemies for th... first lady, her position being such ... that she might at any time cause ... social quarrel.

Serving with ... Randolph as secretary are Miss ...Ruth Fessler, who not only served ... Hoover but Mr. Hoover as well, ...d Miss Mildred Hall, who has be... with Mrs. Hoover for a lesser ti... Miss Fessler is a particularly ca...ble woman and was secretary to D... Vernon Kellogg, the close friend of ...r. Hoover.

The large house ...rty entertained by Vice President C...tis and his sister, Mrs. Gann, ov... March 4 is almost entirely disban...d, Mrs. Charles P. George, wife of M... George, alone remaining until Mo...ay. The vice president's son and ...ughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harry ...ng Curtis, returned to Chicago ea... in the week, Mr. and Mrs. Webste... Knight II. returned to their hom... early in the week, and Mrs. Jero... Colvin, the vice president's sister, ...turned ... Topeka in midweek.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
TIMES

ROYALTY AT THE ACADEMY

Serge Koussevitsky brought his Boston Symphony Orchestra to the Academy of Music last night for the fourth in a series of five concerts there this season. And Mr. Koussevitsky likewise brought a program which was somewhat different from the usual symphonic fare.

His opening symphony—he had two on his program—was a composition of royalty, being the handiwork of Frederick the Great, who is said to have been somewhat of a flutist among other accomplishments. Therefore, it was to be expected that the symphony would be a setting for flute fireworks and thus it proved to be what with two such instruments holding forth in the andante. The symphony is of the intimate type and requires only a small orchestra for its rendition. Mr. Koussevitsky read it carefully and somewhat attractively.

Came then the Sibelius concerto for violin and orchestra in D Minor and Richard Burgin, concertmeister of the orchestra, was the assisting soloist. Mr. Burgin appears rather regularly in this role here in Brooklyn. The violinist displayed a sweet and pleasing tone albeit somewhat lacking in texture and content. It was a fiery reading but not one of depth either interpretatively or tonally.

The second symphonic offering was the No. 5 of Tschaikovsky which closed the program and which was presented more in keeping with the tenets of the orchestra. Mr. Koussevitsky was thoroughly at home in it and so was the orchestra and the reading was the highlight of the ev... H. E. S.

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KOUSSEVITZKY
Be convinced—Visit a
Store To-day and judge
You will marvel at the supe
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By SALLIE V. H. PICKETT

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With Mrs. Hoover was her uncle, W. D. Henry of Wahpeton; her sister, Mrs. Jean Henry Large; Mrs. May Leavitt, the sister of the president, Mrs. Mark Requa of California, second year of her residence here as the wife of the vice president, and when she became the first lady of the land Miss Randolph accompanied her to the Whi... House, occupying a secondary plac... under Miss Laura Harlan, who ha... been secretary to Mrs. Harding. L... she succeeded to the first place a... was the friend and companion of... Mrs. Coolidge as well as secretary. ...hat Miss Randolph is successful in ... position is evidenced by the ...ct that she made no enemies for th... first lady, her position being suc... that she might at any time cause ... social quarrel.

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H. E. S.

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NEW YORK
JOURNAL
MAR 8 - 1929

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NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD
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MUSIC

By Richard L. Stokes

NO ONE has better earned the right to an off-day than Serge Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and he exercised the privilege yesterday evening at Carnegie Hall. His program was one of those which shine handsomely in print but which scarcely come off in performance. It was as if the eminent Bostonian had desired to prove that he was capable not only of perfervid emotion but of sobriety, quietude, and even philosophy. His new role was not altogether convincing.

The numbers were Arthur Foote's Suite in E Major, Op. 63, for string orchestra; the rarely heard tone poem, "Also Sprach Zarathustra," by Richard Strauss, himself an ardent Nietzschean; and Maurice Ravel's orchestral transcription of Moussorgsky's piano pieces, "Pictures at an Exhibition."

Mr. Foote was born at Salem, Mass., in 1853, and his suite, first performed in 1909 and harking back to the dim era when Max Fiedler was director of the Boston orchestra, was sufficiently antiquarian to take on the seeming of a novelty. With its classical Prelude and Fugue—but with a pizzicato middle movement by way of innovation—the music was perhaps only a pallid and belated phantom of Bach, but it was untouched by the turbulence of the present day, and was refreshing in its pellucid grace and its confident air of distinction. It was the score of a writer who had taken the trouble to master the spelling, grammar and rhetoric of his art. A more eloquent reading was deserved than that obtained from Mr. Koussevitzky, whose performance seemed a casual gesture in the direction of Americanism.

* * *

In the ensuing tone poem, Dr. Strauss undertook to illustrate the evolution of the human race through its sacerdotal hallucinations of the past, its scientific aberrations of the present, and its progress to the doctrine of the superman in the future. Interspersed are episodes from Nietzsche's book answerable to lyric treatment, such as the passages entitled "Of the Great Yearning," "Of Joys and Passions," "Grave Song," "The Convalescent," "Dance Song," and "Night Song."

Mr. Koussevitzky delivered with splendor and power the mighty introduction, ending on a C Major chord like the spring of the sun above the horizon, and depicted the realm of the Dwellers in the Rear World—that is, the unfortunates whose minds are still darkened and lamed by traditional religion—with a sombre and tragic horror recalling the deeps of the river bed in "Das Rheingold." Across this gloom ran the tattered and mendicant snivel of a Gregorian hymn. Science fared no better than theology, its pomp and bombast being caricatured by means of a pretentious and risible fugue.

While this work is not one of the prime Straussian masterpieces, it is scarcely so dreary and protracted as it appeared yesterday evening. Mr. Koussevitzky seemed more concerned with detail than with the structure's broad lines, and to regard it as an intellectual rather than a musical document. But the enigmatic conclusion of "The World Riddle, with the orchestra playing in two keys, was projected by the conductor with much of the quality of its mystic agnosticism.

* * *

Three other composers besides Ravel have tried their hands at instrumenting the "Pictures at an Exhibition," forgetting that had Moussorgsky wished to express his impressions by means of the orchestra instead of the piano, he would undoubtedly have done so. Mr. Ravel has done a stunning job, but it seemed to me that the canvas was too large for the material.

At any rate, I have gained a clearer and more graphic notion of the pictures described by means of piano performances. This may again have been due to the performance, through the familiar Koussevitzky blazed up at the end in the proclamation celebrating "The Gate of the Bohatyrs at Kiev."

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TELEGRAM
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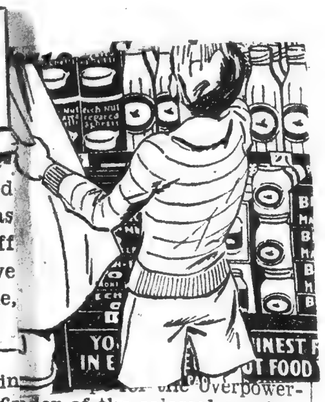

[illegible] of the colossal opening; ful, gently ironic "Dance nd the mysterious bi-tonal n. Then along came oussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra last night and my smug little theory to ens.

Spake Zarathustra" was the offering of the visiting ns at their Carnegie Hall of yesterday, and as they it every bar stood forth g, pulsing life. For perfec- rchestral style and execu- rich, warm, encompassing his performance was with- arallel in my experience. breadth, the poise, the grandeur, the vivifying imaginative insight of Mr. Koussevitzky's reading made that of Richard Strauss himself seem in comparison pale and shallow.

The Strauss composition shared the program with two other numbers—Arthur Foote's E major suite for strings and Ravel's orchestral version of Moussorgsky's familiar piano suite, "Pictures at an Exhibition." In Mr. Foote's work the justly famed Bostonian string choir was heard to radiant advantage. The suite itself, composed over twenty years ago, possesses qualities which in these piping times of atonality, polytonality, "new" counterpoint, and minor second regnant are mercilessly "dated."

Yet any one who still hankers after the outmoded flesh pots of winsome melody, orthodox workmanship, euphony, grace and even—horror of horrors!—elegance will here find meats seasoned to his lik-

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Mrs. H[illegible] [illegible]as a ance as fi[illegible] [illegible]ert hec the Boston [illegible] Wednesday a[illegible] [illegible]s afternoc the first White [illegible] [illegible]oncert will b given in the ea[illegible]om by the Wes minster Choir of Dayton O.

It will be a private audition, arrang by Mrs. Harry Elstner Talbott, spons

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NO ONE has better earned the [illegible] vitzky, director of the Boston [illegible] the privilege yesterday even[illegible] one of those which shine handsom[illegible] in performance. It was as if the [illegible] that he was capable not only of p[illegible] and even philosophy. His new rol[illegible]

The numbers were Arthur Foo[illegible] Suite in E Major, Op. 63, for string [illegible] chestra; the rarely heard tone po[illegible] "Also Sprach Zarathustra," by Rich[illegible] Strauss, himself an ardent Nietzsche[illegible] and Maurice Ravel's orchestral tr[illegible] cription of Moussorgsky's piano pi[illegible] "Pictures at an Exhibition."

Mr. Foote was born at Salem, M[illegible] in 1853, and his suite, first perfor[illegible] in 1909 and harking back to the [illegible] era when Max Fiedler was direct[illegible] the Boston orchestra, was sufficie[illegible] antiquarian to take on the seemi[illegible] a novelty. With its classical Pr[illegible] and Fugue—but with a pizzicato m[illegible] movement by way of innovation—music was perhaps only a pallid belated phantom of Bach, but it untouched by the turbulence of [illegible] present day, and was refreshing in its pellucid grace and its confident air of distinction. It was the score of a writer who had taken the trouble to master the spelling, grammar and rhetoric of his art. A more eloquent reading was deserved than that obtained from Mr. Koussevitzky, whose performance seemed a casual gesture in the direction of Americanism.

* * *

In the ensuing tone poem, Dr. Strauss undertook to illustrate the evolution of the human race through its sacerdotal hallucinations of the past, its scientific aberrations of the present, and its progress to the doctrine of the superman in the future. Interspersed are episodes from Nietzsche's book answerable to lyric treatment, such as the passages entitled "Of the Great Yearning," "Of Joys and Passions," "Grave Song," "The Convalescent," "Dance Song," and "Night Song."

Mr. Koussevitzky delivered with splendor and power the mighty introduction, ending on a C Major chord like the spring of the sun above the horizon, and depicted the realm of the Dwellers in the Rear World—that is, the unfortunates whose minds are still darkened and lamed by traditional religion—with a sombre and tragic horror recalling the deeps of the river bed in "Das Rheingold." Across this gloom ran the tattered and mendicant snivel of a Gregorian hymn. Science fared no better than theology, its pomp and bombast being caricatured by means of a pretentious and risible fugue.

While this work is not one of the prime Straussian masterpieces, it is scarcely so dreary and protracted as it appeared yesterday evening. Mr. Koussevitzky seemed more concerned with detail than with the structure's broad lines, and to regard it as an intellectual rather than a musical document. But the enigmatic conclusion of the World

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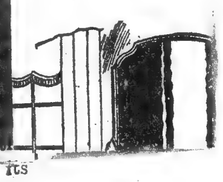

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TELEGRAM
MAR 8 - 1929

"Thus Spake Zarathustra" Is Dominating Boston Offering

By PITTS SANBORN.

IT is unprofitable business labelling and pigeon-holing a work of art and supposing its future settled so far as one's own self is concerned. I had fondly believed that the Nietzschean tone poem of Richard Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," had taken its definitive place in my musical cosmos—forever dead and done with except for the overpowering splendor of the colossal opening; the graceful, gently ironic "Dance Song," and the mysterious bi-tonal conclusion. Then along came Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night and knocked my smug little theory to smithereens.

"Thus Spake Zarathustra" was the principal offering of the visiting Bostonians at their Carnegie Hall concert of yesterday, and as they presented it every bar stood forth in glowing, pulsing life. For perfection of orchestral style and execution, for rich, warm, encompassing beauty, this performance was without a parallel in my experience. And the breadth, the poise, the measured grandeur, the vivifying imaginative insight of Mr. Koussevitzky's reading made that of Richard Strauss himself seem in comparison pale and shallow.

The Strauss composition shared the program with two other numbers—Arthur Foote's E major suite for strings and Ravel's orchestral version of Moussorgsky's familiar piano suite, "Pictures at an Exhibition." In Mr. Foote's work the justly famed Bostonian string choir was heard to radiant advantage. The suite itself, composed over twenty years ago, possesses qualities which in these piping times of atonality, polytonality, "new" counterpoint, and minor second regnant are mercilessly "dated."

Yet any one who still hankers after the outmoded flesh pots of winsome melody, orthodox workmanship, euphony, grace and even—horror of horrors!—elegance will here find meats seasoned to his liking. Mr. Foote's suite is charming music—discreetly reminiscent in parts, but none the worse for that. It was a pleasure to listen to it last evening—a pleasure alike for its own "dated" self and for the dateless excellence of the setting forth.

A huge audience received this concert with deserved enthusiasm.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD

[illegible]E KOUSSEVITZKY
[illegible] a dinner will be given at
Commodore by the Bohemians'
[illegible] in honor of Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Only gentlemen will be present, but they will be entertained by ladies. Mme. Lea Luboschutz will perform on the violin, and Mme. Rosina Lhevinne will play the piano.

[illegible] seem[illegible] chosen[illegible] new ad[illegible]
Mrs. H[illegible] ance as h[illegible] the Boston[illegible] Wednesday [illegible] the first White[illegible] given in the ea[illegible]om by the Wes minster Choir of Dayton O.
It will be a private audition, arrang by Mrs. Harry Elstner Talbott, spons

[illegible]oover and Party Occupy Box at Symphony Concert

By SALLIE V. H. PICKETT

WASHINGTON, March 9.—(AP)—Socially speaking, the new administration is finding its bearings without the slightest difficulty, both the president and Mrs. Hoover being well versed in the intricate labyrinth of official etiquette, the most important event being in arranging for the diplomatic corps to meet the new administration. This the president and Mrs. Hoover have planned for 4 o'clock Monday afternoon.

For the first time since becoming the first lady of the land Mrs. Hoover occupied the White House box in a local theater, going to hear the Boston Symphony orchestra in its [illegible]gram. She created quite a flurry as the White House car drove up and she and her party stepped out.

While Mrs. Coolidge added to the fame of her husband's administration by her spontaneous smile Mrs. Hoover also smiles, and when she does she shows dimples in her pretily turned cheeks and her eyes dance.

She wore a becoming gown of black velvet very simple in desig[illegible], a black velvet hat, brimless and quite close fitting, and long white gloves. The coat was the one she wore for the inaugural ceremonies, of black broadtail quite conservative in length and with a broad collar of sable and a deep band of the fur reaching the bottom of the coat. The cuffs of sable were quite deep.

With Mrs. Hoover was her uncle, W. D. Henry of Wahpeton; her sister, Mrs. Jean Henry Large; Mrs. May Leavitt, the sister of the president, [illegible] Mark Requa of California.

second year of her residence here as the wife of the vice president, and when she became the first lady of the land Miss [illegible]andolph accompanied her to the Whi[illegible] House, occupying a secondary plac[illegible] under Miss Laura Harlan, who ha[illegible] been secretary to Mrs. Harding. La[illegible]r she succeeded to the first place a[illegible] was the friend and companion of [illegible]Mrs. Coolidge as well as secretary. [illegible]hat Miss Randolph is successful in [illegible]er position is evidenced by the [illegible]ct that she made no enemies for th[illegible] first lady, her position being such [illegible] that she might at any time cause [illegible] social quarrel.

Serving with [illegible]s Randolph as secretary are Miss [illegible]Ruth Fessler, who not only served [illegible]. Hoover but Mr. Hoover as well, [illegible]nd Miss Mildred Hall, who has be[illegible] with Mrs. Hoover for a lesser ti[illegible] Miss Fessler is a particularly ca[illegible]ble woman and was secretary to D[illegible] Vernon Kellogg, the close friend of [illegible]r. Hoover.

The large house [illegible]rty entertained by Vice President [illegible]tis and his sister, Mrs. Gann, ov[illegible] March 4 is almost entirely disbar[illegible]d, Mrs. Charles P. George, wife of M[illegible] George, alone remaining until Mo[illegible]y. The vice president's son and [illegible]ughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harry [illegible]ng Curtis, returned to Chicago ea[illegible] in the week, Mr. and Mrs. Webste[illegible]Knight II. returned to their hom[illegible]early in the week, and Mrs. Jero[illegible] Colvin, the vice president's sister, [illegible]urned To-peka in midweek.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
TIMES

ROYALTY AT THE ACADEMY

Serge Koussevitsky brought his Boston Symphony Orchestra to the Academy of Music last night for the fourth in a series of five concerts there this season. And Mr. Koussevitsky likewise brought a program which was somewhat different from the usual symphonic fare.

His opening symphony—he had two on his program—was a composition of royalty, being the handiwork of Frederick the Great, who is said to have been somewhat of a flutist among other accomplishments. Therefore, it was to be expected that the symphony would be a setting for flute fireworks and thus it proved to be what with two such instruments holding forth in the andante. The symphony is of the intimate type and requires only a small orchestra for its rendition. Mr. Koussevitsky read it carefully and somewhat attractively.

Came then the Sibelius concerto for violin and orchestra in D Minor and Richard Burgin, concertmeister of the orchestra, was the assisting soloist. Mr. Burgin appears rather regularly in this role here in Brooklyn. The violinist displayed a sweet and pleasing tone albeit somewhat lacking in texture and content. It was a fiery reading but not one of depth either interpretatively or tonally.

The second symphonic offering was the No. 5 of Tschaikovsky which closed the program and which was presented more in keeping with the tenets of the orchestra. Mr. Koussevitsky was thoroughly at home in it and so was the orchestra and the reading was the highlight of the [illegible]

H. E. S.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD
MAR 9 - 1929

MUSIC

A King and a Peer, Frederick the Great and the Ninth Baron Berners, Appear With Plebeian Strauss and Brahms as Composers on Week's Symphonic Programs—Frederick's Contrasted Relations With Voltaire and Bach

By Richard L. Stokes

FROM the herd of arrant commoners, such as Balakireff, Sibelius, Strauss and Brahms, who figure on this week's orchestral programs as suitors for popular suffrage, there emerges the rare and dazzling apparition of two Persons of Quality. The first is Gerald Hugh Tyrwhitt, ninth Baron Berners, whose suite from "The Triumph of Neptune: an English Pantomime in Ten Tableaux," was presented on Tuesday evening—with but slight accession of lustre to the nobility—by Eugene Goossens and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. The other is no less a being than the most formidable of Prussian autocrats, Frederick the Great, whose Symphony No. 3, in D Major, is scheduled for this afternoon's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall, under the direction of Serge Koussevitsky. It remains to be seen whether the royal opus will bolster up the declining estate of monarchy.

That the victor of Rossbach and Leuthen was an indefatigable scribbler of wretched doggerel is familiarly known, and also that he was an industrious performer on the flute. The further circumstances that he was a prolific composer may cause suprise, even to those reasonably acquainted with the minutiae of musical biography. When a search of the archives was instituted in 1835 by King Frederick William III., there were unearthed as many as 120 compositions by the royal amatur. So that we may ave to amend Macaulay's famous portrait of Frederick as "bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of corrosive sublimate in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other." Quite probably there was a third receptacle containing a ream of music somewhat better than the poetry.

* * *

IN ALL accounts of the savage and cynical monarch through whose constitution ran so perverse a strain of the artist, two singular truths may be noted. The first was that Frederick loved German music and despised that of France and Italy. He once remarked that "French music is good for nothing." This was the more extraordinary in that his idolatry of French literature was notorious. It was in the language of Racine that he labored those tragedies which he hoped would gain for him in purer form the immortality which was his in statecraft and in war.

Secondly, the malevolent torments which Frederick delighted in visiting upon his academy of writing men was in vivid contrast to the human relations subsisting between the sovereign and his conservatory of composers. Toward one of these he appears to have stood in considerable awe. This was his teacher of the flute, Johann Joachim Quantz. C. P. E. Bach once propounded the riddle: "What is the most fearsome animal in the Prussian Kingdom?" No one could tell, so he replied: "Frau Quantz's lapdog." He explained that Frau Quantz was afraid of her dog, Herr Quantz was afraid of his wife, and "the greatest monarch on earth was afraid of Quantz." While this martinet was in the room, none of the other musicians dared applaud Frederick when he played well.

* * *

IN THE course of his career, Frederick came in personal touch with the two men of the day who possessed the greatest creative genius in the respective fields of his own esthetic ambitions. The first was Voltaire; the second was Johann Sebastian Bach. All the world knows how Voltaire was invited to Potsdam, caressed with honors and decorations and put to torture through the King's skill at stinging his vanity, and how Voltaire retorted with the diatribe of "Doctor Akakia;" also, how the poet at last obtained his demission, but was arrested by Frederick's orders at Frankfort, confined for twelve days in a hovel and plundered of sixteen hundred dollars—a more grievous outrage to the avaricious philosopher than the affront to his person.

Far different was Frederick's relation with Bach, who regarded his visit to Potsdam during May, 1747, as the culmination of his entire life. His eldest son, Carl Philipp Emmanuel Bach, held the post of court accompanist at Berlin—a function which was far from a sinecure, since Frederick's sense of time was so erratic that accompanying him was regarded as an art in itself.

Except on the evenings when the Opera House was open, it was the King's habit to regale himself with a concert before supper. He not only played in the orchestra. He selected the program from his conservative repertory, and even discharged the humble office of librarian by placing the parts with his own hands upon the orchestral desks.

* * *

IT WAS on a Sunday evening, and Frederick was already surrounded by his players, when a messenger arrived and the King leapt to his feet, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, old Bach is here!" The concert was forthwith abandoned, and Bach was escorted from room to room by Frederick and his musicians. The King had possessed sufficient taste to discern that the new pianos with hammer action, which had just come in, would supplant the harpsichord, and he had made a collection of instruments manufactured by Silbermann. All of these Bach was required to test.

Then Frederick proposed that his great visitor should improvise on a theme of the King's invention. If Frederick was amazed when Bach proceeded to elaborate the motive on the spot into a fugue, the latter was [illegible]

THE PLAY

(The [illegible] cannot well be condemned.)

Trick 1: N leads Queen of Spades; S, 3 of Spades; S, 8 of Spades; W, 3 of Clubs.

Trick 2: W leads 7 of Clubs; N, Jack of Clubs; E, Ace of Clubs; S, 3 of Clubs.

Trick 3: E leads 2 of Clubs; S, 6 of Clubs; W, King of Clubs; N, 4 of Clubs.

Trick 4: W leads 9 of Diamonds; N, King of Diamonds; E, Ace of Diamonds; S, 2 of Diamonds.

Trick 5: E leads 7 of Spades; S, 10 of Spades; W, 3 of Clubs; N, 3 of Clubs.

Trick 6: W leads Queen of Diamonds; N, Queen of Clubs; E, 3 of Diamonds; S, 4 of Diamonds.

Trick 7: N leads 8 of Spades; E, 9 of Spades; S, Ace of Spades; W, 9 of Clubs.

Trick 8: W leads 6 of Diamonds; N, 9 of Hearts; E, Jack of Diamonds; S, 2 of Diamonds.

Trick 9: E leads 7 of Diamonds; S, 8 of Diamonds; W, 10 of Diamonds; N, 9 of Hearts.

Trick 10: W leads 9 of Hearts; N, 10 of Hearts; E, 4 of Hearts; S, 3 of Spades.

Tricks 11 to 13: N concedes Declarer the last three tricks, as there is no escape from a Heart lead that will permit the Queen to make as well as the Ace.

start suit bidding cheaply.

W properly refuses to be shut out, that freak deals are often a matter of guesswork, particularly for the defensive side. E likewise has to guess whether he can set four Spades; the King of Spades cannot be expected to make, and the three side Aces may net but two tricks, as one of the opponents at least probably holds a void. An assist to five Clubs appears better, as a double of four Spades.

Trick 6: The second Spade force, formerly feared, is now doubly advantageous. It is part of a necessary scheme to make the remaining W-E trumps separately, and assists to strip N out of Spades for an end-play that Declarer can already foresee.

Trick 7: All this is according to schedule. N has to assist in stripping himself out of Spades in order to avoid opening the Heart. Had N failed to trump at Trick 4, W would have led another Diamond to Dummy and trumped out the Spade King himself.

Trick 10: The point of Declarer's machinations. S surely had seven Spades to dare to pre-empt on a suit headed the King and Queen. If he had seven Spades, he was void of Hearts, a fact evident to Declarer at Trick 4 when N produced a singleton King of Diamonds. Declarer plotted a throw-in whereby N is forced to give W two Heart tricks.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph
MAR 9 - 1929

Boston Symphony Tour Of Europe Cancelled

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra will not go to Europe this year.

The long-pending plans have been cancelled, it was learned yesterday, although officials of the organization declared it is only a matter of postponement.

It has been rumored for over eight months that the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, would tour Europe in the Spring and Summer.

Reports from a dozen cities, including London, Berlin, Rome, Paris, Dresden and Vienna, came to America that plans had been completed and all that remained was to set a definite series of dates.

While the trip would not have paid its way, even with sold-out houses, nevertheless the financial obligation was less than a hundred thousand dollars.

Since Walter Damrosch tourned Europe with the late New York Symphony Orchestra Bostonians have been anxious to let the old world hear their organization, for in the old music centers the Boston Symphony Orchestra is rated as America's finest musical body.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
EVENING UNION
MAR 9 - 1929

New Administration Finds Its Social Bearings Easily

President [illegible]oover and New First Lady Are Both W[illegible] Versed in Intricate Labyrinth of Official Etiquet.

WASHINGTON [illegible]arch 9—(AP) Socially speaking, [illegible] new administration is finding [illegible] bearings without the slightest dif[illegible]ulty, both the President and Mrs. [illegible]Hoover being well versed in the [illegible]ricate labyrinth of official etiquet, the most important event being in a[illegible]anging for the diplomatic corps to [illegible]eet the new administration. This t[illegible] President and Mrs. Hoover have [illegible]nned for 4 o'clock Monday aftern[illegible]n, when the ambassadors, ministe[illegible] and charge d'affaires and their wiv[illegible] and the counselors and their wiv[illegible], or where there are not counselors[illegible]e first secretaries and their wives w[illegible] pay their respects. Officials of th[illegible] State Department and the full comp[illegible]ment of White House aides will be [illegible]and to present and care for the g[illegible]sts. The Marine Band will add a live[illegible] note and of course the diplomats wil[illegible] be in full court dress, while many o[illegible]he ladies have already rushed off to New York to visit importers' shop[illegible] and secure new costumes for th[illegible] occasion.

Aside from this specially arranged formality, bo[illegible] the President and Mrs. Hoover have been busily engaged visiting with th[illegible]r family, receiving delegations and settling their effects in the White H[illegible]use cupboards and closets and mak[illegible]g themselves at home.

For the first time since becoming the First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Hoover occupied the White House box in a local theater, going to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its program created quite a flurry as the White House car drove up and she and her party stepped out. While Mrs. Coolidge added to the fame of her husband's administration by her spontaneous smile, Mrs. Hoover also smiles, and when she does, she shows dimples in her prettily turned cheeks and her eyes dance. While there was no real demonstration at the theater, Mrs. Hoover looked out over the large street group with interest. She wore a becoming gown of black velvet, very simple in design, a black velvet hat, brimless and quite close fitting, and long white gloves. The coat was the one she wore for the inaugural ceremonies, of black broadtail, quite conservative in length and with a broad collar of sable and a deep band of the fur reaching the bottom of the coat. The cuffs of sable were quite deep.

With Mrs. Hoover was her uncle, W. D. Henry of Wahpeton, N. D.; her sister, Mrs. Jean Henry Large; Mrs. May Leavitt, the sister of the President, and Mrs. Mark Requa [illegible] California.

* * *

The char[illegible]sidence of the President and Mrs. Hoover in S Street is not to be fully d[illegible]mantled or rather vacated until the [illegible]st of next month, when Senator Fred[illegible]ick C. Walcott of Connecticut and [illegible]s. Walcott, who have leased it, [illegible] take possession. Senator Walcott [illegible]as a suite at the Mayflower, where [illegible]ice-President Curtis lives, but Mr[illegible] Walcott will not come to Washingt[illegible] to stay until they take over the S S[illegible]eet residence. Their two sons, William [illegible] Welch Walcott and Alexander Guthr[illegible] Walcott, are students at Yale. [illegible] is not likely that many of the new [illegible] members of official society will becom[illegible]e permanently settled for several [illegible] weeks yet, but the special session of [illegible] Congress will cause a continuation of [illegible] social events up to its very close. [illegible]ealthy society folk who come here [illegible]rom all sections of the country have [illegible]o idea of deserting the capital while [illegible]here are important officials and dipl[illegible]mats to entertain.

* * *

Everything M[illegible]s. Hoover has done since March 4 h[illegible]s met with unalloyed approval, espec[illegible]lly her retention of Miss Mary Ra[illegible]dolph as head of the social secretary[illegible] staff in the White House. Miss R[illegible]ndolph is the daughter of the lat[illegible] Gen. Randolph and since her earl[illegible] girlhood days has known Washin[illegible]ton society. She is connected with [illegible]many of the most important families [illegible] of the East and her elder sister, Mi[illegible]s Anne Randolph, is social secretary [illegible] Secretary of the Treasury Mellon.

Mrs. Coolidge selected Miss Mary Randolph as her secretary about the second year of her residence here as the wife of the Vice-President and when she became the First Lady of the Land Miss Randolph accompanied her to the White House, occupying a secondary place under Miss Laura Harlan who had been secretary to Mrs. Harding. Later she succeeded to the first place and was the friend and companion of Mrs. Coolidge as well as secretary.

Serving with Miss Randolph as secretary are Miss Ruth Fessler, who not only served Mrs. Hoover, but Mr. Hoover as well, and Miss Mildred Hall, who has been with Mrs. Hoover for a lesser time. Miss Fessler is a particularly capable woman and was secretary to Dr. Vernon Kellogg, the close friend of Mr. Hoover.

* * *

While many congressional families are rushing off to their respective homes to remain for a few weeks during the recess, others and especially those with children in Washington schools, are remaining on and assisting in the social excitement that follows in the wake of a new administration. The large house party entertained by Vice-President Curtis and his sister, Mrs. Gann, over March 4, is almost entirely disbanded, Mrs. Charles P. George, wife of Maj. George, alone remaining until Monday. The Vice-President's son and daughter in law, Mr. and Mrs. Harry King Curtis, returned to Chicago early in the week. Mr. and Mrs. Webster Knight, 2d, returned to their home early in the week, and Mrs. Jerome Colvin, the Vice-President's sister, returned to Topeka in midweek. During the recess of Congress the Vice-President and his sister are accepting many invitations and it is expected Mrs. Gann and all of the new Cabinet women now in town, will receive informally Wednesday, the regular Cabinet day at home.

* * *

Never before has Washington enjoyed so familiar an acquaintance with a new executive family, and with Mrs. Frank B. Kellogg, wife of the Secretary of State, remaining in Washington with her husband, until the arrival of the new Secretary, Henry Lewis Stimson, the newest women feel that they have an experienced pilot into the social shoals. Mrs. Kellogg is a great favorite here and has filled her place with unequalled tact and grace. Mrs. Stimson also knows the ways of Washington Cabinet life, and in fact so does Mrs. William De Witt Mitchell, whose husband is the new Attorney General. As the wife of the solicitor general, Mrs. Mitchell figured constantly in society. The new Secretary of War and Mrs. Good have been living in Washington most of the time since 1921. Because Mr. Good was in the lower house of Congress before he retired to enter the practise of law in Chicago, Mr. Good is a member of the Congressional Club and has religiously kept up all of her congressional social connections. Both the Secretary and Mrs. Good have taken particular interest in the Iowa State Society here, their former home being at Cedar Rapids.

* * *

Nothing has so pleased Washington society as that James J. Davis remains in the Cabinet. His handsome blonde wife is a very particular favorite and nothing could have been more charming than her rush of hospitality during the inaugural week. She was never daunted at entertaining three or four hundred guests at a time and the refreshments she offered were of a substantial and sustaining sort.

On each occasion when these large delegations arrived, they found her waiting with the Secretary of Labor just within the front door to greet them, and ranged along in the great entrance hall of their home or walking wonderingly through the drawing rooms were the four little girls, Jane, Jean, June and Jewel, dressed exactly alike in pretty yellow crepe frocks, as dainty as French dolls. The son of the house and the eldest of the five children, took especial interest in assisting and waiting on the guests.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph
MAR 9 - 1929

137

[illegible] Ta[illegible]

[illegible]

Orchestra, [illegible] Symphony canny power of [illegible]

Not only has he[illegible] ings, wherein there are [illegible] all over there is never that [illegible] when banquets are better to look [illegible]

Further, Koussevitzky know[illegible] performances, at revivals for sp[illegible] or anything else you might menti[illegible] No other conductor of the present season has been so uniformly successful in this regard. Even Mr. Toscanini in the two programs of his present visit has not compared with the Boston conductor in his selection of program matter, new and old.

In the matter of playing American works, not even American musicians have shown so uninterruptedly the better side of American composition. Not one has Koussevitzky chosen a shoddy piece of American creative art.

Thus, on Thursday evening, all of these points were again in evidence when the Boston Symphony Orchestra came to Carnegie Hall for its fourth visit.

The Suite in E Major for String Orchestra of Arthur Foote was Mr. Koussevitzky's present obeisance to American musical literature, and a further gratification of his own love of the windless, percussionless ensemble. The conductor-contrabassist is never happier than when the strings are at it alone, whether in the performance of classic or modern works.

The Composer's Art

THE chaste, pure quality of the strings in choir formation was Foote's dream when he wrote the Suite. He has eminently succeeded in creating a mood of fleshless loveliness, wherein Catalonian marbel shines white and dazzling. The Fugue exhibits Foote as a master builder in the form, but the Prelude is the best example of him, as a maker of music. "Pizzicato" is an ingenious use of a massed plucking, and the Adagietto is almost as alluring as the Prelude.

Was it the performance which Koussevitsky gave to the Suite, which made it so seeming important? Partially, and yet I do not think Mr. Koussevitsky can make anything sound better than it is, latently. Toscanini has that gift—a tawdry Respighi composition sounds momentarily like great music when the Italian is before the audience.

I have never heard Toscanini conduct the Moussorgsky "Pictures at an Exhibition" as orchestrated by Ravel. But it is certain that despite the typical heaven-soaring climaxes with which he sought to bewilder the senses, Koussevitzky was unable to transfigure the score which Ravel has evolved. Only at a few points, in the always descriptive panorama of studies and portraits, has the orchestration done anything good for Moussorgsky's piano composition. The rest of the way the result has been confusing, denaturizing, neutralizing and frequently the means of a complete annihilation of character, mood, color.

Strauss Number

THE passage at arms of Goldenburg and Schmuyle grew in humor, the Promenade steps were more vigorous, but the gnomes were turned into giants, the Wheels of the Wagon did not bump, the Catacombs lost their mystery. Personally, I prefer the "Pictures" as Moussorgsky wrote the work —on the piano.

The performance of "Also Sprach Zarathustra" of Richard Strauss was the most notable portion of the program. In many respects the genius of the German composer was never better exhibited than in this musical version of Nietsche's epic to the Superman. The tone poem touches the heights of the Nietschean ideal. It suggests and evokes phases of Zarathustra's wanderings and teachings. Yet there is a surging, swirling flood of intoxicating, sensuous beauty throughout the long score.

At some moments, the blend of rapturous and swooning phrases, flowing in a river of quivering colors, catches the senses and threatens to rob the mind of will-power.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD

MAR 9 - 1929

MUSIC

A King and a Peer, Frederick the Great and the Ninth Baron Berners, Appear With Plebeian Strauss and Brahms as Composers on Week's Symphonic Programs—Frederick's Contrasted Relations With Voltaire and Bach

By Richard L. Stokes

FROM the herd of arrant commoners, such as Balakireff, Sibelius, Strauss and Brahms, who figure on this week's orchestral programs as suitors for popular suffrage, there emerges the rare and dazzling apparition of two Persons of Quality. The first is Gerald Hugh Tyrwhitt, ninth Baron Berners, whose suite from "The Triumph of Neptune: an English Pantomime in Ten Tableaux," was presented on Tuesday evening—with but slight accession of lustre to the nobility—by Eugene Goossens and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. The other is no less a being than the most formidable of Prussian autocrats, Frederick the Great, whose Symphony No. 3, in D Major, is scheduled for this afternoon's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall, under the direction of Serge Koussevitsky. It remains to be seen whether the royal opus will bolster up the declining estate of monarchy.

That the victor of Rossbach and Leuthen was an indefatigable scribbler of wretched doggerel is familiarly known, and also that he was an industrious performer on the flute. The further circumstances that he was a prolific composer may cause suprise, even to those reasonably acquainted with the minutiae of musical biography. When a search of the archives was instituted in 1835 by King Frederick William III., there were unearthed as many as 120 compositions by the royal amatur. So that we may ave to amend Macaulay's famous portrait of Frederick as "bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of corrosive sublimate in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other." Quite probably there was a third receptacle containing a ream of music somewhat better than the poetry.

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IN ALL accounts of the savage and cynical monarch through whose constitution ran so perverse a strain of the artist, two singular truths may be noted. The first was that Frederick loved German music and despised that of France and Italy. He once remarked that "French music is good for nothing." This was the more extraordinary in that his idolatry of French literature was notorious. It was in the language of Racine that he labored those tragedies which he hoped would gain for him in purer form the immortality which was his in statecraft and in war.

Secondly, the malevolent torments which Frederick delighted in visiting upon his academy of writing men was in vivid contrast to the human relations subsisting between the sovereign and his conservatory of composers. Toward one of these he appears to have stood in considerable awe. This was his teacher of the flute, Johann Joachim Quantz. C. P. E. Bach once propounded the riddle: "What is the most fearsome animal in the Prussian Kingdom?" No one could tell, so he replied: "Frau Quantz's lapdog." He explained that Frau Quantz was afraid of her dog, Herr Quantz was afraid of his wife, and "the greatest monarch on earth was afraid of Quantz." While this martinet was in the room, none of the other musicians dared applaud Frederick when he played well.

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IN THE course of his career, Frederick came in personal touch with the two men of the day who possessed the greatest creative genius in the respective fields of his own esthetic ambitions. The first was Voltaire; the second was Johann Sebastian Bach. All the world knows how Voltaire was invited to Potsdam, caressed with honors and decorations and put to torture through the King's skill at stinging his vanity, and how Voltaire retorted with the diatribe of "Doctor Akakia;" also, how the poet at last obtained his demission, but was arrested by Frederick's orders at Frankfort, confined for twelve days in a hovel and plundered of sixteen hundred dollars—a more grievous outrage to the avaricious philosopher than the affront to his person.

Far different was Frederick's relation with Bach, who regarded his visit to Potsdam during May, 1747, as the culmination of his entire life. His eldest son, Carl Philipp Emmanuel Bach, held the post of court accompanist at Berlin—a function which was far from a sinecure, since Frederick's sense of time was so erratic that accompanying him was regarded as an art in itself.

Except on the evenings when the Opera House was open, it was the King's habit to regale himself with a concert before supper. He not only played in the orchestra. He selected the program from his conservative repertory, and even discharged the humble office of librarian by placing the parts with his own hands upon the orchestral desks.

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IT WAS on a Sunday evening, and Frederick was already surrounded by his players, when a messenger arrived and the King leapt to his feet, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, old Bach is here!" The concert was forthwith abandoned, and Bach was escorted from room to room by Frederick and his musicians. The King had possessed sufficient taste to discern that the new pianos with hammer action, which had just come in, would suppplant the harpsichord, and he had made a collection of instruments manufactured by Silbermann. All of these Bach was required to test.

Then Frederick proposed that his great visitor should improvise on a theme of the King's invention. If Frederick was amazed when Bach proceeded to elaborate the motive on the spot into a fugue, the latter was [illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph

MAR 9 - 1929

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Further, Koussevitzky know[illegible] performances, at revivals for sp[illegible] or anything else you might menti[illegible] No other conductor of the present season has been so uniformly successful in this regard. Even Mr. Toscanini in the two programs of his present visit has not compared with the Boston conductor in his selection of program matter, new and old.

In the matter of playing American works, not even American musicians have shown so uninterruptedly the better side of American composition. Not one has Koussevitzky chosen a shoddy piece of American creative art.

Thus, on Thursday evening, all of these points were again in evidence when the Boston Symphony Orchestra came to Carnegie Hall for its fourth visit.

The Suite in E Major for String Orchestra of Arthur Foote was Mr. Koussevitzky's present obeisance to American musical literature, and a further gratification of his own love of the windless, percussionless ensemble. The conductor-contrabassist is never happier than when the strings are at it alone, whether in the performance of classic or modern works.

The Composer's Art

THE chaste, pure quality of the strings in choir formation was Foote's dream when he wrote the Suite. He has eminently succeeded in creating a mood of fleshless loveliness, wherein Catalonian marbel shines white and dazzling. The Fugue exhibits Foote as a master builder in the form, but the Prelude is the best example of him, as a maker of music. "Pizzicato" is an ingenious use of a massed plucking, and the Adagietto is almost as alluring as the Prelude.

Was it the performance which Koussevitsky gave to the Suite, which made it so seeming important? Partially, and yet I do not think Mr. Koussevitsky can make anything sound better than it is, latently. Toscanini has that gift—a tawdry Respighi composition sounds momentarily like great music when the Italian is before the audience.

I have never heard Toscanini conduct the Moussorgsky "Pictures at an Exhibition" as orchestrated by Ravel. But it is certain that despite the typical heaven-soaring climaxes with which he sought to bewilder the senses, Koussevitzky was unable to transfigure the score which Ravel has evolved. Only at a few points, in the always descriptive panorama of studies and portraits, has the orchestration done anything good for Moussorgsky's piano composition. The rest of the way the result has been confusing, denaturizing, neutralizing and frequently the means of a complete annihilation of character, mood, color.

Strauss Number

THE passage at arms of Goldenburg and Schmuyle grew in humor, the Promenade steps were more vigorous, but the gnomes were turned into giants, the Wheels of the Wagon did not bump, the Catacombs lost their mystery. Personally, I prefer the "Pictures" as Moussorgsky wrote the work—on the piano.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
EVENING UNION

MAR 9 - 1929

New Administration Finds Its Social Bearings Easily

President Hoover and New First Lady Are Both Well Versed in Intricate Labyrinth of Official Etiquet.

WASHINGTON March 9—(AP) Socially speaking, the new administration is finding its bearings without the slightest difficulty, both the President and Mrs. Hoover being well versed in the intricate labyrinth of official etiquet, the most important event being in arranging for the diplomatic corps to meet the new administration. This the President and Mrs. Hoover have planned for 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, when the ambassadors, ministers and charge d'affaires and their wives and the counselors and their wives, or where there are not counselors the first secretaries and their wives will pay their respects. Officials of the State Department and the full complement of White House aides will be on hand to present and care for the guests. The Marine Band will add a lively note and of course the diplomats will be in full court dress, while many of the ladies have already rushed off to New York to visit importers' shops and secure new costumes for the occasion.

Aside from this specially arranged formality, both the President and Mrs. Hoover have been busily engaged visiting with their family, receiving delegations and settling their effects in the White House cupboards and closets and making themselves at home.

* * *

For the first time since becoming the First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Hoover occupied the White House box in a local theater, going to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its program. She created quite a flurry as the White House car drove up and she and her party stepped out. While Mrs. Coolidge added to the fame of her husband's administration by her spontaneous smile, Mrs. Hoover also smiles, and when she does, she shows dimples in her prettily turned cheeks and her eyes dance. While there was no real demonstration at the theater, Mrs. Hoover looked out over the large street group with interest. She wore a becoming gown of black velvet, very simple in design, a black velvet hat, brimless and quite close fitting, and long white gloves. The coat was the one she wore for the inaugural ceremonies, of black broadtail, quite conservative in length and with a broad collar of sable and a deep band of the fur reaching the bottom of the coat. The cuffs of sable were quite deep.

With Mrs. Hoover was her uncle, W. D. Henry of Wahpeton, N. D.; her sister, Mrs. Jean Henry Large; Mrs. May Leavitt, the sister of the President, and Mrs. Mark Requa [illegible] California.

* * *

The change of residence of the President and Mrs. Hoover in S Street is not to be fully dismantled or rather vacated until the first of next month, when Senator Frederick C. Walcott of Connecticut and Mrs. Walcott, who have leased it, will take possession. Senator Walcott has a suite at the Mayflower, where Vice-President Curtis lives, but Mrs. Walcott will not come to Washington to stay until they take over the S Street residence. Their two sons, William Welch Walcott and Alexander Guthrie Walcott, are students at Yale. It is not likely that many of the new members of official society will become permanently settled for several weeks yet, but the special session of Congress will cause a continuation of social events up to its very close. Wealthy society folk who come here from all sections of the country have no idea of deserting the capital while there are important officials and diplomats to entertain.

* * *

Everything Mrs. Hoover has done since March 4 has met with unalloyed approval, especially her retention of Miss Mary Randolph as head of the social secretary's staff in the White House. Miss Randolph is the daughter of the late Gen. Randolph and since her early girlhood days has known Washington society. She is connected with many of the most important families of the East and her elder sister, Miss Anne Randolph, is social secretary to Secretary of the Treasury Mellon.

Mrs. Coolidge selected Miss Mary Randolph as her secretary about the second year of her residence here as the wife of the Vice-President and when she became the First Lady of the Land Miss Randolph accompanied her to the White House, occupying a secondary place under Miss Laura Harlan who had been secretary to Mrs. Harding. Later she succeeded to the first place and was the friend and companion of Mrs. Coolidge as well as secretary.

Serving with Miss Randolph as secretary are Miss Ruth Fessler, who not only served Mrs. Hoover, but Mr. Hoover as well, and Miss Mildred Hall, who has been with Mrs. Hoover for a lesser time. Miss Fessler is a particularly capable woman and was secretary to Dr. Vernon Kellogg, the close friend of Mr. Hoover.

* * *

While many congressional families are rushing off to their respective homes to remain for a few weeks during the recess, others and especially those with children in Washington schools, are remaining on and assisting in the social excitement that follows in the wake of a new administration. The large house party entertained by Vice-President Curtis and his sister, Mrs. Gann, over March 4, is almost entirely disbanded, Mrs. Charles P. George, wife of Maj. George, alone remaining until Monday. The Vice-President's son and daughter in law, Mr. and Mrs. Harry King Curtis, returned to Chicago early in the week; Mr. and Mrs. Webster Knight, 2d, returned to their home early in the week, and Mrs. Jerome Colvin, the Vice-President's sister, returned to Topeka in midweek. During the recess of Congress the Vice-President and his sister are accepting many invitations and it is expected Mrs. Gann and all of the new Cabinet women now in town, will receive informally Wednesday, the regular Cabinet day at home.

* * *

Never before has Washington enjoyed so familiar an acquaintance with a new executive family and with Mrs. Frank B. Kellogg, wife of the Secretary of State, remaining in Washington with her husband, until the arrival of the new Secretary, Henry Lewis Stimson, the newest women feel that they have an experienced pilot into the social shoals. Mrs. Kellogg is a great favorite here and has filled her place with unequaled tact and grace. Mrs. Stimson also knows the ways of Washington Cabinet life, and in fact so does Mrs. William De Witt Mitchell, whose husband is the new Attorney General. As the wife of the solicitor general, Mrs. Mitchell figured constantly in society. The new Secretary of War and Mrs. Good have been living in Washington most of the time since 1921. Because Mr. Good was in the lower house of Congress before he retired to enter the practise of law in Chicago, Mr. Good is a member of the Congressional Club and has religiously kept up all of her congressional social connections. Both the Secretary and Mrs. Good have taken particular interest in the Iowa State Society here, their former home being at Cedar Rapids.

* * *

Nothing has so pleased Washington society as that James J. Davis remains in the Cabinet. His handsome blonde wife is a very particular favorite and nothing could have been more charming than her rush of hospitality during the inaugural week. She was never daunted at entertaining three or four hundred guests at a time and the refreshments she offered were of a substantial and sustaining sort.

On each occasion when these large delegations arrived, they found her waiting with the Secretary of Labor just within the front door to greet them, and ranged along in the great entrance hall of their home or walking wonderingly through the drawing rooms were the four little girls, Jane, Jean, June and Jewel, dressed exactly alike in pretty yellow crepe frocks, as dainty as French dolls. The son of the house and the eldest of the five children, took especial interest in assisting and waiting on the guests.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph

MAR 9 - 1929

Boston Symphony Tour Of Europe Cancelled

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra will not go to Europe this year.

The long-pending plans have been cancelled, it was learned yesterday, although officials of the organization declared it is only a matter of postponement.

It has been rumored for over eight months that the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, would tour Europe in the Spring and Summer.

Reports from a dozen cities, including London, Berlin, Rome, Paris, Dresden and Vienna, came to America that plans had been completed and all that remained was to set a definite series of dates.

While the trip would not have paid its way, even with sold-out houses, nevertheless the financial obligation was less than a hundred thousand dollars.

Since Walter Damrosch tourned Europe with the late New York Symphony Orchestra Bostonians have been anxious to let the old world hear their organization, for in the old music centers the Boston Symphony Orchestra is rated as America's finest musical body.

THE DOMINO IS SQUARE [illegible]
cannot well be condemned.)

THE PLAY

Trick 1: N leads Queen of Spades; E, 5 of Spades; S, 3 of Spades; W, 8 of Clubs.

Trick 2: W leads 7 of Clubs; N, Jack of Clubs; E, Ace of Clubs; S, 3 of Clubs.

Trick 3: E leads 2 of Clubs; S, 6 of Clubs; W, King of Clubs; N, 4 of Clubs.

Trick 4: W leads 9 of Diamonds; N, King of Diamonds; E, Ace of Diamonds; S, 3 of Diamonds.

Trick 5: E leads 7 of Spades; S, 10 of Spades; W, 8 of Clubs; N, 3 of Spades.

Trick 6: W leads Queen of Diamonds; N, Queen of Clubs; E, 8 of Diamonds; S, 4 of Diamonds.

Trick 7: N leads 9 of Spades; E, King of Spades; S, Ace of Spades; W, 9 of Clubs.

Trick 8: W leads 6 of Diamonds; N, 3 of Hearts; E, Jack of Diamonds; S, 5 of Diamonds.

Trick 9: E leads 7 of Diamonds; S, 8 of Diamonds; W, 10 of Diamonds; N, 9 of Hearts.

Trick 10: W leads 9 of Hearts; N, 10 of Hearts; E, 4 of Hearts; S, 3 of Spades.

Trick 11 to 13: N concedes Declarer the last three tricks, as there is no escape from a Heart lead that will permit the Queen to make as well as the Ace.

start suit, bidding cheaply. W properly refuses to be shut out. Of N's Spade assist it can only be said that freak deals are often a matter of guesswork, particularly for the defensive side. E likewise has to guess whether he can set four Spades; the King of Spades cannot be expected to make, and the three side Aces may not but two tricks, as one of the opponents at least probably holds a void. An assist of five Clubs appears better than a double of four Spades.

Trick 5: The second Spade force, formerly feared, is now doubly advantageous. It is part of a necessary scheme to make the remaining W-E trumps separately, and assists to strip N out of Spades for an end-play that Declarer can already foresee.

Trick 7: All this is according to schedule. N has to assist in stripping himself out of Spades in order to avoid opening the Hearts. Had N failed to trump at Trick 4, W would have led another Diamond to Dummy and trumped out the Spade King himself.

Trick 10: The point of Declarer's machinations. S surely had seven Spades to dare to pre-empt on a suit lacking the King and Queen. If he had seven Spades, he was void of Hearts, a fact evident to Declarer at Trick 4 when N produced a singleton King of Diamonds. Declarer plotted a throw-in whereby N is forced to give W two Heart tricks.

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Then Frederick proposed that his great visitor should improvise on a theme of the King's invention. If Frederick was amazed when Bach proceeded to elaborate the motive on the spot into a fugue, the latter was no less arrested by the quality of the melody. When Frederick sent a package of his manuscript to Voltaire for correction, the poet exclaimed: "See what a quantity of his dirty linen the King has sent me to wash." Whereupon, as Macaulay relates, Frederick was as much incensed as a Grub Street hack who found his name in the "Dunciad."

Bach, on the contrary, was so impressed by Frederick's melody that he carried it away in his memory and soon took occasion to develop it with his profoundest science in the work known as his "Musikalisches Opfer," because he despatched it to the King as a "Musical Offering." Furthermore, when Bach came to write his monumental work, "Kunst der Fuge," a series of fugues and canons on a single theme, it was the King's melody, in shortened form, that he chose as his subject.

Long after Voltaire had escaped from Potsdam, he was accustomed to write to Frederick in this vein: "You have great talents. You have good qualities. But you have one odious vice. You delight in the abasement of your fellow-creatures. You have brought disgrace on the name of philosopher. You have given some color to the slander of bigots, who say that no confidence can be placed in the justice or humanity of those who reject the Christian faith."

Bach, on communicating his "Musikalisches Opfer" to the King, wrote that "its most distinguished part was the work of your illustrious hand," that his improvisation was not equal to "the excellence" of the motive and that he had determined "to give a right royal thema the treatment it deserves, and to make it known to the whole world." Nearly thirty years afterward, Frederick, in conversation with Van Swieten, "sang in a loud voice the theme for a chromatic fugue which he had given to the elder Bach." But the King habitually referred to Voltaire as "a bad-hearted fellow, and the greatest rascal on the face of the earth."

* * *

THE ROYAL symphony played to-day for the first time in New York was composed in 1743—that is, during the interval between Frederick's seizure of Silesia and his resumption of hostilities with the invasion of Saxony in 1745. It is the third of his four symphonies, the others having been written for strings alone. The one in D Major is scored for strings, two flutes, two oboes, two horns and bassoon. The King wrote all the parts without assistance, according to Philip Hale, but showed the score to Quantz, who corrected only a few notes. It was one of the few compositions by the King which were published during his life-time. It was printed at Nuremberg by order of his sister Wilhelmine, Margravine of Bayreuth, as a pleasant surprise for her brother.

According to one authority, when Frederick composed, he wrote out the melody in notation, and then set down in words what the bass and the other voices should be, with directions such as "Here the bass goes in eighth notes," or "These measures for violin alone." It was the task of the court composer, Johann Friedrich Agricola, to translate the memoranda into musical notation. But the symphony in D appears to have been an exception to this practice, in that Frederick wrote the parts out in their entirety with his own hand.

C. P. E. Bach had no great admiration for Frederick's talent as a composer. As a performer on the flute, it was said that he could render an andante with an expressiveness fit to bring tears to the eyes, which startled those who regarded the King as an unprincipled robber and sceptic. But his execution was not proficient in rapid movements, while his eccentric notions of time were the despair of accompanists. He composed several marches, one to Lessing's play, "Minna von Barnhelm," operatic arias and overtures. But there is question as to the authorship of "Der Hohenfriedberger," the most popular of the marches once ascribed to the regal pen.

Frederick's love of music and his unflagging courtesy to musicians, so different from his barbarity toward men of letters, stands out as a peculiarly human trait in the commander who, seeing that one of his soldiers flinched before a storm of bullets, cried out: "Schweinhund, do you wish to live forever?"

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President Hoover and New First Lady Are Both Well Versed in Intricate Labyrinth of Official Etiquet.

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With Mrs. Hoover was her uncle, W. D. Henry of Wahpeton, N. D.; her sister, Mrs. Jean Henry Large; Mrs. May Leavitt, the sister of the President, and Mrs. Mark Requa of California.

* * *

The change of residence of the President and Mrs. Hoover in S Street is not to be fully dismantled or rather vacated until the first of next month, when Senator Frederick C. Walcott of Connecticut and Mrs. Walcott, who have leased it, will take possession. Senator Walcott has a suite at the Mayflower, where Vice-President Curtis lives, but Mrs. Walcott will not come to Washington to stay until they take over the S Street residence. Their two sons, William Welch Walcott and Alexander Guthrie Walcott, are students at Yale. It is not likely that many of the new members of official society will become permanently settled for several weeks yet, but the special session of Congress will cause a continuation of social events up to its very close. Wealthy society folk who come here from all sections of the country have no idea of deserting the capital while there are important officials and diplomats to entertain.

* * *

Everything Mrs. Hoover has done since March 4 has met with unalloyed approval, especially her retention of Miss Mary Randolph as head of the social secretary staff in the White House. Miss Randolph is the daughter of the late Gen. Randolph and since her early girlhood days has known Washington society. She is connected with many of the most important families of the East and her elder sister, Miss Anne Randolph, is social secretary to Secretary of the Treasury Mellon.

Mrs. Coolidge selected Miss Mary Randolph as her secretary about the second year of her residence here as the wife of the Vice-President and when she became the First Lady of the Land Miss Randolph accompanied her to the White House, occupying a secondary place under Miss Laura Harlan who had been secretary to Mrs. Harding. Later she succeeded to the first place and was the friend and companion of Mrs. Coolidge as well as secretary.

Serving with Miss Randolph as secretary are Miss Ruth Fessler, who not only served Mrs. Hoover, but Mr. Hoover as well, and Miss Mildred Hall, who has been with Mrs. Hoover for a lesser time. Miss Fessler is a particularly capable woman and was secretary to Dr. Vernon Kellogg, the close friend of Mr. Hoover.

* * *

While many congressional families are rushing off to their respective homes to remain for a few weeks during the recess, others and especially those with children in Washington schools, are remaining on and assisting in the social excitement that follows in the wake of a new administration. The large house party entertained by Vice-President Curtis and his sister, Mrs. Gann, over March 4, is almost entirely disbanded, Mrs. Charles P. George, wife of Maj. George, alone remaining until Monday. The Vice-President's son and daughter in law, Mr. and Mrs. Harry King Curtis, returned to Chicago early in the week. Mr. and Mrs. Webster Knight, 2d, returned to their home early in the week, and Mrs. Jerome Colvin, the Vice-President's sister, returned to Topeka in midweek. During the recess of Congress the Vice-President and his sister are accepting many invitations and it is expected Mrs. Gann and all of the new Cabinet women now in town, will receive informally Wednesday, the regular Cabinet day at home.

* * *

Never before has Washington enjoyed so familiar an acquaintance with a new executive family, and with Mrs. Frank B. Kellogg, wife of the Secretary of State, remaining in Washington with her husband, until the arrival of the new Secretary, Henry Lewis Stimson, the newer women feel that they have an experienced pilot into the social shoals. Mrs. Kellogg is a great favorite here and has filled her place with unequalled tact and grace. Mrs. Stimson also knows the ways of Washington Cabinet life, and in fact so does Mrs. William De Witt Mitchell, whose husband is the new Attorney General. As the wife of the solicitor general, Mrs. Mitchell figured constantly in society. The new Secretary of War and Mrs. Good have been living in Washington most of the time since 1921. Because Mr. Good was in the lower house of Congress before he retired to enter the practise of law in Chicago, Mrs. Good is a member of the Congressional Club and has religiously kept up all of her congressional social connections. Both the Secretary and Mrs. Good have taken particular interest in the Iowa State Society here, their former home being at Cedar Rapids.

* * *

Nothing has so pleased Washington society as that James J. Davis remains in the Cabinet. His handsome blonde wife is a very particular favorite and nothing could have been more charming than her rush of hospitality during the inaugural week. She was never daunted at entertaining three or four hundred guests at a time and the refreshments she offered were of a substantial and sustaining sort.

On each occasion when these large delegations arrived, they found her waiting with the Secretary of Labor just within the front door to greet them, and ranged along in the great entrance hall of their home or walking wonderingly through the drawing rooms were the four little girls, Jane, Jean, June and Jewel, dressed exactly alike in pretty yellow crepe frocks, as dainty as French dolls. The son of the house and the eldest of the five children, took especial interest in assisting and waiting on the guests.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph
MAR 9 - 1929

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Further, Koussevitzky knows ... performances, at revivals for ... or anything else you might mention. No other conductor of the present season has been so uniformly successful in this regard. Even Mr. Toscanini in the two programs of his present visit has not compared with the Boston conductor in his selection of program matter, new and old.

In the matter of playing American works, not even American musicians have shown so uninterruptedly the better side of American composition. Not one has Koussevitzky chosen a shoddy piece of American creative art.

Thus, on Thursday evening, all of these points were again in evidence when the Boston Symphony Orchestra came to Carnegie Hall for its fourth visit.

The Suite in E Major for String Orchestra of Arthur Foote was Mr. Koussevitzky's present obeisance to American musical literature, and a further gratification of his own love of the windless, percussionless ensemble. The conductor-contrabassist is never happier than when the strings are at it alone, whether in the performance of classic or modern works.

The Composer's Art

THE chaste, pure quality of the strings in choir formation was Foote's dream when he wrote the Suite. He has eminently succeeded in creating a mood of fleshless loveliness, wherein Catalonian marbel shines white and dazzling. The Fugue exhibits Foote as a master builder in the form, but the Prelude is the best example of him, as a maker of music. "Pizzicato" is an ingenious use of a massed plucking, and the Adagietto is almost as alluring as the Prelude.

Was it the performance which Koussevitsky gave to the Suite, which made it so seeming important? Partially, and yet I do not think Mr. Koussevitsky can make anything sound better than it is, latently. Toscanini has that gift—a tawdry Respighi composition sounds momentarily like great music when the Italian is before the audience.

I have never heard Toscanini conduct the Moussorgsky "Pictures at an Exhibition" as orchestrated by Ravel. But it is certain that despite the typical heaven-soaring climaxes with which he sought to bewilder the senses, Koussevitzky was unable to transfigure the score which Ravel has evolved. Only at a few points, in the always descriptive panorama of studies and portraits, has the orchestration done anything good for Moussorgsky's piano composition. The rest of the way the result has been confusing, denaturizing, neutralizing and frequently the means of a complete annihilation of character, mood, color.

Strauss Number

THE passage at arms of Goldenburg and Schmuyle grew in humor, the Promenade steps were more vigorous, but the gnomes were turned into giants, the Wheels of the Wagon did not bump, the Catacombs lost their mystery. Personally, I prefer the "Pictures" as Moussorgsky wrote the work—on the piano.

The performance of "Also Sprach Zarathustra" of Richard Strauss was the most notable portion of the program. In many respects the genius of the German composer was never better exhibited than in this musical version of Nietsche's epic to the Superman. The tone poem touches the heights of the Nietschean ideal. It suggests and evokes phases of Zarathustra's wanderings and teachings. Yet there is a surging, swirling flood of intoxicating, sensuous beauty throughout the long score.

At some moments, the blend of rapturous and swooning phrases, flowing in a river of quivering colors, catches the senses and threatens to rob the mind of will-power.

Koussevitzky, in "Zarathustra," emerged almost as great as Strauss. The Bostonians never drew a richer tone from their instruments.

...go to Europe this year.

The long-pending plans have been cancelled, it was learned yesterday, although officials of the organization declared it is only a matter of postponement.

It has been rumored for over eight months that the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, would tour Europe in the Spring and Summer.

Reports from a dozen cities, including London, Berlin, Rome, Paris, Dresden and Vienna, came to America that plans had been completed and all that remained was to set a definite series of dates.

While the trip would not have paid its way, even with sold-out houses, nevertheless the financial obligation was less than a hundred thousand dollars.

Since Walter Damrosch tournedEurope with the late New York Symphony Orchestra Bostonians have been anxious to let the old world hear their organization, for in the music centers the Boston Symphony Orchestra is rated as America's finest musical body.

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DETROIT, MICH.
FREE PRESS
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New Administration Will Greet Diplomats Monday

President and Mrs. Hoover Now Divide Time Between Settling Themselves in New Home and Official Duties.

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VARD CUSHING

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The concert concluded with the E minor Symphony of Tschaikowsky.

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NEW YORK WORLD
MAR 10

THIS CLIPPING FROM
KALAMAZOO, MICH.
GAZETTE
MAR 10 1929

Inaugural Over,

Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Jr., and their two adorable youngsters, Peggy Ann and Herbert, III, and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa of California, old-time friends. Allan Hoover, the youngest son, set off Friday for California to pick up his studies where he left off about 10 days ago to come East for the crowning event in the Hoover family history.

STILL 'SEEING WASHINGTON'

Upon the whole at the old Hoover home in S street everything is going 100 per cent, with the overflow of relatives and family friends in residence. One of the first lady's good friends, a very generally helpful standby, is playing host for Mrs. Hoover to a family made up of her sister, Mrs. Jean Henry Large, and W. D. Henry, an uncle, and a very great family favorite. During the day, there is generally a grand re-assembling about the White House luncheon table, and a general dispersal thereafter.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, Jr., and their two children will possibly remain for a fortnight longer before going to California, where they will establish a home. As the guests at the White House take leave, those stopping at the S street home will betake themselves to the White House. An elderly personage, full of pep and keenly interested in the grand-sight-seeing tours engineered for the benefit of the visitors, Mr. Henry, who made the trip from North Dakota, may possibly stop for a while with the President and Mrs. Hoover.

Despite the long separation and the transcontinental distances, the Hoover family is a closely-knit group and there is no dull day when the kinsfolk on both sides foregather for a visit.

At all events no group of "trippers" ever went at the business of "seeing Washington" with greater enthusiasm than does the little company of the White House family, relatives, and old-time friends who journeyed to Washington for the inaugural ceremonies.

Come Monday afternoon and the first state event of the new administration will be staged. The President and Mrs. Hoover will formally receive the chiefs of foreign diplomatic missions and the next ranking officers of the embassies and legations at 4 p. m. This is traditionally the first White House hospitality, and being an occasion of state and ceremony, it is a brilliant affair.

Meantime, quite an ovation did the new first lady receive when she appeared in the presidential box at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert on Wednesday with Mr. Henry, Mrs. Large, Mrs. Leavitt, and Mr. and Mrs. Requa. She looked distingue in a black velvet one-piece gown, a tight-fitting hat of black velvet and a lovely full-length coat of broad tail, with a collar and hem-border of sable.

MUSIC

By Samuel Chotzinoff

A Symphony by Frederick the Great

Mr. Koussevitzky, who is so assiduous in placing before us the music of the future, rested from his labors on the Sabbath, his recreation taking the form of a concert of symphonic music which took account of the middle of the eighteenth century and the dawn of the twentieth. Notwithstanding these familiar and unsensational eras traversed by the Bostonians at yesterday's matinee, Mr. Koussevitzky found it possible to unearth a novelty—without which, of course, a present day orchestral concert is unthinkable.

It was, to be sure, a hoary novelty, this Symphony in D major by Frederick the Great. But it came as a big surprise to those of us who had thought that a little pleasant flute-playing was the extent of the celebrated warrior's affiliation with the art of music. We could not have been more astonished if we had suddenly come upon a sonnet series by Mr. Coolidge in the current issue of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. However, there it was, a genuine symphony for strings, two flutes, two oboes, two horns and a bassoon, sounding like any composition of its time, with its well-defined naive melodies and lucid instrumentation.

The program notes assured us that the King wrote all the parts without assistance, but it is permissable to believe that Frederick, even if possessed of the necessary skill, might have, on account of the press of other business, hired the Ferdie Grofe of the court to do a bit of ghost-writing for him. But whether royalty or a mere hireling fashioned the instrumental clothes for the little symphony, the job seems a fairly good one even in this day and age.

A more baffling opus was Sibelius's Third Symphony. Although the work breathes sincerity in every note it fails, for this listener at least, to image a coherent musical entity. In the first movement, especially, there is an insistence on passages which seem hardly important enough to merit such prodigious underlining.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
KANSAS CITY, MO.
STAR
MAR 10 1929

MORE ABOUT GOOD RECORDS.

So much interesting music is coming in on the records this year as almost to embarrass the reviewer. Another Wagner album, for one, comes from the Victor foreign studios, directed by Dr. Karl Muck—the overture to "Die Meistersinger," the music to "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," and the gorgeous funeral music on the death of that same hero; finishing with the long prelude to "Parsifal," deliberately played—only Dr. Muck knows how to deliberate.

Then Victor introduces a group which has not played on the records since Dr. Muck took his unfortunate leave for the Fatherland early in the war—the Boston Symphony orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky, playing an abbreviated version of Stravinsky's "Petrouchka." A most colorful performance of a most interesting score, by a conductor famous for his playing of such works. It is just as well, perhaps, that Dr. Muck went away—no one who plays "Parsifal" as he does could play Stravinsky as Koussevitzky does. Coupled to one of the Petrouchka records is a fragment from the recent ballet by the same composer called "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," a gem of rare and tender beauty. Except in the berceuse which occurs in the "Fire-Bird" suite, we do not recall catching Stravinsky writing in such a mood of ingratiating repose.

Victor also breaks its long strange silence in regard to Richard Strauss this month. It has employed the composer to conduct, with an augmented opera house orchestra, a suite from his "Rosenkavalier," the vocal high points of which he has agreeably transcribed for the orchestra. This is excellent music, deserving to remain with his tone poems long after the "Salome" and "Elecktra" mistakes have been forgotten. You'll like the waltz music best at first, but there are other treasures hidden away in the score which will

THIS CLIPPING FROM
WILMINGTON, DEL.
STAR
MAR 10 1929

HOOVER KINSFOLK SEEING WASHINGTON

Family Group Out in Force for Inaugural Ceremonies

BY JEAN JARVIS
(Copyright, 1929, by The Sunday Star)

Washington, March 9—Just as feverishly busy this week shaking down into its characteristic gait as it has been the last few weeks working up to its inauguration week speed, Washington, by and large, is pretty well frazzled. Oddly enough, the casualties concern not the top-liners, who might readily be expected to be gasping on the brink, but the rank and file of the near-great.

There is a noticeable letting down everywhere but at the White House where, so to speak, things are going double.

At the White House itself, the President and Mrs. Hoover have as house guests Mrs. May Leavitt, of California, sister of the President; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Jr., and their two adorable youngsters, Peggy Ann and Herbert, III; and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa, of California, old-time friends. Allan Hoover, the youngest son, set off Friday for California to pick up his studies where he left off about ten days ago to come east for the crowning event in the Hoover family history.

Overflow at Old Hoover Home

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KALAMAZOO, MICH.
GAZETTE

MAR 10 1929

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
DETROIT, MICH.
FREE PRESS

MAR 10 1929

NWOLIN
G NARROW HEEL
Pruci Blue

..model of two-toned kid....with lizard in chic combinations including the new san souci blue
27.50

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NEWS

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE

MAR 9 - 1929

Music of the Day

By EDWARD CUSHING

Sibelius' Violin Concerto at a Boston Symphony Concert—A Symphony by Frederick the Great—Other Music.

THE music of Sibelius is no garden wherein nature is presented under the auspices of art. It is, rather, a vast and primitive acreage across which the sight, expanding, feeds upon vistas desolate and grand,

". . . . Strange places, steppe and firth"

inclosed by the arch of the northern sky. A rigorous hospitality it offers, and a Spartan ration of the prettiness we call beauty. For these reasons, it may be, we are seldom invited thither; for these reasons, perhaps, the music of Sibelius is ignored. On the fingers of one hand it would be possible to count the number of performances that the Violin Concerto has received during the past 10 years. Virtuosi, we do not doubt, are repelled by its somber and grueling pages—from which only with prayer and fasting the fruits of triumph may be wrested—seeing in them the promise of much labor and little reward. That they are wrong, Mr. Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, can disclose to such as will attend him.

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WILMINGTON, DEL.
STAR

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BY JEAN JARVIS

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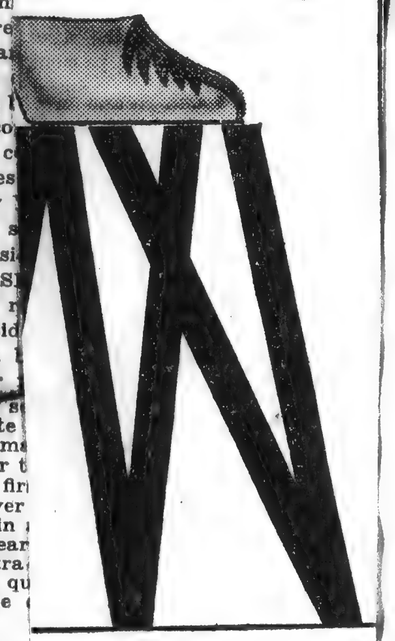

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Forest fires laid waste large tracts of woodland in Suffolk County, Long Island, yesterday. The greatest loss occurred in the vicinity of Central Islip, where the flames destroyed about one square mile of scrub oak and timber. A few abandoned shacks were destroyed but no houses were burned.

The village of Central Islip was in the vicinity of the State Hospital for the Insane, housing about 7,000 patients. The institution was never in any danger, though at one time the flames crept within a half mile of the buildings.

The Central Islip fire started on Thursday. It evaded the outskirts of the game preserve of the South Side Sportsmen's Club, owned by a group of wealthy New Yorkers, but shifted its course without coming near the clubhouse.

The fire began burning itself out late yesterday in the direction of Lake Ronkonkoma. The fire fighters with prayer and fasting the fruits of triumph may be wrested—seeing in them the promise of much labor and little reward. That they are wrong, Mr. Richard Burgin, concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, can disclose to such as will attend him.

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Inaugural Over, Capital Society's Pace Slows Up Bit

BUT SOCIAL AFFAIRS "GO DOUBLE" AT WHITE HOUSE AND STATE STREET HOME.

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At all events no group of "trippers" ever went at the business of "seeing Washington" with greater enthusiasm than does the little company of the White House family, relatives, and old time friends who journeyed to Washington for the inaugural ceremonies.

Come Monday afternoon and the first state event of the new administration will be staged. The President and Mrs. Hoover will formally receive the chiefs of foreign diplomatic missions and the next ranking officers of the embassies and legations at 4 p. m. This is traditionally the first official function of capital society, and being an occasion of state and ceremony, it is a brilliant affair.

Meantime, quite an ovation did the new First Lady receive when she appeared in the presidential box at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert on Wednesday with Mr. Henry, Mrs. Large, Mrs. Leavitt, and Mr. and Mrs. Requa. She looked distingue in a black velvet one-piece gown, a tight-fitting hat of black velvet, and a lovely full-length coat of broadtail, with collar and hem-border of sable.

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NEW YORK TIMES
MAR 10 1929

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NEWS
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Congressional Families Return to Homes During Recess.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 9, 1929 (By the Associated Press.)

SOCIALLY speaking, the new Administration is finding its bearings without the slightest difficulty, both the President and Mrs. Hoover being well versed in the intricate labyrinth of official etiquette, the most important event being in arranging for the diplomatic corps to meet the new Administration. This, the President and Mrs. Hoover have planned for 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, when the ambassadors, ministers and charge d'affaires and their wives, and the counselors and their wives, or, where there are not counselors, the first secretaries and their wives will pay their respects. Officials of the State Department and the full complement of White House aides will be on hand to present and care for the guests. The Marine band will add a lively note and, of course, the diplomats will be in full court dress, while many of the ladies have already rushed off to New York to visit importers' shops and secure new costumes for the occasion.

Aside from this specially arranged formality, both the President and Mrs. Hoover have been busily engaged visiting with their family, receiving delegations and settling their effects in the White House cupboards, bureaus and closets and making themselves at home.

For the first time since becoming the first lady of the land Mrs. Hoover occupied the White House box in a local theater, going to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its program. She created quite a flurry as the White House car drove up and she and her party stepped out. While Mrs. Coolidge added to the fame of her husband's administrations by her spontaneous smile, Mrs. Hoover also smiles, and when she does, she shows dimples in her prettily turned cheeks and her eyes dance. While there was no real demonstration at the theater, Mrs. Hoover looked out over the large street group with interest. She wore a becoming gown of black velvet very simple in design, a black velvet hat, brimless and quite close fitting, and long white gloves. The coat was the one she wore for the inaugural ceremonies, of black broadtail quite conservative in length and with a broad collar of sable and a deep band of the fur reaching the bottom of the coat; the cuffs of sable were quite deep.

With Mrs. Hoover was her uncle, W. D. Henry, of Wahpeton, N. D., her sister, Mrs. Jean Henry Large, Mrs. May Leavitt, the sister of the President, and Mrs. Mark Requa, of California.

The charming brick residence of the President and Mrs. Hoover on S Street is not to be fully dismantled, or rather vacated, until the first of next month, when Senator Frederick C. Walcott, of Connecticut, and Mrs. Walcott, who have leased it, will take possession. Senator Walcott has a suite at the Mayflower where Vice-President Curtis lives and Mrs. Walcott will not come to Washington to stay until they take over the S street residence. Their two sons, William Welch Walcott and Alexander Guthrie Walcott, are students at Yale. It is not likely that many of the new members of official society will become permanently settled for several weeks yet, but the special session of Congress will cause a continuation of social events up to its very close. Wealthy society folk who come here from all sections of the country have no idea of deserting the Capital while there are important officials and diplomats to entertain.

Everything Mrs. Hoover has done since March 4 has met with unalloyed approval, especially her retention of Miss Marie Randolph as head of the social secretary staff in the White House. Miss Randolph is the daughter of the late General Randolph and since her early girlhood days has known Washington society. She is connected with many of the most important families of the East and her elder sister,

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Miss Anne Randolph, is social secretary to Secretary of the Treasury Mellon.

Mrs. Coolidge selected Miss Mary Randolph as her secretary about the second year of her residence here as the wife of the Vice-President, and when she became the first lady of the land Miss Randolph accompanied her to the White House, occupying a secondary place under Miss Laura Harlan, who had been secretary to Mrs. Harding. Later she succeeded to the first place and was the friend and companion of Mrs. Coolidge as well as secretary. That Miss Randolph is successful in her position is evidenced by the fact that she made no enemies for the first lady, her position being such that she might at any time cause a social quarrel.

Serving with Miss Randolph as secretary are Miss Ruth Fessler, who not only served Mrs. Hoover but Mr. Hoover as well, and Miss Mildred Hall, who has been with Mrs. Hoover for a lesser time. Miss Fessler is a particular capable woman and was secretary to Dr. Vernon Kellogg, the close friend of Mr. Hoover.

* * *

WHILE many congressional families are rushing off to their respective homes to remain for a few weeks during the recess, others and especially those with children in Washington schools, are remaining on and assisting in the social excitement that follows in the wake of a new administration.

The large house party entertained by Vice-President Curtis and his sister, Mrs. Gann, over March 4 is almost entirely disbanded, Mrs. Charles P. George, wife of Major George, alone remaining until Monday. The Vice-President's son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harry King Curtis, returned to Chicago early in the week, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Knight returned to their home early in the week, and Mrs. Jerome Volvin, the Vice-President's sister, returned to Topeka in midweek. During the recess of Congress the Vice-President and his sister are accepting many invitations and it is expected that Mrs. Gann and all of the new cabinet women now in town will receive informally Wednesday, the regular cabinet day at home.

* * *

NEVER before has Washington enjoyed so familiar an acquaintance with a new executive family, and with Mrs. Frank B. Kellogg, wife of the Secretary of State, remaining in Washington with her husband until the arrival of the new secretary, Henry Lewis Stimson, the newer women feel that they have an experienced pilot into the social shoals. Mrs. Kellogg is a great favorite here and has filled her place with unequaled tact and grace. Mrs. Stimson also knows the ways of Washington cabinet life, and in fact so does Mrs. William Dewitt Mitchell, whose husband is the new Attorney-General.

As the wife of the Solicitor General Mrs. Mitchell figured constantly in society. The new Secretary of War and Mrs. Good have been living in Washington most of the time since 1921, because Mr. Good was in the Lower House of Congress before he retired to enter the practice of law in Chicago.

Mrs. Brown, wife of the new Postmaster General, has spent three years in Washington while her husband was assistant Secretary of Commerce, and Mrs. Ray L. Wilbur, wife of the Secretary of the Interior, has so frequently been a guest here during the incumbency of office of her brother-in-law as Secretary of the Navy, that no part of Capital life is strange to her.

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PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES
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ON BEING LATE.

Toscanini, eminent conductor of the Metropolitan Opera, has found it necessary to rebuke people who come late to the performances and disturb orchestra, singers and audience. It is an old complaint and has merited discipline from high places many times in the past. A writer in the New York Herald-Tribune, indeed, recalls an occasion in 1872 when the famous Theodore Thomas halted the performance and turned to glare at a chattering box party just arriving. Sometimes it occurs to an early comer that conductors of the present day might emulate Mr. Thomas.

Yet it is not always a sin, because lateness is not always due to carelessness or lack of thought for others. Anyone who attends Boston Symphony concerts in Providence appreciates the difficulties of many who make an honest attempt to be in the theatre on time and yet find the conductor in his place waiting when they reach their seats. They have been caught in the canyon of Westminster street and the jam was too much for their good intentions.

From a residential district of the city or from a suburb, perhaps from Pawtucket, the run by motor to the Albee Theatre where the concerts are held is 10, 15, 20 minutes or longer. But do not try to make it in that time on a concert night. You reach the downtown district of Providence and there you halt. You are hemmed in by a long line of cars in front, in the rear, coming out of side streets. Traffic is under direction, otherwise there would be chaos. The man who has garaged his car far away from the theatre walks unhampered to the scene and gets there in time. On the way he expresses sympathy for the worried people in motors, who are going to be late. He is sincerely sorry for them. He has been in that line.

...work of melodies was great. Secure the audience, the beautiful and tender side of a King, whose name is called Great, was discovered. Listening to the orchestra, and especially to the Andante, it was easy to think of Frederick himself as the second flutist, with Quantz as the first. The King showed fertility of invention in his decorative design, if little originality in his original themes. Though he could not tower over ordinary mortals, gifted with the divine touch of genius, he could at least take a high place with the musicians of his time.

Mr. Koussevitzky, with his genius for program making, is to be congratulated on the enterprise in doing homage to a King, while stimulating an American musical audience. With rare understanding, Koussevitzky invoked the atmosphere of nearly two hundred years past. He brought a hush to the hall and reduced the dynamics of his orchestra.

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AFTER this delightful novelty, ...sevitzky used the stimulating ...arousing Sibelius Third Sym... The clean, out-door, open-air ...g of the music, with its novel and ... expression, its unconventional or...stration, its evocation of legendry ... reincarnate memories, makes ...y hearing an incomparable ex...ence. From the crowd of warriors, ...h from the battle or ready for the ...ge, the music sweeps along, un...ing a leaf or a rock, a look or an ...face, which in the simplest, most ...ous way, stir whole torrents of meaning. Koussevitzky has done no finer conducting than that of the first movement, created no lovelier effects than the second.

The program also included a repetition of "Also Sprach Zarathustra" of Strauss.

...ndition. ...ened up ...to stick ...ppy field- ...open better ...each effort.

...whip the ...iers say he ...ths in .35, ...morning the ...t galloping ...fifth. This ...gifted with the ...he could at least take a high place ...with the musicians of his time.

Clear and ...March 9.—

...ride. He was badly ...ANDRA'S last was su...

...EXSER, a well ...the best of the smal... ...sixteenth of the sixth... ...at the meeting, the Chi... ...to his best stuff. A ha... ...his final. He is traine... ...went a mile in 1.44 a... ...fear. On Maryland fo... ...handle. HANKY RICK... ...ter than his public a... ...show. Three-quarters i...

by Herm

Graded Handicap

For Tijuana

ment On Races at Miami

ALD

...States, we may look forward to a resurrection of Frederick, King of Prussia, for it is to be noted that all his military exploits could not give him voice again as his music does.

Yet, on this performance, under the sensitive baton of Koussevitzy, Fred-

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph

MUSIC

By Charles D. Isaacson

THAT powerful monarch, Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, whose eye was such that by a glance he could dominate other kings, achieved many victories. But it is much to be doubted that the wining of any battle on the field of warfare ever gave him the joy which would have been his, if he might have been present at Carnegie Hall, on Saturday, A. D. 1929, March the 8th.

Frederick the Great, who during the years of 1756 to 1763 was destined, in the Seven Years war, to earn the reputation of being the foremost military strategist of his day, never forgot his music. Indeed, when through the miserable machinations of cruel diplomacy he succeeded in partitioning Poland, with the aid of the profligate Empress Catherine of Russia, he devoted much of the years which followed, to the cultivation of Polish art, along with intelligent plans for the material development of the nation.

▼

IT is said that the king was in the habit of playing the flute, whenever his mind was troubled, and there was a time, about 1743, when he wrote the Symphony in D Major, when he had ample reason to be annoyed. For Maria Theresa and the kings of the Germanic States were, at that period in a way of causing his downfall. History records that Frederick played habitually when he arose in the morning, and then after the morning meeting with his cabinet-council, again after his dinner and finally for his evening diversion.

The King held in great esteem his musician, Johann Joachim Quantz, who along with his fame as flutist, was a composer of distinction. When he was the crown prince, he secretly studied music with Quantz, and showed, that but for his throne, he might have mounted to the heights in art. Always he thought in music. Thus a famous epigram which is attributed to him, at the time he was trying to affect a diplomatic verdict with several monarchs:

"I would as soon write the History of the Jews in madrigsal, as try to bring a decision among three kings, when one of them is a woman."

▼

HIS Majesty wrote many works for voice, flute and for orchestra. He even set down four symphonies. The Boston Symphony Orchestra played the Third Symphony for Strings and Flute on Saturday. Last year, in Berlin, the Symphony Orchestra performed the work. Nearly two hundred years it rested in the closet. Evidently even a king cannot affect the czars of the baton. But since Erich Kleiber capitulated in Berlin and now Koussevitzky in the United States, we may look forward to a resurrection of Frederick, King of Prussia, for it is to be noted that all his military expl its could not give him voice again as his music does.

Yet, on this performance, under the sensitive baton of Koussevitzy, Frederick, Quantz, and all the figures of the Court sprang into being.

As the fragile and delicate lacework of melodies was spread before the audience, the beautiful and tender side of a King, whose name is called Great, was discovered. Listening to the orchestra, and especially to the Andante, it was easy to think of Frederick himself as the second flutist, with Quantz as the first. The King showed fertility of invention in his decorative design, if little originality in his original themes. Though he could not tower over ordinary mortals, gifted with the divine touch of genius, he could at least take a high place with the musicians of his time.

Mr. Koussevitzky, with his genius for program making, is to be congratulated on the enterprise in doing homage to a King, while stimulating an American musical audience. With rare understanding, Koussevitzky invoked the atmosphere of nearly two hundred years past. He brought a hush to the hall and reduced the dynamics of his orchestra.

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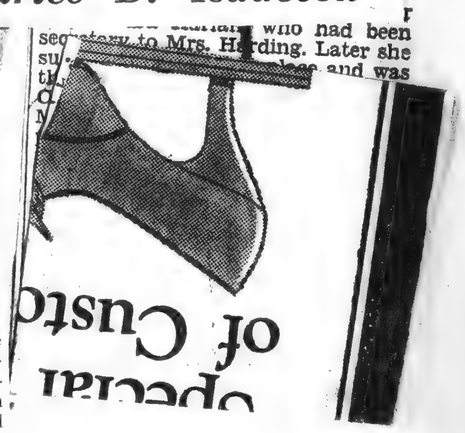
AFTER this delightful novelty, Koussevitzky used the stimulating and arousing Sibelius Third Symphony. The clean, out-door, open-air feeling of the music, with its novel and rich expression, its unconventional orchestration, its evocation of legendry and reincarnate memories, makes every hearing an incomparable experience. From the crowd of warriors, fresh from the battle or ready for the voyage, the music sweeps along, unturning a leaf or a rock, a look or an embrace, which in the simplest, most curious way, stir whole torrents of meaning. Koussevitzky has done no finer conducting than that of the first movement, created no lovelier effects than the second.

The program also included a repetition of "Also Sprach Zarathustra" of Strauss.



MAR 11 1929

130

MUSIC

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

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Intermission

3. Tone-Poem: "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Op. 30 ..... Strauss

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Not many kings, to be sure, have written music that remains available for modern use. There was David, King of Israel, but if his compositions were recorded, the present knows them not. There was the late and unlamented Kaiser, who is said to have spoiled good music paper with many imperial notes. Doubtless there have been other composing monarchs. But probably no monarch before or since the mighty Frederick II of Prussia has written symphonies. If so, his identity eludes us.

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But for Frederick, literary creation did not suffice. He must compose music as well—with a Voltaire of sorts to serve as wet nurse to the offspring of the royal Muse. This was Johann Joachim Quantz, composer and musician in ordinary to the Royal chamber. He taught the King to play the flute, and kept a watchful eye upon his scores, clearing his throat tactfully when consecutive fifths made their appearance in the musical texture (the worthy Quantz died at the age of seventy-six, while in the act of completing his 300th flute concerto for the King).

In addition to Quantz, Frederick's musical entourage included Karl Heinrich Graun (one of the great men of German music in those days), who taught him composition, and the gifted C. P. E. Bach, who was his cembalist. Thus guided, the royal feet trudged bravely toward Parnassus.

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EVE. POST
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Grandiose, imperious, martial it is not, but forthright, spirited, genial, confident, somewhat thin as to substance and treatment, but not tentative or uncertain. Its simplicity, of course, is the lack of complexity of the times. Frederick's musical models were not giants like Gluck and Handel, but Graun, Hasse and Quantz—the Graun who composed the "Tod Jesu" which has been performed annually in Berlin since 1755; Hasse, the husband of the great singer Faustina of Handel's day and for a third of the eighteenth century a composer whose prestige was equal to Handel's, though scarcely a name to conjure with today. If Frederick had possessed loftier models perhaps his gifts of imitation would have enabled him to climb higher. The chief theme of the first movement of the symphony played Saturday was borrowed from Graun. It proved a good theme. One wondered whether the symphony from which it came—Graun's thirty-fifth—would have sounded as well as that of the royal borrower.

The second movement, an Andante, is largely given over to two flutes, often with the barest possible string accompaniment. Frederick not only played the flute, but excelled in slow movements, his ability to express tenderness exceeding his technical skill in rapid passages. This Andante, it may be assumed, was quite close to the royal heart. Doubtless the royal flute lingered lovingly over its cadences in the days of its composition, for it was not until later that shortness of breath compelled Frederick to turn his attention to the harpsichord. Frederick's little symphony would not be in any sense important music if it had come from another composer, nor would it be bad music or music to be listened to without some measure of pleasure and respect. Let the King have his due! Also, give Mr. Koussevitzky the recognition of playing this music quite as beautifully as he might have played a symphony by Haydn or Mozart.

THE THIRD SYMPHONY of Jan Sibelius, Mr. Koussevitzky's second number, is a relatively unfamiliar one, though first played in New York some twenty years ago. If not the loftiest or the most individual of the Finnish giant's six works in this form it is replete with beauties that can ill be spared in these times of endless repetitions of the same standard works in alternation with puerile and transient novelties. Why our conductors have never taken Sibelius more to heart is difficult to understand. Do they believe that our audiences are bored? That of Saturday was amply applausive. Or is it possible that they think first of German, French or Russian composers, because of their own background, and become propagandists for their nationals, leaving the lonely Finn of Tavastehus without any very persistent champion. This symphony is a warm and richly hued work, in no way justifiyng those terms of "bleak," "dour" and "somber" that quite possibly have done Sibelius much harm with audiences that hope to be excited and not depressed. In style, it is transitional, less unified, less personal perhaps than works which preceded and followed it. But its themes are strong and melodius, their treatment that of an artist of great capacity and deep sincerity. The symphony was superbly played, a marvel of clarity, balance and sumptuous tone.

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EVENING SUN
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Plays Prussian Monarch's Work

Boston Symphony Orchestra in Concert Gives Composition of Frederick the Great.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The fourth afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which engrossed the attention of a prosperous looking audience Saturday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, began with the third symphony of no less a personage than his Majesty Frederick the Great of Prussia. This was followed by the third symphony of Jan Sibelius, a humble musician of Finland. The program concluded with Richard Strauss's tone poem "Also Sprach Zarathustra," which had been proclaimed at the Thursday evening concert.

The symphony of the famous Prussian was heard for the first time here. Probably most of those listening to it had not suspected that an occupant of the throne recently vacated by the hermit of Doorn was a musician and aspired to be remembered as one, despite the fact that history insists on celebrating him as a most conspicuous man on horseback. But let us not forget that Frederick bowed before the authority of old Quantz, his flute teacher; that he adored Voltaire, quarreled and made up with him many times; that he introduced French as the court language, and that (in his "Anti-Machiavel") he declared public office to be a public trust.

When he sought a life of intellectual retirement at Sans Souci, surround himself with Mupertins, Lord Tyrconnel, Algarotti, Voltaire and other wise men, and cultivated the sophisticated attitudes of a Parisian salon, he set music upon the altar of his worship. Sophie Wilhelmine of Prussia wrote: "The evenings are consecrated to music. The prince holds his concerts in his own apartments, where nobody may go who is not invited, and indeed such an invitation is a great favor. He generally executes a sonata and a concerto for the flute, an instrument which he plays with the utmost perfection. He mouths it admirably, and his fingers are agile, and his soul is full of music. He composes sonatas himself. I have more than once had the honor to find myself beside him while he played and I was enchanted with his taste, especially for his skill in the adagio. It is a continuous creation of new ideas."

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EVE. WORLD
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NEW YORK
EVENING SUN
MAR 11 1929

Plays Prussian Monarch's Work

Boston Symphony Orchestra in Concert Gives Composition of Frederick the Great.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The fourth afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which engrossed the attention of a prosperous looking audience Saturday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, began with the third symphony of no less a personage than his Majesty Frederick the Great of Prussia. This was followed by the third symphony of Jan Sibelius, a humble musician of Finland. The program concluded with Richard Strauss's tone poem "Also Sprach Zarathustra," which had been proclaimed at the Thursday evening concert.

The symphony of the famous Prussian was heard for the first time here. Probably most of those listening to it had not suspected that an occupant of the throne recently vacated by the hermit of Doorn was a musician and aspired to be remembered as one, despite the fact that history insists on celebrating him as a most conspicuous man on horseback. But let us not forget that Frederick bowed before the authority of old Quantz, his flute teacher; that he adored Voltaire, quarreled and made up with him many times; that he introduced French as the court language, and that (in his "Anti-Machiavel") he declared public office to be a public trust.

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ROAD TOUR GOO

By ROBERT HALLIDAY,

Leading man of "The New Moon."

and it is pleasant to remain with and among them. But after all, New York is but a small part of America, and to be really successful an actor's reputation should not be confined entirely to Broadway. An actor enhances his value greatly by having a following throughout the country. People from all over the United States visit New York frequently and they like to attend a show in which some actor whom they have seen at home is appearing. There is hardly a performance that does not bring back a note or a card from some one in the audience telling me that Mr. So-and-so is out front and that he remembers me from "The

The symphony of the famous Sibelian was heard for the first time here. Probably most of those listening to it had not suspected that an occupant of the throne recently vacated by the hermit of Doorn was a musician and aspired to be remembered as one, despite the fact that history insists on celebrating him as a most conspicuous man on horseback. But let us not forget that Frederick bowed before the authority of old Quantz, his flute teacher; that he adored Voltaire, quarreled and made up with him many times; that he introduced French as the court language, and that (in his "Anti-Machiavel") he declared public office to be a public trust.

When he sought a life of intellectual retirement at Sans Souci, surround himself with Mupertins, Lord Tyrconnel, Algarotti, Voltaire and other wise men, and cultivated the sophisticated attitudes of a Parisian salon, he set music upon the altar of his worship. Sophie Wilhelmine of Prussia wrote: "The evenings are consecrated to music. The prince holds his concerts in his own apartments, where nobody may go who is not invited, and indeed such an invitation is a great favor. He generally executes a sonata and a concerto for the flute, an instrument which he plays with the utmost perfection. He mouths it admirably, and his fingers are agile, and his soul is full of music. He composes sonatas himself. I have more than once had the honor to find myself beside him while he played and I was enchanted with his taste, especially for his skill in the adagio. It is a continuous creation of new ideas."

When Frederick grew so old that he could no longer admirably mouth his flute he said very sadly, "I have lost my best friend." Listening to his third symphony Saturday, with its naively charming duet for flutes with accompaniment of violins, which forms the second movement, one felt that here was a gentle and ingratiating echo of a soul which had been harassed by a Seven Years' War, and shaken by a battle of Kunersdorf. Peace and unperturbed flute blowing were his dream. It was this man of whom Voltaire wrote: "It is sometimes Caesar with whom I dine, sometimes Marcus Aurelius or Julian. Here is all the charm of seclusion, the freedom of the fields, together with all those luxuries of life which the lord of the castle, who is a king, can procure for his humble guests." It was the grave wroshiper of music, weary of the cares of kingcraft and refreshing his spirit by playing as seriously as an amateur could at the merciless game of art. The first movement of the symphony disclosed a gallant gentleman putting on a bold front and not afraid to compose with polite vivacity in the approved manner of his time. And to do him justice, he composed his allegro quite as well as a half dozen others whose music has come down to us from that day garbed in some small glories. The audience evidently enjoyed hearing the simple music of the many-sided monarch.

The Sibelius symphony resembles his other orchestral works in that the melodic materials suggest the folk songs of the Finns and some of the rhythms that of the historic ballad of that people. It is a strong symphony, with the deep, brooding emotion which characterizes so much of Sibelius's art and the aggressive advances into broad expansions of its ideas. But it lacks firmness of joint in many places and it wants the relief of a burst of cheerfulness or at least of content. Mr. Koussevitzky interpreted it with compelling sympathy and the orchestra performed it with somber richness of tone.

About Dr. Strauss's philosophical ponderings it is unnecessary to make further comment. The melodic ideas are elementary, but so are many of Beethoven's. Strauss makes gorgeous tonal pictures out of them, but he has said more in some of his other works. Mr. Koussevitzky presented the works with imposing effect. We await with equanimity the next conductor's interpretation.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD
MAR 11

MUSIC

By Richard L. Stokes

THE poetry of Frederick II. of Prussia is remembered chiefly through Voltaire's jibe that it was "dirty linen, which the King had sent him to wash." Yet it is likely that had some musician offered him a choice, the most regal of the Hohenzollerns would eagerly have surrendered both realm and military glory, if only he might have won rank as one of the masters of French letters. His Majesty was also an industrious composer, and no less than 120 of his musical works have been published. The first of these to reach performance in America, 186 years after its creation, was a Symphony in D, No. 3, which, on the same page with the plebeian names of Sibelius and Strauss on the program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Saturday afternoon, at Carnegie Hall, bore the august inscription of "Frederick the Great."

The victor of Leuthen and Rossbach appears to have entertained no such vanity regarding his musical talent as caused him to put so exorbitant an appraisal upon his doggerel. The one man in his kingdom of whom he seems to have stood in awe was Quantz, his teacher on the flute. It was true that Sebastian Bach not only complimented Frederick upon a theme submitted by him to the Thomascantor, but used it as the subject for two famous works, the Musicalisches Opfer and the Kunst der Fuge. But this homage has usually been ascribed to Bach's courtiership, or else his desire to further his son's career at Potsdam.

* * *

It was with no small astonishment that the royal symphony was found to be not at all unworthy of revival on its own account as music. The chief theme of the first movement was taken from Graun's 35th Symphony, but we are assured that Frederick scored all the parts with his own hand, and that the only emendations were corrections of a few notes by Quantz. Unlike his other three symphonies, this opus is written not only for string orchestra, but for two flutes, two oboes, two horns and bassoon. The movements are entitled Allegro, Andante and Allegro Scherzando.

Regarding the first and third movements, the same encomiums may be awarded that have been bestowed on Frederick's prose "Memoirs"—that they are marked by clearness, conciseness, good sense and a certain air of simplicity which is singularly graceful in so powerful a sovereign. One even felt that the style was rather in advance of its time. The themes were matter-of-fact rather than imaginative, but they were far from despicable. The part-writing marched with the precision, the distinctness, of a regiment of Brandenburg grenadiers.

* * *

But the surprise of the afternoon was offered by the slow movement. It is in the form of a pastoral for two flutes, accompanied by four violins. One listened to the purl and trilling of the pair of wind instruments, escorting each other faithfully at the interval of a third, with an odd sense that these identical notes were first played by Frederick and the rigorous Quantz. We can scarcely doubt that the tutor seized upon the first flute, and that his modest if royal pupil contented himself with the second.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the Andante was actually charming. It was as artificial as a Watteau shepherdess, but also as beguiling. The innocent grace of the music was all the more startling when the circumstances were recalled under which it was written. Ascending the throne in 1740, Frederick had signalized the first year of his reign with a crime of perfidy and brigandage which had caused him to be execrated throughout the world. He had set on foot a war which raged during many years in every quarter of the globe. "In order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend," according to Macaulay's energetic indictment, "black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America."

Having deserted his allies, Frederick returned home with a rich province, Silesia, looted from the German Empire, as his spoils. It was during this interlude, in 1743, that Frederick, triumphant and infamous, wrote his Andante—as fresh, candid and winsome as if it had been penned by the most guileless youth in his realm.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
JOURNAL
MAR 11

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little attention last May when Erich Kleiber played it at the Berlin State Opera. Mr. Koussevitzky brought it over with hi mlast Fall and gave it its American premiere a little over a week ago in Boston.

VERSATILE MONARCH.

Frederick, one of the most versatile of monarchs, took up music as something more than a mere avocation, became a tolerable performer on the flute, wrote considerable for that instrument and not a few operatic pieces besides the symphonies. That, in any case, is the legend. He had two remarkably able teachers, in a routine fashion—Johann Joachim Quantz, probably the best flute player of his day, and Karl Heinrich Graun, conductor of the Berlin Opera, and a composer of innumerable forgotten symphonies, among which, if one is an incurable skeptic, may be included four royal ones.

The D-major symphony, however, might just as well hase really been written by Frederick as not, for it is the sort of music with which the eighteenth century bulged. There was a rubber stamp formula for these smphonic works, andcomposers of all degrees of talent turned them out by the dozen.

PLAYED NEATLY.

Frederick's is neat, simple and brief, with a single idea for each of its three movements; when he had reached the end of his rope, he stopped, refusing to tangle himself up in further development, repetition or elaboration, which so often inveigles many less sensible composers. The middle movement isnaturally enough little more than a duo for flutes and makes it bow to

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CLUB FELLOW

Nietzsche a la Strauss

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Serge Koussevitsky again invaded New York. We do not recall the time when the whole ensemble sounded so rich and uplifting. The strings had their accustomed singing quality and the brass was rich in their beauty of tone.

The prime number of the evening's performance was the "Also sprach Zarathustra," the Strauss tone-poem. Philip Hale in his program note tells us that the "World riddle" has never been solved and we must admit that neither does the tone-poem of Strauss solve anything, either philosophically or musically. When first played some twenty years ago it was criticized as unmusical and uninteresting. However it has weathered the years better than was expected. There are portions of decided beauty though by no means lofty and idealized. It does not, under any circumstances reach the heights of the "superman" that Nietzsche created in his book.

Arthur Foote's Suite in E Major was well handled. The Moussorgsky piano pieces, arranged for orchestra by Maurice Ravel, were also included in the program.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
MAR 12 1929

131

Music : By Oscar Thompson

Finding Something to Like in New York's Music Not So Difficult, Even for a Music Critic

"DOES THE CRITIC of the EVENING POST ever like anything?" is asked by some one who has taken the trouble to clip a review of a recent Wagner performance at the Metropolitan and to mail it to the offending reviewer with marginal notations indicating wherein this particular review was indefensible.

Complicating the issue, the review thus traduced was from another newspaper, not the EVENING POST. But since the question was specific in naming the reviewer, whatever the confusion that may have existed in the mind of the indignant opera patron as to the relation of one critic's likes to another critic's criticism, it may dutifully be taken to heart.

Perhaps the shears slipped. Perhaps the other critic got this one's clipping. There will be time enough to compare notes. Sufficient unto the day is the fizzing thereof. Even the wrong reviewer can afford to stop now and then and consider whether he does or does not ever like anything.

Last week was perhaps an average week in New York's music, though the EVENING POST critic drew two blank days, a better average than usual. On one of these, Wednesday, he went to "Street Scene," the play Deems Taylor is to convert into an opera, and liked it immensely. On the other, Sunday, he heard neither music nor drama and liked that, too.

But such variations from the usual critical routine do not meet the issue. What of the week's music and the critic's reactions thereto? Did he like anything? Monday brought the season's first "Boris Godunoff" and the return of Chaliapin to the opera. The reviewer liked the opera as even a critic can like a work he regards as a very great masterpiece. He liked the portrayal of Boris by Chaliapin as a more normal being would like something thrilling magnificent, overwhelming. He liked, too, the fine singing of Ezio Pinza as Pimenn, the capital Innkeeper of Ina Bourskaya.

Tuesday was Philadelphia Orchestra night. The reviewer liked the playing of De Falla's "Three Cornered Hat" dances, and if he was not equally enthusiastic about the performance he admitted down in his heart more than a sneaking liking for the Brahms Fourth Symphony, even the sort of liking one has for a work of imperishable beauty.

THURSDAY was marked by several instances of liking something. In the afternoon came "Siegfried." The reviewer liked with a like that was like enthusiasm the sensitive, finely pointed, dramatically just and essentially musical treatment of the orchestral score by Tullio Serafin, the superb singing of Friedrich Schorr as the Wanderer and the adroit Alberich of Gustav Schuetzendorf. The evening brought Serge Koussevitzky's Boston Symphony. The likes had it, not only with respect to the ignescent performance of Strauss's "Also sprach Zarathustra," the most memorable in the reviewer's experience, and the finely polished projection of Ravel's very apt orchestral arrangement of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," but also Arthur Foote's unpretentious but pleasurable Suite for Strings.

Friday, at "The Tales of Hoffmann," there was occasion to like with a like that might easily be described as admiration that Dr. Miracle of Leon Rothier. Moreover, unlikely as such a like might seem, it was possible to like the very good playing of the student orchestra from the Curtis Institute in Carnegie Hall.

Saturday, completing the sennight under review, was all likes in that it was confined to the Boston Symphony's second program, with its refreshing little symphony by Frederick the Great, its equally refreshing big symphony by Jan Sibelius and its very welcome repetition of "Zarathustra," all played with a clarity, a glory of tone, a perfection of balance, a virtuosity of utterance to make the reviewer suspect his own ears.

In view of all this, the critic of the EVENING POST feels he should not be downhearted over a constitutional or acquired weakness such as the question on the margin of this clipping implies. He will re-mail the same, forthwith, to his esteemed and erudite confrere.

132

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. WORLD
MAR 15 1929

MUSIC

By Richard L. Stokes

A PROGRAM quaintly compounded was proffered by Arturo Toscanini and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra last night at Carnegie Hall before a thronging audience. It was bounded at the beginning and end by two masterpieces—Wagner's "A Faust' Overture" and Maurice Ravel's Second Suite from the ballet, "Daphnies et Chloe." They inclosed two works considerably less in eminence—Ernest Schelling's "Impressions of an Artist's Life," with the composer at the piano, and Serge Prokofieff's studied and sterile imitation of Mozart, the "Classical" Symphony in D Major, Op. .

Wagner's overture is one of his few essays of music without text, although it possesses a specific program. It was composed during that miserable sojourn in Paris when Wagner was twenty-seven years old, and was revised somewhat fifteen years later. The unhappy artist identified himself with one phase of Goethe's "Faust"—that of the hero "loving, despairing, cursing." The work was intended to be the first movement of a symphony on the subject of "Faust," the second movement of which was to be devoted to Gretchen. The design was never completed. Wagner at one time had the illuminating idea of entitling the fragment "Faust in Solitude: a Tone-Poem for Orchestra."

The overture has the intense vividness of autobiography, a department which tends to be less mendacious in music than in letters. It, therefore, possesses an aura different from that of the familiar Wagner—one harsh, corrosive and gloomily introspective. Never again did this poet utter music so blackly impassioned. Its outcries of mutiny, like those of Job, storm to the sky; its blasphemies shake the firmament; its dirge of baffled sensuality tears at the heart. And yet, since Beethoven, writers of symphonies have been addicted to "happy endings." So, after the hurricane, the thunder and the lightning, comes the glow of the sun. The hymn of tragedy concludes in a major key and in a mood of solace—or even, in Mr. Newman's felicitous phrase, of "benignity."

This masterwork of the early Wagner, which is rarely performed, was received by the audience with astonishment and enthusiasm. It was profoundly indebted not only to Mr. Toscanini's enterprise in its revival but to a reading combining in sovereign style the most tempestuous energy and a supreme finish of workmanship. In this revelation The Evening World may claim a modest share. It was suggested by Mr. Noel Straus of this department in a recent review that a disinterment of the "Faust" overture would be a worthy exploit. The hint was relayed to Mr. Toscanini by Bruno Zirato, secretary to the late Enrico Caruso, and was converted into action with gratifying promptitude.

It is said that Mr. Schelling, who directs the children's concerts of the Philharmonic-Symphony, is the first performer to appear as a soloist on Mr. Toscanini's programs during his career in New York. The presentation of the "Impressions of an Artist's Life" was also one of the Italian's rare forays into American music. And American music more is to agree all the more illuminating because unaware. It is writing sexless, naïve, superficial and timid beneath its bold front. It is also sturdy, efficient, handsomely organized and on occasion noisily self-assertive. The single trait of sophistication occurs in the passage entitled "August, 1914—The Call to Arms," which burns with the pacifistic irony fulfilling Mr. Schelling's more popular "Victory Ball."

The composition is in the form of nineteen variations—of which Mr. Toscanini omitted three—for orchestra and piano. It consists of portraits of divers celebrities and sketches of memorable scenes encountered by Mr. Schelling during the adventures of his career. Among the personages commemorated are Paderewski, Kreisler, Mengelberg, Mahler, Pfitzer and Georges Longy. There are also group limnings of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Flonzaley Quartet. These delineations are, without exception, simple profiles, as the landscapes are drawn in black and white.

The score's merits, of gusto, frankness and strength, together with Mr. Schelling's consummate triumph at the keyboard, won for him a lusty demonstration, with Mr. Toscanini coyly retreating into the orchestra almost as far as the wood-winds to escape joining the composer at the footlights.

Not all of the director's wizardry of finesse could redeem the Prokofieff Symphony, with the possible exception of the Gavotte. But he produced a reading of the Ravel suite to rival the historic one given in the same hall last season by Serge Koussevitzky. The first two sections, "Daybreak" and "Pantomime," are often neglected in favor of the stupendous "Danse Generale" which concludes the excerpts. Not so with the Milanese maestro. The lyrical opening sections were delicious in their sylvan poetry, against which towered in more telling contrast the finale's vertiginous speed, its intoxicating verve of rhythm and its clamor of barbaric ecstasy.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
NEWS
MAR 15 1929

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
TIMES

Boston Symphony Gives Tin Pan Alley Concert

CAMBRIDGE, March 15. (UP)—Music emanating last night from Sanders theatre, where the Boston Symphony orchestra was giving a concert, sounded like a weird cross between a thunder shower and the output of Tin Pan Alley.

Inside the auditorium, Serge Koussevitsky, conductor, was struggling bravely through Brahm's Symphony No. 2, but he was unable to eliminate from its interpretation a persistent accompaniment which would have fitted in nicely had he been directing some such selection as "I Faw Down and Go Boom."

It seems that somebody, without being asked, had turned on the steam, and now the webwork of ovation.

steam pipes throughout the theatre was issuing bang-bang noises that re-echoed, cannon-like, in the auditorium.

For five minutes, M. Koussevitsky waged his battle of music, but at least he was forced to surrender.

The orchestra remained silent. So did the pipes.

Then, cautiously, M. Koussevitsky tried it again. But the bombardment of pipe noise also resumed and once more the orchestra was silent.

Finally, when Brahm's Symphony No. 2 had been completed on the installment plan, M. Koussevitsky and his orchestra were given an

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
JOURNAL
Knoxville Tenn.
MAR 15 1929

RECEIVES MEDAL

HAMBURG, Germany, (AP).—Dr. Carl Muck, former conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, received the first of the Johannes Brahms medals. The medals commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Hamburg Philharmonic Society founded by Brahms.

Boston Symphony Plays To Steam Pipe Obligato

Serge Koussevitsky Conducts Musicians Through the Passages of Brahm On 'Instalments,' Playing 'Tag' With Embarrassing Interlude of Steam

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TIMES UNION
MAR 16 1929

Boston Orchestra Has Music Battle

Noise From Steam Pipes Vie for First Place in Sanders Theatre.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES
MAR 16 1929

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will make its final visit to Providence of the season for a concert in the Albee Theatre on Tuesday evening, March 26. Serge Koussevitzky will then conduct Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in E minor, a score in which the Russian leader reveals his most eloquent powers. The other numbers will be an orchestra concerto of Philip Emanuel Bach, as re-orchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg: Wagner's prelude to "Lohengrin" and the "Sorceror's Apprentice," the humorous scherzo of Dukas, which was inspired by the ballad of Goethe.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
TIMES STAR
MAR 16 1929

Concert On Installment Plan As Steam Pipes Vie With Orchestra

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN
MAR 16 1929

FINAL SYMPHONY CONCERT IS MARCH 26

Boston Group to Play Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony in E-Minor.

Tschaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in E Minor, regarded as one of the Russian master's greatest compositions, will be the principal feature of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's fourth and final concert of the season in the Albee Theatre on Tuesday evening, March 26. The symphony is said to be a favorite with Serge Koussevitzky, leader of the orchestra, who will conduct.

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TODAY'S classified ads may not appear again—too many people are watching for the special opportunities offered in them.—Better read them today yourself.

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AUGUSTA, GA.
CHRONICLE
MAR 16 1929

GETS BRAHMS MEDAL

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN
MAR 16

STEAM PIPES "ASSIST" BOSTON SYMPHONY

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The score's merits, of gusto, frankness and strength, together with Mr. Schelling's consummate triumph at the keyboard, won for him a lusty demonstration, with Mr. Toscanini coyly retreating into the orchestra almost as far as the second violins to escape joining the composer at the footlights.

* * *

Not all of the director's wizardry of finesse could redeem the Prokofieff Symphony, with the possible exception of the Gavotte. But he produced a reading of the Ravel suite to rival the historic one given in the same hall last season by Serge Koussevitzky. The first two sections, "Daybreak" and "Pantomime," are often neglected in favor of the stupendous "Danse Generale" which concludes the excerpts. Not so with the Milanese maestro. The lyrical opening sections were delicious in their sylvan poetry, against which towered in more telling contrast the finale's vertiginous speed, its intoxicating verve of rhythm and its clamor of barbaric ecstasy.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
NEWS

Boston Symphony Gives Tin Pan Alley Concert

CAMBRIDGE, March 15. (UP)—Music emanating last night from Sanders theatre, where the Boston Symphony orchestra was giving a concert, sounded like a weird cross between a thunder shower and the output of Tin Pan Alley.

Inside the auditorium, Serge Koussevitsky, conductor, was struggling bravely through Brahm's Symphony No. 2, but he was unable to eliminate from its interpretation a persistent accompaniment which would have fitted in nicely had he been directing some such selection as "I Faw Down and Go Boom."

It seems that somebody, without being asked, had turned on the steam, and now the webwork of ovation.

steam pipes throughout the theatre was issuing bang-bang noises that re-echoed, cannon-like, in the auditorium.

For five minutes, M. Koussevitsky waged his battle of music, but at least he was forced to surrender.

The orchestra remained silent. So did the pipes.

Then, cautiously, M. Koussevitsky tried it again. But the bombardment of pipe noise also resumed and once more the orchestra was silent.

Finally, when Brahm's Symphony No. 2 had been completed on the installment plan, M. Koussevitsky and his orchetsra were given an

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
JOURNAL
Knoxville
12
MAR 15 1929

RECEIVES MEDAL

HAMBURG, Germany, (AP).—Dr. Carl Muck, former conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, received the first of the Johannes Brahms medals. The medals commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Hamburg Philharmonic Society founded by Brahms.

Boston Symphony Plays To Steam Pipe Obligato

Serge Koussevitsky Conducts Musicians Through the Passages of Brahm On 'Instalments,' Playing 'Tag' With Embarrassing Interlude of Steam

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Inside the auditorium, Serge Koussevitsky, conductor, was struggling bravely through Brahms's symphony No 2, but he was unable to eliminate from its interpretation a persistent accompaniment which would have fitted in nicely had he been directing some such selection as "I Faw Down and Go Boom."

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TIMES UNION

Boston Orchestra Has Music Battle

Noise From Steam Pipes Vie for First Place in Sanders Theatre.

Cambridge, Mass., (U.P.)—Music emanating last night from Sanders Theatre, where the Boston Symphony Orchestra was giving a concert, sounded like a weird cross between a thunder shower and the output of Tin Pan Alley.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES
MAR 16 1929

Organlogue, A Medley of Irish Airs.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will make its final visit to Providence of the season for a concert in the Albee Theatre on Tuesday evening, March 26. Serge Koussevitzky will then conduct Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in E minor, a score in which the Russian leader reveals his most eloquent powers. The other numbers will be an orchestra concerto of Philip Emanuel Bach, as re-orchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg; Wagner's prelude to "Lohengrin" and the "Sorceror's Apprentice," the humorous scherzo of Dukas, which was inspired by the ballad of Goethe.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
TIMES STAR
MAR 16 1929

Concert On Installment Plan As Steam Pipes Vie With Orchestra

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., March 16—(UP)—Music emanating Thursday night from Sanders Theatre where the Boston Symphony Orchestra was giving a concert, sounded like a weird cross between a thunder shower and the output of Tin Pan alley.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN

FINAL SYMPHONY CONCERT IS MARCH 26

Boston Group to Play Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony in E-Minor.

Tschaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in E Minor, regarded as one of the Russian master's greatest compositions, will be the principal feature of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's fourth and final concert of the season in the Albee Theatre on Tuesday evening, March 26. The symphony is said to be a favorite with Serge Koussevitzky, leader of the orchestra, who will conduct.

The other numbers on the program will be an Orchestral Concerto by Philip Emanuel Bach, reorchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg; Wagner's Prelude to "Lohengrin," and the "Sorceror's Apprentice," the humorous scherzo of Dukas, which was inspired by the ballad of Goethe bearing the same name.

TODAY'S classified ads may not appear again—too many people are watching for the special opportunities offered in them.—Better read them today yourself.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
AUGUSTA, GA.
CHRONICLE
MAR 16 1929

GETS BRAHMS MEDAL

Hamburg, Germany.—(AP)—Dr. Carl Muck, former conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, received the first of the Johannes Brahms medals. The medals commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Hamburg Philharmonic Society founded by Brahms.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN

STEAM PIPES "ASSIST" BOSTON SYMPHONY

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph
MAR 16 1929

MUSIC

By Charles D. Isaacson

THE King can do no wrong. Nor can Toscanini. In ancient monarchies lese majeste was punishable by death. In America only the public can foretell what is meted out to those who would criticize the kings, whom popularity has crowned.

Toscanini, the mighty, the incomparable, the genius touched by the gods! So we hear him lauded, and with justice. Curiously, many who now can see only perfection in the Italian some years ago were among his cruelest enemies.

For myself, who has knelt before Toscanini since first these ears heard his sublime music, admiring him as I do, it is not impossible to know when he is at his best, and when he is not.

Thus, on Thursday night when he conducted the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra despite the fact that no other performances by any other conductor are at all thrilling, I felt that Toscanini was not at his own standards. He has not the same inner joy which he felt last year; his own satisfaction and ecstasy do not compare with what he felt during his previous season. He is fulfilling a contract this time; something is drawing his heart elsewhere.

▼

ANOTHER and more serious matter. Somebody has been telling Mr. Toscanini that the way to "get" American audiences is to shiver them with a cyclonic noise. For the master Italian, until last year, is aiming always to bewilder the listeners with a series of thunderous climaxes.

During the performance of "Impressions From an Artist's Life," of Ernest Schelling, one felt that Toscanini was fulfilling an obligation, returning a courtesy. He did not believe in it. So he made it what he wanted. The Schelling Variations for Orchestra and Piano, illustrated a point we made recently in a review of the Boston Symphony and a comment on Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor.

▼

KOUSSEVITSKY could do no better than the music he played. Toscanini bettered everything he touched. I have heard Schelling's works three times; on each previous occasion it appeared to have been written, rather than inspired; it appeared to have been patterned, planned, devised, made to fit. On this occasion, the Impressions emerged another work! In the Variation XVIIA, "The Call to Arms," the familiar Toscanini alarum sounded, and one listened tremblingly. But it was in the Ninth Variation, dedicated to Paderewski, that the lovelier moments ensued, and in the exquisite Sixth Variation, dedicated to the Flonzaleys, and in the quaint and haunting Seventh, dedicated to the oboist, Georges Longy.

Mr. Schelling participated and looked like a great boy before his idol.

Again in point on Koussevitsky: We heard him play the Prokofeiff "Classic Symphony." He made it of marble, chaste, Grecian, cold, but beautiful. Toscanini brought the work to life, it turned to flesh, it breathed of Springtime and youth. It whirled and pirouetted and danced. A dazzling and lovely thing, Italianate in spirit and mood.

The Wagner "Faust" Overture of his earlier days, and the glorious Ravel "Daphnis and Chloe" completed the brilliant program.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
MAR 17 192

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FINAL PROGRAM BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

For the fourth and final concert of its Providence series a week from next Tuesday night in the Albee Theatre, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony as its major offering. This work of the Russian composer is considered one of Mr. Koussevitzky's most eloquent interpretations and, coming at the end of the program, will say the farewells of conductor and his musicians to Providence for the year.

The first part of the program holds the Concerto for Orchestra in D-major, by Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, third son of the great Johann Sebastian, as reorchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg; Wagner's familiar prelude to "Lohengrin" and Dukas's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," a humorous scherzo which was inspired by the ballad of Goethe.

This is the arrangement: Concerto for Orchestra in D-major, arranged by Maximilian Steinberg. C. P. E. Bach, Allegro moderato, Andante lento molto, Allegro; Prelude to "Lohengrin," Wagner; "L'Apprenti Sorcier" ("The Sorcerer's Apprentice") Scherzo (after a ballad by Goethe), Dukas; Symphony No. 5 in E-minor, opus 64, Tschaikowski, Andante, Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza, Valse (Allegro moderato), Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
TRIBUNE
MAR 17 1929

Boston Symphony Plays King's Work

By Joan King.

[Chicago Tribune Press Service.]

NEW YORK, March 16.—[Special.]—Gothamites, fortunate enough to possess subscription seatings for the New York season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, were presented with something rare recently by that indefatigable innovator, Serge Koussevitsky. In fact, insofar as this [illegible] musical annals disclose, the occasion was the first of its kind hereabouts, the introduction of a musical work from the pen of a king. Entitled Symphony in D major, number 3, the Koussevitsky offering presented an example of the musical genius of no less a historical personage than Frederick the Great, one of the few examples of kingly effort available for modern use.

Frederick the Great's fondness for music is a matter of historical record, as is his father's opposition to this artistic bent. Lessons which he managed to obtain from Quantz, flute virtuoso and composer of the day, were gotten in secret. When he became king he did not give up his music, but, as Philip Hale's program notes upon the Boston Symphony's concert related, he played the flute four times daily throughout his entire régime.

* *

Unearthed in Berlin.

The symphony in D major was recently unearthed in the Berlin library and edited by Gustav Lenzewski, for revival by Erich Kleiber at the Staatsoper, Berlin, May 4, 1928. Mr. Koussevitsky was responsible for its first American performance in Boston, not long ago.

Contrary to the general belief that music supposed to have been composed by princes was in reality the work of the expert musicians of the times, it is said that Frederick the Great's D major symphony was all his own, some few parts having been submitted to Quantz for correction in notation.

The symphony in question is likable music, in three short movements, scored for two oboes, two horns, and strings and solo flutes. The first movement is lively and high spirited; the slow movement [a duet for two flutes] accompanied by strings; the third, a final allegro scherzando.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ST. PAUL, MINN.
PIONEER PRESS
MAR 17 1929

Toscanini's Art At Pinnacle in 'Tannhaeuser'

By Frances Boardman.

New York, March 16.—It has been possible of late to hear the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra under Eugene Goossens, the Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky, and the Philharmonic - Symphony orchestra under Arturo Toscanini, all within the space of six days.

This writer has already forwarded comment on the first-named of the three events, which, for all the virtuosity of the Philadelphia men, was very positively eclipsed in interpretative force and beauty by each of the other programs in the trio.

There is one striking characteristic which MM. Toscanini and Koussevitzky share—the ability to exert tremendous force, and exercise meticulous control, with a minimum of physical demonstration. Somewhat unlike the posturing and undulating Mr. Goossens, they seem to regard themselves merely as agencies for guiding the performance, and not as star performers.

As the New York musical Nestors have repeatedly said, Koussevitzky is one of the two conductors—Stokowski is the other—whom they quite willingly group with Toscanini in an outstanding triune. His performance of Saturday easily justified such a rating. Never has this writer heard the music of Richard Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra" so magnificently elucidated, nor its technical difficulties so magically resolved into sheer, thrilling beauty.

The orchestra, which fell on unhappy and disorganizing days during the post-Muck and pre-Koussevitzky interval, has retrieved its former fame, and gives an extraordinarily fine account of itself. The strings, especially, are superb in their luscious homogeneity of tone, and there is a sensitivity of response throughout the ensemble which is almost uncannily acute.

It is a curious and interesting fact that the manner in which Toscanini is greeted on his appearances in Carnegie hall might well impress the

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN
MAR 17 1929

PIPES OF PANDEMONIUM

Every season the Boston Symphony Orchestra gives several concerts at Harvard in the Sanders Theater, in whose unfavorable acoustics not a few Phi Beta Kappa orations have been muffled. The most recent of these concerts was the occasion of a form of interruption more suited to compositions since Respighi than to Brahms' Second Symphony. The Boston *Transcript* describes the occasion:

Mr. Koussevitzky had no more than begun the symphony when radiators and steam pipes began to make noises. Involuntarily one wished for Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" or Prokofiev's "Pas d'Acier." Instead, Mr. Koussevitzky signaled his men to stop, descended from his little platform, began smilingly to walk about among his players. Audience, orchestra, conductor "registered" nothing but amusement. When there was an interval of silence longer than the most, causing the audience to grow silent and the conductor to approach his post, another crash renewed amusement. After this there were no more attempts at starting until the proper official of Harvard University had notified Mr. Koussevitzky that he might proceed in peace.

Every graduate of the university will recall the steam pipes of Harvard which Prof. Charles Townsend Copeland was wont to denounce with Elizabethan epithets. They have disturbed the tranquillity of many a lecture and caused young men busy taking notes to digress into the delineation of feminine heads and professorial profiles. But to have driven Mr. Koussevitzky from his eminence is an accomplishment for steam pipes which cannot be duplicated by some Boston music lovers who occasionally interrupt a notoriously modern composition with howls.

Perhaps in the above-recorded episode a modernist had taken his revenge by turning the steam on poor Brahms.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ST. LOUIS, MO.
POST-DISPATCH
MAR 17 1929

Brahms Medal for Karl Muck.

By the Associated Press.

HAMBURG, Germany, March 16.—Dr. Karl Muck, former conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, received the first of the Johannes Brahms medals. The medals commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the Hamburg Philharmonic Society founded by Brahms.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
TRIBUNE
MAR 17 1929

Serge Koussevitzky and his Boston Symphony orchestra went to New York the other night and presented a symphony composed by Frederick the Great. What is more, it was the third in the series of four composed by that monarch. The critics found it amiable and pleasant, without much of any independent invention, and rather agreeable without reference to its royal source.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
OMAHA
WORLD HERALD
MAR 17 1929

HONOR DIRECTOR

Dr. Muck Gets First of Johannes Brahms Medals.

Hamburg, Germany, March 16 (AP).—Dr. Carl Muck, former conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, received the first of the Johannes Brahms medals. The medals commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the Hamburg Philharmonic society founded by Brahms.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MACON, GA.
TELEGRAPH
MAR 17 1929

HAMBURG, Germany (AP). — Dr. Carl Muck, former conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, received the first of the Johannes Brahms medals. The medals commemorate the 100th anniversary of Hamburg Philharmonic Society founded by Brahms.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PHILA., PA.
INQUIRER
17 192

CARL MUCK HONORED

Former Conductor of Boston Orchestra Gets Brahms Medal

HAMBURG, Germany, March 16 (A. P.).—Dr. Carl Muck, former conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, received the first of the Johannes Brahms medals.

The medals commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Hamburg Philharmonic Society founded by Brahms.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
JOURNAL
Knoxville, Tenn.
MAR 17 1929

Last Concert

Last week in Washington the concluding concert of a series by the Boston Symphony orchestra was given under direction of Sergei Koussevitsky. Ernest Bloch's "America" was appropriately used as the opening number.

In one of the boxes a notable party included Mrs. Herbert Hoover and her sister, Mrs. J. H. Large; President Hoover's sister, Mrs. May Leavitt, and the president's uncle, W. D. Henry.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
STANDARD
MAR 18 1929

BY THE WAY

By C. G.

Some things are very puzzling, and admit of no explanation except the very lame one, "Oh, well, it makes a difference, you know." In Cambridge the other evening, when the Boston Symphony orchestra was giving a performance, the steam pipes went on the rampage in the middle of a Brahms number. You know how steam pipes can bang when the janitor, having glanced at the thermometer in the early morning hours, says to himself: "Down to zero, eh? Well, I suppose I had better give those guys some heat"; and, suiting the action to the word, as the saying is, tosses a shovelful of coal under the boiler and opens the drafts. If he really does a good job of it, the pipes are apt to start an anvil chorus about the time folks are getting in their best licks. I never heard steam pipes on the rampage at a concert, but I can imagine it would be more obtrusive than the nine o'clock bell in the Stone church used to be in the old days when something very sweet and low was being played or sung at a concert in the Odd Fellows building. According to all accounts, the pipes in Cambridge proved too much for the symphony artists, and the performance had to be suspended.

* * * *

And yet I wonder. It seems to me that a resourceful conductor would have silenced the instruments just long enough to announce that through an error in the printed program the number being played was represented to be a piece of Brahms, when it really was the new Boiler Factory Symphony in F minor by a modern composer. With that explanation, he could have continued the performance, and the audience, instead of being annoyed, would have raved over the marvelous verisimilitude of the effects produced. In an age when composers are dealing with such themes as a locomotive and a steam hammer, a combination of wind and string instruments with banging steam pipes ought to be a popular success. Some people, no doubt, would prefer the pipes—modernized pipes of Pan—suited to the age of steam—to the [illegible] or the horns with plugs in the openings.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
ENTERPRISE
BROCKTON, MASS.
MAR 18 1929

By the Way

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

It was celebrated on the air
With lilting Irish tunes,
With all the tender cradle songs
An Irish mother croons,
But to-night the celebration
Will be merriest we've seen,
When saxophones all syncopate
The Wearing of the Green.

ARTHUR T. COLE of Whitman, reading that the steam pipes went on a bust when the Boston Symphony Orchestra was doing Brahms' Symphony No. 2, throwing the band for a loss, was moved to write to the Herald suggesting: "What they should have done is to wait until Papa Koussevitzky started to wind up some of the stuff put out by one of the so-called modern composers, Stravinski, Ravel or old man Popover or what ever his name is—suffering cats what an effect would have been produced.

"Papa Koussevitzky would never have had to quit cold as he did with the Brahms number. When the banging and booming commenced he would have probably thought to himself. 'Well, well, here's a brand new noise I never heard before; I sure never rehearsed this lovely harmony and I'm giggled if I know which of the bunch is making this beautiful coloring but when I find out I'm going to present him with an extra ration of vodka—suffering Pete but this is good.'"

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN
MAR 20 1929

There are criticisms in both Boston and New York of current offerings in orchestral music. In Boston the ground of complaint is the large proportion of "modernist" music in the Symphony programs selected by Mr Koussevitzky. The objectors recognize the notable quality of the Symphony orchestra and the talent of the conductor, but they do not like so-called "ultramodern" music and do not wish to hear so much of it. This position, whether or not unduly conservative, is at least intelligent. In New York, however, as has been said, people do not go to concerts to hear music, but to indulge their enthusiasm for conductors, and much of this is mere hero-worship, to which, perhaps, some of the music critics are contributing. A letter writer in the Times stupidly condemns Mr Mengelberg as a "mere time-beater" and sighs for the return of Mr Furwaengler, yet, when Mr Furwaengler was in New York some years ago, another letter writer declared that the tone quality of the orchestra had deteriorated in a few months.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
MAR 20 1929

Appetizing Fare for Symphony Folk

Koussevitzky Selects Tchaikovsky, C. P. E. Bach, Dukas and Wagner For His Season's Farewell Here Tuesday.—Some Program Notes

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will present [redacted] in the fourth and last concert of the season, to be given the evening of March 26 at the E. F. Albee Theatre.

Symphony audiences here within the last two years have heard two of the compositions. The prelude to "Lohengrin" was given last year, while the arrangement of the concerto by the "Hamburg Bach" seems due for an appearance here every other season. Introduced here in the 1924-25 season, it was repeated two years ago.

Concerning the latter composition, which opens Tuesday's concert, we find in the Symphony's program notes for Jan. 18, 1927, the folowing remarks:

"Mr. Koussevitzky heard this concerto played by violin, quinton, viol d'amour, viola de gamba and bass viol at a concert of the Society of Ancient Instruments in Paris. He was so pleased that he took the music and proposed to make an orchestral arrangement; but he finally entrusted the task to Steinberg, who arranged it for these instruments: flute, two oboes, bassoon, horn, and strings. The concerto was probably composed by Bach at Hamburg. It was performed in Boston at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, on Oct. 24, 1924." The arrangement keeps faith with the original's 18th century spirit.

As Wagner Explained It

Wagner's own explanation of the Prelue to "Lohengrin" follows: "Love seemed to have vanished from a world of hatred and quarrelling; as a lawgiver she was no longer to be found among the communities of men. Emancipating itself from barren care for gain and possession, the sole arbiter of all worldly intercourse, the human heart's unquenchable love-longing again at length craved to appease a want, which, the more warmly and intensely it made itself felt under the pressure of reality, was the less easy to satisfy, on account of this very reality.

"It was beyond the confines of the actual world that man's ecstatic imaginative power fixed the source as well as the outflow of this incomprehensible impulse of love, and from the desire of a comforting sensuous conception of this supersensuous idea invested it with a wonderful form, which, under the name of the 'Holy Grail,' though conceived as actually existing, yet unapproachably far off, was believed in, longed for, and sought for.

"The Holy Grail was the costly vessel out of which, at the Last Supper, our Savior drank with his disciples, and in which His blood was received when out of love for His brethren He suffered upon the cross, and which till this day has been preserved with lively zeal as the source of undying love; albeit at one time this cup of salvation was taken away from unworthy mankind, but at length was brought back again from the heights of heaven by a band of angels, and delivered into the keeping of fervently loving, solitary men, who, wondrously strengthened and blessed by its presence, and purified in heart, were consecrated as the earthly champions of eternal love."

"This miraculous delivery of the Holy Grail, escorted by an angelic host, and the handing of over into the custody of highly favored men, was selected by the author of "Lohengren," a knight of the Grail, for the introduction of his drama, as the subject to be musically portrayed, just as here, for the sake of explanation, he may be allowed to bring it forward as an object for the mental receptive power of his hearers."—(Boston Symphony program for March 20, 1928.)

In the Sorcerer's Absence

"In 1796, Goethe in one of his lighter moods wrote "Der Zauberlehrling," the material of the poem being drawn from Lucian's "Philopseudes," Lie-monger. In it he details the sad experience of a youth, who in the absence of his master, a sorcerer to whom he was apprenticed, proceeded to employ the magic formula commanding the broom to take to itself a head and legs, and then directing it to bring water from a near-by stream. But when all the pitchers and tubs are full to overflowing the youth in desperation cuts the broom in two with an ax, only to find that he has created two water-carriers whose frenetic industry bids fair to cause a veritable inundation. As he loudly screams for help the master appears, restores the broom to its pristine condition, and in all probability belabors the unlucky youth with it." This is the theme of Dukas's delightful work.

Tchaikovsky is always interesting; his work is Germanic enough to insure a sound structure, and at the same time Slavic enough to engage the mind with the unusual and the unexpected.

The first movement of the Fifth Symphony opens with a slow introduction, Andante in E-minor (4-4 time), where two clarinets announce and develop a mournful Slavic theme, to an accompaniment of strings. This is followed by the main part of the movement, Allegro con anima, filled with lights and shadows almost without end. The first theme is given unusual development, and comes to a close with an uproarious double-fortissimo, full orchestra. Then follows a cantabile theme, first in the strings, and then overflowing until it fills the whole orchestra. After this the wood wind take up the matter and debate with the strings through the Piu animato and the Molto tranquillo to the very dramatic free fantasia that closes the movement.

The Famous Second Movement.

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M. C. W.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS
MAR 25 1929

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TELEGRAM
MAR 20 1929

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By PITTS SANBORN.

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Mr. Krauss, who is still under 40, has come to this country after successes in his native Vienna and reported triumphs in Frankfort-on-the-Main, and with no less a further honor imminent than the directorship of the Vienna State Opera. He has recently been conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philadelphia as guest.

So much is certain. Much else that regards this young musician of romance is legend. The legend, however, is true in so far as his looks go. He does resemble an overgrown Spanish torero (the typical fighter of bulls boasts less than his stature and weight).

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An orchestra worthy the name—and what orchestra has borne a better name than that of the city on the Schuylkill?—deserves the uninterrupted ministrations of a competent trainer and conductor.

Last night's capacity audience accepted the concert with equanimity.

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TIMES
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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
ENTERPRISE
BROCKTON, MASS.
MAR 18 1929

By the Way

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

It was celebrated on the air
With lilting Irish tunes,
With all the tender cradle songs
An Irish mother croons,
But to-night the celebration
Will be merriest we've seen,
When saxophones all syncopate
The Wearing of the Green.

ARTHUR T. COLE of Whitman, reading that the steam pipes went on a bust when the Boston Symphony Orchestra was doing Brahms' Symphony No. 2, throwing the band for a loss, was moved to write to the Herald suggesting: "What they should have done is to wait until Papa Koussevitzky started to wind up some of the stuff put out by one of the so-called modern composers, Stravinski, Ravel or old man Popover or what ever his name is—suffering cats what an effect would have been produced.

"Papa Koussevitzky would never have had to quit cold as he did with the Brahms number. When the banging and booming commenced he would have probably thought to himself. 'Well, well, here's a brand new noise I never heard before; I sure never rehearsed this lovely harmony and I'm giggled if I know which of the bunch is making this beautiful coloring but when I find out I'm going to present him with an extra ration of vodka—suffering Pete but this is good.'"

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN

There are criticisms in both Boston and New York of current offerings in orchestral music. In Boston the ground of complaint is the large proportion of "modernist" music in the Symphony programs selected by Mr Koussevitzky. The objectors recognize the notable quality of the Symphony orchestra and the talent of the conductor, but they do not like so-called "ultramodern" music and do not wish to hear so much of it. This position, whether or not unduly conservative, is at least intelligent. In New York, however, as has been said, people do not go to concerts to hear music, but to indulge their enthusiasm for conductors, and much of this is mere hero-worship, to which, perhaps, some of the music critics are contributing. A letter writer in the Times stupidly condemns Mr Mengelberg as a "mere time-beater" and sighs for the return of Mr Furwaengler, yet, when Mr Furwaengler was in New York some years ago, another letter writer declared that the tone quality of the orchestra had deteriorated in a few months.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
MAR 20 1929

Appetizing Fare for Symphony Folk

Koussevitzky Selects Tchaikovsky, C. P. E. Bach, Dukas and Wagner For His Season's Farewell Here Tuesday.—Some Program Notes

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will present [redacted] in the fourth and last concert of the season, to be given the evening of March 26 at the E. F. Albee Theatre.

Symphony audiences here within the last two years have heard two of the compositions. The prelude to "Lohengrin" was given last year, while the arrangement of the concerto by the "Hamburg Bach" seems due for an appearance here every other season. Introduced here in the 1924-25 season, it was repeated two years ago.

Concerning the latter composition, which opens Tuesday's concert, we find in the Symphony's program notes for Jan. 18, 1927, the folowing remarks:

"Mr. Koussevitzky heard this concerto played by violin, quinton, viol d'amour, viola de gamba and bass viol at a concert of the Society of Ancient Instruments in Paris. He was so pleased that he took the music and proposed to make an orchestral arrangement; but he finally entrusted the task to Steinberg, who arranged it for these instruments: flute, two oboes, bassoon, horn, and strings. The concerto was probably composed by Bach at Hamburg. It was performed in Boston at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, on Oct. 24, 1924." The arrangement keeps faith with the original's 18th century spirit.

As Wagner Explained It

Wagner's own explanation of the Prelue to "Lohengrin" follows: "Love seemed to have vanished from a world of hatred and quarrelling; as a lawgiver she was no longer to be found among the communities of men. Emancipating itself from barren care for gain and possession, the sole arbiter of all worldly intercourse, the human heart's unquenchable love-longing again at length craved to appease a want, which, the more warmly and intensely it made itself felt under the pressure of reality, was the less easy to satisfy, on account of this very reality.

"It was beyond the confines of the actual world that man's ecstatic imaginative power fixed the source as well as the outflow of this incomprehensible impulse of love, and from the desire of a comforting sensuous conception of this supersensuous idea invested it with a wonderful form, which, under the name of the 'Holy Grail,' though conceived as actually existing, yet unapproachably far off, was believed in, longed for, and sought for.

"The Holy Grail was the costly vessel out of which, at the Last Supper, our Savior drank with his disciples, and in which His blood was received when out of love for His brethren He suffered upon the cross, and which till this day has been preserved with lively zeal as the source of undying love; albeit at one time this cup of salvation was taken away from unworthy mankind, but at length was brought back again from the heights of heaven by a band of angels, and delivered into the keeping of fervently loving, solitary men, who, wondrously strengthened and blessed by its presence, and purified in heart, were consecrated as the earthly champions of eternal love."

"This miraculous delivery of the Holy Grail, escorted by an angelic host, and the handing of over into the custody of highly favored men, was selected by the author of "Lohengren," a knight of the Grail, for the introduction of his drama, as the subject to be musically portrayed, just as here, for the sake of explanation, he may be allowed to bring it forward as an object for the mental receptive power of his hearers."—(Boston Symphony program for March 20, 1928.)

In the Sorcerer's Absence

"In 1796, Goethe in one of his lighter moods wrote "Der Zauberlehrling," the material of the poem being drawn from Lucian's "Philopseudes," Lie-monger. In it he details the sad experience of a youth, who in the absence of his master, a sorcerer to whom he was apprenticed, proceeded to employ the magic formula commanding the broom to take to itself a head and legs, and then directing it to bring water from a near-by stream. But when all the pitchers and tubs are full to overflowing the youth in desperation cuts the broom in two with an ax, only to find that he has created two water-carriers whose frenetic industry bids fair to cause a veritable inundation. As he loudly screams for help the master appears, restores the broom to its pristine condition, and in all probability belabors the unlucky youth with it." This is the theme of Dukas's delightful work.

Tchaikovsky is always interesting; his work is Germanic enough to insure a sound structure, and at the same time Slavic enough to engage the mind with the unusual and the unexpected.

The first movement of the Fifth Symphony opens with a slow introduction, Andante in E-minor (4-4 time), where two clarinets announce and develop a mournful Slavic theme, to an accompaniment of strings. This is followed by the main part of the movement, Allegro con anima, filled with lights and shadows almost without end. The first theme is given unusual development, and comes to a close with an uproarious double-fortissimo, full orchestra. Then follows a cantabile theme, first in the strings, and then overflowing until it fills the whole orchestra. After this the wood wind take up the matter and debate with the strings through the Piu animato and the Molto tranquillo to the very dramatic free fantasia that closes the movement.

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1303 Geneva Avenue
St. Paul, MN 55119

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
MAR 23 1929

Music : By Oscar Thompson

Major Orchestras and Their Conductors; Guests and the Lesson of the Bostonians Under Koussevitzky

WITH A MONTH of orchestral concerts remaining, it is still possible that some unpredictable circumstance will add yet another to the thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen or seventeen symphony conductors who have led orchestras in Manhattan's concert halls this season, the number depending on whether the Philharmonic-Symphony's children's concerts, the incidental appearance of a Philharmonic violinist in the role of dirigent at a Honegger concert and a program or two by the orchestras not of established place and reputation are included. Stopping at thirteen, however, it is to be noted that two organizations, the Philharmonic-Symphony and the Philadelphia Orchestra, contrived between them to make use of all but three of the total in their regular subscription concerts for adult symphony patrons in Carnegie Hall. The three whose distinction or misfortune it was to be otherwise associated were Serge Koussevitzky of the Boston Symphony, Nikolai Sokoloff of the Cleveland Orchestra and Georges Zaslawsky of the now impressively silent Beethoven Symphonists who six months ago were announcing largely expanded activities.

There may be some profit in checking the record with a view to corroborating the growing conviction that the guest system is a bad one for our foremost American orchestras, however much it may please conductors and the friends of conductors and ward off stalemate for listeners more concerned with personalities than with qualities of performance. Undoubtedly the most consistent good playing of the season has been that of the Boston Symphony under Mr. Koussevitzky. At its best it has played no better than the Philharmonic-Symphony and the Philadelphia Orchestra at their best. The Philadelphia Orchestra's first concert of the year, that which marked the return of Leopold Stokowski, and the concerts of the Philharmonic-Symphony under Mr. Toscanini, not to forget several really superb programs by Mr. Mengelberg, would leave this commentator without a choice in this very dubious matter of what is best among the best. But both the Philharmonic-Symphony and the Philadelphia Orchestra have sagged between their peaks of superb playing in a manner and to a degree that most certainly has not been true of the Boston visitors.

Granting the different personalities not only of the conductors but of the orchestras and the purely personal preference that any one listener may have for the Philadelphia or the Philharmonic tone, or for Mr. Toscanini's or Mr. Stokowski's particular results with a particular work, it must be admitted without question that the Koussevitzky-Boston standard has been a higher one than the Mengelberg-Damrosch-Reiner-Honegger-Gabrilowitsch-Toscanini standard of the Philharmonic-Symphony, or the Stokowski-Gabrilowitsch-Goossens-Kraus standard of the Philadelphians. It is not to be expected that the addition of Mr. Kraus to the Philharmonic list will perceptibly alter the average, for better or worse.

NOTHING has been more apparent during the season than that the superior achievements of Mr. Koussevitzky with the Boston band were the result not merely of one-man leadership this season but of one-man leadership in the preceding seasons. He did not accomplish his ends in his first year or his second in Boston, even without the interruptions and distractions of a divided command. Indeed, Mr. Koussevitzky's earlier seasons in Boston may be said, on the basis of the orchestra's playing in New York this year, to have been preparatory. At the close of last season there was a clear indication of what was to be. There were those who felt then that the Boston Symphony had "come back—all the way back"; though with a very different personality from that of the days when it was the basis of comparison for all American orchestras.

Even those who have most admired the Bostonians' performances this year would hesitate to put this orchestra ahead of the Philharmonic or the Philadelphia in basic quality; probably the most discriminating still would favor one or the other of the latter, or both, over Mr. Koussevitzky's orchestra, as an orchestra, and it is more than possible that they would in some measure agree that the potentialities of the present Philharmonic-Symphony under Toscanini or the present Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski are greater than those of the present Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky. Assuming this as so (and it would be rash not to admit that the assumption is open to attack from those who have become devout partisans of the Boston ensemble), the fact remains that the Boston Orchestra has played more consistently well in New York, this year, than its rivals. If it has done this without being clearly the best orchestra, the reason plainly is to be found in the circumstances surrounding its leadership.

Those who would be ready to argue that Mr. Koussevitzky is a superior conductor to Mr. Toscanini or Mr. Stokowski are probably fewer in New York than those who would argue the contrary. This is a hazardous subject, at best, shot through with personal preferences and prejudices that may hinge upon some such insignificant detail as the tempo of a single work or the conductor's particular way of holding the baton. Of the four chief conductors appearing in New York, surface indications of their popularity would appear to rank Mr. Toscanini first, Mr. Stokowski second, Mr. Koussevitzky third and Mr. Mengelberg fourth, but the correctness or this or the justness of it is about as provable as the relative beauty of as many fair women.

LITTLE ROOM for dispute exists, however, over the consistent and remarkable progress the Boston Symphony has made under Mr. Koussevitzky. There was as little for doubt last season with respect to the deterioration of the Philadelphia Orchestra in the absence of Mr. Stokowski. What had been built up there by the same process as that observed more latterly in Boston began to decline when the mainspring of this progress was temporarily detached. Nothing could have been more startling than the superb playing of the Philadelphia Orchestra when Mr. Stokowski returned to it last fall, in view of its inferior performance the year before under Mr. Reiner and Mr. Monteux. Subsequently, it relapsed into much the same condition as a year ago, when Mr. Stokowski passed it on to Mr. Gabrilowitsch. Mr. Goossens's single concert was a little better, that of Mr. Kraus was one of the most unsatisfactory New York has known from this orchestra. Given a similar situation in Boston, like results might be taken for granted.

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CITIZEN
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TRIBUNE
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Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, son of the great Johann Sebastian Bach, occupies in music a position of more historical than actual importance. In matters of form he served as a model for Mozart and Haydn, and in the freedom of his harmony he forecast composers of an even later day. Little of his music has survived, but among his works are a few that have a message even for us of the twentieth century.

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PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES
MAR 28 1929

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Under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky the orchestra has held its place among the foremost musical organizations in the world. It is recognized as one of the first four or five of such bodies, and there is high authority for the statement that it stands as the very first. Its splendid performances in Providence in this and past seasons have made for it such a host of friends that to lose its concerts would be to lose a valuable cultural asset.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
MAR 23 1929

Music : By Oscar Thompson

Major Orchestras and Their Conductors; Guests and the Lesson of the Bostonians Under Koussevitzky

WITH A MONTH of orchestral concerts remaining, it is still possible that some unpredictable circumstance will add yet another to the thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen or seventeen symphony conductors who have led orchestras in Manhattan's concert halls this season, the number depending on whether the Philharmonic-Symphony's children's concerts, the incidental appearance of a Philharmonic violinist in the role of dirigent at a Honegger concert and a program or two by the orchestras not of established place and reputation are included. Stopping at thirteen, however, it is to be noted that two organizations, the Philharmonic-Symphony and the Philadelphia Orchestra, contrived between them to make use of all but three of the total in their regular subscription concerts for adult symphony patrons in Carnegie Hall. The three whose distinction or misfortune it was to be otherwise associated were Serge Koussevitzky of the Boston Symphony, Nikolai Sokoloff of the Cleveland Orchestra and Georges Zaslawsky of the now impressively silent Beethoven Symphonists who six months ago were announcing largely expanded activities.

There may be some profit in checking the record with a view to corroborating the growing conviction that the guest system is a bad one for our foremost American orchestras, however much it may please conductors and the friends of conductors and ward off stalemate for listeners more concerned with personalities than with qualities of performance. Undoubtedly the most consistent good playing of the season has been that of the Boston Symphony under Mr. Koussevitzky. At its best it has played no better than the Philharmonic-Symphony and the Philadelphia Orchestra at their best. The Philadelphia Orchestra's first concert of the year, that which marked the return of Leopold Stokowski, and the concerts of the Philharmonic-Symphony under Mr. Toscanini, not to forget several really superb programs by Mr. Mengelberg, would leave this commentator without a choice in this very dubious matter of what is best among the best. But both the Philharmonic-Symphony and the Philadelphia Orchestra have sagged between their peaks of superb playing in a manner and to a degree that most certainly has not been true of the Boston visitors.

Granting the different personalities not only of the conductors but of the orchestras and the purely personal preference that any one listener may have for the Philadelphia or the Philharmonic tone, or for Mr. Toscanini's or Mr. Stokowski's particular results with a particular work, it must be admitted without question that the Koussevitzky-Boston standard has been a higher one than the Mengelberg-Damrosch-Reiner-Honegger-Gabrilowitsch-Toscanini standard of the Philharmonic-Symphony, or the Stokowski-Gabrilowitsch-Goossens-Kraus standard of the Philadelphians. It is not to be expected that the addition of Mr. Kraus to the Philharmonic list will perceptibly alter the average, for better or worse.

NOTHING has been more apparent during the season than that the superior achievements of Mr. Koussevitzky with the Boston band were the result not merely of one-man leadership this season but of one-man leadership in the preceding seasons. He did not accomplish his ends in his first year or his second in Boston, even without the interruptions and distractions of a divided command. Indeed, Mr. Koussevitzky's earlier seasons in Boston may be said, on the basis of the orchestra's playing in New York this year, to have been preparatory. At the close of last season there was a clear indication of what was to be. There were those who felt then that the Boston Symphony had "come back—all the way back"; though with a very different personality from that of the days when it was the basis of comparison for all American orchestras.

Even those who have most admired the Bostonians' performances this year would hesitate to put this orchestra ahead of the Philharmonic or the Philadelphia in basic quality; probably the most discriminating still would favor one or the other of the latter, or both, over Mr. Koussevitzky's orchestra, as an orchestra, and it is more than possible that they would in some measure agree that the potentialities of the present Philharmonic-Symphony under Toscanini or the present Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski are greater than those of the present Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky. Assuming this as so (and it would be rash not to admit that the assumption is open to attack from those who have become devout partisans of the Boston ensemble), the fact remains that the Boston Orchestra has played more consistently well in New York, this year, than its rivals. If it has done this without being clearly the best orchestra, the reason plainly is to be found in the circumstances surrounding its leadership.

Those who would be ready to argue that Mr. Koussevitzky is a superior conductor to Mr. Toscanini or Mr. Stokowski are probably fewer in New York than those who would argue the contrary. This is a hazardous subject, at best, shot through with personal preferences and prejudices that may hinge upon some such insignificant detail as the tempo of a single work or the conductor's particular way of holding the baton. Of the four chief conductors appearing in New York, surface indications of their popularity would appear to rank Mr. Toscanini first, Mr. Stokowski second, Mr. Koussevitzky third and Mr. Mengelberg fourth, but the correctness or this or the justness of it is about as provable as the relative beauty of as many fair women.

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TIMES
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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TELEGRAM
MAR 28 1929

BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY BY BOSTONIANS AT CARNEGIE

Serge Koussevitzky and His Orchestra Will Give Renowned Masterpiece Here with the Aid of the Choir of the Schola Cantorum of New York.

By PITTS SANBORN.

FOR the first time in many years of annual series of concerts in New York the Boston Symphony Orchestra is to give here Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Two performances are projected—on Thursday evening, April 11, and on Saturday afternoon, April 13, both in Carnegie Hall.

Serge Koussevitzky will, of course, conduct, and the assisting chorus will be that of the Schola Cantorum of New York. The names of the quartet of soloists are still to be announced.

OPENING TONIGHT

SECURITY (Maxine Elliott)—Lee Shubert presents Margaret Anglin in a play by [illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
MAR 28 [illegible]

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY

It would be a public misfortune if the Boston Symphony were to omit its regular visits to Providence in 1930.

For many years this premier organization has been coming to this city, and, as a result, not only has our sum total of musical knowledge and attainment been increased, but there has been a general enlargement of our cultural outlook. This is one of the happy effects of artistic or intellectual progress along any one line—we are stimulated to excursions along other cultural paths as well.

Boston, which hears the Symphony 65 times in a season, is taking steps to complete a fund of $132,000 for the continuation of that privilege; we in Providence are asked to pledge the small sum of $4000 to insure the coming of these fine musicians to this city five times next fall, winter and spring. The needed amount should be given at once and willingly.

It used to be said that "Providence is not a musical city." If that was ever true it is true no longer. Every Boston Symphony concert nowadays packs the Albee Theatre, with its seating capacity of 2400, and on Tuesday evening many lovers of music stood at the rear of the house. Mr. Albee has agreed to permit the Symphony to appear in the theatre again next season, and it would be highly unfortunate if the opportunity were neglected. But we do not believe it will be neglected; there are too many people in Providence who depend upon this exceptional group of musicians to help them keep in touch with the best that has been produced in symphonic music.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS
MAR 27 1929

$4000 Sought to Insure Symphony Concerts in 1930

Efforts are being made by the Providence Music Association to raise $4000 to insure the return of the Boston Symphony Orchestra here next season. The use of the Albee Theatre has again been obtained.

While at one time it looked as though this city would be without concerts next year, Dr. William H. P. Faunce, honorary president of the Music Association, last night assured those present at the concert that Dr. Koussevitzky would bring back his musicians if $4000 were guaranteed to underwrite the series.

A written appeal was enclosed in each program. The statement accompanying the subscription blanks was made for the association by these officers in addition to Dr. Faunce: Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe, president; William S. Innis, vice president; Mrs. William Gammell, Jr., treasurer; Hugh F. MacColl, secretary, and Berrick Schloss, assistant secretary and manager.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
MAR 27 1929

Finale: the Symphony Ends Its Year

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Boston, which hears the Symphony 65 times in a season, is taking steps to complete a fund of $132,000 for the continuation of that privilege; we in Providence are asked to pledge the small sum of $4000 to insure the coming of these fine musicians to this city five times next fall, winter and spring. The needed amount should be given at once and willingly.

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Concerto for Orchestra in D-major. (Arranged by Maximilian Steinberg.)
I. Allegro moderato.
II. Andante lento molto.
III. Allegro.
Wagner.....Prelude to "Lohengrin"
Dukas..."L'Apprenti Sorcier," scherzo (after a ballad by Goethe)

Tchaikovsky—
Symhony No. 5 in E-minor, Op 64.
I. Andante.
II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza.
III. Valse (Allegro moderato)
IV. Finale: Andante maestoso, Allegro vivace.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES

MAR 27 1929

Dr. Faunce Announces Symphony Fund Drive

PROVIDENCE, March 27—Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, honorary president of the Music Association, announced a campaign to raise $4000 to insure Boston Symphony concerts next year at the final concert of the orchestra in the Albee Theatre last night.

If the fund is raised, the concerts will be given in the Albee Theatre, due to the public spirit manifested by Edward F. Albee, owner of the theatre, who notified Dr. Faunce that the theatre will suspend regular programmes on concert nights.

Dr. Faunce announced that checks may be mailed to Mrs. William Gammell, Jr., Box 1536, Providence.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS

MAR [illegible]

THE SYMPHONY FUND

Dr. Faunce's appeal, made last night, for a fund of $4000 to guarantee the appearances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this city next season should be speedily answered by the people of Providence. Nor have we any doubt that it will be so answered. Well-to-do citizens of Providence are not, as a matter of fact, asked to do very much each year for the arts, and it would be a civic disgrace if any real difficulty were encountered in raising the Symphony guarantee fund.

There has been considerable doubt as to whether the Symphony would come here next year. For several reasons, those who control the famous organization were opposed to playing in Infantry Hall. In fact we understand that the Music Association was given the alternative of either procuring the Albee Theatre again or dropping the Symphony for a year. Fortunately the association, through Dr. Faunce, has again been generously treated by Mr. E. F. Albee, and the concerts next year will be given in his leading playhouse. There is still some doubt as to when the new Masonic Hall will be finished; it is to have an auditorium that will provide ample seating room for the largest audience likely to attend the concerts.

This problem of securing a suitable auditorium again forces on our attention the lack of wisdom which determined the nature of the war memorial. Some $300,000 has been expended on a memorial that is, and always will be, an eyesore. That money might well have gone toward the building of a beautiful memorial hall which would have included an auditorium where the arts of civilization would be fostered.

However, there is no use crying over spilt milk or spent millions. The thing needed now is help for the Symphony Fund. We hope that within forty-eight hours, as Dr. Faunce asked, the large and the small guarantor will come forward and make available the $4000 sought. This is really very little for the Symphony to ask; in Boston itself the citizens are asked to guarantee about twice as much per concert as we are asked to guarantee; moreover they have to pay more for their tickets at the box office. All guarantees should be sent to Mrs. William Gammell, Jr., Box 1536, Providence.

THE SOUTHERN REPUBLICANS

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN
MAR 27 1929

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"Last year the Music Association undertook to raise $4800. For the coming season the orchestra has volunteered to increase its share of the rental by $800. The association therefore asks the support of the music lovers of Providence in securing subscriptions for $4000.

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Dr. Faunce made his appeal for guarantors during the interval before the Tchaikovsky symphony. "The talking picture seems to be with us," he said, "but save us from the talking symphony. A week ago it looked as though there would be no symphony here next year. But to lose it for one year was to lose it for 10, and an irremediable damage would have been done to the culture of the city.

"I wrote to Mr. Albee in New York, asking him if we might have the use of his theatre here for five concerts. He replied that on any five dates we shall select he will suspend his regular program and let us come in. To enable us to do this we shall need an underwriting of $4000. Within 48 hours that sum should be subscribed. When it comes to the culture of Providence, it must and shall be done."

The statement accompanying the subscription blanks in the programs was made for the Music Association by the following officers in addition to Dr. Faunce: Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe, president; William S. Innis, vice president; Mrs. William Gammell, Jr., treasurer; Hugh F. MacColl, secretary and Berrick Schloss, assistant secretary and manager. Subscriptions should be forwarded or checks mailed to Mrs. Gammell, Box 1536, Providence, or to the Providence Journal.

Boston Symphony

Those who prefer straight forward music played with great zest, fared better than usual at the Albee Theatre last evening when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, played its fourth and last concert of the season. For the program was, in great part, a solid one, made up of representative works of great composers, and played with lightness of heart and sureness of touch.

In fact much of the orchestra's work had the finish of its New York performance, when it goes out to show the great City's orchestras how such things should be done. The strings were in particularly fine mood: the silken shimmer of the violins, the sombre pathos of the violas, the gleaming unction of the 'cellos, and the callipered profundity of the basses, were all of the very first order; while the double reeds carried their unusual burdens with a certainty born of power and a faultless sense of direction.

The bassoon in particular showed what a versatile instrument he is when he sang the cold sinister song in the "Sorcier" and repeated it almost verbally in the first movement of the Symphony, where he lifted it from a mock heroic travesty to an eminence of pure nobility. And the horn, too, made himself a high place among the players; if we have ever heard it sing with a more finished phrase or more delightful utterance, we cannot recall the place nor the time.

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Dr. Koussevitzky played the Bach concerto as though he liked it, and we all agree; but just how near the performance represented the idea of the composer we shall probably never know. The Society of Ancient Instruments, who introduced the composition to Dr. Koussevitzky, might have enlightened us, but it did not, so we can but stake our faith on Mr. Steinberg's arrangement and the conductor's interpretation. The flute, two oboes, bassoon, and horn can doubtless do much for a string composition for good or ill; and in this case it is well to assume that it was good.

The first movement, rotund and rolling, was introduced by the strings in strophic form, and the wind followed with the antistrophe. The lovely counterpoint, the smooth, definite violins, that seemed at times to be whispering the theme to the oboes, as though they were prompting them, and the whole a moving narrative, all showed Bach the son of his sire.

The Andante made even more use of the wind. It is a work of great power, featuring the 'cellos and violas, sweeping on with the lapse and surge of the sea, the flute and oboe calling across the swell of the strings like mournful birds in the shifting lights.

The third movement showed, like a Greek tragedy, the superiority of the old forms, where there lies a depth and significance that all the froth and elaborate embellishment of the modern can never displace. And when the end comes, it is final; Bach finished his piece and stopped then and there. But Tchaikovsky, although he wanted to sit down and weep by the waters of Babylon, had to look long before he could find a stone soft enough for a seat.

Wagner's prelude to "Lohengrin," after a not very comfortable beginning, went on serenely enough, the upper strings making a fine substitution for the voices of angels, and so lacking in human emotion. The glow and the coruscation of light, that both Karl Muck and Anton Seidl felt that Wagner demanded, were somewhat dim. There was also less of the reverent air—the call to the profane to keep back—than one expects to feel in this number. But if applause is the proof of the efficacy of the performance, then this number deserved to bear off the palm.

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Constant Lambert has said that "there are so many composers of today whose lack of style is only equalled by their monstrous fluency that one is more than ever grateful for a man like Dukas, who has produced a few works only, but those few marked by an extraordinary finish and precision of workmanship. Though clearly not a great master, Dukas will probably live long through one or two exquisitely wrought works like L'Apprenti Sorcier."

A translation of Goethe's poem in the program notes gave the curious an opportunity to know what was going on throughout the piece. The long introduction seems to be a creation of the musician, who tried to project ahead of the action the wonder and excitement of a boy who was going to make the ghosts obey his will also. The Hexenmeister theme was strongly marked, and through the music ran the shrill resentful cry of the spirits, indignant at having to serve an underling of the master.

The translation misses the onomatopoetic effect of the German too often to be of any great help in bringing forward the pictures. "Walle, Walle," is not quite "Wander, wander." Getting a little closer to the incantation, we might say

"Boil and bubble,
Streamlets herpous,
With a purpose
Wildly roaring,
With a bounteous surging double
Onward to the bath a-pouring."

There was a little less of the terror of the boy in the music than one would expect, and the pauses seemed more numerous than the ballad demands. But it is a fine piece of program music with a gorgeous instrumentation and a great dramatic effect, even if that is mock heroic.

Ridiculous and Sublime

And by some strange turn of chance, the wonderful Tchaikovsky Symphony had scarcely got under way when that Dukas theme turned up. It seemed that the Russian was reproving the Frenchman for what he had done, by showing him what a noble and tender theme he had taken to make ridiculous. Possibly Dukas had no such idea, but many who heard the two compositions must have been struck by the ridiculous and the sublime, their proximity—and the triumph of the latter and the humiliation of the former.

But apart from that, the Symphony was shown to be a remarkable work and the playing was no less remarkable. There were flashes of real divinity across its pages—religious themes perhaps, or super-sensuous ecstasy of some sort. The wonderful organ effects of the second movement competed with the horn, and the 'cellos entered the competition a little later with a tone like thick incense going upward to the god of things as they are. When the violins repeated the air of the 'cellos, playing it on the G string, they showed their inability at once to compete. The 'cello glow became a vitreous glitter.

Tschaikovsky brings out in the third movement his great humanity; he portrays men as they are, their hope, and at last their despair. Bach on the other hand paints mankind as it will be when men are like gods.

M. C. W.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES
MAR 27 1929

Boston Symphony in Last Contest

Tchaikowsky's Fifth Brings Providence Season of Concerts to End.

One of his own Russians, Tchaikowsky, greatest of them all, was chosen by Serge Koussevitzky to close the Providence series of the Boston Symphony orchestra last night. It was a programme appealing to the lover of the conventional in music as well as the follower of the moderns, for although one of the numbers was a work of the younger Bach it was a "translated" Bach. Then, also, the director had chosen Paul Abraham Dukas, "now living in Paris," as the programme book reminded the audience, for the offering immediately preceding the symphony. And in between, majestic and with all its grandeur, came the prelude to "Lohengrin." Surely no real music lover could fail to find something in this programme meeting his own particular approval.

The concerto by C. P. E. Bach, written in another age, so appealed to Mr. Koussevitzky on one occasion when he heard it played by the Society of Ancient Instruments in Paris that he determined to arrange it for a modern orchestra, but he decided to entrust the task to other hands, and the work played last night was produced by Maximilian Steinberg. It was played last evening as if the orchestra liked it; certainly Mr. Koussevitzky showed a marked interest in the piece, which was an effective opening for the concert.

The Wagner number was of course splendidly played, repeated applause affording testimony of the approval of the audience. It was followed by the Dukas number, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," affording striking contrast to Wagner and again to the symphony, which came immediately after it on the programme.

Mr. Koussevitzky lacks no enthusiasm in his playing of Wagner and there is in his interpretation of the newer composers a verve and finish which manifest his extraordinary interest. But when he plays the Russians, particularly Tchaikowsky, new spirit seems born in him. One wonders if in future years the work of Tchaikowsky will not be universally played as Koussevitzky plays them. His reading with his whole soul thrown into the work, inspires the whole orchestra and finds response in every hearer. The playing of the Fifth Symphony on this occasion was a thrilling achievement.

The programme follows:

C. P. E. Bach—
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III. Allegro.
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Dukas "L'Apprenti Sorcier," scherzo
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IV. Finale: Andante maestoso, Allegro vivace.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
MAR 27 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY MAY COME IN 1930

Will Return Next Year if $4000 is Guaranteed to Underwrite Series.

DR. FAUNCE MAKES APPEAL

Asks Audience at Farewell Concert to Co-operate in Bringing Back Bay State Ensemble

A week ago it looked as though the Boston Symphony Orchestra would not be able to return to Providence next year, Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, honorary president of the Music Association, told the audience last night at the farewell concert of the season in the E. F. Albee Theatre.

Now, however, he assured his hearers, Dr. Koussevitzky would bring back his musicians if $4000 were guaranteed to underwrite the 1929-30 series. With the plea voiced from the stage by Dr. Faunce, and a written appeal inserted in each program, the Music Association set out last night to raise that sum.

The Association has undertaken to secure the Albee Theatre for the concerts next year, the printed announcement said, at the request of the orchestra.

"The new Masonic Auditorium is not yet ready," it continued, "and the number of season ticket holders for these concerts exceeds the capacity of Infantry Hall. The Association and the management of the orchestra agree that it is impossible to eliminate several hundred subscribers.

"Last lear the Music Association undertook to raise $4800. For the coming season the orchestra has volunteered to increase its share of the rental by $800. The association therefore asks the support of the music lovers of Providence in securing subscriptions for $4000.

"It may be of interest to Providence subscribers to know that the rates of season tickets for the Boston concerts are considerably in excess of the average price for the Providence concerts. It will be of further interest to know that Boston, which has annually about 65 Symphony concerts, is raising $135,000 to meet this season's deficit, or approximately $2000 a concert, whereas Providence is being asked for $4000 or approximately $1000 a concert."

Dr. Faunce made his appeal for guarantors during the interval before the Tchaikovsky symphony. "The talking picture seems to be with us," he said, "but save us from the talking symphony. A week ago it looked as though there would be no symphony here next year. But to lose it for one year was to lose it for 10, and an irremediable damage would have been done to the culture of the city.

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Continued from Page 1, Col. 7.

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A review of last night's concert appears on Page 13.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
TRIBUNE
MAR 27 19

SYMPHONY ENDS ITS SEASON HERE

Final Concert of Boston Orchestra Leaves Pleasant Memories for Music Lovers

At the fourth and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the season of 1928-29 held in the E. F. Albee Theatre last night, Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, honorary president of the Music Association, announced that the orchestra would return next season if the music lovers of Providence subscribed $4000 to underwrite another series of concerts.

About a week ago, Dr. Faunce said, it appeared that the Boston Symphony would not return for another year. "But," he continued, "to lose it for one year was to lose it for 10, and an irremediable damage would have been done to the culture of the city." He said that he had written to E. F. Albee, who assured him that on the dates that were to be used for the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra he would gladly suspend the regular performances. The generous spirit of Mr. Albee was vigorously applauded.

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The Concerto for Orchestra in D-major C. P. E. Bach, arranged by Maximilian Steinberg, was played by the ensemble under M. Koussevitsky's loving baton with a richness and tenderness that carried out the composer's idea of touching the heart of men by the beauty of his writing rather than astounding by the cacophony of harsh sound. Bach was the second son of the illustrious Johann Sebastian Bach and was known as the "Hamburg" or "Berlin" Bach. He had not the fire and the genius of his father and was more the technician and student. Frederick the Great, to whom he was chamber musician, admired him as a great musician. The Dukas piece was inspired by a ballad of Goethe, a weird work that had to do with the ambition of the sorcerer's apprentice to bring the spirit world under his control. Throughout the number one could hear the eerie shrieks of the ghosts protesting at the demonology of the understrapper. M. Koussevitsky played it with zest and bounce, apparently enjoying himself with the theme. The audience caught his pleasure and applauded vigorously at the close. The Wagner Prelude, a wheelhorse of the symphony circuits, never becomes tiresome, and it was appreciated by the audience, who had heard its different interpretation by Muck and by Monteux. The Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 5 in E-minor, which contains the lovely second movement, andante cantabile, a thing of beauteous melody, sensuous, soft and entrancing, showed M. Koussevitsky at his best. There is dispute among the conductors and masters as to the worth of Tchiakovsky, Toscannini, for example, going into a rage even at the mention of the Russian. He is called meretricious, flashy and superficial. But under M. Koussevitsky's certain touch last night the symphony seemed to most of us there to contain a fine and rare beauty, and it closed the series with pleasant memories.

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BULLETIN
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And by some strange turn of chance, the wonderful Tchaikovsky Symphony had scarcely got under way when that Dukas theme turned up. It seemed that the Russian was reproving the Frenchman for what he had done, by showing him what a noble and tender theme he had taken to make ridiculous. Possibly Dukas had no such idea, but many who heard the two compositions must have been struck by the ridiculous and the sublime, their proximity—and the triumph of the latter and the humiliation of the former.

But apart from that, the Symphony was shown to be a remarkable work and the playing was no less remarkable. There were flashes of real divinity across its pages—religious themes perhaps, or super-sensuous ecstasy of some sort. The wonderful organ effects of the second movement competed with the horn, and the 'cellos entered the competition a little later with a tone like thick incense going upward to the god of things as they are. When the violins repeated the air of the 'cellos, playing it on the G string, they showed their inability at once to compete. The 'cello glow became a vitreous glitter.

Tschaikovsky brings out in the third movement his great humanity; he portrays men as they are, their hope, and at last their despair. Bach on the other hand paints mankind as it will be when men are like gods.

M. C. W.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES
MAR 27 1929

Boston Symphony in Last Contest

Tchaikowsky's Fifth Brings Providence Season of Concerts to End.

One of his own Russians, Tchaikowsky, greatest of them all, was chosen by Serge Koussevitzky to close the Providence series of the Boston Symphony orchestra last night. It was a programme appealing to the lover of the conventional in music as well as the follower of the moderns, for although one of the numbers was a work of the younger Bach it was a "translated" Bach. Then, also, the director had chosen Paul Abraham Dukas, "now living in Paris," as the programme book reminded the audience, for the offering immediately preceding the symphony. And in between, majestic and with all its grandeur, came the prelude to "Lohengrin." Surely no real music lover could fail to find something in this programme meeting his own particular approval.

The concerto by C. P. E. Bach, written in another age, so appealed to Mr. Koussevitzky on one occasion when he heard it played by the Society of Ancient Instruments in Paris that he determined to arrange it for a modern orchestra, but he decided to entrust the task to other hands, and the work played last night was produced by Maximilian Steinberg. It was played last evening as if the orchestra liked it; certainly Mr. Koussevitzky showed a marked interest in the piece, which was an effective opening for the concert.

The Wagner number was of course splendidly played, repeated applause affording testimony of the approval of the audience. It was followed by the Dukas number, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," affording striking contrast to Wagner and again to the symphony, which came immediately after it on the programme.

Mr. Koussevitzky lacks no enthusiasm in his playing of Wagner and there is in his interpretation of the newer composers a verve and finish which manifest his extraordinary interest. But when he plays the Russians, particularly Tchaikowsky, new spirit seems born in him. One wonders if in future years the work of Tchaikowsky will not be universally played as Koussevitzky plays them. His reading with his whole soul thrown into the work, inspires the whole orchestra and finds response in every hearer. The playing of the Fifth Symphony on this occasion was a thrilling achievement.

The programme follows:

C. P. E. Bach—
Concerto for Orchestra in D-major.
(Arranged by Maximilian Steinberg.)
I. Allegro moderato.
II Andante lento molto.
III. Allegro.
Wagner....Prelude to "Lohengrin"
Dukas "L'Apprenti Sorcier," scherzo
(After a ballad by Goethe)
Tchaikowsky—
Symphony No. 5 in E-minor, Op. 64.
I. Andante.
II.Andante cantabile, con alcouna licenza.
III. Valse (Allegro moderato)
IV. Finale: Andante maestoso, Allegro vivace.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
MAR 27 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY MAY COME IN 1930

Will Return Next Year if $4000 is Guaranteed to Underwrite Series.

DR. FAUNCE MAKES APPEAL

Asks Audience at Farewell Concert to Co-operate in Bringing Back Bay State Ensemble

A week ago it looked as though the Boston Symphony Orchestra would not be able to return to Providence next year, Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, honorary president of the Music Association, told the audience last night at the farewell concert of the season in the E. F. Albee Theatre.

Now, however, he assured his hearers, Dr. Koussevitzky would bring back his musicians if $4000 were guaranteed to underwrite the 1929-30 series. With the plea voiced from the stage by Dr. Faunce, and a written appeal inserted in each program, the Music Association set out last night to raise that sum.

The Association has undertaken to secure the Albee Theatre for the concerts next year, the printed announcement said, at the request of the orchestra.

"The new Masonic Auditorium is not yet ready," it continued, "and the number of season ticket holders for these concerts exceeds the capacity of Infantry Hall. The Association and the management of the orchestra agree that it is impossible to eliminate several hundred subscribers.

"Last lear the Music Association undertook to raise $4800. For the coming season the orchestra has volunteered to increase its share of the rental by $800. The association therefore asks the support of the music lovers of Providence in securing subscriptions for $4000.

"It may be of interest to Providence subscribers to know that the rates of season tickets for the Boston concerts are considerably in excess of the average price for the Providence concerts. It will be of further interest to know that Boston, which has annually about 65 Symphony concerts, is raising $135,000 to meet this season's deficit, or approximately $2000 a concert, whereas Providence is being asked for $4000 or approximately $1000 a concert."

Dr. Faunce made his appeal for guarantors during the interval before the Tchaikovsky symphony. "The talking picture seems to be with us," he said, "but save us from the talking symphony. A week ago it looked as though there would be no symphony here next year. But to lose it for one year was to lose it for 10, and an irremediable damage would have been done to the culture of the city.

"I wrote to Mr. Albee in New York, asking him if we might have the use of his theatre here for five concerts. He replied that on any five dates we shall select he will suspend his regular pro-

Continued from Page 1, Col. 7.

gram and let us come in. To enable us to do this we shall need an underwriting of $4000. Within 48 hours that sum should be subscribed. When it comes to the culture of Providence, it must and shall be done."

The statement accompanying the subscription blanks in the programs was made for the Music Association by the following officers in addition to Dr. Faunce: Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe, president; Mrs. William Gammell, Jr., treasurer; Hugh F. MacColl, secretary and Berrick Schloss, assistant secretary and manager. Subscriptions should be forwarded or checks mailed to Mrs. Gammell, Box 1536, Providence, or to the Providence Journal.

A review of last night's concert appears on Page 13.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
TRIBUNE
MAR 27

SYMPHONY ENDS ITS SEASON HERE

Final Concert of Boston Orchestra Leaves Pleasant Memories for Music Lovers

At the fourth and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the season of 1928-29 held in the E. F. Albee Theatre last night, Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, honorary president of the Music Association, announced that the orchestra would return next season if the music lovers of Providence subscribed $4000 to underwrite another series of concerts.

About a week ago, Dr. Faunce said, it appeared that the Boston Symphony would not return for another year. "But," he continued, "to lose it for one year was to lose it for 10, and an irremediable damage would have been done to the culture of the city." He said that he had written to E. F. Albee, who assured him that on the dates that were to be used for the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra he would gladly suspend the regular performances. The generous spirit of Mr. Albee was vigorously applauded.

A printed announcement in the concert program said that the association had been prompted to secure the Albee Theatre for the next season at the request of the orchestra.

"The new Masonic Auditorium is not yet ready," it continued, "and the number of season ticket holders for these concerts exceeds the capacity of Infantry Hall. The association and the management of the orchestra agree that it is impossible to eliminate several hundred subscribers.

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The Concerto for Orchestra in D-major C. P. E. Bach, arranged by Maximilian Steinberg, was played by the ensemble under M. Koussevitsky's loving baton with a richness and tenderness that carried out the composer's idea of touching the heart of men by the beauty of his writing rather than astounding by the cacophony of harsh sound. Bach was the second son of the illustrious Johann Sebastian Bach and was known as the "Hamburg" or "Berlin" Bach. He had not the fire and the genius of his father and was more the technician and student. Frederick the Great, to whom he was chamber musician, admired him as a great musician. The Dukas piece was inspired by a ballad of Goethe, a weird work that had to do with the ambition of the sorcerer's apprentice to bring the spirit world under his control. Throughout the number one could hear the eerie shrieks of the ghosts protesting at the demonology of the understrapper. M. Koussevitsky played it with zest and bounce, apparently enjoying himself with the theme. The audience caught his pleasure and applauded vigorously at the close. The Wagner Prelude, a wheelhorse of the symphony circuits, never becomes tiresome, and it was appreciated by the audience, who had heard its different interpretation by Muck and by Monteux. The Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 5 in E-minor, which contains the lovely second movement, andante cantabile, a thing of beauteous melody, sensuous, soft and entrancing, showed M. Koussevitsky at his best. There is dispute among the conductors and masters as to the worth of Tchiakovsky, Toscannini, for example, going into a rage even at the mention of the Russian. He is called meretricious, flashy and superficial. But under M. Koussevitsky's certain touch last night the symphony seemed to most of us there to contain a fine and rare beauty, and it closed the series with pleasant memories.

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"Thus Spake Zarathustra" Is Dominating Boston Offering

By PITTS SANBORN.

IT is unprofitable business labelling and pigeon-holing a work of art and supposing its future settled so far as one's own self is concerned. I had fondly believed that the Nietzschean tone poem of Richard Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," had taken its definitive place in my musical cosmos—forever dead and done with except for the overpowering splendor of the colossal opening; the graceful, gently ironic "Dance Song," and the mysterious bi-tonal conclusion. Then along came Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night and knocked my smug little theory to smithereens.

"Thus Spake Zarathustra" was the principal offering of the visiting Bostonians at their Carnegie Hall concert of yesterday, and as they presented it every bar stood forth in glowing, pulsing life. For perfection of orchestral style and execution, for rich, warm, encompassing beauty, this performance was without a parallel in my experience. And the breadth, the poise, the measured grandeur, the vivifying imaginative insight of Mr. Koussevitzky's reading made that of Richard Strauss himself seem in comparison pale and shallow.

The Strauss composition shared the program with two other numbers—Arthur Foote's E major suite for strings and Ravel's orchestral version of Moussorgsky's familiar piano suite, "Pictures at an Exhibition." In Mr. Foote's work the justly famed Bostonian string choir was heard to radiant advantage. The suite itself, composed over twenty years ago, possesses qualities which in these piping times of atonality, polytonality, "new" counterpoint, and minor second regnant are mercilessly "dated."

Yet any one who still hankers after the outmoded flesh pots of winsome melody, orthodox workmanship, euphony, grace and even—horror of horrors!—elegance will here find meats seasoned to his liking. Mr. Foote's suite is charming music — discreetly reminiscent in parts, but none the worse for that. It was a pleasure to listen to it last evening—a pleasure alike for its own "dated" self and for the dateless excellence of the setting forth.

A huge audience received this concert with deserved enthusiasm.

N. Y. TELEGRAM MAR. 29

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
MAR 31 1929

City Should Keep Symphony Concerts

Boston Musicians Provide Opportunities Unrivalled in Many Larger Cities and Fill a Void in the Cultural Life of Providence and Environs.

To the Editor of the Sunday Journal:

I hope that by the time this letter reaches you the $4000 needed to underwrite the series of Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts next year will have been obtained. If the money has not been raised by that time, possibly the letter may remind some of those who have been putting off this action.

As Dr. Faunce so truthfully stated the other evening, losing the symphony orchestra for one year would undoubtedly mean its loss to Providence for 10 years. Any other city which once substituted for Providence would be unwilling to give up its good fortune

To one who attended the last concert of the year at the Albee Theatre it seems impossible that Providence will falter in coming forward with the small amount necessary. That evening every seat in the theatre was taken, and as many were standing as fire regulations would permit. With a popularity such as this, it is unlikely that the necessity of pledging attendance in advance will be allowed to interrupt this long series.

Both the orchestra and E. F. Albee have shown the greatest generosity in co-operating to make the guaranteed amount as small as possible. With every one doing everything possible in this direction, there undoubtedly will be no lack of public co-operation as well.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra each year provides an opportunity unrivalled in many cities larger than Providence for the enjoyment of the finest music, interpreted by a master and played by the finest musicians obtainable. Without the Boston Symphony there would be a void in the cultural life of the city the seriousness of which might not be realized until too late.

"When it comes to the culture of Providence, it must and shall be done," declared Dr. Faunce.

Quite enough harm has been done the series of Boston Symphony concerts already by forcing them into such unsuitable quarters as those provided by Infantry Hall. The surroundings there are not conducive to the enjoyment of anything artistic, to say the least. There was a lack, not only of the things catering to the aesthetic taste, but to ordinary comfort as well. Even more recently the noise with which the symphony had to compete seriously curtailed, if it did not prevent, the enjoyment of the concert by the audience.

With the completion of Masonic Hall a splendid place will be provided for these concerts. Not that the Albee Theatre is not admirably suitable, in every way. Possibly it is superior. But use of the Albee entails some sacrifice on the part of the management, seriously interferes with the ordinary conduct of theatrical productions there and involves considerable extra expense.

However, unless the music loving public of Providence comes forward immediately with the money required to guarantee the financial backing necessary for next year's concerts, there will be no occasion to wonder where the symphonies will be played for many years.

This is not a matter of putting off the concert series for a year. It is a matter of either keeping the Boston Symphony as a periodical and welcome and valued visitor to the city, or of turning it loose to the profit of some other city which, naturally, will not want to sacrifice its advantage, once it is gained.

Nor is there any reason why it should. If Providence does not want the Boston Symphony Orchestra badly enough to provide the small guarantee necessary, it should not complain if the orchestra goes to a city where, undoubtedly, a far greater sum would instantly be forthcoming.

H. E. B.

Providence, March 27.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN
MAR 29 1929

DEBATE IN BOSTON

Boston and Baltimore have much in common so far as devotion to music is concerned, but it is in the New England city that programs of the symphony orchestra become the occasion for widespread public controversy, by which is meant that letters on the subject appear in the *Transcript* with considerable frequency. The eminent Mr. Koussevitsky is not above precipitating a shower of protests, not to mention hisses and catcalls, when a composition of the "new music" appears to him worthy of Symphony Hall.

Evidently these letters in the newspapers are widely discussed. A Mr. Clayton Johns, who wrote to the *Transcript* on the matter, dispatched a second letter to the editor to report occasions upon which he was accosted in the street by people who had read his first communication and desired to express their concurrence. His experiences were of this sort:

Monday morning I went to Symphony Hall to get my ticket for Rachmaninoff's recital. After a lady had bought her seat she turned to me and said "You are Mr. Johns and I want to thank you for your letters about the programs." I then said to the lady "I am glad you agree with me." "Oh," said she, "there are so many who agree with you!" The lady then left and I asked at the box office the lady's name, which proved to be Mrs. Ginn, the widow of the publisher.

What Mrs. Ginn thought of this revelation of her opinions is left to the imagination. Perhaps she would have preferred to come into the controversy, so to say, under her own steam. Nevertheless, she—or somebody who was [illegible]ken for her—is in it, and few Bost[illegible]ct to being in a controversy.

[illegible]ppear that the fight is all in favor o[illegible]n, it should be recorded that subse[illegible]tters have reminded Mr. Johns that [illegible] and Bach and Wagner were "mod[illegible] their day and that Mr. Koussevitsky [illegible]merely giving Boston a chance to hear musicians whom the future will immortalize. Long life, therefore, to Mr. Koussevitsky. He has demonstrated beyond a doubt that music is worth arguments, hisses and letters to the newspapers.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
JOURNAL
MAR 30 1929

KOUSSEVITSKY PLAYS THE NINTH SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will play Beethoven's Ninth Symphony for the first time in its regular New York series, when Serge Koussevitzky and his men visit Carnegie Hall for the final concerts of the season on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon, April 11 and 13. The choral part will be sung by the New York Schola Cantorum, Hugh Ross, conductor.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN
MAR 31 1929

Boston Orchestra's Deficit

The estimated deficit of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the current season is $135,000, of which $89,680 has been subscribed. There have apparently been deficits from the earliest years of the organization. During the life of Maj Henry L. Higginson, the orchestra's founder, deficits were paid by him and the public heard nothing about them. The orchestra is now under the control of a board of trustees and its administration is a semi-public matter.

This year's deficit is presumably the largest in the orchestra's history. Costs have been advancing in recent years, and this year the orchestra is bereft of the $32,000 revenue received in each of the past two seasons for sale of the broadcasting privilege. Few persons who heard the Boston Symphony concerts by radio knew that W. S. Quinby paid the orchestra's trustees $1000 a week for broadcasting the concerts in connection with an advertisement of his business. Royalties to composers or performers frequently meant an additional cost of several hundred dollars.

Mr Quinby discontinued the broadcasting—reluctantly, it is understood — because his associates convinced him that the ultramodern music so frequently played by the orchestra did not appeal to the mass of radio listeners. Sooner or later, the broadcasting might have been stopped for some other reason, but the character of the programs—about which there is debate at present in Boston—was the principal reason for discontinuing the broadcasts this season.

While it seems probable that the entire deficit will ultimately be subscribed, it will be desirable to reduce the loss another year, if possible. One suggestion that is receiving consideration is to have the orchestra give three or four concerts a year at extemely low prices in the Boston garden, as the North station sports arena is now called. The auditorium there has a capacity of 18,000, and tickets could be sold for as little as 25 cents if the public response were large enough. There is, however, a question of acoustics. And the public's attitude would have to be tested. If this suggestion were put into effect and proved successful, Boston would gain in prestige as a progressive community, the orchestra would make new friends and the public's musical eduction would be benefited.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
News
Salem, Mass.
1 MAR 29 1929

[illegible] wise ones.

Although the Boston symphony orchestra draws crowded houses for a long series of concerts, it needs help additional to the ticket sale, and there is a sum of $44,000 yet to be raised to cover the deficit of the year. Boston and vicinity have reason for the utmost pride in this great institution, and whatever is needed for adequate support should be cheerfully furnished by music lovers and public spirited people.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE
MAR 31 192[illegible]

Toscanini's Last Concert Monday; Stokowski Returns on Tuesday

Arturo Toscanini ends his season as conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra with to-morrow night's concert for the benefit of the orchestra's pension fund. This Carnegie Hall program also will serve as a testimonial to Leo Schulz, who retires this spring after thirty years as first cellist of the Philharmonic and Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestras. Mr. Schulz will be the soloist in the Schumann concerto and will conduct his own American Overture, composed for the Chicago World's Fair of 1893.

Mr. Toscanini's last subscription appearance of the season will be this afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House in a Beethoven-Wagner program. The Philharmonic-Symphony offers consolation for the Italian conductor's early departure in the announcement that he will be here for sixteen weeks next season.

Clemens Krauss, who conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra here on March 19, will make his first appearance as guest conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra next Thursday evening and Friday afternoon in Carnegie Hall with a program which also will be offered Saturday night in the students' series. Two Sunday afternoon concerts at Carnegie Hall, a Thursday afternoon and Friday evening pair of concerts and one more Saturday night students' concert complete the Philharmonic-Symphony season of 1928-'29.

Leopold Stokowski has returned to his post at the head of the Philadelphia Orchestra and will conduct a program including works by three American composers next Tuesday night in Carnegie Hall. Sandor Harmati, born in Budapest, came to America in 1914 and was a violinist of the Letz and Lenox Quartets before becoming conductor of the Omaha Symphony Orchestra in 1925. As a composer he won a Pulitzer prize and a prize offered by the Chamber Music Association of Philadelphia. His "Prelude to a Drama," to be heard Tuesday, is a study for a one-act play on a Chinese-Californian story.

Wallingford Riegger, born in this country, graduated from the Institute of Musical Art in 1907 as a cellist. In 1922 he received the Paderewski prize for a piano trio; in 1923 his "American Polonaise" received honorable mention and a performance at a Stadium concert; in 1924 he received the Coolidge Prize for "La Belle Dame sans Merci." His "Study in Sonority for Forty Violins" on Mr. Stokowski's program was first performed at Ithaca in August, 1927, as a caprice for ten violins. It has since been partly revised and the name changed in accordance with a suggestion from Mr. Stokowski.

Frederick Jacobi's Indian Dances, "Buffalo Dance," "Butterfly Dance," "Rain Chant" and "War Dance" are intended as impressions of ritualistic dances of the Pueblos and Navajos of New Mexico and Arizona. The work was first performed by the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky last November.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, will give its last Carnegie Hall concerts of the season on Thursday night, April 11, and Saturday afternoon, April 13. On both these occasions Mr. Koussevitzky will give Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in its first performance by this orchestra in its regular New York series. The Schola Cantorum will sing the chorus with Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van der Veer, Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange as soloists. In both concerts C. P. E. Bach's concerto in D major for orchestra, arranged by Maximilian Steinberg, will precede the symphony.

The Bostonians' last program at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Friday evening, April 12, consists of Shubert's Unfinished Symphony, Duke's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and the second symphony of Brahms.

Mr. Stokowski will conduct the last New York concert this season of the Philadelphia Orchestra on April 16, and the conductorless American Symphony Ensemble's concert of April 18 will close the regular New York orchestral season of 1928-'29.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PORTLAND, ORE.
OREGONIAN
MAR 31 192[illegible]

KING'S SYMPHONY HEARD.

NEW YORK, March 30.—No less an exalted personage than his majesty Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, was before an audience—in spirit—in a recent Carnegie-hall concert. His work was heard, a symphony in D minor No. 3, played by the Boston Symphony orchestra, composed about the year 1748. It is a matter of record that his majesty wrote all the parts of the symphony without assistance, although he graciously allowed Quantz, his flute teacher, to make minor corrections.

It will not do to poke fun at a king. We must approach the symphony—of little originality—with respect due to its royal composer. The work is of fair merit, and the second movement, an andante, has many pleasant, tender moments. Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting was able, and his interpretation of the music brought cordial applause.

Two other numbers played included the third symphony of Jan Sibelius and the Strauss' "Zarathustra." The last was an orchestral gem.

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N. Y. TELEGRAM MAR. 28 '29

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JOURNAL

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H. E. B.

Providence, March 27.

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BALTIMORE, MD.
SUN
MAR 29 1929

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Evidently these letters in the newspapers are widely discussed. A Mr. Clayton Johns, who wrote to the *Transcript* on the matter, dispatched a second letter to the editor to report occasions upon which he was accosted in the street by people who had read his first communication and desired to express their concurrence. His experiences were of this sort:

Monday morning I went to Symphony Hall to get my ticket for Rachmaninoff's recital. After a lady had bought her seat she turned to me and said "You are Mr. Johns and I want to thank you for your letters about the programs." I then said to the lady "I am glad you agree with me." "Oh," said she, "there are so many who agree with you!" The lady then left and I asked at the box office the lady's name, which proved to be Mrs. Ginn, the widow of the publisher.

What Mrs. Ginn thought of this revelation of her opinions is left to the imagination. Perhaps she would have preferred to come into the controversy, so to say, under her own steam. Nevertheless, she—or somebody who was [illegible]ken for her—is in it, and few Bost[illegible]ct to being in a controversy.

[illegible]ppear that the fight is all in favor o[illegible]n, it should be recorded that subse[illegible]tters have reminded Mr. Johns that [illegible] and Bach and Wagner were "mod[illegible] their day and that Mr. Koussevitsky is merely giving Boston a chance to hear musicians whom the future will immortalize. Long life, therefore, to Mr. Koussevitsky. He has demonstrated beyond a doubt that music is worth arguments, hisses and letters to the newspapers.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
JOURNAL
MAR 30 1929

KOUSSEVITSKY PLAYS THE NINTH SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will play Beethoven's Ninth Symphony for the first time in its regular New York series, when Serge Koussevitzky and his men visit Carnegie Hall for the final concerts of the season on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon, April 11 and 13. The choral part will be sung by the New York Schola Cantorum, Hugh Ross, conductor.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN
APR 1

Boston Orchestra's Deficit

The estimated deficit of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the current season is $135,000, of which $89,680 has been subscribed. There have apparently been deficits from the earliest years of the organization. During the life of Maj Henry L. Higginson, the orchestra's founder, deficits were paid by him and the public heard nothing about them. The orchestra is now under the control of a board of trustees and its administration is a semi-public matter.

This year's deficit is presumably the largest in the orchestra's history. Costs have been advancing in recent years, and this year the orchestra is bereft of the $32,000 revenue received in each of the past two seasons for sale of the broadcasting privilege. Few persons who heard the Boston Symphony concerts by radio knew that W. S. Quinby paid the orchestra's trustees $1000 a week for broadcasting the concerts in connection with an advertisement of his business. Royalties to composers or performers frequently meant an additional cost of several hundred dollars.

Mr Quinby discontinued the broadcasting—reluctantly, it is understood — because his associates convinced him that the ultramodern music so frequently played by the orchestra did not appeal to the mass of radio listeners. Sooner or later, the broadcasting might have been stopped for some other reason, but the character of the programs—about which there is debate at present in Boston—was the principal reason for discontinuing the broadcasts this season.

While it seems probable that the entire deficit will ultimately be subscribed, it will be desirable to reduce the loss another year, if possible. One suggestion that is receiving consideration is to have the orchestra give three or four concerts a year at extemely low prices in the Boston garden, as the North station sports arena is now called. The auditorium there has a capacity of 18,000, and tickets could be sold for as little as 25 cents if the public response were large enough. There is, however, a question of acoustics. And the public's attitude would have to be tested. If this suggestion were put into effect and proved successful, Boston would gain in prestige as a progressive community, the orchestra would make new friends and the public's musical eduction would be benefited.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
[illegible]
Salem, Mass.
1
MAR 29 1929

[illegible]wise cities.

Although the Boston symphony orchestra draws crowded houses for a long series of concerts, it needs help additional to the ticket sale, and there is a sum of $44,000 yet to be raised to cover the deficit of the year. Boston and vicinity have reason for the utmost pride in this great institution, and whatever is needed for adequate support should be cheerfully furnished by music lovers and public spirited people.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE
MAR 31 [illegible]

Toscanini's Last Concert Monday; Stokowski Returns on Tuesday

Arturo Toscanini ends his season as conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra with to-morrow night's concert for the benefit of the orchestra's pension fund. This Carnegie Hall program also will serve as a testimonial to Leo Schulz, who retires this spring after thirty years as first cellist of the Philharmonic and Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestras. Mr. Schulz will be the soloist in the Schumann concerto and will conduct his own American Overture, composed for the Chicago World's Fair of 1893.

Mr. Toscanini's last subscription appearance of the season will be this afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House in a Beethoven-Wagner program. The Philharmonic-Symphony offers consolation for the Italian conductor's early departure in the announcement that he will be here for sixteen weeks next season.

Clemens Krauss, who conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra here on March 19, will make his first appearance as guest conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra next Thursday evening and Friday afternoon in Carnegie Hall with a program which also will be offered Saturday night in the students' series. Two Sunday afternoon concerts at Carnegie Hall, a Thursday afternoon and Friday evening pair of concerts and one more Saturday night students' concert complete the Philharmonic-Symphony season of 1928-'29.

Leopold Stokowski has returned to his post at the head of the Philadelphia Orchestra and will conduct a program including works by three American composers next Tuesday night in Carnegie Hall. Sandor Harmati, born in Budapest, came to America in 1914 and was a violinist of the Letz and Lenox Quartets before becoming conductor of the Omaha Symphony Orchestra in 1925. As a composer he won a Pulitzer prize and a prize offered by the Chamber Music Association of Philadelphia. His "Prelude to a Drama," to be heard Tuesday, is a study for a one-act play on a Chinese-Californian story.

Wallingford Riegger, born in this country, graduated from the Institute of Musical Art in 1907 as a cellist. In 1922 he received the Paderewski prize for a piano trio; in 1923 his "American Polonaise" received honorable mention and a performance at a Stadium concert; in 1924 he received the Coolidge Prize for "La Belle Dame sans Merci." His "Study in Sonority for Forty Violins" on Mr. Stokowski's program was first performed at Ithaca in August, 1927, as a caprice for ten violins. It has since been partly revised and the name changed in accordance with a suggestion from Mr. Stokowski.

Frederick Jacobi's Indian Dances, "Buffalo Dance," "Butterfly Dance," "Rain Chant" and "War Dance" are intended as impressions of ritualistic dances of the Pueblos and Navajos of New Mexico and Arizona. The work was first performed by the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky last November.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, will give its last Carnegie Hall concerts of the season on Thursday night, April 11, and Saturday afternoon, April 13. On both these occasions Mr. Koussevitzky will give Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in its first performance by this orchestra in its regular New York series. The Schola Cantorum will sing the chorus with Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van der Veer, Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange as soloists. In both concerts C. P. E. Bach's concerto in D major for orchestra, arranged by Maximilian Steinberg, will precede the symphony.

The Bostonians' last program at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Friday evening, April 12, consists of Shubert's Unfinished Symphony, Duke's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and the second symphony of Brahms.

Mr. Stokowski will conduct the last New York concert this season of the Philadelphia Orchestra on April 16, and the conductorless American Symphony Ensemble's concert of April 18 will close the regular New York orchestral season of 1928-'29.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PORTLAND, ORE.
OREGONIAN
MAR 31

KING'S SYMPHONY HEARD.

NEW YORK, March 30.—No less an exalted personage than his majesty Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, was before an audience—in spirit—in a recent Carnegie-hall concert. His work was heard, a symphony in D minor No. 3, played by the Boston Symphony orchestra, composed about the year 1748. It is a matter of record that his majesty wrote all the parts of the symphony without assistance, although he graciously allowed Quantz, his flute teacher, to make minor corrections.

It will not do to poke fun at a king. We must approach the symphony—of little originality—with respect due to its royal composer. The work is of fair merit, and the second movement, an andante, has many pleasant, tender moments. Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting was able, and his interpretation of the music brought cordial applause.

Two other numbers played included the third symphony of Jan Sibelius and the Strauss' "Zarathustra." The last was an orchestral gem.

Koussevitzky, Gretchaninov, And Beethoven

TRANS. APRIL 1 '29

Week-End Among the Russians From The Ninth Symphony To Grateful Songs

THERE is no advocate so fervent as he who has been persuaded against his own will. . . .

Some of us took our places in Symphony Hall on Saturday evening strong in the current belief hereabouts that a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony should be made an occasion. It must not be played too often lest it become repertory piece for conductor and orchestra. It must not be heard too often lest it make like routined impression upon the ordinary listener. It should not have place upon a program in the regular course of subscription concerts. Rather, it should be isolated as an event for a purpose—say to crown a Beethoven Centenary Festival or to win exceptional audiences to the increase of an orchestral Pension Fund. Anticipating the Choral Symphony as rare experience, they would assemble expectant, listen tense-keyed, depart elated.

And now Mr. Koussevitzky, putting by these precedents and predilections, was including that selfsame Ninth in the twenty-first program of the current season. Two years ago it had been climax to the Centenary Festival—and here it was in regular course. Exceptional audiences had previously heard it—and on this Friday and Saturday, outside the upper balcony, there would be room, for subscribers only. Since there could be no outbuilding of the stage into the auditorium, the chorus must be reduced in numbers and Beethoven's mighty climax would sound dwarfed. In short, to lift the Ninth Symphony out of a concert virtually devoted to it was to diminish its magnitude and lessen its potency. Before long, it would be, like the Fifth or the Seventh, all in the day's playing and the day's hearing.

As a matter of record, the performance on Saturday belied everyone of these anticipations. As a matter of fact, to produce the Ninth at a pair of "regular" Symphony Concerts was no more than return to custom before Dr. Muck's time. The conductor came fresher to his task than was possible at the end of a long festival; renewed the renown that in this particular piece he has long enjoyed in London and in Paris. The orchestra, richer-voiced and more resilient than it was two years ago, played above itself. The audience could hardly have been more intent and responsive.

In particular, the Harvard-Radcliffe Choir, though it numbered only 125, left no impression of diminished sonority. It has attained such surety and freedom with Beethoven's measures that it can take pace, rhythm, intervals as they come; bring its whole will and intelligence to bear upon the volume, the coloring, the projecting quality of its tone. Accustomed, yet not routined, to Mr. Koussevitzky, from him it catches fire. These young voices are indeed light; but the conductor so maintained the orchestral and choral balance that not once did the tonal mass sound thin. Out of this lightness, moreover, sprang a quickness and plasticity of motion essential to Beethoven's swiftly changing periods; while in the youth of the choir was the very spirit that could summon his elation. Each by itself, in the course of its own concerts, the Harvard Glee Club or the Radcliffe Choral Society is pleasure to hear. Joined to the Symphony Orchestra as chorus in this or that masterpiece, it rises no less to the greater occasion.

The outcome was transcendent performance. The singing splendor of the strings pervaded the Symphony, in the slow movement plumbed depths of beauty. The richness of the horns companioned them. The other brass added to sonority that modern incisiveness which Beethoven, had he known it, would hardly have spared. In the trio of the Scherzo the wood-winds dazzled the ear as light dazzles the eye. The whole orchestra was an ever-changeful instrument, speaking not only what was written and accented and colored, but what within was most certain and most true. For his part, Mr. Koussevitzky achieved the epic vastness of the first movement, making Titanic round of man and fate; flung off the Scherzo as in winds of tone to the thunder of those drum-beats; held the slow movement to exalted contemplation, with one melody to scale the heavens, while in the other they serenely open; wrought the finale so that exactions, excesses, even commonplaces, melted into solemnities, ecstasies, omnipotence. The end was dithyrambic, with the black and white of the staves whirled into the frenzy of the passion. The purists may say, having in mind what they call a "classic," that Mr. Koussevitzky overpassions the whole Symphony. They forget what surged also in Beethoven as he wrote.

APR 3 -1929
TRANSCRIPT.

Concert-Chronicle

Pleasures Renewed

FAMILIAR and satisfying . . . was the phrase that came first to mind following the fourth concert of the Tuesday series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon. César Franck's Symphony, with which the concert began, has been heard before during the season both at Cambridge and at Symphony Hall. It was scarcely a stranger to the concerts of the past two seasons. The recent Pension Fund concert devoted entirely to excerpts from the music dramas of Wagner. Three of these excerpts again found place on the program of yesterday, including "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried," the prelude and closing scene from "Tristan and Isolde" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg. The present favor of the prelude to "The Mastersingers" is interesting. Mr. Arbos played it on his visit. Mr. Koussevitzky played it at the Pension Fund concert and twice placed it on the Cambridge program. The audience heard these pieces contentedly, clapped in similar mood and left the hall with reluctance. Seeming to have suddenly realized its pleasure when the players were about to leave the stage at the close of the concert, it increased its previously diminishing applause and recalled Mr. Koussevitzky to the stage.

Mr. Koussevitzky's way with the Symphony of Franck is to draw together and compact the composer's luxuriant and organically generating melodies; to draw out every lifting, compelling or exalting mood to which the music aspires; to neglect nothing that will make it sound richer, more firm-knit, more sonorous; to reveal as much logic and inevitability as possible in the composer's transition from one theme to another, or his combining, recalling and developing of them; to lavish upon the more barren connecting measures of the piece as much convincing orchestral color as may be obtained from the sensuous strings and noble brasses of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. With few pieces is Mr. Koussevitzky so constant in his interpretative style. One performance of this symphony differs from another not so much in interpretative attitude and insight as in the degree of intensity which the conductor is able to invoke at the occasion.

Is an intensive revival of Wagner under way? Looking backward, one recalls that only a few years back compositions of this acknowledged master of the orchestra were relatively scarce upon symphony programs. Youngsters and oldsters alike are fortunate for this renewed interest. The ears with which we have heard things of late will receive fresh pleasure from this ageless music. It is a discovery for some; a rediscovery for others. Of the excerpts on yesterday's program, "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfriend" are less familiar than the others. In their pastoral beauty, the gently tremuluos measures of this piece leave a lasting impression with the listener. With the Prelude and Closing Scene of "Tristan," Mr. Koussevitzky seemed more painstaking, more slow of pace than is his usual wont. It was as though he wished this passion to be irresistible through its gradual unfolding rather than through any dramatic revelation. The Prelude to "The Mastersingers" once more went its genial and benevolently majestic course.

N. M. J.

Intelligence in Variety

APR 3 '29

TRANSCRIPT, WEDNESDAY

The Nomad

Just the same, the hylas and all the other frogs trust her. While the Radcliffe girls, at the Symphony, were screwing their voices up to the screaming point in Schiller's "Hymn of Joy," the frogs were already chanting in the swamp, without the slightest strain or difficulty, their own high Hymn of Joy. (By Shriller.) What a chorus the Nomad heard on Sunday evening, standing at twilight on the edge of the shallow pond! No difficulty there about reaching that clear, high tone, and repeating it and sustaining it with delightfullest purity for hours at a time! When he composed the Ninth Symphony, and ventured his genius upon the seraphic altitudes of the Hymn of Joy, Beethoven must have been listening to the chanting of the frogs—or he would never have held onto that high note so long. No doubt it was unreasonable in him to expect human beings to do as much. But anyhow the frogs are always here, at this time of year, fearless and careless of April's possible frigid furies, to render easily what womankind finds so hard to sing.

+ + +

FOURTH TUESDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

Cesar Franck's Symphony and Wagner Excerpts

Globe Apr. 3

The program of the fourth of the Boston Symphony Tuesday concerts yesterday afternoon included Cesar Franck's Symphony and three Wagner excerpts, the "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried," the prelude and "Love-Death" from "Tristan and Isolde," and the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." The usual very large audience seemed greatly pleased with Mr Koussevitzky's interpretations and the orchestra's playing.

One of the announced purposes of this series of concerts is to offer to such relatively inexperienced listeners as college students an introduction to the masterpieces of orchestral music. Mr Koussevitzky's programs are always made up with this idea in mind. Although he has not this season announced a systematic scheme for a historical survey of music, such as the Tuesday series has offered in former years, Mr Koussevitzky is apparently following a chronological order.

He began the series with 18th century classics. The last concert was devoted to Schubert, Berlioz and Schumann, all early 19th century romantic writers. Yesterday's concert fell to Wagner and Franck, two of the most notable late romantic composers. The final concert, April 23, will no doubt include examples of modern music.

It is to many listeners agreeable to know in advance that no untried novelties will occur on the programs. People who subscribe for but five concerts in a season are likely toprefer to hear only recognized master pieces and to wish these chosen on some diversified scheme.

The standard of performance at both the Monday and the Tuesday series benefits by the fact that nearly always the pieces on the programs have already been heard in the Friday and Saturday series of the same season.

Yesterday's concert was no exception to this rule. Mr Koussevitzky got from the players fuller and freer cooperation in his highly personal reading of the Franck Symphony. There were fewer moments when tone grew harsh and when the ensemble failed to attain absolute precision than at the performances some weeks ago in the regular series. The dramatic, the theatrical element in the music, which Mr Koussevitzky stressed to the elimination of the mystic contemplation many admirers of Franck have found there, had full sway. The result was stirring and won hearty applause.

It is harder to like Mr Koussevitzky's way with Wagner than it is to accept his version of Franck. There is no need to repeat the extended discussion lately printed in Globe reviews of the ways in which the conductor departs from the scores and from the tradition. But grant Mr Koussevitzky the privilege of conducting the music not as it is written, but as he feels it, and yesterday's performance becomes an impressive success. The music sounded well, again illustrating the greatly improved quality of the orchestra, which as a musical instrument is now once more what it so long was, unsurpassed the world over.

The "Meistersinger" prelude yesterday sounded much better than it did the other day at the Pension Fund concert. Only at the beginning did the brass blare away too hard for clarity and euphony. In the latter sections of the piece the pace was this time quicker than before, to the manifest improvement of the performance.

P. R.

SYMPHONY IN FOURTH TUES.

Post Apr 3

Franck and Wagner Divide List of Pieces

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the fourth of the present series of Tuesday afternoon concerts. The Symphony of Franck and three selections from the music-dramas of Wagner, "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried," the Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde" and the Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," were the chosen pieces.

To the Symphony of Franck Mr. Koussevitzky gave his usual very personal reading, approaching in the second movement most nearly to the accepted interpretation of this music. But however just or unjust Mr. Koussevitzky's version of the Symphony may be, however faithful or unfaithful to the composer's intentions, it is in its own right undeniably effective. And if he takes the Finale at a pace faster than that suggested by the composer's Allegro ma non troppo, he is not the first to do so.

As at the recent Pension Fund concert, the Wagnerian excerpts received yesterday an exceptionally eloquent performance, the Meistersinger Prelude particularly, pleasing the audience. In acknowledgment of the hearty applause

INFORMATION OBSCURED

140

TRANS. APR 4 1926 PLAY

Round of The Concert-Halls, News-Gathering

Dr. Hanson's New Symphony, Honors for Leo Schulz, Items of The Day

ONCE AGAIN, at the Symphony Concerts of this week, the American composer has an inning. This time he is Dr. Howard Hanson, Director of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester. The work to be played is his Nordic Symphony, Op. 21, in E minor. He himself will be the conductor. Dr. Hanson is still a young man in his early thirties. He came out of Nebraska, born of Swedish-American stock. East and West, from the Institute of Musical Art in New York city to the College of The Pacific in California, he made his musical studies and practised his calling as musician-teacher. In 1921 he received a fellowship in the American Academy at Rome where he dwelt and worked through three years. Then and there he began his career as composer and from this Roman residence date the compositions which have been oftenest played and by which he is best known. Upon his return to the United States he was appointed Director of the Eastman School where he has done not a little to encourage and enlighten the younger American composers by test-performances of their larger works. Northwestern University gave him the honorary degree, Doctor of Music.

The Nordic Symphony is the first of three symphonic pieces written during the stay at Rome. The other two are entitled "North and West" and "Lux Æterna." The Nordic Symphony was first played at Rome in the spring of 1923. It has since been heard in Rochester, St. Louis, Kansas City, San Francisco. There are three movements: I.—Andante solenne—Allegro con forza; II.—Andante teneramente con semplicita. III.—Allegro con fuoco—Finale. They are dedicated respectively to Frederick Lamond, the eminent pianist, of the elder generation, to the composer's mother, to his father. Dr. Hanson has characterized the three movements as follows: The first "austere, a movement of struggle, of dramatic intensity"; the second in a "mood of gentle sadness and yearning"; the third, with four measures reminiscent of a motif out of "Die Walküre" for introduction, "energetic, powerful." The ensuing Finale serves as epitome and climax to the whole Symphony. All the themes appear; the orchestration grows in magnificence; the close spares neither the pomp nor the power of sound.

Further informative description is contained in a review from the San Francisco Examiner, written by Mr. Redfern Mason, the leading commentator and chronicler of music on the Pacific Coast: "Recent use of the word 'Nordic' has seemed to imply a rather unjust discrimination against Southrons. But Hanson's ideal is racially specific. Its music sings the experience, the longings and the spirit of the people from whom he sprang. Beginning it in Rome before he had ever seen the Sweeden of his forefathers, when he came to visit the old home of his people he found to his delight that his dreams were true.

"The land of lake and mountain and shaggy pine forests, seen under the gray of that northern mist which makes the sunlight pallid, breathes its spirit through the opening movement, and breathes it with a rare eloquence. The composer is establishing his milieu, as a playwright would say, and the grave notes of the 'cello tell their story of loveliness and brooding persuasively. The horns speak their sense of distance and mystery; the reeds were full of echoes of tarn and woodland: the strings shimmered.

"The slow movement is in the mood of sentiment. The composer has dedicated it to his mother, and it tells of the things a child learns in his mother's arms, at the chimney corner in the twilight. Then comes an Allegro con fuoco, ushered in by a quotation from 'The Valkyrs' Ride.' Here you get the sense of the toil of the race, the work it has to do among the peoples of the world. The music is energetic, almost Berserk; and Hanson, a long, athletic figure of a man, hung [illegible] players till he made one think of some viking of long ago urging on the towers of a pirate ship. Hanson's music is strong, vital, impregnated with the spirit of a man desperately in earnest It is written because the composer had something to say, which it was important for him to utter. It is virile, stern, but with moments of lyric ecstasy and tenderness that go straight to the heart."

A. H. M.

Leo Schulz Takes Leave

Years ago, when Arthur Nikisch [illegible] conductor, Leo Schulz began [illegible] violoncellist of the Boston Orchestra. He played for [illegible] seasons; then departed to New York to be first violoncellist of the Philharmonic Society. Since the turn of the century he has filled this chair—until on Monday last he took formal leave of the orchestra, withdrawing at his own request into modest retirement. In the tours of the Philharmonic Society he has often revisited Boston; at each return a remembered and recognized figure.

Down They Go

The unamiable but amusing process of putting other eminent conductors in their place beside the "incomparable" Toscanini continues briskly in New York. The other day, as noted in these columns, it was the turn of Mr. Koussevitzky and whoever heeded might learn how inferior is his version of Prokoffiev's "Classical Symphony" to that brought to pass by the Italian master. Mr. Koussevitzky, at least, is in the prime of his powers and at the full flood of his career. Now it appears that even the gray head of Dr. Muck is not to be spared. Last week Mr. Toscanini led the Philharmonic Society through the Prelude and the "Good-Friday Music" out of "Parsifal," joining the two with one of the motivs, sounded off-stage by the brass. The distinguished reviewer for The Times remembered "no performance of the 'Parsifal' music characterized by such mysterious beauty and poignancy of feeling, none in which every slightest suggestion of color and nuance in the score was so completely realized in performance."

Then came the ominous recollection of the music-drama from the hands of Dr. Muck at Baireuth and there [illegible] of adjustments, viz.: "The writer has been fortunate in hearing performances of 'Parsifal' by Karl Muck, and had deemed these performances almost the ne plus ultra of interpfetation as regards this particular work. And indeed Dr. Muck's 'Parsifal' is an achievement that stands wholly by itself among the great musical deeds of the period. Reference is made to it in order to emphasize the nobility, the spirituality, the haunting beauty of tone and loftiness of conception which characterized the interpretation of the excerpts played last night by Mr. Toscanini."

Fortunate Muck thus to enhance the greater glory of the illustrious Italians! . . . Next season, if present arrangements hold, he will lead the Philharmonic Society through sixteen weeks. Inevitably during that time he will be heard in music in which other eminent conductors have sought, as best they might, to excel. And one by one, if the present fashion holds, it will be their lot to stand in humble but illuminating background around Mr. Toscanini. Why not begin with Dr. Mengelberg of Amsterdam, whose hapless fate it is to be locum tenens until "the master" arrives?

Incidents and Prospects

Next week Mr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra make their final journey, for the season, to New York. At both the concerts there, they will be heard in Beethoven's Choral Symphony with the choir of the Schola Cantorum assisting. Emanuel Bach's Concerto for Orchestra will be preface. In forty years, never before have the Bostonians carried the Symphony to New York.

On its autumn tour next season the Symphony Orchestra will revisit Chicago where two years ago conductor and band carried all before them. For the first time since Dr. Muck's day these journeys to Chicago promise to become an established item in the Bostonian itinerary. On the other side of the account, it is

TRANS APR 5 1926

Programs to Hand

From Mr. Koussevitzky for the final supplementary matinée of the Symphony on Tuesday, April 23:

Suite in E minor for String Orchestra . . . F[illegible]
Prelude to Mallarmé's Eclogue, "The Afternoon of A Faun" . . . . . Debussy
Scherzo, after Goethe, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" . . . . . Dukas
Symphony in E minor, No. 5 . . . . . Tschaikowsky

Symphony

Considerable Glory for One, Doktor Strauss

TRANS.—APR [illegible] 6

With Mr. Koussevitzky Aiding, He Effaces Chaikovsky And Another

THEN CAME Richard Strauss; by no means the Strauss of the greater tone-poems; only the Strauss of "Death and Transfiguration." Yet over a Symphony Concert that began with Chaikovsky's Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" and proceeded with Mr. Howard Hanson's "Nordic Symphony," the lesser Strauss loomed large. Beside his last three Symphonies, the Russian's fantasia as tone-poem seemed thin and faded—a music out of which vitality has steadily ebbed. Though Mr. Hanson conducting, and the orchestra with him, lashed themselves, his tonal homage to Scandinavia proved neither individual nor impressive. Modernism or no modernism, he scores as neither elder nor younger composers write in this present day. Through two-thirds of the concert, it was as though we listeners had been thrust back into the end of the nineteenth century and had found the experience none too enjoyable. Then along came Strauss with "Death and Transfiguration" (1888-89) and, at last that distant time vindicated itself.

Nowadays, it is rather the fashion to write deprecatingly of this tone-poem. As some say, with "The Domestica" and the "Alpine Symphony," it is wearing least well of that far-spreading line. Certainly, it lacks the fire, the pungency, the sense of a young musical athlete trying and proving his mettle, that the earlier "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel" still diffuse. Nor does it attain the breadth of design and variety of accomplishment, the wealth of creative energy, the scope and power of musical characterization, that endure through "Zarathustra," "Heldenleben" and "Don Quixote." If the hearer will, he may believe "Death and Transfiguration," the last of the Lisztian tone-poems; whereas he following three were the breeding ground of the cosmic swarm that in the fullness of time set the modernists in revolt against such form and substance. Certainly the music of transfiguration might have made Liszt, who loved apotheoses, turn in an envious grave. Certainly, again, Strauss's eye is as firmly fastened upon the object—or rather the scene and moment—to be charactered, as it was upon Don Juan or Till. Not yet had he acquired the habit of writing about himself, or of thinking in the terms of the universe, that are not always to the good in "Zarathustra" and "Heldenleben." Again, if the hearer will, he may count "Death and Transfiguration" the rounding-out of a Straussian as well as a Lisztian period. Of course there are "weak passages." Bülow discovered them as long ago as 1889 when Strauss took him to his rooms in Munich and "played over" the unpublished score. Others have been indicating them ever since; while some of our more rampageous youngsters would have the whole tone-poem such. We moderates may find them where we choose—as likely as not upon some of the pages of the delirious struggle with death. At this late day a fury of fifths rends neither the ear nor the heart.

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INFORMATION OBSCURED

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TRANS. APR 4 1923

Round of The Concert-Halls, News-Gathering

Dr. Hanson's New Symphony, Honors for Leo Schulz, Items of The Day

ONCE AGAIN, at the Symphony Concerts of this week, the American composer has an inning. This time he is Dr. Howard Hanson, Director of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester. The work to be played is his Nordic Symphony, Op. 21, in E minor. He himself will be the conductor. Dr. Hanson is still a young man in his early thirties. He came out of Nebraska, born of Swedish-American stock. East and West, from the Institute of Musical Art in New York city to the College of The Pacific in California, he made his musical studies and practised his calling as musician-teacher. In 1921 he received a fellowship in the American Academy at Rome where he dwelt and worked through three years. Then and there he began his career as composer and from this Roman residence date the compositions which have been oftenest played and by which he is best known. Upon his return to the United States he was appointed Director of the Eastman School where he has done not a little to encourage and enlighten the younger American composers by test-performances of their larger works. Northwestern University gave him the honorary degree, Doctor of Music.

The Nordic Symphony is the first of three symphonic pieces written during the stay at Rome. The other two are entitled "North and West" and "Lux Æterna." The Nordic Symphony was first played at Rome in the spring of 1923. It has since been heard in Rochester, St. Louis, Kansas City, San Francisco. There are three movements: I.—Andante solenne—Allegro con forza: II.—Andante teneramente con semplicita. III.—Allegro con fuoco—Finale. They are dedicated respectively to Frederick Lamond, the eminent pianist, of the elder generation, to the composer's mother, to his father. Dr. Hanson has characterized the three movements as follows: The first "austere, a movement of struggle, of dramatic intensity"; the second in a "mood of gentle sadness and yearning"; the third, with four measures reminiscent of a motif out of "Die Walküre" for introduction, "energetic, powerful." The ensuing Finale serves as epitome and climax to the whole Symphony. All the themes appear; the orchestration grows in magnificence; the close spares neither the pomp nor the power of sound.

Further informative description is contained in a review from the San Francisco Examiner, written by Mr. Redfern Mason, the leading commentator and chronicler of music on the Pacific Coast: "Recent use of the word 'Nordic' has seemed to imply a rather unjust discrimination against Southrons. But Hanson's ideal is racially specific. Its music sings the experience, the longings and the spirit of the people from whom he sprang. Beginning it in Rome before he had ever seen the Sweeden of his forefathers, when he came to visit the old home of his people he found to his delight that his dreams were true.

"The land of lake and mountain and shaggy pine forests, seen under the gray of that northern mist which makes the sunlight pallid, breathes its spirit through the opening movement, and breathes it with a rare eloquence. The composer is establishing his milieu, as a playwright would say, and the grave notes of the 'cello tell their story of loveliness and brooding persuasively. The horns speak their sense of distance and mystery; the reeds were full of echoes of tarn and woodland; the strings shimmered.

"The slow movement is in the mood of sentiment. The composer has dedicated it to his mother, and it tells of the things a child learns in his mother's arms, at the chimney corner in the twilight. Then comes an Allegro con fuoco, ushered in by a quotation from 'The Valkyrs' Ride.' Here you get the sense of the toil of the race, the work it has to do among the peoples of the world. The music is energetic, almost Berserk; and Hanson, a long, athletic figure of a man, hung [illegible] he players till he made one think of some viking of long ago urging on the rowers of a pirate ship. Hanson's music is strong, vital, impregnated with the spirit of a man desperately in earnest It is written because the composer had something to say, which it was important for him to utter. It is virile, stern, but with moments of lyric ecstasy and tenderness that go straight to the heart." A. H. M.

Leo Schulz Takes Leave

Years ago, when Arthur Nikisch [illegible] conductor, Leo Schulz began [illegible] as violoncellist in the Boston Orchestra. There he played for sundry seasons; then departed to New York to be first violoncellist of the Philharmonic Society. Since the turn of the century he has filled this chair—until on Monday last he took formal leave of the orchestra, withdrawing at his own request into modest retirement. In the tours of the Philharmonic Society he has often revisited Boston; at each return a remembered and recognized figure.

Down They Go

The unamiable but amusing process of putting other eminent conductors in their place beside the "incomparable" Toscanini continues briskly in New York. The other day, as noted in these columns, it was the turn of Mr. Koussevitzky and whoever heeded might learn how inferior is his version of Prokoffiev's "Classical Symphony" to that brought to pass by the Italian master. Mr. Koussevitzky, at least, is in the prime of his powers and at the full flood of his career. Now it appears that even the gray head of Dr. Muck is not to be spared. Last week Mr. Toscanini led the Philharmonic Society through the Prelude and the "Good-Friday Music" out of "Parsifal," joining the two with one of the motivs, sounded off-stage by the brass. The distinguished reviewer for The Times remembered "no performance of the 'Parsifal' music characterized by such mysterious beauty and poignancy of feeling, none in which every slightest suggestion of color and nuance in the score was so completely realized in performance."

Then came the ominous recollection of the music-drama from the hands of Dr. Muck at Baireuth and there [illegible] of adjustments, viz.: "The writer has been fortunate in hearing performances of 'Parsifal' by Karl Muck, and had deemed these performances almost the ne plus ultra of interpretation as regards this particular work. And indeed Dr. Muck's 'Parsifal' is an achievement that stands wholly by itself among the great musical deeds of the period. Reference is made to it in order to emphasize the nobility, the spirituality, the haunting beauty of tone and loftiness of conception which characterized the interpretation of the excerpts played last night by Mr. Toscanini."

Fortunate Muck thus to enhance the greater glory of the illustrious Italians! . . . Next season, if present arrangements hold, he will lead the Philharmonic Society through sixteen weeks. Inevitably during that time he will be heard in music in which other eminent conductors have sought, as best they might, to excel. And one by one, if the present fashion holds, it will be their lot to stand in humble but illuminating background around Mr. Toscanini. Why not begin with Dr. Mengelberg of Amsterdam, whose hapless fate it is to be locum tenens until "the master" arrives?

Incidents and Prospects

Next week Mr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony Orchestra make their final journey, for the season, to New York. At both the concerts there, they will be heard in Beethoven's Choral Symphony with the choir of the Schola Cantorum assisting. Emanuel Bach's Concerto for Orchestra will be preface. In forty years, never before have the Bostonians carried the Symphony to New York.

On its autumn tour next season the Symphony Orchestra will revisit Chicago where two years ago conductor and band carried all before them. For the first time since Dr. Muck's day these journeys to Chicago promise to become an established item in the Bostonian itinerary. On the other side of the account, it is

Programs to Hand

TRANS APR 5 1923

From Mr. Koussevitzky for the final supplementary matinée of the Symphony on Tuesday, April 23:

Suite in E minor for String Orchestra . . . Foote
Prelude to Mallarmé's Eclogue, "The Afternoon of A Faun" . . . . . Debussy
Scherzo, after Goethe "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" . . . . . Dukas
Symphony in E minor, No. 5 . . . . . Tchaikovsky

Symphony

Considerable Glory for One, Doktor Strauss

TRANS.—APR 6

With Mr. Koussevitzky Aiding, He Effaces Chaikovsky And Another

THEN CAME Richard Strauss; by no means the Strauss of the greater tone-poems; only the Strauss of "Death and Transfiguration." Yet over a Symphony Concert that began with Chaikovsky's Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" and proceeded with Mr. Howard Hanson's "Nordic Symphony," the lesser Strauss loomed large. Beside his last three Symphonies, the Russian's fantasia as tone-poem seemed thin and faded—a music out of which vitality has steadily ebbed. Though Mr. Hanson conducting, and the orchestra with him, lashed themselves, his tonal homage to Scandinavia proved neither individual nor impressive. Modernism or no modernism, he scores as neither elder nor younger composers write in this present day. Through two-thirds of the concert, it was as though we listeners had been thrust back into the end of the nineteenth century and had found the experience none too enjoyable. Then along came Strauss with "Death and Transfiguration" (1888-89) and, at last that distant time vindicated itself.

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HANSON CONDUCTS HIS OWN SYMPHONY

American Composer Guest at Symphony Concert

Koussevitzky Leads Tchaikovsky and Strauss Pieces

Globe Apr. 6

Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, N Y, conducted his own "Nordic Symphony" as guest at yesterday's Symphony concert. Mr Koussevitzky led the other pieces on the program, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture-fantasia; and Richard Strauss' "Tod und Verklaerung."

The programs included a ballot for request numbers for the final concerts in the series, when Mr Koussevitzky plans to repeat pieces played this season. Such a request program has long been a feature of the Pop concert programs, but this is the first time one has been offered at the regular Symphony concerts. Mr Stokowski offers such a program in Philadelphia, however.

Born at Wahoo, Neb, in 1896, of Swedish ancestry, Mr Hanson has studied at the Institute of Musical Art in New York, at Northwestern University and at the American Academy in Rome. He holds the degree of doctor of music from Northwestern University, Syracuse University and the Horner Institute in Kansas City. His favorite composers are Grieg and Handel. This information is gleaned from a program note he furnished Mr Hale for this week's program books.

"Nordic Symphony"

The "Nordic Symphony," written at the age of 22, is less modern in idiom than the tone poem, "Pan and the Priest," played here by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in 1926. The composer describes its form as "freely classical." The freedom is more noticeable than the classicism. He writes of the first movement that it is "strongly Nordic in character," speaks of the "wistful sadness" of the slow movement, acknowledges the borrowing of a Swedish folk tune in the third movement, "rugged and fiery in spirit," and explains that the finale completes the cyclical character of the whole work and serves as a coda.

This symphony obviously pleased many in yesterday's audience. The composer was recalled three times, and brought the orchestra to its feet to share the hearty and prolonged applause. Its general style recalls the music of Henry Hadley. There is much emphasis on musical material seldom striking or memorable in itself. Arranged for string quartet, most of the work would sound insignificant. It is the sonority and power of the orchestra that carry it. There are, however, some genuinely poetic and imaginative passages, such as the coda of the first movement, a portion of the third movement, and the close of the whole work.

Mr Hanson, tall, slender, clumsy in gestures, conducts with earnestness and enthusiasm. One wondered whether his failure to establish and preserve tempo was intentional. One could not feel that this symphony had great musical interest. Its style is influenced too strongly by Grieg in the slower, softer portions and by Tchaikovsky in the febrile allegros. As the work of a boy of 22 it shows talent and promise. But why did not Mr Hanson, more than a decade later, have something better and more up-to-date to offer us?

Unified Program

Yesterday's turned out to be one of the few unified programs Mr Koussevitzky has offered here. Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," with which the concert began, set the tone. Its violent contrasts, emotional outbursts, voluptuous melodies alternating with passages of sound and fury, have a spiritual affinity with the music of Hanson and Strauss that followed. This is "fin de siecle" music, coming at the end of the 19th century rather than the beginning of the 20th, following in the wake of Beethoven and Wagner, rather than anticipating Stravinsky and Bartok.

Strauss' tone poem of "Death and Transfiguration," written in 1888 at the age of 24, is a mature and powerful work which yesterday sounded better than it really is. The history of music offers so many instances of young geniuses like Strauss, who, when they grow old, no longer compose works that stir the human heart, that one wondered rather idly yesterday whether the customary lamentations over the premature death of Schubert, Chopin, Mozart and so many others are justified. They at least died before, like Strauss, they wrote themselves out. Turn to literature for an analogy. Would not Wordsworth's fame as a poet be even greater had he only died in 1815 instead of in 1850?

Next week the orchestra goes away on tour. The program now announced for April 19 and 20 includes a new tone poem by Werner Josten, Faure's "Elegy" for 'cello solo and orchestra, Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson" and Schumann's Rhenish Symphony.

P. R.

HANSON AT HELM WITH SYMPHONY

Post Apr. 6

His Nordic Symphony Played Under His Direction

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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In this Symphony in which, on his own authority, he pays tribute to the race of his fathers, (Dr. Hansen, although a Nebraskan by birth, is of Swedish descent), he writes as a young man in the pride and joy of his youth, with a prodigious gusto, with a love of orchestral sound and fury, with an enthusiasm that carries him through many a ticklish situation, and with a pardonable lack of self-criticism. Giving himself up to the expression of sentiment in his Andante, Dr. Hansen does not escape sentimentality. And if in his music he would be consciously Nordic, he yet cannot exclude from his musical consciousness the Czech Dvorak, let us say, or the Slavic Tchaikovsky.

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It is not unnatural that there should be elements reminiscent not only of Wagner, whose "Walküre" is quoted, but also of other of the great composers of the past. These merely go to show that Dr. Hanson at the time had learned well his lessons. He has added to these elements an emotional quality of his own which by virtue of its sincerity and its fluent expression is bound to carry a strong appeal. It did so yesterday, when the composer was recalled several times to the stage by applause which he finally shared with the orchestra—a fitting tribute, for it is doubtful if Dr. Hanson ever before had secured or heard so eloquent an utterance of his measures. Nor should we omit to say that the composer proved himself an uncommonly efficient conductor.

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L. A. S.

MONITOR APR 6 '29

1410

Herald Apr 6

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Bos. Amer 6-1929

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Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" was the second half of the program, with Mr. Koussevitzky at the top of his mettle again. His interpretation emphasized the poetic content of the music. The orchestra played brilliantly, as it did throughout the concert.

HANSON CONDUCTS HIS OWN SYMPHONY

American Composer Guest at Symphony Concert

Koussevitzky Leads Tchaikovsky and Strauss Pieces

Globe Apr. 6

Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, N Y, conducted his own "Nordic Symphony" as guest at yesterday's Symphony concert. Mr Koussevitzky led the other pieces on the program, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture-fantasia; and Richard Strauss' "Tod und Verklaerung."

The programs included a ballot for request numbers for the final concerts in the series, when Mr Koussevitzky plans to repeat pieces played this season. Such a request program has long been a feature of the Pop concert programs, but this is the first time one has been offered at the regular Symphony concerts. Mr Stokowski offers such a program in Philadelphia, however.

Born at Wahoo, Neb, in 1896, of Swedish ancestry, Mr Hanson has studied at the Institute of Musical Art in New York, at Northwestern University and at the American Academy in Rome. He holds the degree of doctor of music from Northwestern University, Syracuse University and the Horner Institute in Kansas City. His favorite composers are Grieg and Handel. This information is gleaned from a program note he furnished Mr Hale for this week's program books.

"Nordic Symphony"

The "Nordic Symphony," written at the age of 22, is less modern in idiom than the tone poem, "Pan and the Priest," played here by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in 1926. The composer describes its form as "freely classical." The freedom is more noticeable than the classicism. He writes of the first movement that it is "strongly Nordic in character," speaks of the "wistful sadness" of the slow movement, acknowledges the borrowing of a Swedish folk tune in the third movement, "rugged and fiery in spirit," and explains that the finale completes the cyclical character of the whole work and serves as a coda.

This symphony obviously pleased many in yesterday's audience. The composer was recalled three times, and brought the orchestra to its feet to share the hearty and prolonged applause. Its general style recalls the music of Henry Hadley. There is much emphasis on musical material seldom striking or memorable in itself. Arranged for string quartet, most of the work would sound insignificant. It is the sonority and power of the orchestra that carry it. There are, however, some genuinely poetic and imaginative passages, such as the coda of the first movement, a portion of the third movement, and the close of the whole work.

Mr Hanson, tall, slender, clumsy in gestures, conducted with earnestness and enthusiasm. One wondered whether his failure to establish and preserve tempo was intentional. One could not feel that this symphony had great musical interest. Its style is influenced too strongly by Grieg in the slower, softer portions and by Tchaikovsky in the febrile allegros. As the work of a boy of 22 it shows talent and promise. But why did not Mr Hanson, more than a decade later, have something better and more up-to-date to offer us?

Unified Program

Yesterday's turned out to be one of the few unified programs Mr Koussevitzky has offered here. Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," with which the concert began, set the tone. Its violent contrasts, emotional outbursts, voluptuous melodies alternating with passages of sound and fury, have a spiritual affinity with the music of Hanson and Strauss that followed. This is "fin de siecle" music, coming at the end of the 19th century rather than the beginning of the 20th, following in the wake of Beethoven and Wagner, rather than anticipating Stravinsky and Bartok.

Strauss' tone poem of "Death and Transfiguration," written in 1888 at the age of 24, is a mature and powerful work which yesterday sounded better than it really is. The history of music offers so many instances of young geniuses like Strauss, who, when they grow old, no longer compose works that stir the human heart, that one wondered rather idly yesterday whether the customary lamentations over the premature death of Schubert, Chopin, Mozart and so many others are justified. They at least died before, like Strauss, they wrote themselves out. Turn to literature for an analogy. Would not Wordsworth's fame as a poet be even greater had he only died in 1815 instead of in 1850?

Next week the orchestra goes away on tour. The program now announced for April 19 and 20 includes a new tone poem by Werner Josten, Faure's "Elegy" for 'cello solo and orchestra, Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson" and Schumann's Rhenish Symphony.

P. R.

HANSON AT HELM WITH SYMPHONY

Post Apr. 6

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MUSIC AND MUS

GLOBE APR 7 1929

Music Notes and Comment

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is to be out of town this week, paying its last visit of the season to New York, where Mr Koussevitzky has put Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on the programs. The soloists will be the same as those heard in the recent performances here, but the chorus will be from the Schola Cantorum, trained by Hugh Ross. For the 23d pair of concerts here, April 19 and 20, Mr Koussevitzky now proposes a program including a piece for string orchestra by Werner Josten, Faure's "Elegie," with cello solo by Jean Bedetti, Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson"; and Schumann's Third Symphony, in E flat, called "Rhenish." This list is subject to change with or without notice, as the railway timetables have it.

The 44th season of Pop concerts will begin at Symphony Hall, Wednesday, May 1, with Alfredo Casella returning for his third season as conductor. The orchestra is to number 80 players. This announcement in the Symphony programs apparently disposes of the recurrent rumors that the Boston Symphony and Koussevitzky would make a European tour this season, such as the one to be made by the New York Philharmonic Symphony under Toscanini.

The program announced for the final Tuesday Symphony concert, April 23, includes Arthur Foote's suite for strings, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," Dukas' "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony.

Koussevitzky Leads Here Saturday

Boston Orchestra's Last Visit Features Ninth of Beethoven

N.Y. World APR 7 -

BEETHOVEN'S "Choral" symphony, in which Serge Koussevitzky will be heard for the first time in New York, will be the feature of both concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. This will be this orchestra's last visit to New York of the season. In the performance of this work, the choral part will be taken by the Schola Cantorum, which has been trained by Hugh Ross. The quartet of soloists will be Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass.

At each performance the symphony will be preceded by an orchestral concerto in D major by Philip Emanuel Bach, which has been reorchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK AMERICAN
APR 2 - 19..

Serge Koussevitzky Dined by Bohemians

At the Hotel Commodore, The Bohemians gave a dinner, smoker, and concert last evening for Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. About 200 members and guests were present, the only ladies being Mme. Josef Lhevinne, Mme. Lea Luboschutz, and Mme. Nina Koshetz, all of whom participated in the programme.

Boston Symphony Deficit

The programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are carrying, week by week, an appeal from the trustees of the orchestra for contributions to the annual deficit, estimated at $135,000 on the current season. Up to the end of March $89,682.67 had been pledged, leaving a balance of more than $45,000 still to be raised.

The trustees' appeal follows:

"The trustees are gratified with the greatly increased number of subscribers to the annual deficit fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Since printing an appeal in the Symphony program book of Feb 8-9, there have been 239 additional subscribers, making a total of 594 subscribers up to this time.

"This is still a small part of the total number of those who enjoy the symphony concerts and it is sincerely hoped that during the coming month this number will be materially increased.

Frederick P. Cabot, president; Ernest B. Dane, M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Frederick E. Lowell, Edward M. Pickman, N. Penrose Hallowell, John E. Lodge, Arthur Lyman, Henry B. Sawyer, Bentley W. Warren.

The trustees also ask for gifts to the permanent endowment fund of the orchestra. This fund amounts all told to $379,550.15, carried on the books under four heads, three of which perpetuate the names of individual benefactors. The income of this sum is far short of the amount needed to make up the difference between annual income and annual expenses. Until the endowment reaches a figure many times the present sum, Boston's greatest musical institution will go on living from hand to mouth.

Endowment Needed

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CON. FROM PAGE 52

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MUSIC AND MUS

29, 1928 Globe Jan 29

GLOBE APR 7 1929

Music Notes and Comment

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is to be out of town this week, paying its last visit of the season to New York, where Mr Koussevitzky has put Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on the programs. The soloists will be the same as those heard in the recent performances here, but the chorus will be from the Schola Cantorum, trained by Hugh Ross. For the 23d pair of concerts here, April 19 and 20, Mr Koussevitzky now proposes a program including a piece for string orchestra by Werner Josten, Faure's "Elegie," with cello solo by Jean Bedetti, Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson"; and Schumann's Third Symphony, in E flat, called "Rhenish." This list is subject to change with or without notice, as the railway timetables have it.

The 44th season of Pop concerts will begin at Symphony Hall, Wednesday, May 1, with Alfredo Casella returning for his third season as conductor. The orchestra is to number 80 players. This announcement in the Symphony programs apparently disposes of the recurrent rumors that the Boston Symphony and Koussevitzky would make a European tour this season, such as the one to be made by the New York Philharmonic Symphony under Toscanini.

The program announced for the final Tuesday Symphony concert, April 23, includes Arthur Foote's suite for strings, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," Dukas' "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony.

Boston Symphony Deficit

The programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are carrying, week by week, an appeal from the trustees of the orchestra for contributions to the annual deficit, estimated at $135,000 on the current season. Up to the end of March $89,682.67 had been pledged, leaving a balance of more than $45,000 still to be raised.

The trustees' appeal follows:

"The trustees are gratified with the greatly increased number of subscribers to the annual deficit fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Since printing an appeal in the Symphony program book of Feb 8-9, there have been 239 additional subscribers, making a total of 594 subscribers up to this time.

"This is still a small part of the total number of those who enjoy the symphony concerts and it is sincerely hoped that during the coming month this number will be materially increased.

Frederick P. Cabot, president; Ernest B. Dane, M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Frederick E. Lowell, Edward M. Pickman, N. Penrose Hallowell, John E. Lodge, Arthur Lyman, Henry B. Sawyer, Bentley W. Warren.

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Koussevitzky Leads Here Saturday

Boston Orchestra's Last Visit Features Ninth of Beethoven

N.Y. WORLD APR 7 -

BEETHOVEN'S "Choral" symphony, in which Serge Koussevitzky will be heard for the first time in New York, will be the feature of both concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. This will be this orchestra's last visit to New York of the season. In the performance of this work, the choral part will be taken by the Schola Cantorum, which has been trained by Hugh Ross. The quartet of soloists will be Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass.

At each performance the symphony will be preceded by an orchestral concerto in D major by Philip Emanuel Bach, which has been reorchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK AMERICAN

Serge Koussevitzky Dined by Bohemians

At the Hotel Commodore, The Bohemians gave a dinner, smoker, and concert last evening for Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. About 200 members and guests were present, the only ladies being Mme. Josef Lhevinne, Mme. Lea Luboscnutz, and Mme. Nina Koshetz, all of whom participated in the programme.

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INFORMATION OBSCURED

Pop Concerts Commence Wednesday, May 1

AMER. APR 13

Wednesday, May 1, will be opening night of the Pop Concerts for the 44th season at Symphony Hall. The serious musical season then being over, this auditorium will be made festive with tables covering the floor, at which refreshments are to be served.

Alfredo Casella is now returning from his native Italy to conduct the Pops season. There will be light and varied programs and many nights of special interest.

Music Notes and Comment

GLOBE APR 14

Mr Koussevitzky has chosen as the novelty on this week's Symphony program a "Concerto Sacro" for string orchestra, by Werner Josten, now a member of the faculty at Smith College. He has not carried out the intention he confided to an interviewer at the beginning of the season of playing all of Schumann's symphonies, of which the first, in B flat, has alone figured on the programs. He will, however, play the third this week. The program for the final pair of concerts next week is to be made up of pieces requested by the subscribers, who are limited to numbers already played this season. One is willing to venture the guess that Tchaikovsky's Fifth will be the chosen symphony, though there are others one would rather hear.

Ninth in New York

Prelude APR 15 TRANS.

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY'S interpretation of the Ninth Symphony has long been a critical storm-center in Europe. For some, it is too emotional, suffers from "an attempt at more 'expression' than the music will bear," is over-stressed and over-romanticized. For others, it is a just revaluation of Beethoven—a "genuinely classic" reading, "since it places Beethoven before us in the composer's own image."

The critical air would be cleared if we should candidly admit that this whole question of the interpretation of masterworks is to a surprisingly large extent a matter of personal feeling and preference. . . . There is neither map nor guide, nor any certain path to follow, for the musical interpreter confronting a masterwork. The impressiveness of the account that he gives us will depend, for each of us, upon the extent to which we happen to share his temperamental and imaginative point of view. [Herald Tribune.

Essence

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GLOBE APR 16.

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Music Notes and Comment

GLOBE APR 14

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Ninth in New York

Prelude APR 15 TRANS.

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY'S interpretation of the Ninth Symphony has long been a critical storm-center in Europe. For some, it is too emotional, suffers from "an attempt at more 'expression' than the music will bear," is over-stressed and over-romanticized. For others, it is a just revaluation of Beethoven—a "genuinely classic" reading, "since it places Beethoven before us in the composer's own image."

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Ninth in New York

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GLOBE APR 16.

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TRANS APR 18

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Symphony Orchestras Do Not Pay Because of Limit on Attendance at Concerts

Bos. Post APR. 18

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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These Boston figures are for the season that ended almost a year ago. The estimated deficit of the season now drawing to a close is $135,000. Generous friends and patrons of the orchestra have already subscribed all but some $40,000 of that amount, and there is no question that the rest will be forthcoming.

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The "Concerto Sacro" was inspired, the composer says, by "the mysterious dark triptych painted for the Isenheim altar at Colmar by Grünewald." There are four sections: "The Annunciation," "The Miracle," "Lament" and "Sepulchre and Transfiguration." The last two were those chosen by Mr. Koussevitzky for the present program. It is possible that they might have made a stronger impression in connection with their companion pieces. As it was, if they did not seem overwhelmingly original, they revealed an eclectic taste involving obligations to both Wagner and Debussy, and a feeling for the atmospheric possibilities inherent in an application of modern dissonances to an archaic style. Mr. Koussevitzky, one felt, strove a little overmuch to give an effective performance.

...te Program
... Orchestra
APR 20

To follow this fragment with Fauré's Élégie for violoncello and orchestra was not a good stroke of program-making. It is difficult to imagine any better reason for it than that Jean Bedetti, first cellist, is expected to play one solo a season, and this work was the shortest one available. The composition itself has a distinction which was obscured by this juxtaposition. After the gloomy reflections of Mr. Josten we were in no mood to listen to the sorrows of Fauré. Mr. Bedetti, however, gave a performance marked by artistic elegance.

There was more matter in the other American contribution, Charles Martin Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson," after Verlaine. This imaginative, poetic work had a brilliant utterance. If after 25 years it seems somewhat discursive, this is a characteristic that it shares with Schumann's Symphony in E flat, which concluded the program. The first movement, taken at a breathless pace, was a thing to stir admiration in performance, and the succeeding sections must have delighted those who relish ecclesiastical pomp, and like to listen to a good Rhenish tune, however often repeated. L. A. S.

you.

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...the man from the engine which was standing there, who brought me the handbag.

Q—You say the handbag was handed to you. How far was that from a perpendicular drop from the southerly side of Cross street bridge?

A—As I was going up he was coming down, and on the southerly side of the handbag. The bag remained in my possession until I handed it to Dr. Sweet.

Urged Trains Be Inspected

Q—Did you know the name of the man who picked it up?

A—I do not.

Q—You have testified that the girl's hat was picked up against the abutment. To what abutment do you refer?

A—To the wall which holds the westerly bank up.

Q—With reference to the position of the body, where was the hat?

A—Westerly, maybe one foot either way from the side of the body.

Q—Did you have anything to do with causing any trains of the New Haven

Pop Concerts Commence Wednesday, May 1

AMER. APR 8

Wednesday, May 1, will be opening night of the Pop Concerts for the 44th season at Symphony Hall. The serious musical season then being over, this auditorium will be made festive with tables covering the floor, at which refreshments are to be served.

Alfredo Casella is now returning from his native Italy to conduct the Pops season. There will be light and varied programs and many nights of special interest.

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Wedding March from the Opera, "The Golden Cockerel" ..... Rimsky-Korsakov
Song without Words ..... Chaikovsky
Valse Triste ..... Sibelius
Overture to the Opera "La Forza del Destino" ..... Verdi
Symphonic Poem, "Les Préludes" ..... Liszt
Pavane pour une Infante défunte ..... Ravel
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Penultimate Program of Boston Orchestra

MON. APR 20

Two more Americans were honored by Serge Koussevitzky on his penultimate program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra season—though as it happens neither is a native. One of these was Werner Josten, two movements of whose "Concerto Sacro" for string orchestra and piano received a first performance in Boston. Mr. Josten, who is professor of composition and fugue at Smith College, Northampton, Mass., has attracted attention by his revival of old operas in that town. He has given there the first American performances of Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea" and "Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda," and of Handel's "Julius Cæsar" and "Xerxes." His own compositions exhibit the same interest in olden times.

The "Concerto Sacro" was inspired, the composer says, by "the mysterious dark triptych painted for the Isenheim altar at Colmar by Grünewald." There are four sections: "The Annunciation," "The Miracle," "Lament" and "Sepulchre and Transfiguration." The last two were those chosen by Mr. Koussevitzky for the present program. It is possible that they might have made a stronger impression in connection with their companion pieces. As it was, if they did not seem overwhelmingly original, they revealed an eclectic taste involving obligations to both Wagner and Debussy, and a feeling for the atmospheric possibilities inherent in an application of modern dissonances to an archaic style. Mr. Koussevitzky, one felt, strove a little overmuch to give an effective performance.

To follow this fragment with Fauré's Élégie for violoncello and orchestra was not a good stroke of program-making. It is difficult to imagine any better reason for it than that Jean Bedetti, first cellist, is expected to play one solo a season, and this work was the shortest one available. The composition itself has a distinction which was obscured by this juxtaposition. After the gloomy reflections of Mr. Josten we were in no mood to listen to the sorrows of Fauré. Mr. Bedetti, however, gave a performance marked by artistic elegance.

There was more matter in the other American contribution, Charles Martin Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson," after Verlaine. This imaginative, poetic work had a brilliant utterance. If after 25 years it seems somewhat discursive, this is a characteristic that it shares with Schumann's Symphony in E flat, which concluded the program. The first movement, taken at a breathless pace, was a thing to stir admiration in performance, and the succeeding sections must have delighted those who relish ecclesiastical pomp, and like to listen to a good Rhenish tune, however often repeated. L. A. S.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

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BOSTON EVE[illegible] TRANSCRIPT, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1929

Symphony === "Letter"

Fortunate Day For Conductor And Composers

New Concerto Well Received, Mr. Loeffler Full-Voiced, Schumann Sounds

TO most intents and purposes the orchestral year in Boston is ending with the Symphony Concerts of yesterday and today. Next week they will contain only stock-pieces chosen by ballot—a mistaken groping for popularity that is not likely to recur. On Friday—as again this evening—they were worthy of an illustrious orchestra and conductor in high prestige, of the musically intelligent public that hears and maintains them. The program, for example, contained a novel piece, two movements from Mr. Josten's "Concerto Sacro," deserving performance and well received. Fauré's Elegy gave opportunity to the first violoncellist of the orchestra, Mr. Bedetti. "La Bonne Chanson" is not the least of Mr. Loeffler's tone-poems, and his high place among American composers is unchallenged. Finally stood Schumann's "Rhenish Symphony," seldom heard in these days, yet proving one more of Mr. Koussevitzky's fortunate revivals. Mr. Josten answered the conductor's and the audience's call to the stage, and for the first time a Bostonian public looked upon the head of the Department of Music at Smith College and the courageous producer of ancient operas. The more familiar Loeffler also acknowledged from the platform the hearty plaudits his neighbors are wont to bestow on him. Mr. Koussevitzky set to his task with the inexhaustible élan that makes not only each concert, but each piece, a new adventure; while, as usual, his pains matched his zeal. The orchestra was the sensitive and responsive instrument by him schooled and attuned. Though the customary fervors of final concerts—by the calendar—were naturally lacking, the symphonic year ended auspiciously.

Conductors leave too many of Mr. Loeffler's pieces on the shelves. When he hands them a manuscript they are quick to play it and to pass it from hand to hand. When, otherwise, they are Loeffler-minded, the convenient choice is "Pagan Poem." Possibly, "The Death of Tintagiles" and "The Devil's Villanelle" belong to another time in music, since Mr. Loeffler's life has spanned nearly seventy years. Possibly, it is the will of chance that only Boston and New York should have heard his setting of three Irish songs for orchestra and tenor voice; only Philadelphia and New York his resplendent and exalted proclamation, by orchestra and soprano voice, of St. Francis's "Hymn to the Sun." Perhaps there is no appeal from his decision to withhold his Symphony, once heard in Boston, from further public performance.

At least, "La Bonne Chanson" remains; but only Mr. Koussevitzky, as Mr. Monteux before him, seems to be aware of its existence. Yet audiences hear the tone-poem gladly and its place in the sum of Mr. Loeffler's work is unmistakably high. In more than one respect indeed, it is epitome of his abilities and his courses as composer. A poem suggested the piece and poetry has often been his prompting. He read Verlaine's "Avant que tu ne t'en ailles" and forthwith was minded to music. The poem contrasts the images of nature at dawn with the image of the poet's mistress, half-sleeping, half-waking by his side; culminates in the sun-rise. Each stanza is divided between the two sensations; moves toward the climax—"Car voici le soleil d'or"—in suspensive rhythm. Here, for example, are the first two, arresting the casual ear, as they did Mr. Loeffler's pondering them:

Avant que tu ne t'en ailles,
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Chantent, chantent dans le thym—

Tourne devers le poète,
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Monte au ciel avec le jour—

Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem is self-contained music, yet in close accord with the verbal images he would transcribe into another medium. There is preluding, as in Verlaine's first stanza. A distinct motiv emerges, henceforth to pervade and fertilize the music. It is richly developed; proceeding suspensively, becomes more and more animated; culminates in the rising of the sun. Its progress through the tone-poem, more and more passionate, ever in ampler and more glowing vesture, is the musical expression of Verlaine's longing, mounting apostrophe to his wakening mistress, in the sunrise finally bathed. There are also the poet's images of nature in the dawning. Mr. Loeffler treats them as variants of his principal motiv; like Verlaine, casts them contrastingly in idyllic mood. Here, then, is the composer of music achieving a symphonic structure, with no small skill and resource, that fills the ear and lays hold upon the imagination. Here also is the composer of music who is also poet in tones. For to the tender beauty of his idyllic measures Mr. Loeffler joins the ascending passion of his pages of longing, until both are fused in a tonal spectacle, attaining its own beauty rather than a Straussian grandeur or the mere magniloquence of the opera house. "La Bonne Chanson" is almost perfect example of a a tone-poem both musically and poetically fulfilled. It is also of Mr. Loeffler and no other. With reason conductor, orchestra and audience yesterday answered to it.

Mr. Josten's "Concerto Sacro" proceeds also from external suggestion. He comes out of the Rhineland; has wandered the neighboring Alsace; saw at Colmar, in the Museum, the triptych, a panel of which is here reproduced, as it stood above the votive altar of the Isenheims. Early in the sixteenth century, Matthias Grünewald, the German "primitive," painted it. Mr. Josten, who is in his fortieth year, is true son of his time. Now his bent turns to the ancientries of music more or less modernly renewed; again he would write in the larger speech of these nineteen-twenties, as we may discover from his "Jungle," when Mr. Koussevitzky (as he intends) plays it next season. Grünewald's fresco stirred Mr. Josten to music; he found the form and the manner in the "Sacred Concertos" of the older Italians; wrote for string choir and piano: within the frame would set the beginning and the end of the life of Jesus—the Annunciation to Mary, the Nativity at Bethlehem; her lament by the tomb after the Crucifixion; a final transfiguration. Unfortunately, Mr. Koussevitzky found the whole piece too long for his program and played only the last two divisions. By their quality the first two deserved likewise to be heard, even if the concert had been twenty minutes longer. Besides, it is only fair to a composer, when his work comes to first performance, to play it in the integrity in which he conceived it.

As they stand, these last two movements are timely and persuasive example of ancient form and procedure in modern day refertilized. For string choir, Mr. Josten writes of purpose a music of interwoven strands that part, meet and re-part, move in under-voices and upper-voices, follow this and that device of the ancient polyphonic style. Here and there the tonal progress, the interplay of the instrumental voices, are stiff and angular, as though the composer, in his turn, would also make a primitive fresco. On the other hand, living and working in this stimulating present, Mr. Josten does not forbear, as occasion prompts, either the richness of modern string tone or the modern art of dissonance. Moreover, his addition of a piano as instrument of percussion is distinctly modernist. In the movement of lament he uses it imaginatively and expertly. Its dissonances and timbres, as well as the repeated dissonances among the double-basses, intensify the suggestion of the Divine Tragedy wrought and mourned.

Yet Mr. Josten returns to the ancients and to the old fresco, when he holds both his music of lament and his music of transfiguration in relative repression. He does not make Mary, if it is she that mourns, plangent. The glorification of Jesus does not rend dazzling tonal skies. Rather it is of the Jesus risen who sat at meat, haloed. with the disciples at Emmaus; of the Mary who sorrowed mother-like, in the simplicity of these primitive painters, by cross and sepulchre. As a part of his imaginative and stylistic scheme, Mr. Josten keeps his tonal-palette pale-bright rather than glowing; his string choir measured rather than reverberant. To reproach him with a certain monotony of color and of movement is to deny him his prescriptive right to a design of purpose conceived, to a style—or perhaps a blending of styles—purposefully chosen and followed. Within both he has accomplished a work of individual skill and imagination, born of the ancients, yet in accord with the musical spirit and practice of this, our day. True, his German compatriots, Hindemuth and Toch, may hardly applaud it; but it would please not a little Malipiero and Casella, who cultivate a similar vein Italian-fashion; while in Paris it would have rejoiced the late André Caplet, tonal pietist in his final days.

Between Mr. Josten's Concerto and Mr. Loeffler's tone-poem, Mr. Bedetti played the solo-part in Fauré's orchestral version of his Elegy for Violoncello. Seldom can Fauré come to hearing at a Symphony Concert because he left behind few symphonic pieces, self-contained or detachable from his music of the theater. Our violinists, pianists, string quartets, play his chamber-music rarely, because, they say, it is too finely textured, too finely flavored for "the usual audience"; because its characteristic qualities are too intrinsically French to endure exportation to other peoples. Originally the Elegy was a piece of this chamber-music—and what were its essential qualities as Mr. Bedetti and Mr. Koussevitzky disclosed them? A persistent clarity, an unvarying fineness, an instant beauty of line; the symmetry of the whole between solo-instrument and orchestra, the adroit proportioning, the delicate detailing throughout; the chisselled workmanship; the mood sustained, but not exhausted or inflated, of mournful melancholy in a quiet place, out of dear memories, to one's self. Add the tonal beauty with which Mr. Bedetti and Mr. Koussevitzky clothed the Elegy and there is not a reason to doubt that such music of Fauré may be addressed to any cultivated audience; that its traits, if intrinsically French, are also believably universal.

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Mary and John Beside the Cross

Fragment of the Isenheim Votive Altar by Matthias Gruenewald, at Colmar in Alsace, Which Prompted Werner Josten to The Composition of His "Concerto Sacro" Played This Week at the Symphony Concerts

(From Hagen's "Matthias Gruenewald," by Courtesy of Robert G. Appel of The Brown Music Room at the Public Library)

OF THE MONTH

Club. Thompson Stone, conductor.

Saturday afternoon and evening, May 11, Ethel Leginska announces two introductory performances of Bizet's "Carmen" (sung in English), at Jordan Hall. This will afford opportunity for Boston singers and players to appear in actual performances. Boston lacks opportunities for the young professional musicians to appear in performing roles. It is for this purpose that Mme. Leginska is fostering this movement, which she hopes to make permanent. The orchestra [illegible] of members of the Boston Women's [illegible] orche[illegible]

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HERALD APR 21

INFORMATION OBSCURED

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"Pavane pour une Infante Defunte" ..... Ravel
"Italia," rhapsody ..... Casella
Overture to "William Tell" ..... Rossini
Largo ..... Handel
Ride of the Valkyries ..... Wagner

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HERALD APR 21

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GLOBE APR 21

Music Notes and Comment

Symphony "Request Program"

Mr Koussevitzky has given the subscribers to the Boston Symphony concerts in the regular Friday and Saturday series something to talk about by his latest innovation, the "request program," which will be played at the final pair of concerts this week. The Pops audiences have for many years chosen a request program by ballot near the end of the season. These request programs have proved so popular that it has become an invariable custom with the conductors to play them twice. But never before have the subscribers to the regular series of Symphony concerts been offered an opportunity to select a program for a pair of concerts.

The programs of the concerts of April 5 and 6 contained a ballot on which the subscribers were asked to register their choice from the pieces played during the season, excluding those which would require chorus or unavailable soloists. A symphony, a tone poem, and a work in some other form could each be voted for.

The result, announced last week, was that Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony was chosen by a large margin; Ravel's "La Valse" led among the tone poems, with Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra" second; and in the miscellaneous group, Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude was chosen, with Sibelius' violin concerto (in which Mr Burgin played the solo part) second. Mr Koussevitsky has chosen the three pieces winning the most votes. He has added to them Debussy's "Faun," which received many votes among the tone poems; passing over Strauss' "Zarathustra" because it is too long, though it got more votes than Debussy's familiar and popular piece.

Further Details

Further details of the results follow. The other symphonies preferred by subscribers were in this order: Cesar Franck; Brahms' Second; Schubert's "Unfinished"; Sibelius' Third; Beethoven's "Pastoral" and "Enroica"; Prokofieff "Classical"; Bloch's "America"; and Bruckner's Eighth. It is curious that some of these should have been preferred to Mozart's "Jupiter," two of Schumann, Haydn's "Surprise," Schubert's C major, and Mahler's "Lied von der Erde." Mr Koussevitzky does not excel in Mozart and Schubert, but his Haydn and Schumann are good. The choice of Tchaikovsky's Fifth was no doubt partly owing to the fact that Mr Koussevitzky's performance of it is the best ever given in Boston.

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Surprises

It is a great surprise to find Strauss' lengthy and seldom played "Zarathustra" second among the tone poems, and an even greater surprise to find Ravel's "La Valse" first of all. Nobody had supposed it so popular with the audiences. It is one of Koussevitzky's show pieces, which probably explains why it was chosen. But one would have guessed that Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fetes" would have ranked it, they also being Koussevitzkian war horses.

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It has much less objection to novelties than one supposed, witness the votes for the unfamiliar Sibelius symphony and concerto, for Strauss' "Zarathustra," for Prokofieff, Bloch, and Bruckner.

And, finally, what it wants to hear is pieces Koussevitzky is likely to do well. Very many of the subscribers undoubtedly come chiefly to hear and to watch his conducting. The great increase in the box office sale of seats after his first season here would prove this point.

It is particularly heartening to notice that some 20th century and modernist pieces received large votes, proving that Koussevitzky's wise policy of playing a modern piece at each concert for most of the past five seasons has begun to bear fruit. He ought therefore to take heart of grace and give us modern novelties more stimulating and more provocative than some of the tepid novelties he has lately chosen.

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MUSIC OF MODERNS PREFERRED

Symphony Patrons' Ballots Indicate Trend

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Modern music, if it is not too modern, is preferred to the classics by the majority of the patrons of the Symphony concerts. At least that is the clear indication of the balloting for the request programme to be played next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at the final concerts of the season. Quite definitely they prefer the comparatively new to the comparatively or the very old, and the newest they seem to like the least of all.

1550 MAKE CHOICE

To be sure this balloting does not represent the opinions of even a majority of the concert-goers, since of the 5000-odd persons who received the ballots enclosed in the programme-books of the season's 22d pair of concerts, but 1550 expressed their preference in the matter of a symphony. And in the other two classifications to be voted on, tone-poems and "music in other forms," but 1415 and 1395 votes, respectively, were registered. Furthermore for obvious reasons the voting was restricted to the pieces played during the current season and from even that list were omitted those pieces requiring a chorus or soloists no longer available.

Tchaikovsky Leads All

The programme assembled as a result of the voting has already been extensively announced: Wagner's Prelude to "The Meistersingers," Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," Ravel's choreographic poem, "The tion, save only the Symphony of Tchaikovsky. It is not quite an accurate registering of expressed preferences, however, inasmuch as Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra" topped the tone-poem of Debussy by a matter of 75 votes, but was too long to fit into a practicable programme. And Franck's Symphony, although it ran second in its own class, actually received more sition, save only the symphony of votes than any other single composi- Tchaikovsky and the waltz of Ravel.

To come then to deductions concerning this hypothetical average concert-goer. He prefers music written during the last half-century, since most of the 13 pieces receiving more than 100 votes apiece belong to that epoch and he turns a cold shoulder to pieces played here for the first time. One exception to this latter generalization seem to point to a third: he likes soloists. For Ernest Toch's Piano Concerto—and Toch is a modern of the moderns—had 37 supporters. One will, of course, never know how many of those votes were cast for Toch and how many for Mr. Sanroma, the pianist. But the fact that the only other piece calling for a soloist which was among the balloting possibilities, Sibelius' Violin Concerto, a piece until this year unheard here for two decades and hardly one of the Finn's outstanding compositions, received no less than 157 votes would seem to suggest the appeal of the solo performer.

116 for "Skyscrapers"

There were three pieces besides Toch's Concerto which, having been heard for the first time this season, make an appreciable showing in the voting tabulations: the Third Symphony of Sibelius, already 20 years old, which received 76 votes, and Goldmark's Negro Rhapsody and Bloch's "America," which drew 51 votes apiece. Neither of the latter is modernist music. But Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," with its bit of jazz and its vivid depicting of the American spirit, made known in an earlier season, was chosen by 116 voters. It is good, incidentally, to find a native composition among the top 13 of the 64 pieces voted upon. The other American composers fared not nearly so well.

It is, of course, a truism that concert-goers like to hear what they already know. Yet familiarity alone does not, by this balloting test, insure popularity. The more than familiar "Surprise" Symphony of Haydn and the "Jupiter" Symphony of Mozart had but 20 and 39 adherents respectively, the great C major Symphony of Schubert but 37.

Few Votes for Beethoven

As for Beethoven, whose name is emblazoned over the proscenium arch of Symphony Hall, his "Pastoral" Symphony received 75 votes, his "Eroica" 66, to the 440 accorded Tchaikovsky's Fifth and the 302 that went to the Symphony of Franck, and Schubert's "Unfinished" trailed with 91. No doubt the Fifth or the Seventh of Beethoven, not on this season's list, would have fared much better, as for that matter would the Ninth, excluded from the balloting by the requirements of its choral Finale.

In one respect these voters showed sound musical judgment. Janin's "Symphonie Spirituelle" which received but two votes, and Miaskovsky's Eighth Symphony, Ibert's "Feeriques" and Honegger's "Chant de Nigamon," which received but one vote apiece, novelties all, deserved no more.

The preferences stated above would not, in most cases, be those of the connoisseur, the tonal epicure, the musically curious. And it is safe to say that no one of the winning pieces would have won or been even a runner-up when it was brand new. These request programmes are, after all, an index of musical vitality. "The individual," said Weber, "is an ass, but the voice of the people is the voice of God."

Page Nine

TRANS APR 22

New Prices for the Symphony Concerts

General Rise for Both Series, With Floor and Balconies Minutely Divided

WITH the current renewal of subscriptions for the Symphony Concerts, subscribers are discovering an increase in the price of seats for next season, throughout the house and for both the Friday and the Saturday series. For the matinées on Fridays, prices on the floor descend from $100, through $70, $60 and $50, to $35; in the first balcony from $90, through $70, $60, $50, to $35; in the second, for the first row, they are $45. For the present, the other rows remain "rush-seats" to be sold for each concert; but it is within possibility that a considerable number may be offered to subscribers at $35.

For the evening concerts on Saturdays, frequented by a less opulent and more musical public, prices on the floor descend from $70, through $60, $55, $45, $40, $35, to $25; in the first balcony from $60, through $50, $45, $40, $35, to $25; in the second there are two prices, $35 and $25. A glance at the diagrams shows that Symphony Hall has been more minutely subdivided for price-making than ever before. End-seats, for example, in the more desirable portions of the floor have been marked up for both series; while those beyond in the same row may be sold for less. Even the theaters, where end-seats are equally prized, have not ventured that.

Viewed without irritation, the increase seems warranted. The outgo of the orchestra has risen and tends to rise. It can give no more concerts in a season—and keep its standards—than it now undertakes. It can play to no larger audiences, since everywhere they now fill the halls. A larger income is necessary; only in higher prices for seats can it be gained. That increase has been distributed as justly as ingenuity could accomplish it. The relative ability to pay between the publics of Friday and Saturday was thoroughly considered. For either series there is a considerable residue of low-priced seats—$35 and $25; for the evening series, indeed, they are numerous. Furthermore: both weekly audiences now listen to an orchestra restored to the first rank; to a truly illustrious conductor; to the most widely ranging and generally interesting programs now proffered at any symphony concerts the world over. For what one would have and enjoy, keep as a standard at home and as a boast abroad, one must also pay. The Symphony Orchestra can be neither a philanthropic nor a popular institution—and survive.

H. T. P.

Concert-Chronic

TRANS APR 22

The Vote and The Victory

BETWEEN numbers and throu intermission at the Symphon cert on Saturday, talk played fully over the vote for the final "re program." Said the wise in such th "These Paradestücke (parade-pie were sure to be chose on a ball Average listeners like direct melodie direct sensations, direct emotions, an remember them. They get them i Chaikovsky's Fifth or Ravel's 'Waltz and want them over and over again They like sonorities as much and the 'Meistersinger' Prelude is a whole procession of them. What did you expect?" Said another: "People like things that are a sort of tonal narrative where they can follow an easy idea as well as the music. There it is in the waltz that comes to life and dies in Ravel's piece, in Debussy's faun with a flute, in Chaikovsky's successive emotions. Or take 'Zarathustra.' There is the idea and there the sonorities. And it had 285 votes—fifth highest on the whole list. Strauss is no 'old hat.' Mr. and Mrs. Average have learned to like him."

"Strauss is all very well," cut in Madame, "but what is there to say to only sixty-six votes for 'The Eroica' and seventy-five for 'The Pastoral.' Where's your Beethoven now?" The man of wisdom took the cue: "Out of favor with the younger and early middle generations. They know what they like. They don't find it in the ancients—look at thirty-nine for Mozart's 'Jupiter' and only twenty for Haydn's 'Surprise.' They don't find it in Beethoven, unless he is all dressed up as he is in the Ninth, or in the whole classic line through Schubert and Schumann. The stuff they want is the romantic stuff of the eighties and the nineties—Chaikovsky and Wagner—and the picture-stuff that followed on—Debussy and Ravel. Out of that same liking Bruckner got fifty-two votes for the Scherzo and the Adagio in his Eighth; while Skriabin walked away with 161 for the 'Poem of Ecstasy.'"

"You are making the wrong comparisons," countered the young gentleman from Professor Hill's courses in Cambridge. "Beethoven, seventy-five and sixty-six for two Symphonies, or at most 129 for the big 'Leonore' Overture. Then what do you say to 116 for Carpenter's 'Skyscrapers'; eighty-two for Stravinsky's 'Apollo'; seventy-six for Sibelius's Third, even fourteen for 'Horace Victorieux? I doubted after the cries of grief, pain and anger last January, whether it would have even one. That's what signifies. Give them their Paradestücke, as you call them, for an occasion, but there's a sound and solid part of this public that as a steady diet wants novel pieces and modern pieces, and bold pieces written the day before yesterday, along with the classics and the ancients, who for that matter are as new as Bach or Handel. What this vote means is a plain signal to Koussevitzky to keep straight on and to keep going strong. He's on the right road and he has no end of courage. It's his victory—and rather complete. Just watch the future." . . . "The ayes have it," said the three or four gathered together, as the gong rang.

As All Might Hear

More than one of these sayings stood confirmed by Saturday's concert. The two movements of Mr. Josten's "Concerto Sacro" were again the novel number. In it, boldly and modernly, he uses the piano for iteration, for rhythm, for color, against the pervading string-tone. In measure after measure of the "Lament," Mr. Zighera, who played this piano-part in masterly fashion, was tearing off dissonances. Yet long and loud were Concerto and composer applauded.

Fauré's Elegy for Violoncello is not the ordinary stuff of solo-pieces. Recall, for example, the delicate tracery of the woodwinds over the sighing strings. Yet the listening was rapt, the applause hearty, even though to Mr. Bedetti fell the lion's share. He was at his finest mettle and Mr. Koussevitzky with him; while the evening audience is quick to discern and answer superlative performance.

Mr. Loeffler, indeed, was insisting too modestly that it was the playing, rather than ripened appreciation of his "Bonne Chanson," that made the tone-poem prevail as never before. To the full Mr. Koussevitzky set forth the passionate suspense and songfulness, the fragrance of the idyllic episodes, the beauty that suffuses the end. More in the vein, too, than on Friday were conductor and orchestra with Schumann's Rhenish Symphony. When his invention halted, they carried him forward; when he blurred, they pierced through. The poetry, the music in him, sang out; while none who listened might deny the mystical and sonorous majesty of the "Cathedral Scene." If the Bostonian brass can pierce for Stravinsky or for Hindemith, it can also upswell and ennoble Schumann.

H. T. P.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

GLOBE APR 21

Music Notes and Comment

Symphony "Request Program"

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To come then to deductions concerning this hypothetical average concert-goer. He prefers music written during the last half-century, since most of the 13 pieces receiving more than 100 votes apiece belong to that epoch and he turns a cold shoulder to pieces played here for the first time. One exception to this latter generalization seem to point to a third: he likes soloists. For Ernest Toch's Piano Concerto—and Toch is a modern of the moderns—had 37 supporters. One will, of course, never know how many of those votes were cast for Toch and how many for Mr. Sanroma, the pianist. But the fact that the only other piece calling for a soloist which was among the balloting possibilities, Sibelius' Violin Concerto, a piece until this year unheard here for two decades and hardly one of the Finn's outstanding compositions, received no less than 157 votes would seem to suggest the appeal of the solo performer.

116 for "Skyscrapers"

There were three pieces besides Toch's Concerto which, having been heard for the first time this season, make an appreciable showing in the voting tabulations: the Third Symphony of Sibelius, already 20 years old, which received 76 votes, and Goldmark's Negro Rhapsody and Bloch's "America," which drew 51 votes apiece. Neither of the latter is modernist music. But Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," with its bit of jazz and its vivid depicting of the American spirit, made known in an earlier season, was chosen by 116 voters. It is good, incidentally, to find a native composition among the top 13 of the 64 pieces voted upon. The other American composers fared not nearly so well.

It is, of course, a truism that concert-goers like to hear what they already know. Yet familiarity alone does not, by this balloting test, insure popularity. The more than familiar "Surprise" Symphony of Haydn and the "Jupiter" Symphony of Mozart had but 20 and 39 adherents respectively, the great C major Symphony of Schubert but 37.

Few Votes for Beethoven

As for Beethoven, whose name is emblazoned over the proscenium arch of Symphony Hall, his "Pastoral" Symphony received 75 votes, his "Eroica" 66, to the 440 accorded Tchaikovsky's Fifth and the 302 that went to the Symphony of Franck, and Schubert's "Unfinished" trailed with 91. No doubt the Fifth or the Seventh of Beethoven, not on this season's list, would have fared much better, as for that matter would the Ninth, excluded from the balloting by the requirements of its choral Finale.

In one respect these voters showed sound musical judgment. Janin's "Symphonie Spirituelle" which received but two votes, and Miaskovsky's Eighth Symphony, Ibert's "Feeriques" and Honegger's "Chant de Nigamon," which received but one vote apiece, novelties all, deserved no more.

The preferences stated above would not, in most cases, be those of the connoisseur, the tonal epicure, the musically curious. And it is safe to say that no one of the winning pieces would have won or been even a runner-up when it was brand new. These request programmes are, after all, an index of musical vitality. "The individual," said Weber, "is an ass, but the voice of the people is the voice of God."

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TRANS Apr 22

New Prices for the Symphony Concerts

General Rise for Both Series, With Floor and Balconies Minutely Divided

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For the evening concerts on Saturdays, frequented by a less opulent and more musical public, prices on the floor descend from $70, through $60, $55, $45, $40, $35, to $25; in the first balcony from $60 through $50, $45, $40, $35, to $25; in the second there are two prices, $35 and $25. A glance at the diagrams shows that Symphony Hall has been more minutely subdivided for price-making than ever before. End-seats, for example, in the more desirable portions of the floor have been marked up for both series; while those beyond in the same row may be sold for less. Even the theaters, where end-seats are equally prized, have not ventured that.

Viewed without irritation, the increase seems warranted. The outgo of the orchestra has risen and tends to rise. It can give no more concerts in a season—and keep its standards—than it now undertakes. It can play to no larger audiences, since everywhere they now fill the halls. A larger income is necessary; only in higher prices for seats can it be gained. That increase has been distributed as justly as ingenuity could accomplish it. The relative ability to pay between the publics of Friday and Saturday was thoroughly considered. For either series there is a considerable residue of low-priced seats—$35 and $25; for the evening series, indeed, they are numerous. Furthermore: both weekly audiences now listen to an orchestra restored to the first rank; to a truly illustrious conductor; to the most widely ranging and generally interesting programs now proffered at any symphony concerts the world over. For what one would have and enjoy, keep as a standard at home and as a boast abroad, one must also pay. The Symphony Orchestra can be neither a philanthropic nor a popular institution—and survive.

H. T. P.

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Concert-Chronic

TRANS Apr 22

The Vote and The Victory

BETWEEN numbers and throu intermission at the Symphon cert on Saturday, talk played fully over the vote for the final "re program." Said the wise in such th "These Paradestücke (parade-pie were sure to be chosen on a ball Average listeners like direct melodie direct sensations, direct emotions, an remember them. They get them i Chaikovsky's Fifth or Ravel's 'Waltz and want them over and over again They like sonorities as much and the 'Meistersinger' Prelude is a whole procession of them. What did you expect?" Said another: "People like things that are a sort of tonal narrative where they can follow an easy idea as well as the music. There it is in the waltz that comes to life and dies in Ravel's piece, in Debussy's faun with a flute, in Chaikovsky's successive emotions. Or take 'Zarathustra.' There is the idea and there the sonorities. And it had 285 votes—fifth highest on the whole list. Strauss is no 'old hat.' Mr. and Mrs. Average have learned to like him."

"Strauss is all very well," cut in Madame, "but what is there to say to only sixty-six votes for 'The Eroica' and seventy-five for 'The Pastoral.' Where's your Beethoven now?" The man of wisdom took the cue: "Out of favor with the younger and early middle generations. They know what they like. They don't find it in the ancients—look at thirty-nine for Mozart's 'Jupiter' and only twenty for Haydn's 'Surprise.' They don't find it in Beethoven, unless he is all dressed up as he is in the Ninth, or in the whole classic line through Schubert and Schumann. The stuff they want is the romantic stuff of the eighties and the nineties—Chaikovsky and Wagner—and the picture-stuff that followed on—Debussy and Ravel. Out of that same liking Bruckner got fifty-two votes for the Scherzo and the Adagio in his Eighth; while Skriabin walked away with 161 for the 'Poem of Ecstasy.'"

"You are making the wrong comparisons," countered the young gentleman from Professor Hill's courses in Cambridge. "Beethoven, seventy-five and sixty-six for two Symphonies, or at most 129 for the big 'Leonore' Overture. Then what do you say to 116 for Carpenter's 'Skyscrapers'; eighty-two for Stravinsky's 'Apollo'; seventy-six for Sibelius's Third, even fourteen for 'Horace Victorieux? I doubted after the cries of grief, pain and anger last January, whether it would have even one. That's what signifies. Give them their Paradestücke, as you call them, for an occasion, but there's a sound and solid part of this public that as a steady diet wants novel pieces and modern pieces, and bold pieces written the day before yesterday, along with the classics and the ancients, who for that matter are as new as Bach or Handel. What this vote means is a plain signal to Koussevitzky to keep straight on and to keep going strong. He's on the right road and he has no end of courage. It's his victory—and rather complete. Just watch the future." . . . "The ayes have it," said the three or four gathered together, as the gong rang.

As All Might Hear

More than one of these sayings stood confirmed by Saturday's concert. The two movements of Mr. Josten's "Concerto Sacro" were again the novel number. In it, boldly and modernly, he uses the piano for iteration, for rhythm, for color, against the pervading string-tone. In measure after measure of the "Lament," Mr. Zighera, who played this piano-part in masterly fashion, was tearing off dissonances. Yet long and loud were Concerto and composer applauded. . . . Fauré's Elegy for Violoncello is not the ordinary stuff of solo-pieces. Recall, for example, the delicate tracery of the woodwinds over the sighing strings. Yet the listening was rapt, the applause hearty, even though to Mr. Bedetti fell the lion's share. He was at his finest mettle and Mr. Koussevitzky with him; while the evening audience is quick to discern and answer superlative performance.

Mr. Loeffler, indeed, was insisting too modestly that it was the playing, rather than ripened appreciation of his "Bonne Chanson," that made the tone-poem prevail as never before. To the full Mr. Koussevitzky set forth the passionate suspense and songfulness, the fragrance of the idyllic episodes, the beauty that suffuses the end. More in the vein, too, than on Friday were conductor and orchestra with Schumann's Rhenish Symphony. When his invention halted, they carried him forward; when he blurred, they pierced through. The poetry, the music in him, sang out; while none who listened might deny the mystical and sonorous majesty of the "Cathedral Scene." If the Bostonian brass can pierce for Stravinsky or for Hindemith, it can also upswell and ennoble Schumann.

H. T. P.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

GLOBE APR 21

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Symphony "Request Program"

Mr Koussevitzky has given the subscribers to the Boston Symphony concerts in the regular Friday and Saturday series something to talk about by his latest innovation, the "request program," which will be played at the final pair of concerts this week. The Pops audiences have for many years chosen a request program by ballot near the end of the season. These request programs have proved so popular that it has become an invariable custom with the conductors to play them twice. But never before have the subscribers to the regular series of Symphony concerts been offered an opportunity to select a program for a pair of concerts.

The programs of the concerts of April 5 and 6 contained a ballot on which the subscribers were asked to register their choice from the pieces played during the season, excluding those which would require chorus or unavailable soloists. A symphony, a tone poem, and a work in some other form could each be voted for.

The result, announced last week, was that Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony was chosen by a large margin; Ravel's "La Valse" led among the tone poems, with Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra" second; and in the miscellaneous group, Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude was chosen, with Sibelius' violin concerto (in which Mr Burgin played the solo part) second. Mr Koussevitzky has chosen the three pieces winning the most votes. He has added to them Debussy's "Faun," which received many votes among the tone poems; passing over Strauss' "Zarathustra" because it is too long, though it got more votes than Debussy's familiar and popular piece.

Further Details

Further details of the results follow. The other symphonies preferred by subscribers were in this order: Cesar Franck; Brahms' Second; Schubert's "Unfinished"; Sibelius' Third; Beethoven's "Pastoral" and "Enroica"; Prokofieff "Classical"; Bloch's "America"; and Bruckner's Eighth. It is curious that some of these should have been preferred to Mozart's "Jupiter," two of Schumann, Haydn's "Surprise," Schubert's C major, and Mahler's "Lied von der Erde." Mr Koussevitzky does not excel in Mozart and Schubert, but his Haydn and Schumann are good. The choice of Tchaikovsky's Fifth was no doubt partly owing to the fact that Mr Koussevitzky's performance of it is the best ever given in Boston.

The "Meistersinger" prelude has so long been one of the two or three most popular and most played pieces at the Symphony concerts that nobody will wonder it was chosen. The previous performance this season, an unusually fine one, was conducted not by Mr Koussevitzky, but by Mr Arbos as guest conductor. Perhaps some people wanted to know whether Koussevitzky could do it as well.

The miscellaneous pieces were in order of preference after the Wagner prelude and Sibelius concerto, Beethoven's "Leonore No. 3"; Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet"; Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition"; Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagate" (the only work of his on the ballot), and Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto. Here one wonders at the relative standing of Honegger's "Pacific 213"; Berlioz' "Roman Carnival"; Kodaly's "Hary Janos" and Handels Concerto Grosso in B minor.

Surprises

It is a great surprise to find Strauss' lengthy and seldom played "Zarathustra" second among the tone poems, and an even greater surprise to find Ravel's "La Valse" first of all. Nobody had supposed it so popular with the audiences. It is one of Koussevitzky's show pieces, which probably explains why it was chosen. But one would have guessed that Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fetes" would have ranked it, they also being Koussevitzkian war horses.

Some general notion of the preferences of this supposedly conservative and classically minded audience may be gained from these votes. In the first place what it wants is not the classics of the 18th century or the first half of the 19th, none of which were chosen, but music of the period from 1850 to 1900.

It has much less objection to novelties than one supposed, witness the votes for the unfamiliar Sibelius symphony and concerto, for Strauss' "Zarathustra," for Prokofieff, Bloch, and Bruckner.

And, finally, what it wants to hear is pieces Koussevitzky is likely to do well. Very many of the subscribers undoubtedly come chiefly to hear and to watch his conducting. The great increase in the box office sale of seats after his first season here would prove this point.

It is particularly heartening to notice that some 20th century and modernist pieces received large votes, proving that Koussevitzky's wise policy of playing a modern piece at each concert for most of the past five seasons has begun to bear fruit. He ought therefore to take heart of grace and give us modern novelties more stimulating and more provocative than some of the tepid novelties he has lately chosen.

Music Notes and Comment

Mr Koussevitzky is sailing for Europe May 1. He is to conduct performances of Musorgsky's "Boris" at the Paris Opera in May, at which the usual version edited by Rimsky Korsakoff will be used, and not the newly published original score. The 49th season of Boston Symphony concerts, with Mr Koussevitzky as conductor, will begin Oct 11. Plans for celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the orchestra in 1930 are already being considered. It will perhaps be possible for the orchestra's first conductor, Sir George Henschel, still active in London as teacher of singing, to lead one of the pieces from the first program the orchestra ever gave at the 50th anniversary. It is not, unfortunately, likely that all of the other surviving conductors will appear. Nikisch and Gericke are dead. Fiedler, Muck, Rabaud, and Monteux survive. Paur's whereabouts is unknown to the writer of these remarks. No announcement of his death has reached Boston.

Mr Monteux is conducting at present a portion of the new series of orchestral concerts in Paris, given by the Orchestre Symphonique de Paris, founded last year to offer Paris first rate symphony concerts open to a wider public than that of the Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire.

Complete Results

The complete list of pieces receiving more than 10 votes is as follows:

SYMPHONIES—Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 5 in E minor (440); Franck, Symphony in D minor (302); Brahms, Symphony No. 2 in D major (116); Schubert, Symphony in B minor ("Unfinished") (91); Sibelius, Symphony No. 3 (76); Beethoven, Symphony No. 6 ("Pastorale") (75); Beethoven, Symphony No. 3 ("Eroica") (66); Prokofieff, "Classical Symphony" (52); Bloch, "America," An Epic Rhapsody (51); Bruckner, Symphony No. 8 in C minor (45); Mozart, Symphony in C major, "Jupiter" (39); Schumann, Symphony No. 1 in B flat (39); Schubert, Symphony No. 7 in C major (37); Mahler, Symphony, "Das Lied von der Eree" (29); Beethoven, Symphony No. 1 in C major (28); Haydn, Symphony in G major, "Surprise" (20); Hanson, Nordic Symphony (10).

TONE POEMS—Ravel, "La Valse," Choregraphic Poem (349); Strauss, "Also Sprach Zarathustra" (285); Debussy, Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun" (210); Scriabin, "Poem of Ecstasy" (161); Carpenter, "Skyscrapers" (116); Strauss, "Tod und Verklarung" (82); Debussy, "Iberia" (60); Goldmark, "A Negro Rhapsody" (51); Debussy, "Nocturnes" (49); Loeffler, "La Bonne Chanson" (25); Schelling, "Morocco" (20); Honegger, "Horace Victorieux" (14).

MUSIC IN OTHER FORMS—Wagner, prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg" (312); Sibelius, concerto for violin and orchestra (157); Beethoven, overture to "Leonore," No. 3 (129); Tchaikovsky, overture-fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet" (129); Moussorgsky-Ravel, pictures at an exhibition (103); Stravinsky, "Apollon Musagete" (82); Bach, Brandenburg Concerto, No. 4 (80); Strauss, Salome's Dance from "Salome" (65); Handel, Concerto Grosso, No. 12 (53); Foote, suite in E minor for string orchestra (50); Bach, C. P. E., concerto for orchestra (48).

Program for Pops Opening

Opening night at the Pops will take place on Wednesday, May 1. The regular concert season having then ended tables will displace the rows of seats which cover the floor of Symphony Hall. An orchestra of over Symphony players will be conducted by Alfredo Casella, the Italian musician who is celebrated as composer pianist, as well as conductor.

There will be a Pop concert each night of the week and on alternate Sundays during May and June.

Alfredo Casella is now on his way from Italy, bringing with him some music of special interest and charm to freshen the Pops' repertory, which will comprise music suitable to a full-size orchestra, of direct appeal and variety to please the varied tastes of the Pops public.

For the opening night Casella has arranged the following program: Wedding march from "LeCoq d'Or," Rimsky-Korsakov; "Song Without Words," Tchaikovsky; "Valse Triste," Sibelius; overture to "La Forza del Destino," Verdi; "Les Preludes," symphonic poem, Liszt; "Pavane pour une Infante defunte," Ravel; "Italy," rhapsody, Casella; overture to "William Tell," Rossini; "Largo," Handel; "Ride of the Valkyries,' Wagner.

MUSIC OF MODERNS PREFERRED

Symphony Patrons' Ballots Indicate Trend

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Modern music, if it is not too modern, is preferred to the classics by the majority of the patrons of the Symphony concerts. At least that is the clear indication of the balloting for the request programme to be played next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening at the final concerts of the season. Quite definitely they prefer the comparatively new to the comparatively or the very old, and the newest they seem to like the least of all.

1550 MAKE CHOICE

To be sure this balloting does not represent the opinions of even a majority of the concert-goers, since of the 5000-odd persons who received the ballots enclosed in the programme-books of the season's 22d pair of concerts, but 1550 expressed their preference in the matter of a symphony. And in the other two classifications to be voted on, tone-poems and "music in other forms," but 1415 and 1395 votes, respectively, were registered. Furthermore for obvious reasons the voting was restricted to the pieces played during the current season and from even that list were omitted those pieces requiring a chorus or soloists no longer available.

Tchaikovsky Leads All

The programme assembled as a result of the voting has already been extensively announced: Wagner's Prelude to "The Meistersingers," Debussy's prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," Ravel's choreographic poem, "The tion, save only the Symphony of Tchaikovsky. It is not quite an accurate registering of expressed preferences, however, inasmuch as Strauss "Thus Spake Zarathustra" topped the tone-poem of Debussy by a matter of 75 votes, but was too long to fit into a practicable programme. And Franck's Symphony, although it ran second in its own class, actually received more sition, save only the symphony of votes than any other single composi- Tchaikovsky and the waltz of Ravel.

To come then to deductions concerning this hypothetical average concert-goer. He prefers music written during the last half-century, since most of the 13 pieces receiving more than 100 votes apiece belong to that epoch and he turns a cold shoulder to pieces played here for the first time. One exception to this latter generalization seem to point to a third: he likes soloists. For Ernest Toch's Piano Concerto—and Toch is a modern of the moderns—had 37 supporters. One will, of course, never know how many of those votes were cast for Toch and how many for Mr. Sanroma, the pianist. But the fact that the only other piece calling for a soloist which was among the balloting possibilities, Sibelius' Violin Concerto, a piece until this year unheard here for two decades and hardly one of the Finn's outstanding compositions, received no less than 157 votes would seem to suggest the appeal of the solo performer.

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TRANS. APR 23

Restored Orchestra

Laurels from New York for Mr. Koussevitzky and His Work

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To the conductor a rendering of praise is certainly due at the end of the season. He has restored to the Boston Symphony Orchestra the fullness of its prestige. He has brought back the luminosity of its tone, the vitality of its style, the finish of its technic. In his selections and his interpretations he has shown himself to be a progressive who preserves his sanity and a respecter of the past, whose treasures he treats not merely as a historical heritage, but as a living power to be felt by the living. He will return to us next winter at the head of a truly great orchestra which has signally added to its influence under his guidance. [W. J. Henderson in The Sun

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The first movement had due exuberance, its elate chief theme was superbly proclaimed; the homely humor of the second, the tender sentiment of the third, the solemnity of the so-called Cathedral Scene, the buoyancy of the Finale, did not escape them. And as with the First Symphony Mr. Koussevitzky made the listener feel that Schumann's much-maligned orchestration needs only a sympathetic handling to make it a suitable, even the ideal investment of his musical thought.

It should be added that the three trombonists met bravely and successfully the difficult test offered them by the fourth movement.

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The first movement had due exuberance, its elate chief theme was superbly proclaimed; the homely humor of the second, the tender sentiment of the third, the solemnity of the so-called Cathedral Scene, the buoyancy of the Finale, did not escape them. And as with the First Symphony Mr. Koussevitzky made the listener feel that Schumann's much-maligned orchestration needs only a sympathetic handling to make it a suitable, even the ideal investment of his musical thought.

It should be added that the three trombonists met bravely and successfully the difficult test offered them by the fourth movement.

Hearing Hearers, Keen Listening, Happy Outcome

TRANS APR 24

Final Tuesday Matinee At Symphony Hall With Many A Moral

THE TUESDAY matinées have proved a fortunate invention at Symphony Hall. At first they were devised as additional opportunity for the increasing public that Mr. Koussevitzky was winning to the Symphony Orchestra. It had overflowed the subscription concerts and the "Monday Series." It might be sufficient for five more afternoons. For awhile it was not—in the sense of a concert-room filled to the last seat; but the audiences were numerous enough to justify continuance. At first, also, Mr. Koussevitzky was obviously experimenting toward the sort of program best adapted to this new public. Then came the turn that to management and conductor showed the way. As the matinée audiences increased, they were more and more youthful. As the programs tended toward established pieces, ancient, classic or modern, the better they pleased.

Yesterday, at the final matinée for the current season, the outcome of these works of wisdom stood clear. The hall was filled by a young audience—rare and fortunate experience at a Bostonian concert. Not, of course, the audience of children and youngsters in the earlier teens that Mr. Schelling or the Symphony Orchestra assembles on specialized occasions. From the late teens and the early twenties came this new public for symphonic music—intelligent, alert, well-mannered, plainly receptive, plainly enjoying itself. Though the superior sex abounded, young men were not lacking—at an hour when not too many such are at leisure for pleasure-seeking. The elders, moreover, were not too elderly in comparison with the middle-aged audiences of Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings. Nor had they declined into merely passive listening. They also contributed to the responsive atmosphere that kept the concert, on stage and in auditorium, steadily alight.

The deduction was obvious. These Tuesday matinées are nursery and training ground for sustaining audiences at at Symphony Hall. Here they learn their symphonic way about; here they discover new pleasures. Thereafter the progress is easy and the appetite lasting. Not in gibble-gabble about popularizing the orchestra, but in the fostering of these matinées, lies future assurance for the Symphony Concerts. With reason, there are to be six next year instead of the present five. Once and for all, moreover, how absurd is the notion that the rising generation cares not at all, or only exceptionally, for the pleasures of symphonic music! As much of it as of any other—probably more—has its curiosities and takes its satisfactions. It is current middle age, not current youth, that is narrowed, materialized and atrophied.

The concert began with Mr. Foote's Suite for Strings, re-established deservingly by Mr. Koussevitzky as repertory piece, but by no means played as such. The first division flowed rich-voiced, in flawless euphony within the choir. Its touch was superlatively light, clean, rhythmic, through the succeeding Pizzicato. The little Adagietto was as transparent, and moved as gracefully, as the composer designed it. The final Fugue went with the keen accents, the alert motion, that are life to such play of scholarship. Nor is the Suite a music to be heard for a third or a fourth time without new impressions. To some of us, touched, perhaps, by the spring day, a simple poetry sang warm and lyrical, honest and brief, out of the Adagietto as out of Emily Dickinson's New-England-like verse. How unartificial Mr. Foote made the artifice of his Pizzicato—as so much musical high spirits! It is said that in his seventy-sixth year he wishes to rescore the Fugue, for more apt strokes, plasticity, animation. Yet as it is, they abound. . . . To this young audience Arthur Foote must have been only a name. His music captured it. Not until it had twice called him from his seat would it have done.

Next "The Afternoon of a Faun" in Mr. Koussevitzky's singularly fortunate version of Debussy's Prelude. It is fortunate not only in the clear musical outline that the conductor preserves throughout; the melting of phrase into phrase; the distribution of foreground and background, as when the horns call and the flute sings; the fine resonance of the chords; the sensitive play of harmonic and instrumental color until the whole tone-poem seems bathed in its own iridescence. It is fortunate also, and more rarely, in another respect. Debussy wrote intensely sensuous measures. By a slowing of the pace, by a weighting of the accents, they may easily sound over-luxuriant, over-languorous, smothered as it were in the coils of their own beauty. Too often German conductors take "The Faun" in this fashion, while audiences listen drugged. Mr. Koussevitzky keeps every sensuous warmth, every sensuous melancholy, yet clouds not a whit an intrinsically limpid music, stays not a jot a music that is all plastic motion. The "musicien Français" that Debussy liked to call himself wrote the Prelude; but a French musician touched for the moment by the Grecian background imagined. Therefore this clarity, plasticity and golden measure. Debussy owed something to Satie and Satie in this and that piece, say the "Gymnopédies," by Debussy himself scored for orchestra, could wear this Grecian air. And for the young ears that listened yesterday what an introduction is this Prelude to the sensuous beauty and suggestion of musical sound!

In the give-and-take of program-making, Mr. Koussevitzky has not bestowed "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" upon the [illegible] subscription audiences, though years and more Dukas's Scherzo rested deservedly upon the library-shelves. Dr. Muck, who both fancied it and used it as a stop-gap, wore it threadbare. Mr. Monteux failed to refurbish it with new lustres. Now Mr. Koussevitzky, sometimes not too happy with music of fantastic, quasi-humorous intent, recalls it to life and pleasure. The Scherzo is expert music-making. It unfolds the motivs, and no one with half an ear can mistake or miss them. The musical progress is swift; yet few lose the way. And there clearly enough—after a glance at the program-book—is Goethe's ballad-fable: the atmosphere of sorcery; the charm wound up; the busy broom; the flooding waters; the lad's alarm; the master's sonorous and saving intervention; the "fade-away" (as the movies have it) into the mists of fable. Dukas's skill and readiness and verve are inexhaustible; music-maker and narrator go hand in hand smilingly. Doubtless, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" is only a tonal anecdote, but an anecdote capitally invented and told, inviting conductor and orchestra to sharp-cut rhythms and dexterous play with instrumental color. They missed nothing yesterday. They made of the whole a jeu d'esprit . . . So onward to Chaikovsky's Fifth Symphony; but twice more within a single week it loomed before the reviewer. Into the spring he fled. What more, after all, could he add to Peter Iljitsch and Serge Alexandrovitch?

HERALD APR 24

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the last of its Tuesday afternoon series yesterday in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Foote, suite in E major for strings; Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"; Dukas, scherzo, "The Corcerer's Apprentice"; Tchaikovsky, symphony, E minor, No. 5.

As these compositions, with the exception of the scherzo, have been on the programs of the Friday and Saturday concerts this season, and as the scherzo by Dukas is familiar, there is no need of comment; only praise for the excellent performance by the superb orchestra under its accomplished and magnetic leader. It is to be noted that Debussy's prelude and Tchaikovsky's symphony are on the "request" program of the concerts this week, which will end the brilliant season.

It is Mr. Koussevitzky's purpose in arranging programs for the Tuesday series to perform leading symphonic works of successive periods, but not in a strictly chronological order, which might prove uninteresting to all save students of symphonic development. "Educational" concerts outside of a conservatory are boresome affairs as far as the general public is concerned.

In the first program Bach began; he was not at once coupled with Handel; that great composer was reserved for the second concert. Bach was followed not by Haydn, but by Mozart of the "Jupiter" and the Beethoven of the "Eroica"; Handel by Haydn; then there was a leap to the second symphony of Brahms, the gentler and more lyrical Brahms as revealed in this symphony.

At the third the so-called romanticists, Berlioz, Schubert and Schumann were introduced. As there were brave men before Agamemnon, so there were "romanticists" before these three. Bach could be romantic; the same can be said of Handel and Beethoven. When the fourth concert came Franck and Wagner were side by side, pleasantly associated, although for a time the French opposed the naturalized Frenchman to Wagner, fearing the influence of the latter would work harm to the individuality of the younger French composers. They as well as the Germans writing in post-Wagnerian manner, showed only vain endeavor and distressing impotence. Debussy came and he, too, found his imitators.

Yesterday there was nothing more modern than the music of Debussy and Dukas. Not that Mr. Koussevitzky believes in the futility of works by the ultra-moderns. His programs for the other series is proof to the contrary. It was a pleasure to find American composers recognized yesterday by the admission of Mr. Foote with his delightful suite.

In arranging this series for the next season might it not be advantageous to the general scheme of the programs, if at an early concert a suite of pieces in dance form from the operas of Rameau or Gretry were to represent the French of the 18th century?

Yesterday, as at the previous concerts, the hall was filled with an enthusiastic audience that, regretting the end of the series, showed in no uncertain manner their appreciation of the conductor and the orchestra.

SYMPHONY CONCERT CONCLUDES SERIES

Tuesday Subscribers Applaud Koussevitzky

GLOBE APR 24

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the fifth and concluding concert of its Tuesday afternoon series yesterday. Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra were heartily applauded by the subscribers for their performance of a program that included Arthur Foote's Suite for Strings, Debussy's "Faun," Dukas' "Sorceror's Apprentice," and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony.

The programs contained an announcement that there will be six, instead of five, Tuesday concerts next season, at slightly higher prices for season tickets. This year's subscribers have until June 1 to reengage their seats. Others desirous of subscribing would do well to put their names on the waiting list as soon as convenient. Payment need not be made until Nov 1.

Two of the pieces on yesterday's program, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," and Tchaikovsky's E minor Symphony, are included on the "request program" which will conclude the regular series Friday and Saturday, so that comment on them is reserved for the review of the Friday concert. No doubt the Tuesday audience was grateful for the chance to hear these numbers.

Mr Foote's suite was again cordially applauded. The composer rose in his place near the front of the floor and bowed repeatedly when Mr Koussevitzky pointed him out to the audience. This suite is an unpretentious but sound piece of musical craftsmanship, ingratiating in character. The pizzicato movement particularly pleased, so that there was a little handclapping despite the now well-known rule against applause between the movements of works played at these concerts.

Dukas' familiar orchestral scherzo, suggested by Goethe's poem "Der Zauberlehrling," has not been played this season in the regular series here, by exception to Mr Koussevitzy's custom of choosing his pieces for the supplementary series from those of the 24 Fridays and Saturdays. It was announced on a regular program and then withdrawn to avoid making an excessively long concert.

Audiences have long given every evidence of enjoying Dukas' scherzo. It invariably wins loud and prolonged applause. Conductors have kept it, alone of the composer's many works, in the active repertory. The catchy rhythm of the theme given to bassoons, which represents the broom fetching water in Goethe's ballad, has probably not a little to do with the popularity of the piece. Yet one listener must confess himself thoroughly weary of Dukas' masterpiece, even when it is brilliantly played, as it was yesterday. It might well be relegated to the Pops repertory.

P. R.

SYMPHONY IS BRILLIANT IN ITS FINALS

AMS APR 27

By MOSES SMITH

The current pair of Boston Symphony Concerts brings to a close the long subscription series; at the same time, the musical season may be said to be at an end, though there will be odds and ends occasionally, for the most part of a semi-professional nature.

The program was chosen by vote of the subscribers, an idea employed elsewhere but never before in Boston. This list, consisting of Wagner's "Meistersinger" Prelude, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," Ravel's "La Valse" and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, has been widely criticised; more still, the project of a request program has been under fire.

It seems to me, however, that the listeners may with propriety dictate at least once a season the music to which they are to listen. If they choose a program of "favorites," devoid of novel or unusual numbers, the curiosity-seekers should be willing to subside gracefully for a single concert. Viewed over the course of a season, the novel music has not been of such uniformly great merit that concert-goers can't live without it.

Moreover, the present program is an excellent one on its merits, a tribute to the taste of Boston concert-goers. At least three of the choices are masterpieces in their respective forms; and Ravel's brilliantly ironic — and almost obscene—tone-poem remains a great score after repeated performance, though some may question its right to the title of masterpiece. Furthermore—what would you?—it is still less than a decade old.

Since all of these pieces have already been played here several times this season, it is needless to comment further on the music, and too add that the performance was extraordinarily brilliant.

It is a fitting climax to a season that has witnessed the arrival of our orchestra at the top of the orchestral heap. The ovations tendered by the audiences to Mr. Koussevitzky and his men are richly deserved.

Herald Apr 27

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The audiences of the Boston Symphony orchestra chose by ballot the following compositions for the last concerts of the 48th season, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, the concerts of yesterday afternoon and tonight in Symphony hall: Wagner, prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun." Ravel, "La Valse." Tchaikovsky, Symphony, E minor, No. 5.

The hall, naturally, was completely filled on floor and in galleries. Seldom, if ever, has an audience at these concerts showed the like enthusiasm, the like appreciation of conductor and players. The audience stood when Mr. Koussevitzky entered; it applauded vigorously and for a long time. The two Preludes and Ravel's recollection of a waltz theme by Johann Strauss to whom Ravel did not bother himself to give due credit—he was so busy with his own inventions and perversions—aroused the enthusiasm of an audience prepared to be enthusiastic. After the symphony Mr. Koussevitzky was recalled again and again. The people were loath to say "Good-bye." In this tribute, in which the orchestra joined, and not perfunctorily, there was more than admiration of his genius as a conductor; there was warm affection for the man himself.

In the balloting for the program Tchaikovsky's Symphony received 440 votes; Franck's, 302; Brahms's No. 2, 116. It is interesting to note that Schubert's "Unfinished" received only 91 votes; Beethoven's "Pastoral," 75 and the "Eroica" 66; Mozart's "Jupiter," 39; Schumann's No. 1 only 39. Among the tone poems, Ravel's "La Valse" led with 349 votes. Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" came next with 285 votes, but as the performance would have made the concert too long, Debussy's Prelude, the third in order (210 votes), was put on the program. Wagner's Prelude to "The Mastersingers" received 312 votes. Sibelius with his violin concerto (157 votes) came next. Beethoven's overture, "Leonore" No. 3 and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" received 129 votes each.

It is a pleasure to note that Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete" received 82 votes; Sibelius's Symphony No. 3, 76 votes; Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony, 52; Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," 116. The ultra-conservatives and the ultra-modernists may draw their own conclusions. It may be allowed one who believes in treating Trojans and Tyrians impartially, to express wonder at the great vote given in favor of Ravel's "La Valse," which is by no means a composition of commanding rank.

Those who are forever complaining that foreign conductors ignore the music of Americans, complaining even when their compositions are of little worth, should recognize the fact that Mr. Koussevitzky this season made room for Messrs. Block, Carpenter, Copland, Foote, Hanson, Hill, Josten, Loeffler, Schelling.

Pieces by Copland, Janin, Martinu were performed for the first time anywhere. Twenty-seven compositions (including songs by Honegger), were heard for the first time in Boston. The list of soloists included Mmes. Cahier, Lassanska, Luboshutz; Messrs. Bedetti, Burgin, Ganz, Heifetz, Maeder, Orloff, Sanroma.

The following composers were represented for the first at these concerts: Frederick the Great, Helffter, Hanson, Jacobi, Janin, Josten, Kodaly, Miaskovsky, Toch.

The guest conductors were Mr. Arbos and Mr. Honegger. The latter led only his own works which as a whole did not make up an engrossing program; furthermore, he was handicapped by a pitiably inefficient soprano, as he was aided greatly by Mme. Honegger, a charming pianist who played her husband's interesting concerto. Mr. Arbos, warmly welcomed, gave exciting interpretations of music by Spanish composers.

Mr. Burgin conducted a pair of concerts in the absence of Mr. Koussevitzky; Messrs. Hanson and Schelling each conducted, the former his "Nordic" symphony; the latter his "Morocco."

It was a brilliant season, noteworthy for remarkably eloquent performances of works that were familiar, of some works that were hitherto unknown. Nor is it to be regretted that a few of the unfamiliar compositions met with little or no favor. Complacent acceptance of everything that is new and strange, interesting or dull and abhorrent, is as much to be deplored as the attitude of the poker-backed and rebellious who resent the production of anything in our idiom foreign to them. They have the anatomical organs known as ears, but they do not, they will not, hear.

Among the unfamiliar works that called for special attention by reason of their contents and the performance were Frederick the Great's delightful little symphony, Halffter's Sinfonietta, Kodaly's "Hazy Janos" suite, the beautiful and impressive symphony by Sibelius, Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete" and Foch's piano concerto.

Performances of certain familiar works now stand out in bold relief; the music of the two Bachs and the symphonies of Beethoven, "The Roman Carnival" overture, the superb rendering of Brahms's violin concerto by Mr. Heifetz with the equally superb accompaniment led by Mr. Koussevitzky; Debussy's Predude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," Schumann's symphonies Nos. 1 and 3, Schubert's C major symphony, Mr. Burgin's playing of Sibelius's violin concerto, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and 5th symphony; Mr. Orloff's exquisite performance of Mozart's concerto. But it is not now necessary again to review the 24 concerts.

The 49th season (1929-1930), Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, will begin with the concerts of Oct. 11-12.

Moses Williams, Mrs Ralph B. Williams.

Globe Apr 27

BOSTON SYMPHONY REQUEST PROGRAM

Tchaikovsky Symphony Is Brilliantly Performed

Koussevitzky and Orchestra Win Hearty Applause

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its first "request program" at the final concert of the Friday subscription series yesterday afternoon. Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra were applauded with unusual warmth at the opening and close of the concert. The performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony was again remarkably brilliant. The other numbers chosen by ballot of the subscribers were Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude; Ravel's "La Valse"; and Debussy's "Faun."

Mr Koussevitzky has made a practice of repeating at the final pair of concerts numbers heard earlier in the season. Some have objected in former seasons to his choice of pieces to play twice. So, following Mr Stokowski's custom in Philadelphia, Mr Koussevitzky this year allowed the subscribers to vote for their favorite tone poem, symphony, and piece of "music in other forms" among those played this season.

This innovation caused much discussion, and unquestionably interested the audience. It can, however, be argued that there is no reason why any piece except a novelty of overwhelming interest should be repeated during the season, except to save rehearsal time. Nor does a "request program" seem wholly suited to the dignity and seriousness of the Symphony concerts. That sort of thing savors of the Pops.

To these objections, the most effective retort is doubtless the comment that yesterday the audience was more enthusiastic than usual, and plainly delighted, for the most part, with program, performance, orchestra and conductor. So far as one could gather from comment heard or overheard, the only grievance most of yesterday's audience had on their minds was the increase in the prices of season tickets, which will next season range from $100 down.

More Than $40,000 Lacking

But there is still more than $40,000 to be raised toward the deficit on the season now ending, and the demand for tickets is so great that the waiting list, especially for Fridays, seems certain to absorb any and all places released. The management has set the Friday prices higher than those for Saturdays, following the economist's rule about supply and demand. The present subscribers have only until May 1 to reengage their tickets.

Mr Koussevitzky's way with the "Meistersinger" Prelude is too familiar to require much comment. He interprets it, not as an overture to a comedy, which is what Wagner plainly intended, but as a sonorous, broadly swelling, slow moving triumphal march. Mr Arbos' interpretation when the piece was played here last January seemed finer, truer and more spirited to at least one listener.

TRAV APR 27

Pop Concerts to Open May Day

May day (next Wednesday) will bring the opening night of the Pop concerts at Symphony hall—always one of the principal occasions of Boston's spring season. This will be the 44th year of the Pops which, indeed, are almost as old as the Boston Symphony orchestra itself, from which they spring. The custom of serving refreshments at the tables which cover the floor of Symphony hall, and in the foyer, will be continued.

Alfredo Casella, one of the foremost of living Italian musicians, has come from Italy to take over the destiny of the Pops for the third time. Casella will command an orchestra of more than 80 symphony players.

His program for the opening night follows:

Wedding March from "Le Coq d'Or" ..... Rimsky-Korsakov
Song Without Words ..... Tchaikovsky
Valse Triste ..... Sibelius
Overture to "La Forza del Destino," ..... Verdi
"Les Preludes," symphonic poem ..... Liszt
"Pavane pour une Infante Defunte" ..... Ravel
"Italia," rhapsody ..... Casella
Overture to "William Tell" ..... Rossini
Largo ..... Handel
Ride of the Valkyries ..... Wagner

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE—

Young Hearers, Keen Listening, Happy Outcome

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It is Mr. Koussevitzky's purpose in arranging programs for the Tuesday series to perform leading symphonic works of successive periods, but not in a strictly chronological order, which might prove uninteresting to all save students of symphonic development. "Educational" concerts outside of a conservatory are boresome affairs as far as the general public is concerned.

In the first program Bach began; he was not at once coupled with Handel; that great composer was reserved for the second concert. Bach was followed not by Haydn, but by Mozart of the "Jupiter" and the Beethoven of the "Eroica"; Handel by Haydn; then there was a leap to the second symphony of Brahms, the gentler and more lyrical Brahms as revealed in this symphony.

At the third the so-called romanticists, Berlioz, Schubert and Schumann were introduced. As there were brave men before Agamemnon, so there were "romanticists" before these three. Bach could be romantic; the same can be said of Handel and Beethoven. When the fourth concert came Franck and Wagner were side by side, pleasantly associated, although for a time the French opposed the naturalized Frenchman to Wagner, fearing the influence of the latter would work harm to the individuality of the younger French composers. They as well as the Germans writing in post-Wagnerian manner, showed only vain endeavor and distressing impotence. Debussy came and he, too, found his imitators.

Yesterday there was nothing more modern than the music of Debussy and Dukas. Not that Mr. Koussevitzky believes in the futility of works by the ultra-moderns. His programs for the other series is proof to the contrary. It was a pleasure to find American composers recognized yesterday by the admission of Mr. Foote with his delightful suite.

In arranging this series for the next season might it not be advantageous to the general scheme of the programs, if at an early concert a suite of pieces in dance form from the operas of Rameau or Gretry were to represent the French of the 18th century?

Yesterday, as at the previous concerts, the hall was filled with an enthusiastic audience that, regretting the end of the series, showed in no uncertain manner their appreciation of the conductor and the orchestra.

SYMPHONY CONCERT CONCLUDES SERIES

Tuesday Subscribers Applaud Koussevitzky

GLOBE APR 24

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the fifth and concluding concert of its Tuesday afternoon series yesterday. Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra were heartily applauded by the subscribers for their performance of a program that included Arthur Foote's Suite for Strings, Debussy's "Faun," Dukas' "Sorceror's Apprentice," and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony.

The programs contained an announcement that there will be six, instead of five, Tuesday concerts next season, at slightly higher prices for season tickets. This year's subscribers have until June 1 to reengage their seats. Others desirous of subscribing would do well to put their names on the waiting list as soon as convenient. Payment need not be made until Nov 1.

Two of the pieces on yesterday's program, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," and Tchaikovsky's E minor Symphony, are included on the "request program" which will conclude the regular series Friday and Saturday, so that comment on them is reserved for the review of the Friday concert. No doubt the Tuesday audience was grateful for the chance to hear these numbers.

Mr Foote's suite was again cordially applauded. The composer rose in his place near the front of the floor and bowed repeatedly when Mr Koussevitzky pointed him out to the audience. This suite is an unpretentious but sound piece of musical craftsmanship, ingratiating in character. The pizzicato movement particularly pleased, so that there was a little handclapping despite the now well-known rule against applause between the movements of works played at these concerts.

Dukas' familiar orchestral scherzo, suggested by Goethe's poem "Der Zauberlehrling," has not been played this season in the regular series here, by exception to Mr Koussevitzy's custom of choosing his pieces for the supplementary series from those of the 24 Fridays and Saturdays. It was announced on a regular program and then withdrawn to avoid making an excessively long concert.

Audiences have long given every evidence of enjoying Dukas' scherzo. It invariably wins loud and prolonged applause. Conductors have kept it, alone of the composer's many works, in the active repertory. The catchy rhythm of the theme given to bassoons, which represents the broom fetching water in Goethe's ballad, has probably not a little to do with the popularity of the piece. Yet one listener must confess himself thoroughly weary of Dukas' masterpiece, even when it is brilliantly played, as it was yesterday. It might well be relegated to the Pops repertory.

P. R.

SYMPHONY IS BRILLIANT IN ITS FINALS

HERALD APR 27

By MOSES SMITH

The current pair of Boston Symphony Concerts brings to a close the long subscription series; at the same time, the musical season may be said to be at an end, though there will be odds and ends occasionally, for the most part of a semi-professional nature.

The program was chosen by vote of the subscribers, an idea employed elsewhere but never before in Boston. This list, consisting of Wagner's "Meistersinger" Prelude, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," Ravel's "La Valse" and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, has been widely criticised; more still, the project of a request program has been under fire.

It seems to me, however, that the listeners may with propriety dictate at least once a season the music to which they are to listen. If they choose a program of "favorites," devoid of novel or unusual numbers, the curiosity-seekers should be willing to subside gracefully for a single concert. Viewed over the course of a season, the novel music has not been of such uniformly great merit that concert-goers can't live without it.

Moreover, the present program is an excellent one on its merits, a tribute to the taste of Boston concert-goers. At least three of the choices are masterpieces in their respective forms; and Ravel's brilliantly ironic — and almost obscene—tone-poem remains a great score after repeated performance, though some may question its right to the title of masterpiece. Furthermore—what would you?—it is still less than a decade old.

Since all of these pieces have already been played here several times this season, it is needless to comment further on the music, and too add that the performance was extraordinarily brilliant.

It is a fitting climax to a season that has witnessed the arrival of our orchestra at the top of the orchestral heap. The ovations tendered by the audiences to Mr. Koussevitzky and his men are richly deserved.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The audiences of the Boston Symphony orchestra chose by ballot the following compositions for the last concerts of the 48th season, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, the concerts of yesterday afternoon and tonight in Symphony hall: Wagner, prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun." Ravel, "La Valse." Tchaikovsky, Symphony, E minor, No. 5.

The hall, naturally, was completely filled on floor and in galleries. Seldom, if ever, has an audience at these concerts showed the like enthusiasm, the like appreciation of conductor and players. The audience stood when Mr. Koussevitzky entered; it applauded vigorously and for a long time. The two Preludes and Ravel's recollection of a waltz theme by Johann Strauss to whom Ravel did not bother himself to give due credit—he was so busy with his own inventions and perversions—aroused the enthusiasm of an audience prepared to be enthusiastic. After the symphony Mr. Koussevitzky was recalled again and again. The people were loath to say "Good-bye." In this tribute, in which the orchestra joined, and not perfunctorily, there was more than admiration of his genius as a conductor; there was warm affection for the man himself.

In the balloting for the program Tchaikovsky's Symphony received 440 votes; Franck's, 302; Brahms's No. 2, 116. It is interesting to note that Schubert's "Unfinished" received only 91 votes; Beethoven's "Pastoral," 75 and the "Eroica" 66; Mozart's "Jupiter," 39; Schumann's No. 1 only 39. Among the tone poems, Ravel's "La Valse" led with 349 votes. Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" came next with 285 votes, but as the performance would have made the concert too long, Debussy's Prelude, the third in order (210 votes), was put on the program. Wagner's Prelude to "The Mastersingers" received 312 votes. Sibelius with his violin concerto (157 votes) came next. Beethoven's overture, "Leonore" No. 3 and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" received 129 votes each.

It is a pleasure to note that Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete" received 82 votes; Sibelius's Symphony No. 3, 76 votes; Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony, 52; Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," 116. The ultra-conservatives and the ultra-modernists may draw their own conclusions. It may be allowed one who believes in treating Trojans and Tyrians impartially, to express wonder at the great vote given in favor of Ravel's "La Valse," which is by no means a composition of commanding rank.

Those who are forever complaining that foreign conductors ignore the music of Americans, complaining even when their compositions are of little worth, should recognize the fact that Mr. Koussevitzky this season made room for Messrs. Block, Carpenter, Copland, Foote, Hanson, Hill, Josten, Loeffler, Schelling.

Pieces by Copland, Janin, Martinu were performed for the first time anywhere. Twenty-seven compositions (including songs by Honegger), were heard for the first time in Boston. The list of soloists included Mmes. Cahier, Lassanska, Luboshutz; Messrs. Bedetti, Burgin, Ganz, Heifetz, Maeder, Orloff, Sanroma.

The following composers were represented for the first at these concerts: Frederick the Great, Helffter, Hanson, Jacobi, Janin, Josten, Kodaly, Miaskovsky, Toch.

The guest conductors were Mr. Arbos and Mr. Honegger. The latter led only his own works which as a whole did not make up an engrossing program; furthermore, he was handicapped by a pitiably inefficient soprano, as he was aided greatly by Mme. Honegger, a charming pianist who played her husband's interesting concerto. Mr. Arbos, warmly welcomed, gave exciting interpretations of music by Spanish composers.

Mr. Burgin conducted a pair of concerts in the absence of Mr. Koussevitzky; Messrs. Hanson and Schelling each conducted, the former his "Nordic" symphony; the latter his "Morocco."

It was a brilliant season, noteworthy for remarkably eloquent performances of works that were familiar, of some works that were hitherto unknown. Nor is it to be regretted that a few of the unfamiliar compositions met with little or no favor. Complacent acceptance of everything that is new and strange, interesting or dull and abhorrent, is as much to be deplored as the attitude of the poker-backed and rebellious who resent the production of anything in our idiom foreign to them. They have the anatomical organs known as ears, but they do not, they will not, hear.

Among the unfamiliar works that called for special attention by reason of their contents and the performance were Frederick the Great's delightful little symphony, Halffter's Sinfonietta, Kodaly's "Hazy Janos" suite, the beautiful and impressive symphony by Sibelius, Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete" and Foch's piano concerto.

Performances of certain familiar works now stand out in bold relief; the music of the two Bachs and the symphonies of Beethoven, "The Roman Carnival" overture, the superb rendering of Brahms's violin concerto by Mr. Heifetz with the equally superb accompaniment led by Mr. Koussevitzky; Debussy's Predude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," Schumann's symphonies Nos. 1 and 3, Schubert's C major symphony, Mr. Burgin's playing of Sibelius's violin concerto, Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and 5th symphony; Mr. Orloff's exquisite performance of Mozart's concerto. But it is not now necessary again to review the 24 concerts.

The 49th season (1929-1930), Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, will begin with the concerts of Oct. 11-12.

Moses Williams, Mrs Ralph B. Williams.

Globe Apr 27

BOSTON SYMPHONY REQUEST PROGRAM

Tchaikovsky Symphony Is Brilliantly Performed

Koussevitzky and Orchestra Win Hearty Applause

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its first "request program" at the final concert of the Friday subscription series yesterday afternoon. Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra were applauded with unusual warmth at the opening and close of the concert. The performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony was again remarkably brilliant. The other numbers chosen by ballot of the subscribers were Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude; Ravel's "La Valse"; and Debussy's "Faun."

Mr Koussevitzky has made a practice of repeating at the final pair of concerts numbers heard earlier in the season. Some have objected in former seasons to his choice of pieces to play twice. So, following Mr Stokowski's custom in Philadelphia, Mr Koussevitzky this year allowed the subscribers to vote for their favorite tone poem, symphony, and piece of "music in other forms" among those played this season.

This innovation caused much discussion, and unquestionably interested the audience. It can, however, be argued that there is no reason why any piece except a novelty of overwhelming interest should be repeated during the season, except to save rehearsal time. Nor does a "request program" seem wholly suited to the dignity and seriousness of the Symphony concerts. That sort of thing savors of the Pops.

To these objections, the most effective retort is doubtless the comment that yesterday the audience was more enthusiastic than usual, and plainly delighted, for the most part, with program, performance, orchestra and conductor. So far as one could gather from comment heard or overheard, the only grievance most of yesterday's audience had on their minds was the increase in the prices of season tickets, which will next season range from $100 down.

More Than $40,000 Lacking

But there is still more than $40,000 to be raised toward the deficit on the season now ending, and the demand for tickets is so great that the waiting list, especially for Fridays, seems certain to absorb any and all places released. The management has set the Friday prices higher than those for Saturdays, following the economist's rule about supply and demand. The present subscribers have only until May 1 to reengage their tickets.

Mr Koussevitzky's way with the "Meistersinger" Prelude is too familiar to require much comment. He interprets it, not as an overture to a comedy, which is what Wagner plainly intended, but as a sonorous, broadly swelling, slow moving triumphal march. Mr Arbos' interpretation when the piece was played here last January seemed finer, truer and more spirited to at least one listener.

TRAV APR 27

Pop Concerts to Open May Day

May day (next Wednesday) will bring the opening night of the Pop concerts at Symphony hall—always one of the principal occasions of Boston's spring season. This will be the 44th year of the Pops which, indeed, are almost as old as the Boston Symphony orchestra itself, from which they spring. The custom of serving refreshments at the tables which cover the floor of Symphony hall, and in the foyer, will be continued.

Alfredo Casella, one of the foremost of living Italian musicians, has come from Italy to take over the destiny of the Pops for the third time. Casella will command an orchestra of more than 80 symphony players.

His program for the opening night follows:

Wedding March from "Le Coq d'Or"	Rimsky-Korsakov
Song Without Words	Tchaikovsky
Valse Triste	Sibelius
Overture to "La Forza del Destino"	Verdi
"Les Preludes," symphonic poem	Liszt
"Pavane pour une Infante Defunte"	Ravel
"Italia," rhapsody	Casella
Overture to "William Tell"	Rossini
Largo	Handel
Ride of the Valkyries	Wagner

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE—

Ravel's "La Valse" is a favorite show piece with Koussevitzky. Here he succeeds better than in the Wagner in getting the players to carry out exactly his personal notion of the music. Those who remember the composer's interpretation when he was here last season as guest conductor will note that, although Ravel takes the piece throughout "in the movement of a Viennese Waltz." Koussevitzky does not establish and maintain that familiar rhythm but breaks it at times for the sake of making striking effects.

Mr. Laurent was again singled out for a share in the applause after Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," a tribute his beautiful playing of the prominent part for solo flute richly deserved. This tone poem, now one of the most popular of modern classics, was vividly, perhaps too vividly, played.

Excellent Performance

Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, his finest work for orchestra, is music which is perfectly fitted to Mr Koussevitzky's genius as conductor. It is hard to imagine a finer performance of it than yesterday's. About the musical value of this work, there have been from the first two sharply divergent opinions. One of them, that of the majority of concert goers over 40, and of many who are younger, is that this symphony has compelling beauty and emotional power.

The other view, in which the present writer concurs with a number of musicians, is that Tchaikovsky's music lacks distinction of melodic style, elaboration of structure, variety of rhythmic effects, subtlety of harmony. The constant repetition of themes and passages grows monotonous. The symphony, in form nearer to a suite than a symphony of Brahms, Beethoven, or Mozart; seems crude and vulgar. From it one cannot derive imaginative stimulus. It is a penance rather than a pleasure to listen to Tchaikovsky's serious music.

There is no way of settling the question of the aesthetic value of Tchaikovsky's or of any composer's music. The reviewer's only duty in the matter is to express as honestly and clearly as possible his opinion.

Tonight's repetition of this "request program" will end a season which has marked the full, and it is to be hoped, the final restoration of the prestige of the Boston Symphony as an orchestra unsurpassed anywhere in the world. For this, credit must go both to Mr Monteux and to Mr Koussevitzky. Extended comment on the season will be made in the Sunday Globe Music and Musicians column tomorrow. P. R.

Pop Nights Planned by Many School Groups

May Day will bring the opening night of the Pop concerts at Symphony Hall, always one of the events of Boston's spring season. This will be the 44th year of the Pops.

Numerous schools and colleges have made it a custom to take a night at the Pops in their graduation week. These are to include this year Harvard, Simmons, Tufts, Technology, Boston University, Radcliffe, Roxbury Latin and others. Smaller groups, likewise, gather at groups of tables to take advantage of the particular kind of sociability which the Pops afford. These will include Portia Law School, Eliot Circle, Camp Fire Girls, Bryant & Stratton, Jewish Women's College, Boston Life Underwriters, Y. W. C. A., Daughters of Zion and numerous others.

Alfredo Casella, one of the foremost of living Italian musicians, has come from Italy to take over the destiny of the Pops for the third time. Casella will command an orchestra of more than 80 Symphony players.

Boston Symphony Concludes Season

THE forty-eighth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the fifth under the dictatorship of Serge Koussevitzky, comes to a conclusion with the concerts of this week, April 26 and 27. By way of innovation, the conductor permitted the audiences to arrange the final program, by balloting for favorites in three groups of works played during the season: symphonies, tone poems and music in other forms. This radical move, though it has been tried elsewhere, notably in Philadelphia and Cincinnati, was viewed by some with alarm. Yet the result of the experiment does not seem to threaten the foundations of the orchestra. The public's choice, though conservative, was by no means unintelligent. The compositions which received the largest number of votes were the Prelude to "Meistersinger," Ravel's "La Valse," Strauss's "Zarathustra" and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, in E minor. Since "Zarathustra" was too considerable a work to find place with the other items in a program that must be kept within time limits acceptable to an American audience, Mr. Koussevitzky substituted for it the third choice in the tone poem group, Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun."

A Glorious Climax

The performance of these works, all of which have been heard and commented on in recent months, was glorious climax to a brilliant season. The symphony had been played in every series of concerts given by the orchestra this year, but there is no let-down while Koussevitzky holds the stick. This symphony is singularly congenial to him, and his interpretation of it is one of his supreme accomplishments. Yet his genius adapts itself likewise to the exuberance of the "Meistersinger" Prelude and to the fantasy of the "The Afternoon of a Faun." His reading of "La Valse" excites admiration, though under his baton the work lacks the primitivism which the composer himself imparts to it. There were the usual warm leave-takings.

Thus is concluded one of the most brilliant seasons in the history of the orchestra; probably the most brilliant, but as the present commentator has not heard all 48 of them, he will not venture to say so. As usual, Mr. Koussevitzky bestowed novel pieces with a lavish hand; if they do not all promise to become permanent accessions to the repertory, the conductor cannot be blamed for that. Probably there will be no widespread demand for further hearing of any of the three works performed for the first time anywhere: Copland's Two Pieces for String Orchestra, Janin's Symphonie Spirituelle, "Alleluia," and Martinu's "La Symphonie."

But there were several items of deeper interest among the 27 compositions heard for the first time in Boston. Ernest Bloch's prize piece "America," attracted most public interest. As it was avowedly not written for "highbrows," it is perhaps not surprising that many of the learned were moved to condemn it. Within a week it had become a bromidium to call the final chorus "banal." But when the tumult has quieted down, it probably will be realized that Bloch accomplished with admirable artistry what he set out to do, and that even his anthem is no more banal musically than the two that were already competing for the national title; the only difficulty is, it is no better.

Halffter's Sinfonietta

An excellent impression was left by the Sinfonietta in D major of Halffter, who, although young, is able to set down his musical thoughts simply and directly, without proclaiming either new æsthetic theories or a "return" to the ancient masters. This was introduced by Mr. Arbós as guest conductor. The three most considerable of the remaining novelties were Mahler's "Song of the Earth," Miaskovsky's Eighth Symphony and Sibelius's Third; for acquaintance with which musical Boston should render thanks to Mr. Koussevitzky. "Apollon Musagète" indicated that the art of Stravinsky is still stationary. Toch's Piano Concerto, upon which a great deal of laudation has been lavished, seemed to the present observer merely meretricious. Nor were we amused by Dukelsky's Symphony in F major. The suite from Kodály's "Háry János," on the other hand, was a delightful addition to the repertory.

Alfredo Casella resumes on May 1 the direction of the Pop concerts, which he has brought to a new level of musical distinction.

Mr. Koussevitzky is returning next year. The length of his engagement is not announced, but it looks as if his stay might be indefinite. It is only necessary to hear other orchestras of the first rank which have been left for prolonged periods to the ministrations of guest conductors, to realize how important it is that one man should be on the dais permanently. If that man happens to be Koussevitzky, why then—so much the better for Boston. It used to be the fashion to praise the Boston orchestra by saying that it was at its best "since Muck's day." The Muck reservation may now safely be omitted. L. A. S.

Symphony

Close But Not Crown To Season

'Request' Symphony Concert, With Sundry Reflections On the Ending Year

FOR the reviewer, and possibly for sundry others, both on the stage and in the auditorium, it was holiday at the final matinée, for the season, of the Symphony Orchestra. For the fifth time within three months, conductor and orchestra played in Symphony Hall the Prelude to Wagner's operatic comedy, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." For the fifth time within six months in the same concert-room, they also played Debussy's Prelude to Mallarmé's Eclogue, "The Afternoon of a Faun." For the fifth time within two months and a half, Chaikovsky's Symphony in E minor rounded out a Symphony Concert. For the fourth time in the course of the season there was room for that persistent repertory piece, Ravel's tone-poem, "The Waltz."

The reviewer, trained to respect his readers and his calling and to prefer fresh matter to "old stuff," declines reasonably to re-traverse pieces so recently examined in these columns. He sets before him, as light and leading, the example of the eminent editor of the program-book. Through forty-eight seasons the Symphony Concerts have continued. Yesterday, for the first time in that long course, there were no program-notes. The erudite compiler is warm and frequent admirer of Artemus Ward. Perhaps, as he scanned this "request program," he recalled a favorite phrase of that humorist—"This is 2 mutch"—and forthwith shut his files. As it was, only the annual records, tables and indexes, with the familiar list of subscribers to current expenses, filled the weekly pamphlet. Vainly the desultory minded sought the usual pages of entertaining miscellany. There was none. With the advertisements they made shift. One, deliciously, announced the program "as a musical triumph in Boston history."

Perhaps it was, though some might have chosen the adjective differently. Certainly many good people believed they had beaten down the Satan of Mr. Koussevitzky's usual programs under their feet, not once, but for good and all. Not an unfamiliar piece disfigured the list. The newest, "The Waltz," had been played almost annually through eight seasons; the next in chronological order dated from 1902; the third from 1892; the fourth from the first year of the orchestra. A good riddance to such bad rubbish as young men who live and work in this our time, absorb its spirit and would infuse it into their music. If a composer must be "still living," at least let him be in Monsieur Ravel's becoming fifties. If we others are to believe a distinguished and resident observer, youth went out of the fashion in New England about 1830, and through a century, less one year, has known no restoration.

Besides, what is the purpose of the Symphony Concerts, their reason for being? Long since, an eminent citizen, as spokesman for the public when Mr. Gericke took final leave, defined both. Two audiences, he said in substance, sought them. They were weary with the domestic cares, the social pleasures, the professional or the business labors of the week. Upon a Friday and a Saturday conductor and orchestra soothed and refreshed them with the music of the masters, and the great mission of both was fulfilled. Of course, conductors and a few other restless and ambitious spirits have not quite agreed to these concepts. They have even cherished and practised a notion that "the great mission" of the concerts was two-fold: to keep alive and aglow in freshening and stimulating performance the heritage of music to these days descended; to publish also, with equal ardor, the music written out of our own life for our own time. Delusions and snares both—departure from "the tradition" that masterpieces might regain living voice and image; encouragement of youth and innovation, notorious disturbers of the peace.

The artistic temperament, however, will have its vagaries; in fact under Dr. Muck and Mr. Monteux rather managed to get its way with them and prepare the ground for the more courageous and insistent Mr. Koussevitzky. Dr. Muck and Mr. Monteux are memories of the past; while now a ballot in which 5200 subscribers might have voted and no piece mustered as many as 500 votes—or one-tenth—has shown Mr. Koussevitzky his true course. Possibly and possibly not. It is within belief, fortified by sound reason, that his programs next season, in cultivation of modernists, in revivals of overlooked and deserving pieces, in catholicity from the oldest ancient to the youngest innovator, in just regard for all these essentials to the prestige of an orchestra by him restored, will much resemble those of the five years now ending. It is also within as reasonable belief that the first and only venture of the Boston Symphony Orchestra into a "request program" will not for a long present be renewed.

Meanwhile it is reportorial duty to record the signs and wonders of what may prove a unique occasion in the orchestral annals: the rapt, yet easy, listening, the tumultuous applause; the audible passing of the word that everything was "tuneful" as they say of the musical plays; the happy content in the thrice-familiar; the all-pervading sense of an entertaining afternoon. There was Chaikovsky racking and baring his spirit that a less neurotic race might hear, stir and clap its hands. There was Ravel (as he told the Viennese when he handed them "The Waltz") foretelling in his final measures the end of this present pretty world, yet by a thousand elect ladies applauded. There, again, was Debussy of "The Faun," as hateful no more than twenty years ago to this same matinée public as is now, say, Dukelsky, dispensing "a message of beauty." So it went; while the casual observers on the outskirts watched amusedly, gave thanks for diversion and stored up useful reflections upon the cultural value of the art of music, symphonically embodied.

Yet chance, the ironist, would get its way. The Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" is not among Mr. Koussevitzky's most fortunate pieces; but he and the orchestra played it with finer-textured tone, less blurring pace, more songful beauty—"beauty" was the catchword of the afternoon—no farther away than the concert for the Pension Fund. Nor had "The Afternoon of A Faun" the flawless felicity of tone, the full glamour of sensuous imagery and motion that conductor and orchestra can bestow upon it. A little slower was the pace than on Tuesday last and the consequences were considerable. Not until they reached "The Waltz" and Chaikovsky's Fifth Symphony were Mr. Koussevitzky and his forces quite their puissant and magnificent selves. Yet what did it matter? The applause heaped upon both—at the coming of the conductor to a standing orchestra and a semi-standing audience, at the intermission, at the close of the concert—might well be tribute, outside a few over-wrought spirits, less to a dubious occasion than to a season ended and crowned.

Perhaps it is truest to call it the season of an orchestra restored. Since the heyday of Dr. Muck, before the shadow of the German War over-clouded him, general and particular performance has not risen so high; been so steadily sustained; borne so clearly an individual stamp. Mr. Koussevitzky and the hundred men who now work with him rather than under him, have conquered not only the last doubters within their own city, but the larger and, possibly, the less partisan world beyond. Wherever there are individual judgments to be respected or attending publics to be regarded, the Boston Orchestra has regained its old-time prestige; translated it into the terms of a new musical day; re-asserted on many a score an ancient and honorable primacy. When the occasion is ripe and the means at hand, it may well persuade European capitals of music that prideful report does not exaggerate the high quality of orchestral performance in America; while the range and variety of such performance—program for program—puts the best European orchestras to shame.

Here in Boston, two, and sometimes three audiences weekly feed fat their pleasure in the orchestra as such an instrument. It were a twenty-four times told tale to dwell anew upon the splendor and the finesse, the sensibility and plasticity, the unity en masse, the charactered voice, division by division, of the string choir. As is Mr. Burgin who leads it, so in zest for their task are those who play beside him, down to the last of sixty-odd hands. Not every one of the wood-winds may be the ideal virtuoso for his chair, but enough sit in weekly duty to keep the choir at a clarity, euphony, vividness of tone that make it peer and complement to the strings. The octet of horns has felt the example of Mr. Boettcher, within his field virtuoso and musician of the first rank. In equal measure the brass can be sonorous or mellow with the classic composers, piercing or flaming with the modernists. The players upon the percussion instruments shade and rhythm and characte however exacting the task. Above a the orchestra has attained to unity variety. Plying the merits of each cho it plays as a co-ordinated, reciprocatin stylized whole. Wide indeed is the rang because its musical susceptibility is u failing. It is as true-voiced and graph with the ancients as with the moderns. From it, each individualized in tone and accent, sound Strauss and Schumann, Schubert and Stravinsky. It speaks for Becthoven and Debussy, for Mozart and Bloch. Its scope is the scope of music, opened upon all hearers' ears.

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The obvious resource was overlooked. Composers re-animated classics, neglected pieces from eminent hands. For the first time since Dr. Muck's day, Bruckner and Mahler, to general applause, resumed just place in the repertoire of the Boston Orchestra. At the conductor's hands Sibelius's Third Symphony was recalled not only to hearing but to life. Through him twice over Schumann sounded—memorably, no less, though the composers are poles apart, Strauss's "Zarathustra." Even Frederick the Great, King of Prussia and dilettante in the arts, emerged as agreeable composer. As animateur, Mr. Koussevitzky renewed the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, the Jupiter Symphony of Mozart as, peradventure, they fell first, and with what imagined thrills, upon the Vienna in which the composers lived and wrought. Joining voice with Mr. Heifetz, he saved Brahms's Violin-Concerto from itself. . . . The record in sketchiest outline; but search the program-sheets of European or American orchestras for a comparable range, diversity and catholicity. Search—and find not.

H. T. P.

Ravel's "La Valse" is a favorite show piece with Koussevitzky. Here he succeeds better than in the Wagner in getting the players to carry out exactly his personal notion of the music. Those who remember the composer's interpretation when he was here last season as guest conductor will note that, although Ravel takes the piece throughout "in the movement of a Viennese Waltz." Koussevitzky does not establish and maintain that familiar rhythm but breaks it at times for the sake of making striking effects.

Mr Laurent was again singled out for a share in the applause after Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," a tribute his beautiful playing of the prominent part for solo flute richly deserved. This tone poem, now one of the most popular of modern classics, was vividly, perhaps too vividly, played.

Excellent Performance

Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, his finest work for orchestra, is music which is perfectly fitted to Mr Koussevitzky's genius as conductor. It is hard to imagine a finer performance of it than yesterday's. About the musical value of this work, there have been from the first two sharply divergent opinions. One of them, that of the majority of concert goers over 40, and of many who are younger, is that this symphony has compelling beauty and emotional power.

The other view, in which the present writer concurs with a number of musicians, is that Tchaikovsky's music lacks distinction of melodic style, elaboration of structure, variety of rhythmic effects, subtlety of harmony. The constant repetition of themes and passages grows monotonous. The symphony, in form nearer to a suite than a symphony of Brahms, Beethoven, or Mozart; seems crude and vulgar. From it one cannot derive imaginative stimulus. It is a penance rather than a pleasure to listen to Tchaikovsky's serious music.

There is no way of settling the question of the aesthetic value of Tchaikovsky's or of any composer's music. The reviewer's only duty in the matter is to express as honestly and clearly as possible his opinion.

Tonight's repetition of this "request program" will end a season which has marked the full, and it is to be hoped, the final restoration of the prestige of the Boston Symphony as an orchestra unsurpassed anywhere in the world. For this, credit must go both to Mr Monteux and to Mr Koussevitzky. Extended comment on the season will be made in the Sunday Globe Music and Musicians column tomorrow. P. R.

Pop Nights Planned by Many School Groups

May Day will bring the opening night of the Pop concerts at Symphony Hall, always one of the events of Boston's spring season. This will be the 44th year of the Pops.

Numerous schools and colleges have made it a custom to take a night at the Pops in their graduation week. These are to include this year Harvard, Simmons, Tufts, Technology, Boston University, Radcliffe, Roxbury Latin and others. Smaller groups, likewise, gather at groups of tables to take advantage of the particular kind of sociability which the Pops afford. These will include Portia Law School, Eliot Circle, Camp Fire Girls, Bryant & Stratton, Jewish Women's College, Boston Life Underwriters, Y. W. C. A., Daughters of Zion and numerous others.

Alfredo Casella, one of the foremost of living Italian musicians, has come from Italy to take over the destiny of the Pops for the third time. Casella will command an orchestra of more than 80 Symphony players.

Boston Symphony Concludes Season

THE forty-eighth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the fifth under the dictatorship of Serge Koussevitzky, comes to a conclusion with the concerts of this week, April 26 and 27. By way of innovation, the conductor permitted the audiences to arrange the final program, by balloting for favorites in three groups of works played during the season: symphonies, tone poems and music in other forms. This radical move, though it has been tried elsewhere, notably in Philadelphia and Cincinnati, was viewed by some with alarm. Yet the result of the experiment does not seem to threaten the foundations of the orchestra. The public's choice, though conservative, was by no means unintelligent. The compositions which received the largest number of votes were the Prelude to "Meistersinger," Ravel's "La Valse," Strauss's "Zarathustra" and Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, in E minor. Since "Zarathustra" was too considerable a work to find place with the other items in a program that must be kept within time limits acceptable to an American audience, Mr. Koussevitzky substituted for it the third choice in the tone poem group, Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun."

A Glorious Climax

The performance of these works, all of which have been heard and commented on in recent months, was glorious climax to a brilliant season. The symphony had been played in every series of concerts given by the orchestra this year, but there is no let-down while Koussevitzky holds the stick. This symphony is singularly congenial to him, and his interpretation of it is one of his supreme accomplishments. Yet his genius adapts itself likewise to the exuberance of the "Meistersinger" Prelude and to the fantasy of the "The Afternoon of a Faun." His reading of "La Valse" excites admiration, though under his baton the work lacks the primitivism which the composer himself imparts to it. There were the usual warm leave-takings.

Thus is concluded one of the most brilliant seasons in the history of the orchestra; probably the most brilliant, but as the present commentator has not heard all 48 of them, he will not venture to say so. As usual, Mr. Koussevitzky bestowed novel pieces with a lavish hand; if they do not all promise to become permanent accessions to the repertory, the conductor cannot be blamed for that. Probably there will be no widespread demand for further hearing of any of the three works performed for the first time anywhere: Copland's Two Pieces for String Orchestra, Janin's Symphonie Spirituelle, "Alleluia," and Martinu's "La Symphonie."

But there were several items of deeper interest among the 27 compositions heard for the first time in Boston. Ernest Bloch's prize piece "America," attracted most public interest. As it was avowedly not written for "highbrows," it is perhaps not surprising that many of the learned were moved to condemn it. Within a week it had become a bromidium to call the final chorus "banal." But when the tumult has quieted down, it probably will be realized that Bloch accomplished with admirable artistry what he set out to do, and that even his anthem is no more banal musically than the two that were already competing for the national title; the only difficulty is, it is no better.

Halffter's Sinfonietta

An excellent impression was left by the Sinfonietta in D major of Halffter, who, although young, is able to set down his musical thoughts simply and directly, without proclaiming either new æsthetic theories or a "return" to the ancient masters. This was introduced by Mr. Arbós as guest conductor. The three most considerable of the remaining novelties were Mahler's "Song of the Earth," Miaskovsky's Eighth Symphony and Sibelius's Third; for acquaintance with which musical Boston should render thanks to Mr. Koussevitzky. "Apollon Musagète" indicated that the art of Stravinsky is still stationary. Toch's Piano Concerto, upon which a great deal of laudation has been lavished, seemed to the present observer merely meretricious. Nor were we amused by Dukelsky's Symphony in F major. The suite from Kodály's "Háry János," on the other hand, was a delightful addition to the repertory.

Alfredo Casella resumes on May 1 the direction of the Pop concerts, which he has brought to a new level of musical distinction.

Mr. Koussevitzky is returning next year. The length of his engagement is not announced, but it looks as if his stay might be indefinite. It is only necessary to hear other orchestras of the first rank which have been left for prolonged periods to the ministrations of guest conductors, to realize how important it is that one man should be on the dais permanently. If that man happens to be Koussevitzky, why then—so much the better for Boston. It used to be the fashion to praise the Boston orchestra by saying that it was at its best "since Muck's day." The Muck reservation may now safely be omitted. L. A. S.

Symphony

Close But Not Crown To Season

'Request' Symphony Concert, With Sundry Reflections On the Ending Year

FOR the reviewer, and possibly for sundry others, both on the stage and in the auditorium, it was holiday at the final matinée, for the season, of the Symphony Orchestra. For the fifth time within three months, conductor and orchestra played in Symphony Hall the Prelude to Wagner's operatic comedy, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." For the fifth time within six months in the same concert-room, they also played Debussy's Prelude to Mallarmé's Eclogue, "The Afternoon of a Faun." For the fifth time within two months and a half, Chaikovsky's Symphony in E minor rounded out a Symphony Concert. For the fourth time in the course of the season there was room for that persistent repertory piece, Ravel's tone-poem, "The Waltz."

The reviewer, trained to respect his readers and his calling and to prefer fresh matter to "old stuff," declines reasonably to re-traverse pieces so recently examined in these columns. He sets before him, as light and leading, the example of the eminent editor of the programbook. Through forty-eight seasons the Symphony Concerts have continued. Yesterday, for the first time in that long course, there were no program-notes. The erudite compiler is warm and frequent admirer of Artemus Ward. Perhaps, as he scanned this "request program," he recalled a favorite phrase of that humorist—"This is 2 mutch"—and forthwith shut his files. As it was, only the annual records, tables and indexes, with the familiar list of subscribers to current expenses, filled the weekly pamphlet. Vainly the desultory minded sought the usual pages of entertaining miscellany. There was none. With the advertisements they made shift. One, deliciously, announced the program "as a musical triumph in Boston history."

Perhaps it was, though some might have chosen the adjective differently. Certainly many good people believed they had beaten down the Satan of Mr. Koussevitzky's usual programs under their feet, not once, but for good and all. Not an unfamiliar piece disfigured the list. The newest, "The Waltz," had been played almost annually through eight seasons; the next in chronological order dated from 1902; the third from 1892; the fourth from the first year of the orchestra. A good riddance to such bad rubbish as young men who live and work in this our time, absorb its spirit and would infuse it into their music. If a composer must be "still living," at least let him be in Monsieur Ravel's becoming fifties. If we others are to believe a distinguished and resident observer, youth went out of the fashion in New England about 1830, and through a century, less one year, has known no restoration.

Besides, what is the purpose of the Symphony Concerts, their reason for being? Long since, an eminent citizen, as spokesman for the public when Mr. Gericke took final leave, defined both. Two audiences, he said in substance, sought them. They were weary with the domestic cares, the social pleasures, the professional or the business labors of the week. Upon a Friday and a Saturday conductor and orchestra soothed and refreshed them with the music of the masters, and the great mission of both was fulfilled. Of course, conductors and a few other restless and ambitious spirits have not quite agreed to these concepts. They have even cherished and practised a notion that "the great mission" of the concerts was two-fold: to keep alive and aglow in freshening and stimulating performance the heritage of music to these days descended; to publish also, with equal ardor, the music written out of our own life for our own time. Delusions and snares both—departure from "the tradition" that masterpieces might regain living voice and image; encouragement of youth and innovation, notorious disturbers of the peace.

The artistic temperament, however, will have its vagaries; in fact under Dr. Muck and Mr. Monteux rather managed to get its way with them and prepare the ground for the more courageous and insistent Mr. Koussevitzky. Dr. Muck and Mr. Monteux are memories of the past; while now a ballot in which 5200 subscribers might have voted and no piece mustered as many as 500 votes—or one-tenth—has shown Mr. Koussevitzky his true course. Possibly and possibly not. It is within belief, fortified by sound reason, that his programs next season, in cultivation of modernists, in revivals of overlooked and deserving pieces, in catholicity from the oldest ancient to the youngest innovator, in just regard for all these essentials to the prestige of an orchestra by him restored, will much resemble those of the five years now ending. It is also within as reasonable belief that the first and only venture of the Boston Symphony Orchestra into a "request program" will not for a long present be renewed.

Meanwhile it is reportorial duty to record the signs and wonders of what may prove a unique occasion in the orchestral annals: the rapt, yet easy, listening, the tumultuous applause; the audible passing of the word that everything was "tuneful" as they say of the musical plays; the happy content in the thrice-familiar; the all-pervading sense of an entertaining afternoon. There was Chaikovsky racking and baring his spirit that a less neurotic race might hear, stir and clap its hands. There was Ravel (as he told the Viennese when he handed them "The Waltz") foretelling in his final measures the end of this present pretty world, yet by a thousand elect ladies applauded. There, again, was Debussy of "The Faun," as hateful no more than twenty years ago to this same matinée public as is now, say, Dukelsky, dispensing "a message of beauty." So it went; while the casual observers on the outskirts watched amusedly, gave thanks for diversion and stored up useful reflections upon the cultural value of the art of music, symphonically embodied.

Yet chance, the ironist, would get its way. The Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" is not among Mr. Koussevitzky's most fortunate pieces; but he and the orchestra played it with finer-textured tone, less blurring pace, more songful beauty—"beauty" was the catchword of the afternoon—no farther away than the concert for the Pension Fund. Nor had "The Afternoon of A Faun" the flawless felicity of tone, the full glamour of sensuous imagery and motion that conductor and orchestra can bestow upon it. A little slower was the pace than on Tuesday last and the consequences were considerable. Not until they reached "The Waltz" and Chaikovsky's Fifth Symphony were Mr. Koussevitzky and his forces quite their puissant and magnificent selves. Yet what did it matter? The applause heaped upon both—at the coming of the conductor to a standing orchestra and a semi-standing audience, at the intermission, at the close of the concert—might well be tribute, outside a few over-wrought spirits, less to a dubious occasion than to a season ended and crowned.

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H. T. P.

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Morals from Programs Set Side by Side

Fiedler's, Muck's, Monteux's and Koussevitzky's When Compared

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY has conducted the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for five years.

Pierre Monteux, his predecessor, likewise conducted the concerts for five years. Ignoring the negligible interregnum of Monsieur Rabaud, Herr Doktor Karl Muck preceded him for six years (minus one concert). And Max Fiedler ruled for four years before Dr. Muck. Since this is not the first chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew, we will not attempt to trace the succession back to the Adam of the orchestra, nor even to its David. Under the four conductors mentioned a period of twenty years is covered, of a reign as nearly equal as possible in length for the four individuals. Such a moment in the history of the orchestra seems a singularly appropriate time to institute an investigation into the programs of the orchestra during that period, to attempt to discover the idiosyncrasies of the four conductors, points of similarity, points of divergence, policies toward the classics, toward new and old composers not dignified by that high-sounding appellation.

The first thing that made its impression upon the investigator was the magnitude of the list of pieces played in the twenty years. He had approached the task with all the eagerness of ignorance of its size. Spare hours slipped into days, days into weeks, and still tabulation continued. The next surprise came in arranging the list in alphabetical order. Let us say the name of Debussy had just been written down. Surely one would soon end the "D's" with Dukelsky. But wait, there was DeFalla first, and of course, Delius had a few performances. And the list lengthened to Delmas, Dittensdorf, Dohnanyi, Ducasse and Dukas before Dukelsky was reached, and then to finish the "D's" one had to add Duparc and Dvorák. Similarly the name of Gluck allowed its head to appear with naive hope that the end of the "G's" was near. But there followed Goetz, two Goldmarks, Goossens, Gounod, Graedener, Grayn, Grétry, Grieg, Griffes. The thought came that one was compiling a musical dictionary. And when the list was complete it contained composers, composerlets, eminent musicians not really composers, and friends of conductors to the number of 246, and compositions reaching the total of 963! Probably not many—even of the wisest—have imagined that there could have been heard so formidable a body of writers of music in twenty-four concerts a year for twenty years. Which is precisely why we have spoken of them under the above four classifications.

A second surprise was in store for the investigator when he counted the whole number of works performed for each composer during the twenty years. A good guess, an expert guess even, might pardonably have given the greatest total to Beethoven or Wagner. But such an expert would have been wrong, for the prize goes to none other than the cheerful Mozart with fifty works to his credit. The list of totals of works (where it has exceeded ten) should be of interest:

Mozart	50	Schubert	16
Beethoven	35	Chaikovsky	15
Wagner	28	Franck	15
J. S. Bach	25	Haydn	14
Strauss	25	Saint-Saëns	14
Debussy	19	Dvorák	12
Berlioz	18	Schumann	12
Liszt	18	Chadwick	11
Sibelius	18	D'Indy	10
Brahms	17	Respighi	10
Handel	16	Stravinsky	10

Most of us can learn at least two lessons from the size of the Mozartean list. For few of us realize, unless it is in some way brought to our attention, that Mozart was one of the world's most prolific composers. We often stand aghast at the six hundred and more of Schubert's songs, without comprehending that whenever we see K.550 or whatever the number may be, after a Mozart title, it means that the work in question is the five hundred and fiftieth work of Mozart in Köchel's catalogue, and that many of Mozart's works being in the three or four-movement cycle of symphonic or sonata form, the total of complete movements which Mozart wrote would knock Schubert's six hundred songs into a cocked hat.

[illegible]nd lesson brings up a subject [illegible]y in a degree the above [illegible]nce of Mozart is not [illegible]ors' choice but over half probably due to soloists' choice. Before Mr. Koussevitzky's reign, the number of soloists at Symphony Hall was legion. Many of them, of course, chose their own works. And of all composers, Mozart furnished the one happy hunting ground for these soloists. Thirty of the fifty compositions were played or sung by them, including the many "grand airs" from no less than eight operas and concertos of various kinds and descriptions to the number of eleven. If soloists' numbers were deducted from the above list its order would be somewhat as follows:

Beethoven	25	Liszt	14
Mozart	20	Haydn	13
Wagner	20	Brahms	12
J. S. Bach	19	Dvorák	12
Debussy	19	Chadwick	12
Sibelius	18	Handel	10
Berlioz	16	D'Indy	10
Strauss	16	Respighi	10
Franck	15	Stravinsky	10
Chaikovsky	14		

It should be explained in connection with this table that where the work in question has been obviously a conductor's choice and the soloist chosen for the work, rather than the work more or less thrust upon a conductor by a soloist, it has not been deducted. The list represents orchestral works plus a few concertos judged to be chosen for their own sake. Of individual works The Mastersinger Overture came first with fifteen performances. For second place the following tie with eleven each: Beethoven's Fifth, Egmont, Leonore III, Brahms's Symphonies I, II and IV.

One may perhaps next ask, what is the distribution of these works among the four conductors, and what is the frequency of performance of each work? To answer the question fully would lead into too much detail for a newspaper article. It may be answered by certain classifications and summaries. The first classification is of "composers who are repertory composers in the fullest sense. Not only have performances of their works been frequent, but among some of the conductors a regular routine of repetition was established. Certain of these works were almost sure to appear in alternate years, while another set of the same composer filled in the intervening years. The conductor who established such a routine most completely was Dr. Muck, followed by Mr. Fiedler, less by Mr. Monteux. Mr. Koussevitzky follows it practically not at all with the classics, but seems to be establishing it to a certain extent with a very few pieces of the newer composers. Near-modernism becoming routine! A second class would be of composers whose works are frequently played, but for whom there has never been established the honor (?) of a routine of repetition.

A third class is of composers who have had two or three performances of a reasonable number of works. A fourth class is of composers who have had several works performed, one or two of which have attained more than a single performance. A fifth class is of composers who are represented by more than one work, but never by more than one performance of any one single work. And the sixth class is of those composers who are represented by only one performance of only one work. It must be distinctly understood that frequency of performance does not necessarily predicate excellence. The choices of no four men for so short a period as twenty years could possibly establish definitely the excellence of the works they chose. Otherwise one could not possibly point to neglected composers. The list is bound to shed less light upon the composers than upon the conductors. The gentlemen of the baton are judged by their judgments upon composers fully as much as the composers are judged by the selections of the conductors.

Number of performances (excluding purely soloists) by:

Class I—	Fiedler	Muck	Monteux	Koussevitzky
Beethoven	29	26	25	25
Brahms	16	28	19	24
Chaikovsky	21	9	7	13
*Debussy	13	12	15	24
Dvorák	5	13	7	6
Franck	7	6	13	4
Liszt	10	17	11	5
Mozart	9	20	17	9
Schumann	7	10	9	6
Weber	8	9	3	5

*For certain of Debussy's works, as also for some of Scriabin and Musorgsky "Pictures" and for the K. P. E. Bach-Stamitz concerto, Mr. Koussevitzky has given performances in alternate years. And two of the Brahms symphonies have been played each for four consecutive years.
†Mr. Monteux followed no routine of repetition.

Class II—A.—Composers whom all conductors have played with considerable frequency: Berlioz, Dukas, Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Rimsky-Korsakov, Saint-Saëns, Schubert, Sibelius (first symphony almost becomes routine), Strauss, Wagner. (These last two played with greater frequency than some of the routined composers of Class I, but with never any discoverable system of regular recurrence of individual works.)

B.—Cherubini belongs in this class for Mr. Fiedler and for Dr. Muck, but has only occasional performances with Mr. Monteux and Mr. Koussevitzky. Enesco and K. Goldmark have been performed frequently by all conductors before Mr. Koussevitzky; as has Smetana, whom Mr. Koussevitzky has given one performance.

C.—Borodin, Ravel, Stravinsky have been performed frequently by Dr. Muck, Mr. Monteux and Mr. Koussevitzky, but not at all by Mr. Fiedler.

D.—Bach has been performed by all four, but his orchestral works not with any great frequency until Mr. Koussevitzky.

Class III—Two or three performances for a reasonable number of works:

K. P. E. Bach			K
Balakirev	F	DrM	M
Bruckner	F	DrM	K
Charpentier		DrM	M
De Falla		M	K
Faure	F	DrM	M K
Gluck	F	DrM	K
Lindsay	F		M K
Loeffler	F	DrM	M K
V. Williams			M K
Wolf	F	DrM	K

Class IV.—(One or two works receiving more than one performance.)

This class includes the following composers, with Mr. Fiedler playing 13 of the composers, Dr. Muck 22, Mr. Monteux 30, Mr. Koussevitzky 18: Bloch, Bossi, Bruch, Carpenter, Chadwick, Chausson, Delius, Ducasse, Elgar, Foote, Glazunov, Hill, Hindemith, Honegger, Humperdinck, D'Indy, Lalo, Lianounov, MacDowell, Mahler, Musorgsky, Prokofiev, Rabaud, Respighi, Ropartz, Rubinstein, Schmitt, Schoenberg, Skriabin, D. S. Smith, Stokowski, Strube, Verdi, Vivaldi.

Class V.—(Composers represented by more than one work, but never more than one performance for each work.)

Albeniz, Ballantine, Bantock, Bartok, Bax, Bliss, Boccherini, Bridge, Busoni, Casella, Clapp, Converse, Copland, Corelli, Dohnanyi, Dukelsky, Eichheim, Fiedler, Fried, Gilbert, Glinka, Goetz, R. Goldmark, Goossens, Grétry, Grieg, Griffes, Hadley Holst, Ibert, Kelley, Lazar, Leken, Malipiero, Martinu, Massenet, Mason (D. G.), Mason (Stuart), Milhaud, Noren, Paderewski, Reger, Rossini, Roussel, Scarlatti, Schelling, Schillings, Sinding, Svendsen, Tailleferre, Tansman, Turina, Walton, Weingartner.

Of these for Mr. Fiedler 16, Muck 18, Monteux 27, Koussevitzky 27.

Class VI. Of composers represented by only a single performance of a single work, it will serve no conceivable purpose to list the names. Each of the conductors has a considerable number of them charged against him:

Fiedler	13	Monteux	24
Muck	18	Koussevitzky	27

Of Mr. Koussevitzky's list, however, it must be said that many have been so recent as to afford no time for repetition. Of the last season would be repeated. They ing the list de last year numb

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repetition of a certain list of "classics" but is giving the same kind of repetition to a few newer works. He has a tendency to give to a work (new and otherwise) an earlier repetition than the other conductors. Mr. Koussevitzky's novelties range wider, both in point of historical and geographical source than those of any other conductor. Mr. Monteux's list of introductions of notables is larger than that of the others. But as to the differences of the conductors in relation to the six categories above established, it is that of tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

No immutable laws have been established or broken by any one of the four. Single composers, single works have been added to the list while others have been allowed to drop out. It is the law of all life, naturally manifesting itself. Mr. Higginson's rule is the one immutable

"By Magic Numbers and Persuasive Sound"

Koussevitzky as Audiences Look upon Him

(Sketched at the Symphony Concerts by Gordon Hansen)

Sa[illegible]e at Home, [illegible]ne Lingering Glance Behind

Le[illegible] Testy and More Kindly, [illegible]. John Ervine Recalls American Nights

BY the time this article appears I shall be again in England after a stay of seven months in New York, and it occurs to me that I must now sum up my impressions of the American theater. The critics in New York are all agreed that the season 1928-1929 was the worst in the recent history of their stage. An unusually interesting theatrical paper, Variety, which is more entertaining than any paper of its sort that we have, reports that 129 plays were produced in New York up to and including March 9, and that no fewer than ninety of them were total failures.

Variety's figures, of course, are based on financial returns, for it would be impossible to make a list of successes and failures of any value on any other basis. The failures, for instance, include "The Unknown Warrior," which was shockingly mishandled in New York—I shall have a few severe words to say to the people of London who, grasping at a larger advance on account of royalties, withdrew this piece from the Theater Guild and gave it to Mr. Charles Hopkins, with the result that the production was irretrievably ruined—and Mr. Somerset Maugham's "The Sacred Flame," both of which, on their merits, deserved to be successes. But, by and large, the substantial fact remains that only a third of the plays produced in New York in 1928-29 were financially successful. Any business or industry operating on terms so disastrous as those might fairly be regarded as dying. About twenty of the theaters in New York are "dark," and some of them have been "dark" for a considerable time. There can, then, be no doubt that the season has not paid its way.

An immense amount of money must have been lost in the New York theater since September, 1928. Yet I would not sign the statement of my New York colleagues that this has been a dreadful season. It may be less worthy than previous seasons, notably those of 1926-27 and 1927-28, but as I was not present in New York those seasons, I can say nothing of that, and I am not prepared to accept the word of the phrase-followers. They tell me that the season during which I was in New York was terrible, yet I know that such a season, had it been given at any time since 1918 in London, would have been considered a good one.

I lately made a list of plays that any intelligent person might patronise with pleasure in New York: It contained the names of eighteen, ranging from austere pieces down to musical comedies, and it might have been enlarged by the inclusion of other pieces which I happened not to have seen. I omitted from it a number of sensationally-successful pieces which I did not care about. In brief, the list could have been drawn up to include some thirty plays of all sorts that might be expected to give good entertainment to the majority of playgoers. That does not appear to me to be bad, and I wish with all my heart that it would be possible to do as much in London.

My first impression is that the New York theater is very vivacious. It is extraordinarily alive. That statement will astound some of my American readers who remember that I have asserted many times that it is on the point of death, but my mournful warnings refer only to its financial organization, and not to the quality of the plays produced in it or to the skill of the directors (whom we would call producers) or of the players. Given a better organization and managers of some taste and intelligence and education, the American theater might easily become the best theater in the world. All the elements of a successful theater are present in New York. There is an eager audience. Americans like the theater and want to go to it often. They do not treat it as a place to be visited only when all else fails, nor are they afraid of experiments, or reluctant to see plays that make some demand on their minds.

There are no Gallery Girls, thank God, in New York, or if there are, they have the sense to keep their mouths shut and their minds open. During the whole of the seven months that I have been in New York, I have only, on five occasions, heard an author called onto the stage, and three of the five authors were English, Mr. Lonsdale, Mr. Coward, and Mr. Robert Nicholls. The New York audience, although it is more eager to visit the theater, is less demonstrative, on first nights at all events, than the London audience. The legend that we are a cold people is a lie, so far as the theater is concerned. Compared with us, New Yorkers are glacial. They are, on the whole, much better behaved in the theater than we are, although I have had to modify my opinion of their manners considerably. New York is fortunate in possessing a large number of first-class directors or producers. Plays here are admirably put on the stage. Mr. George S. Kaufman, who is himself a dramatist of distinction, Mr. George Abbott, another clever dramatist, Mr. Guthrie McClintic, Mr. Philip Moeller, and Mr. Winchell Smith are brilliant directors. Many dramatists in New York direct the production of their own plays, for example, Mr. Sydney Howard, author of "They Knew What They Wanted" and "The Silver Cord," and Mr. Elmer Rice, whose play, "Street Scene," about which I did not care, is a huge success in New York. I am inclined to give some of the credit for this abundance of good directors to Professor George P. Baker, formerly of Harvard, and now of Yale.

When I visited the handsome theater, attached to Yale University, in which he instructs his students in the technique of the stage, I quickly realized that although he could never hope to teach anyone how to write a play, he could certainly teach the instructable in the business of stage-direction. Hundreds of young men and women have passed through his school and have acquired an intimate acquaintance with the apparatus of the stage. The result is that in every college in the United States there will presently be an accomplished technician in teaching pupils how to produce a play. Some critics complain that Professor Baker's theater is too good, that his students are trained with an apparatus superior to any that they are likely to use outside a Broadway theater; but I doubt if there is much in this complaint. The Yale theater certainly is a handsome one, finely equipped, and able to seat very comfortably 750 persons.

The New York theater is well-staffed with accomplished actresses. In musical comedy there is a remarkable number of clever girls, who can act and sing and dance and are beautiful. American actresses, generally speaking, are better than English actresses, and much better than American actors; but English actors, especially in drawing-room comedy, are, generally speaking, superior to American actors who, however, are superb in character-work. I have seen more good character-acting in New York in this season than I have seen in Lon-

Continued on Page Sixteen

A. H. M.

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Morals from Programs Set Side by Side

Fiedler's, Muck's, Monteux's and Koussevitzky's When Compared

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY has conducted the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for five years. Pierre Monteux, his predecessor, likewise conducted the concerts for five years. Ignoring the negligible interregnum of Monsieur Rabaud, Herr Doktor Karl Muck preceded him for six years (minus one concert). And Max Fiedler ruled for four years before Dr. Muck. Since this is not the first chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew, we will not attempt to trace the succession back to the Adam of the orchestra, nor even to its David. Under the four conductors mentioned a period of twenty years is covered, of a reign as nearly equal as possible in length for the four individuals. Such a moment in the history of the orchestra seems a singularly appropriate time to institute an investigation into the programs of the orchestra during that period, to attempt to discover the idiosyncrasies of the four conductors, points of similarity, points of divergence, policies toward the classics, toward new and old composers not dignified by that high-sounding appellation.

The first thing that made its impression upon the investigator was the magnitude of the list of pieces played in the twenty years. He had approached the task with all the eagerness of ignorance of its size. Spare hours slipped into days, days into weeks, and still tabulation continued. The next surprise came in arranging the list in alphabetical order. Let us say the name of Debussy had just been written down. Surely one would soon end the "D's" with Dukelsky. But wait, there was DeFalla first, and of course, Delius had a few performances. And the list lengthened to Delmas, Dittensdorf, Dohnanyi, Ducasse and Dukas before Dukelsky was reached, and then to finish the "D's" one had to add Duparc and Dvorák. Similarly the name of Gluck allowed its head to appear with naive hope that the end of the "G's" was near. But there followed Goetz, two Goldmarks, Goossens, Gounod, Graedener, Grayn, Grétry, Grieg, Griffes. The thought came that one was compiling a musical dictionary. And when the list was complete it contained composers, composerlets, eminent musicians not really composers, and friends of conductors to the number of 246, and compositions reaching the total of 963! Probably not many—even of the wisest—have imagined that there could have been heard so formidable a body of writers of music in twenty-four concerts a year for twenty years. Which is precisely why we have spoken of them under the above four classifications.

A second surprise was in store for the investigator when he counted the whole number of works performed for each composer during the twenty years. A good guess, an expert guess even, might pardonably have given the greatest total to Beethoven or Wagner. But such an expert would have been wrong, for the prize goes to none other than the cheerful Mozart with fifty works to his credit. The list of totals of works (where it has exceeded ten) should be of interest:

Mozart	50	Schubert	16
Beethoven	35	Chaikovsky	15
Wagner	28	Franck	15
J. S. Bach	25	Haydn	14
Strauss	25	Saint Saëns	14
Debussy	19	Dvorák	12
Berlioz	18	Schumann	12
Liszt	18	Chadwick	11
Sibelius	18	D'Indy	10
Brahms	17	Respighi	10
Handel	16	Stravinsky	10

Most of us can learn at least two lessons from the size of the Mozartean list. For few of us realize, unless it is in some way brought to our attention, that Mozart was one of the world's most prolific composers. We often stand aghast at the six hundred and more of Schubert's songs, without comprehending that whenever we see K.550 or whatever the number may be, after a Mozart title, it means that the work in question is the five hundred and fiftieth work of Mozart in Köchel's catalogue, and that many of Mozart's works being in the three or four-movement cycle of symphonic or sonata form, the total of complete movements which Mozart wrote would knock Schubert's six hundred songs into a cocked hat.

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C.—Borodin, Ravel, Stravinsky have been performed frequently by Mr. Monteux 30, Mr. Koussevitzky 18; Bloch, Bossi, Bruch, Carpenter, Chadwick, Chausson, Delius, Ducasse, Elgar, Foote, Glazunov, Hill, Hindemith, Honegger, Humperdinck, D'Indy, Lalo, Lianounov, MacDowell, Mahler, Musorgsky, Prokofiev, Rabaud, Respighi, Ropartz, Rubinstein, Schmitt, Schoenberg, Skriabin, D. S. Smith, Stokowski, Strube, Verdi, Vivaldi.

Class V.—(Composers represented by more than one work, but never more than one performance for each work.)

Albeniz, Ballantine, Bantock, Bartok, Bax, Bliss, Boccherini, Bridge, Busoni, Casella, Clapp, Converse, Copland, Corelli, Dohnanyi, Dukelsky, Eichheim, Fiedler, Fried, Gilbert, Glinka, Goetz, R. Goldmark, Goossens, Grétry, Grieg, Griffes, Hadley for repetition, last season wo repeated. They ing the list do last year numb

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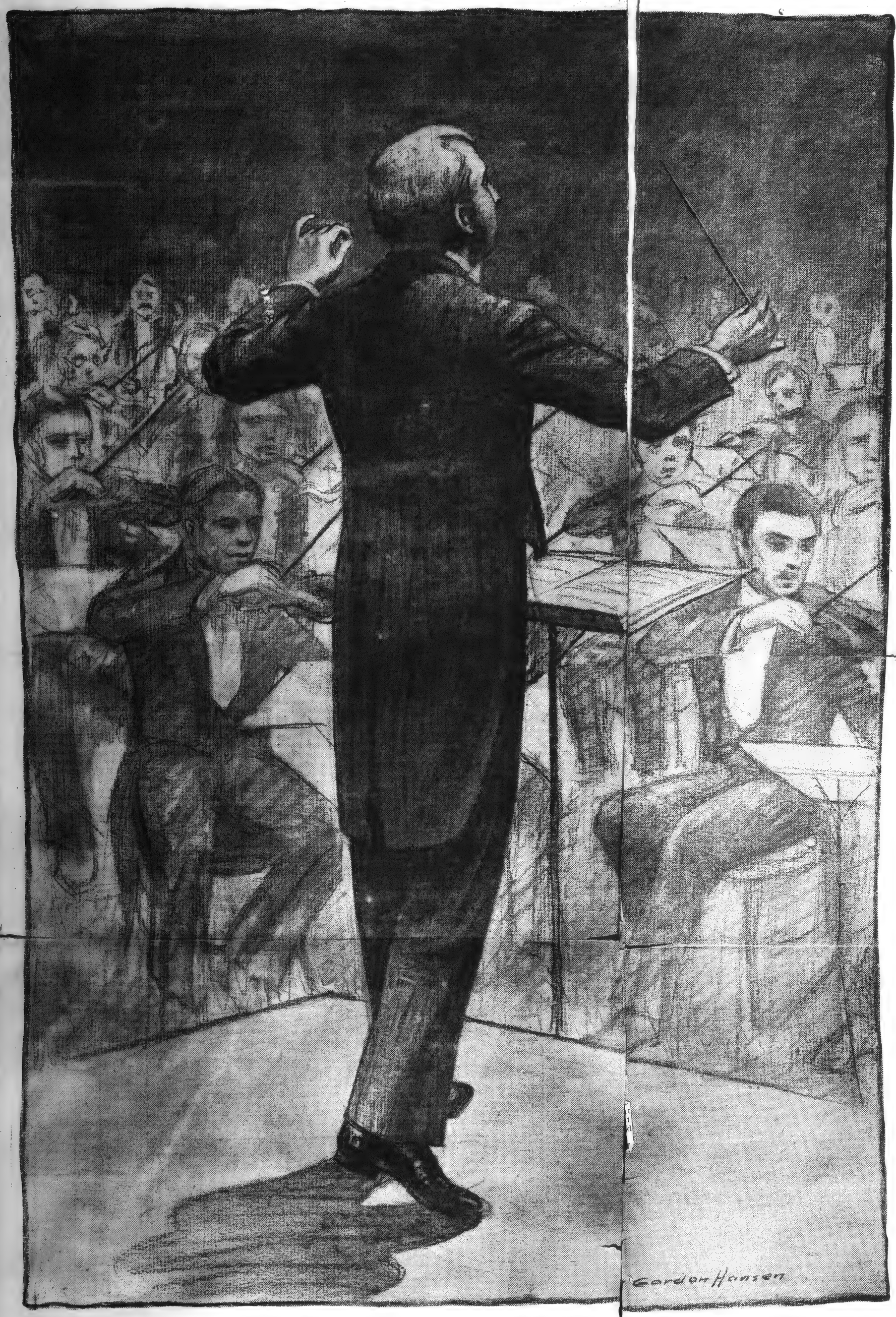


Koussevitzky as Audiences Look upon Him

(Sketched at the Symphony Concerts by Gordon Hansen)

Sa e at Home, ne Lingering Glance Behind

Les Testy and More Kindly, John Ervine Recalls American Nights

BY the time this article appears I shall be again in England after a stay of seven months in New York, and it occurs to me that I must now sum up my impressions of the American theater. The critics in New York are all agreed that the season 1928-1929 was the worst in the recent history of their stage. An unusually interesting theatrical paper, Variety, which is more entertaining than any paper of its sort that we have, reports that 129 plays were produced in New York up to and including March 9, and that no fewer than ninety of them were total failures.

Variety's figures, of course, are based on financial returns, for it would be impossible to make a list of successes and failures of any value on any other basis. The failures, for instance, include "The Unknown Warrior," which was shockingly mishandled in New York —I shall have a few severe words to say to the people of London who, grasping at a larger advance on account of royalties, withdrew this piece from the Theater Guild and gave it to Mr. Charles Hopkins, with the result that the production was irretrievably ruined—and Mr. Somerset Maugham's "The Sacred Flame," both of which, on their merits, deserved to be successes. But, by and large, the substantial fact remains that only a third of the plays produced in New York in 1928-29 were financially successful. Any business or industry operating on terms so disastrous as those might fairly be regarded as dying. About twenty of the theaters in New York are "dark," and some of them have been "dark" for a considerable time. There can, then, be no doubt that the season has not paid its way.

An immense amount of money must have been lost in the New York theater since September, 1928. Yet I would not sign the statement of my New York colleagues that this has been a dreadful season. It may be less worthy than previous seasons, notably those of 1926-27 and 1927-28, but as I was not present in New York those seasons, I can say nothing of that, and I am not prepared to accept the word of the phrase-followers. They tell me that the season during which I was in New York was terrible, yet I know that such a season, had it been given at any time since 1918 in London, would have been considered a good one.

I lately made a list of plays that any intelligent person might patronise with pleasure in New York: It contained the names of eighteen, ranging from austere pieces down to musical comedies, and it might have been enlarged by the inclusion of other pieces which I happened not to have seen. I omitted from it a number of sensationally-successful pieces which I did not care about. In brief, the list could have been drawn up to include some thirty plays of all sorts that might be expected to give good entertainment to the majority of playgoers. That does not appear to me to be bad, and I wish with all my heart that it would be possible to do as much in London.

My first impression is that the New York theater is very vivacious. It is extraordinarily alive. That statement will astound some of my American readers who remember that I have asserted many times that it is on the point of death, but my mournful warnings refer only to its financial organization, and not to the quality of the plays produced in it or to the skill of the directors (whom we would call producers) or of the players. Given a better organization and managers of some taste and intelligence and education, the American theater might easily become the best theater in the world. All the elements of a successful theater are present in New York. There is an eager audience. Americans like the theater and want to go to it often. They do not treat it as a place to be visited only when all else fails, nor are they afraid of experiments, or reluctant to see plays that make some demand on their minds.

There are no Gallery Girls, thank God, in New York, or if there are, they have the sense to keep their mouths shut and their minds open. During the whole of the seven months that I have been in New York, I have only, on five occasions, heard an author called onto the stage, and three of the five authors were English, Mr. Lonsdale, Mr. Coward and Mr. Rob theater, is less demonstrative, on fir nights at all events, than the London audience. The legend that we are a cold people is a lie, so far as the theater is co erned. Compared with us, New Yorkers are glacial. They are, on the whole, m h better behaved in the theater than we are, although I have had to modify m opinion of their manners considerably.

ew York is fortunate in possessing a lar e number of first-class directors or pr ucers. Plays here are admirably put on he stage. Mr. George S. Kaufman, wh is himself a dramatist of distinction, Mr George Abbott, another clever dramat , Mr. Guthrie McClintic, Mr. Philip M ller, and Mr. Winchell Smith are br iant directors. Many dramatists in Ne York direct the production of their ow plays, for example, Mr. Sydney Howard, author of "They Knew What They Wanted" and "The Silver Cord," and Mr. Elmer Rice, whose play, "Street Scene," about which I did not care, is a hu success in New York. I am inclin to give some of the credit for this abu dance of good directors to Professor Geo e P. Baker, formerly of Harvard, and now of Yale.

When I visited the handsome theater, attached to Yale University, in which he instructs his students in the technique of the stage, I quickly realized that although he could never hope to teach anyone how to write a play, he could certainly teach the instructable in the business of stage-direction. Hundreds of young men and women have passed through his school and have acquired an intimate acquaintance with the apparatus of the stage. The result is that in every college in the United States there will presently be an accomplished technician teaching pupils how to produce a play. Some critics complain that

down. Surely one would soon end the "D's" with Dukelsky. But wait, there was DeFalla first, and of course, Delius had a few performances. And the list lengthened to Delmas, Dittensdorf, Dohnanyi, Ducasse and Dukas before Dukelsky was reached, and then to finish the "D's" one had to add Duparc and Dvorák. Similarly the name of Gluck allowed its head to appear with naive hope that the end of the "G's" was near. But there followed Goetz, two Goldmarks, Goossens, Gounod, Graedener, Grayn, Grétry, Grieg, Griffes. The thought came that one was compiling a musical dictionary. And when the list was complete it contained composers, composerlets, eminent musicians not really composers, and friends of conductors to the number of 246, and compositions reaching the total of 963! Probably not many—even of the wisest—have imagined that there could have been heard so formidable a body of writers of music in twenty-four concerts a year for twenty years. Which is precisely why we have spoken of them under the above four classifications.

A second surprise was in store for the investigator when he counted the whole number of works performed for each composer during the twenty years. A good guess, an expert guess even, might pardonably have given the greatest total to Beethoven or Wagner. But such an expert would have been wrong, for the prize goes to none other than the cheerful Mozart with fifty works to his credit. The list of totals of works (where it has exceeded ten) should be of interest:

Mozart	50	Schubert	16
Beethoven	35	Chaikovsky	15
Wagner	28	Franck	15
J. S. Bach	25	Haydn	14
Strauss	25	Saint-Saëns	14
Debussy	19	Dvorák	12
Berlioz	18	Schumann	12
Liszt	18	Chadwick	11
Sibelius	18	D'Indy	10
Brahms	17	Respighi	10
Handel	16	Stravinsky	10

Most of us can learn at least two lessons from the size of the Mozartean list. For few of us realize, unless it is in some way brought to our attention, that Mozart was one of the world's most prolific composers. We often stand aghast at the six hundred and more of Schubert's songs, without comprehending that whenever we see K.550 or whatever the number may be, after a Mozart title, it means that the work in question is the five hundred and fiftieth work of Mozart in Köchel's catalogue, and that many of Mozart's works being in the three or four-movement cycle of symphonic or sonata form, the total of complete movements which Mozart wrote would knock Schubert's six hundred songs into a cocked hat.

The second lesson brings up a subject which will modify in a degree the above list. The preponderance of Mozart is not over half probably due to soloists' choice. Before Mr. Koussevitzky's reign, the number of soloists at Symphony Hall was legion. Many of them, of course, chose their own works. And of all composers, Mozart furnished the one happy hunting ground for these soloists. Thirty of the fifty compositions were played or sung by them, including the many "grand airs" from no less than eight operas and concertos of various kinds and descriptions to the number of eleven. If soloists' numbers were deducted from the above list its order would be somewhat as follows:

Beethoven	25	Liszt	14
Mozart	20	Haydn	13
Wagner	20	Brahms	12
J. S. Bach	19	Dvorák	12
Debussy	19	Chadwick	12
Sibelius	18	Handel	10
Berlioz	16	D'Indy	10
Strauss	16	Respighi	10
Franck	15	Stravinsky	10
Chaikovsky	14		

It should be explained in connection with this table that where the work in question has been obviously a conductor's choice and the soloist chosen for the work, rather than the work more or less thrust upon a conductor by a soloist, it has not been deducted. The list represents orchestral works plus a few concertos judged to be chosen for their own sake. Of individual works The Mastersinger Overture came first with fifteen performances. For second place the following tie with eleven each: Beethoven's Fifth, Egmont, Leonore III, Brahms's Symphonies I, II and IV.

One may perhaps next ask, what is the distribution of these works among the four conductors, and what is the frequency of performance of each work? To answer the question fully would lead into too much detail for a newspaper article. It may be answered by certain classifications and summaries. The first classification is of composers who are repertory composers in the fullest sense. Not only have performances of their works been frequent, but among some of the conductors a regular routine of repetition was established. Certain of these works were almost sure to appear in alternate years, while another set of the same composer filled in the intervening years. The conductor who established such a routine most completely was Dr. Muck, followed by Mr. Fiedler, less by Mr. Monteux. Mr. Koussevitzky follows it practically not at all with the classics, but seems to be establishing it to a certain extent with a very few pieces of the newer composers. Near-modernism becoming routine! A second class would be of composers whose works are frequently played, but for whom there has never been established the honor (?) of a routine of repetition.

A third class is of composers who have had two or three performances of a reasonable number of works. A fourth as much as the composers are judged by the selections of the conductors.

Number of performances (excluding purely soloists) by:

Class I—	Fiedler	Muck	Monteux	Koussevitzky
Beethoven	29	26	23	25
Brahms	16	28	19	24
Chaikovsky	21	9	7	13
*Debussy	13	12	15	24
Dvorák	5	13	77	0
Franck	3	6	13	4
Liszt	10	17	14	5
Mozart	9	20	17	9
Schumann	10	10	9	6
Weber	8	9	3	5

*For certain of Debussy's works, as also for some of Scriabin and Musorgsky "Pictures" and for the K. P. E. Bach-Stamitz concerto, Mr. Koussevitzky has given performances in alternate years. And two of the Brahms symphonies have been played each for four consecutive years.
†Mr. Monteux followed no routine of repetition.

Class II—A.—Composers whom all conductors have played with consistency, but not with any great frequency. Dr. Muck, Mr. Monteux and Mr. Koussevitzky, but not at all by Mr. Fiedler.

D.—Bach has been performed by all four, but his orchestral works not with any great frequency until Mr. Koussevitzky.

Class III—Two or three performances for a reasonable number of works:

K. P. E. Bach				K
Balakirev	F	DrM	M	
Bruckner	F	DrM		K
Charpentier		DrM	M	
De Falla			M	K
Faure	F	DrM	M	K
Gluck	F	DrM		K
Liadov	F		M	K
Loeffler	F	DrM	M	K
V. Williams			M	K
Wolf	F	DrM		K

Class IV.—(One or two works receiving more than one performance.)

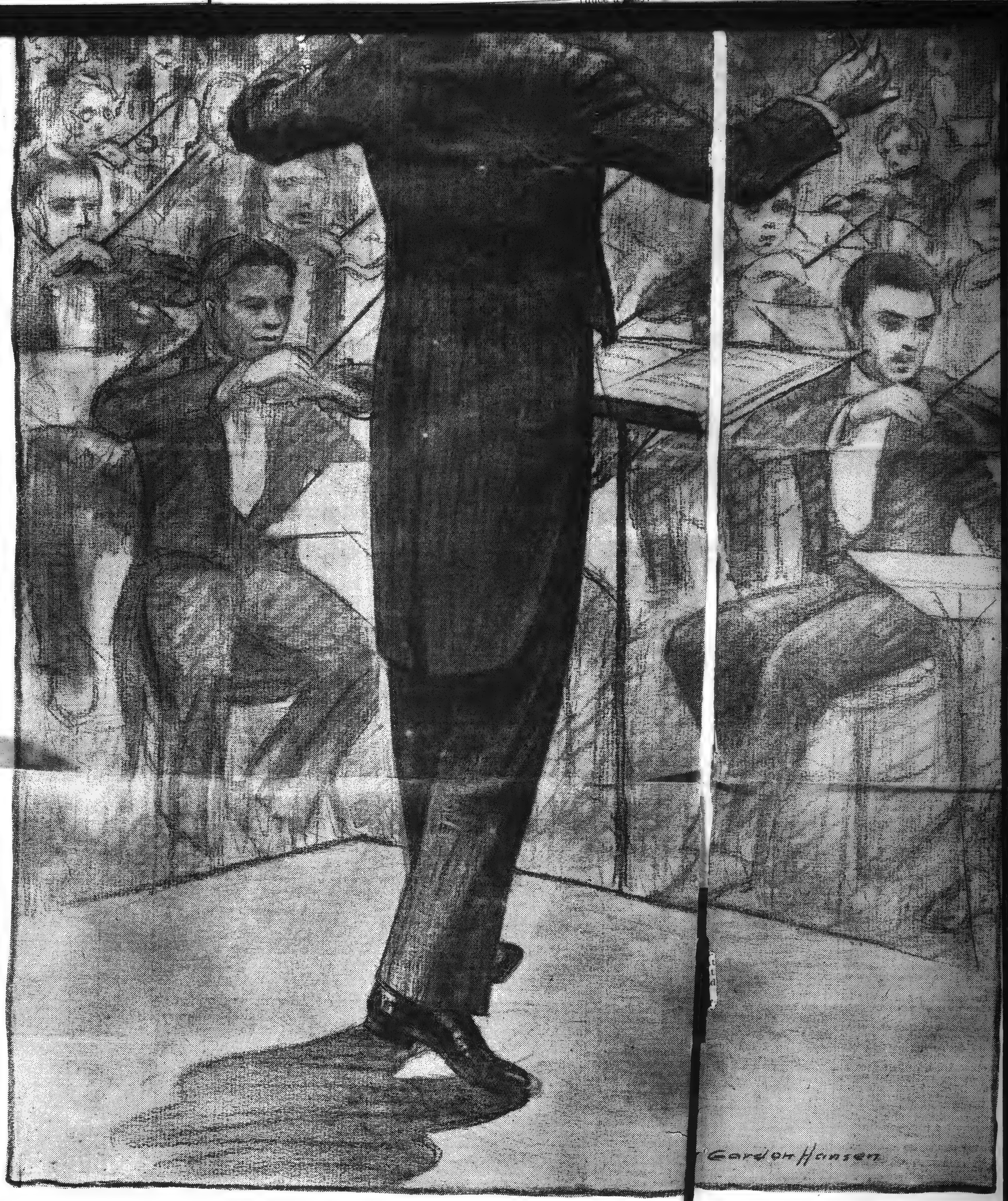
This class includes the following composers, with Mr. Fiedler playing 13 of the composers, Dr. Muck 22, Holst, Ibert, Kelley, Lazar, Lekeu, Malipiero, Martinu, Massenet, Mason (D. G.), Mason (Stuart), Milhaud, Noren, Paderewski, Reger, Rossini, Roussel, Scarlatti, Schelling, Schillings, Sinding, Svendsen, Tailleferre, Tansman, Turina, Walton, Weingartner.

Of these for Mr. Fiedler 16, Muck 18, Monteux 27, Koussevitzky 27.

Class VI.—Of composers represented by only a single performance of a single work, it will serve no conceivable purpose to list the names. Each of the conductors has a considerable number of them charged against him:

Fiedler	13	Monteux	24
Muck	18	Koussevitzky	27

Of Mr. Koussevitzky's list, however, it must be said that many have been so recent as to afford no time



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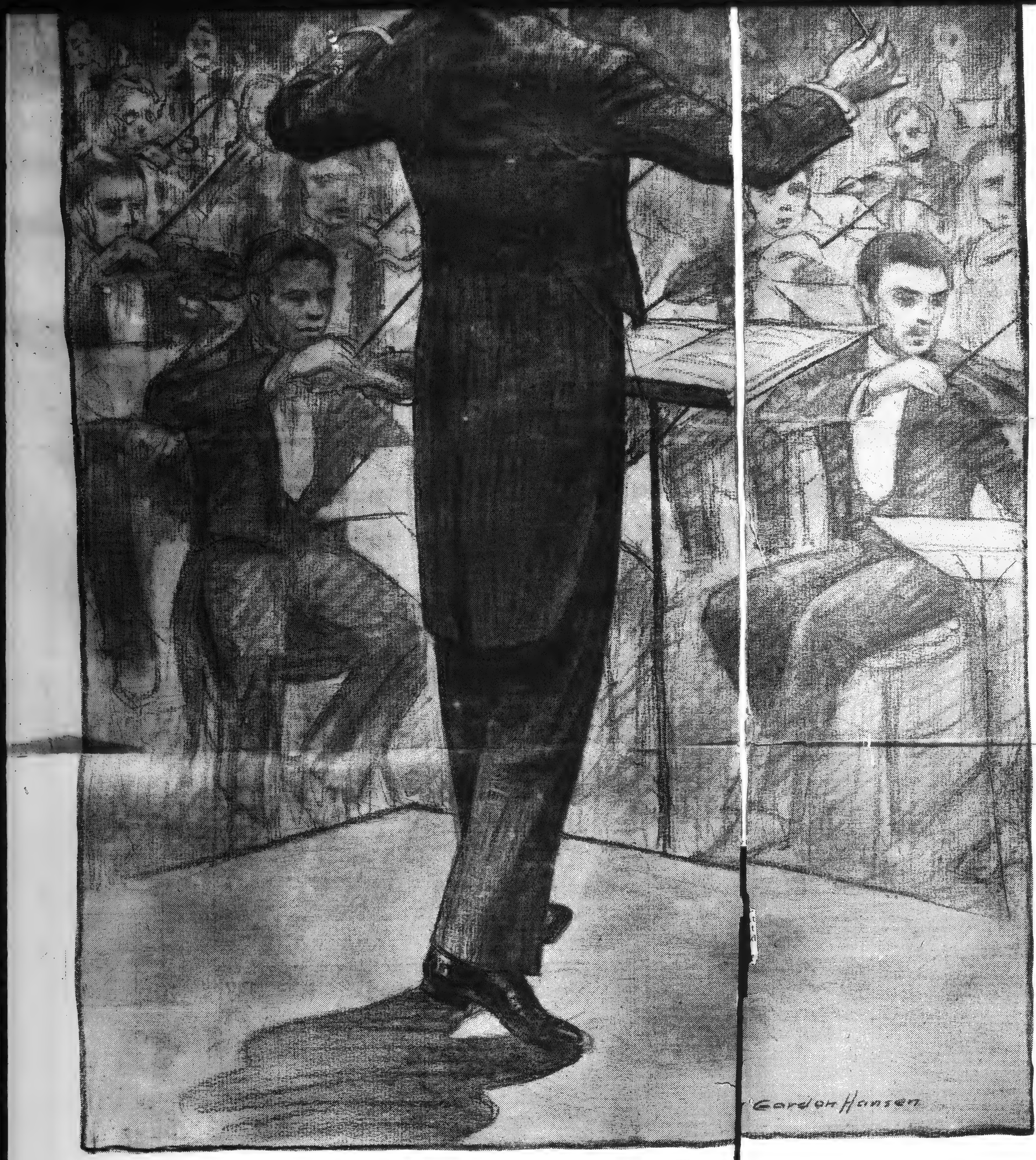

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K. P. E. Bach.....				K
Balakirev	F	DrM	M	
Bruckner	F	DrM		K
Charpentier		DrM	M	
De Falla			M	K
Faure	F	DrM	M	K
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Liadov	F		M	K
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One other matter one deduces from the tables. There have been and there are neglected composers. Notable English composers, the Viennese symphonists (Bruckner and Mahler) rate no higher than Class III in the above classification, and obtain entrance there by a scant margin. And the distinguished Italian, Pizetti, appears not at all. Mr. Koussevitzky has started to make amends. All power to him in his further planning.

A. H. M.

operating on terms so disastrous as those might fairly be regarded as dying. About twenty of the theaters in New York are "dark," and some of them have been "dark" for a considerable time. There can, then, be no doubt that the season has not paid its way.

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The New York theater is well-staffed with accomplished actresses. In musical comedy there is a remarkable number of clever girls, who can act and sing and dance and are beautiful. American actresses, generally speaking, are better than English actresses, and much better than American actors; but English actors, especially in drawing-room comedy, are, generally speaking, superior to American actors who, however, are superb in character-work. I have seen more good character-acting in New York in this season than I have seen in Lon-

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Koussevitzky, Torrid Music Leader, Works Himself Harder Than His Men

But Conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra Is Willing to Work Musicians Until They Drop in Their Tracks---Here Are Some Interesting Facts About Hub's Least Known Great Man

With the close last night of the symphony season in Boston the star of Serge Koussevitzky, one of the brightest planets in the musical firmament, will fade from the local universe of concerts for several months.

Who is Koussevitzky?

The name, of course, is known throughout the world as that of the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. But little is known of the man Koussevitzky.

Here are some inside facts. Here are the tales which Koussevitzky's closest companions tell—he has no bosom friends—here is the story of the least-known great man in Boston:

BY ROBERT LANING

A momentous situation occurred at Symphony Hall.

The cause of it came as Serge Koussevitzky, the great conductor, was making his entrance before a Symphony audience.

As he moved toward the conductor's stand, he caught a whisper—but not its meaning—from the ranks of the musicians. Then came quick and louder whispers, half-voiced warnings. And down from his pre-concert abstraction he tumbled with the realization that he was being informed that the collar of his dress suit was standing out wryly at the back of his neck. There was the devil to pay.

Now, this was a more serious mishap than appears on the surface.

Koussevitzky begins a concert with plans prepared in infinite detail—to such a degree, in fact, that he counts his entrance upon the stage as the real start of the concert. Accordingly, he bestows consummate care on a wealth of detail concerned in his entrance. And the incident mentioned had spoiled his entrance. —or at least an important detail of his entrance.

There is really something magic about Koussevitzky's dress suit.

From Boston to Detroit, that garment goes down in the public's memory along with the brilliant feats of interpretation displayed by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Koussevitzky's dress suit has been described as the perfection of tailoring. It is that, but the phrase is a mere nothing compared with the actual object. The suit and Koussevitzky are one entity. One finds oneself wondering whether its removal causes him the pangs of being skinned alive. The remarkable thing is, that along with the snugness of the suit, it never works against him. It neither pinions him nor leaves his forearms naked when he branishes his baton.

Valet Gives Final Inspection

The actual start of a concert at Boston Symphony Hall, as Koussevitzky minutely arranges it, is just before he steps upon the stage. It begins with the movement of the door. The door opens, and nothing follows for a moment. There is artistry in that little pause. It puts an edge on expectation. And enables Koussevitzky's valet to insure that his employer's dress suit is all to rights.

Then Koussevitzky crosses the threshold, and proceeds from the rear to the front of the stage with small, remarkably smooth-actioned paces. His dress suit sets him forth as small, and of well-proportioned, compact figure, slightly round-shouldered. His face has broad, slightly prominent cheek bones, with a moderate tendency toward fleshiness, as has his neck. To thunderous applause he responds with a more polite awareness. This he signalizes at first with a smile which avoids demonstrativeness, and a slight inclination of the head.

Then as he makes the turn necessary to take him to the conductor's stand, he gets in a most artistic bit of platform technique. Precisely in the act of turning to his right, he swings into a bow to the audience on his left, and keeps on going. It is a master stroke.

For by walking in one direction and bowing in the other, he automatically prevents himself from bowing too low, and provides an explanation. His air is of a mingled courtliness and reserve. He walks with a singular grace—perhaps the most graceful masculine walk ever seen on those boards. He reaches the conductor's stand without a step to spare or to gain, plants his left foot on it and hops up with his right with the suddenness of a jumping-jack.

Apparently Koussevitzky knows exactly how many steps he has to take from the door to the conductor's stand, and always takes exactly the same number. And he always bows at exactly the same number of paces from his entrance—beginning with his turning of the corner.

If one is incredulous that Koussevitzky's preconceived entrance effects have a legitimate place in a symphony programme, it is only fair to ask whether a concert gains by what is done or not done when his contemporaries make their entrances.

One leader will make his appearance with a rush and a smirk, as if he had just come through a paper hoop, and was sure he was going to be tumultuously applauded.

One will appear with all the solemnity of a municipal statue of a very distinguished personage, and appear to be conferring a privilege on his audience by permitting it to gaze on him.

Another will affect a super-modesty. The scheme is that, when he gets at the orchestra, he expects to knock the audience off their seats by daring effects one would not look for in such a shy little fellow.

Another will drag himself across the stage with equal clumsiness and apparent pain, as if the planking between himself and the conductor's stand were filled with soft asphalt and unexploded grenades.

Swimming Off Stage

Even the closest partisans of Monteux, Koussevitzky's immediate predecessor, will admit that while Monteux was a most artistic musician, he wounded certain artistic sensibilities of his audience by progressing to and from the conductor's stand as if swimming on and off the stage in his dress suit.

Muck wore his suit like a German army officer who knew how to do it, but didn't believe in being mistaken for a civilian.

Sir Thomas Beecham, as guest conductor, looked as if his suit had been shrunk on by exposure to a rain storm—with resulting advantages of fitting around the shoulders, but a shortage of covering at the wrists and ankles. His cuffs became extremely prominent, and one expected to see the tips of his garters at any moment.

Henry Gilbert, the late genius among American composers, told the writer during the intermission of a Boston Symphony concert led by Beecham, that that occasion gave support to his long contention that a symphony conductor—and his orchestra too—should be concealed from the view of the audience, as is the rule for Wagner opera at Bayreuth.

It is difficult to imagine what would happen if Mr. Gilbert's idea should be carried out, and Koussevitzky and his players whisked from sight.

The fame of the Metropolitan Opera as the "big show" in the world of music rests upon prodigality heaped on prodigality—a great array of singers of the first magnitude, a notable chorus and orchestra, brilliant conductors, splendors of scenery and costume.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, on the other hand, achieved some of the most extraordinarily spectacular effects possible in music with far fewer resources than the Metropolitan uses—first, Koussevitzky; second, his orchestra of 105 players.

Works Face Like Billy Sunday

Koussevitzky has made a visible art of symphonic music. Other "primadonna conductors" have posed for the satisfaction of their audiences' eyes, but he alone has achieved a thorough-going art of conducting-dramatics. To a careless, derisory onlooker, it might appear that Koussevitzy's arm movements vary between those of an Italian opera actor of the upper ranks and those of a Russian ballet dancer. It might seem that he bends his body forward, and stretches it up, like an American college cheer leader. It might be alleged that he works his face like Billy Sunday, in pleading with his orchestra. But an analytical mind will find something much finer than this in his technique.

Stop the music of a symphony, then let Koussevitzky go through the gestures, bodily attitudes and facial pantomime which he would use with that music—and through your eyes Koussevitzky would conjure up the symphony. He visualizes for his audiences—and with a high order of art—the structure, development and emotional content of an orchestral composition.

Rehearses Rehearsals

A striking detail of Koussevitzky's methods is that he has often rehearsed all his gestures before going to an orchestra rehearsal. With a very fine pianist "facilitating" the score, he has worked on his conducting in his own home.

In actual performance, to such an extent does Koussevitzky really experience within himself the music which he conducts, that the end of a concert finds him utterly exhausted mentally as well as physically. He could not keep on and cling to life and reason unless he took his now famous mid-winter vacation from the conductor's stand. This on the authority of two men eminent in Boston, one as a musician, one as a physician.

But however interesting the Koussevitzkian technique may be as an art in itself, supposedly an orchestral leader may be depended upon by his players to give them signals which lead them. A curious fact is, that Koussevitzky's men from time to time are unable so to depend upon him.

There have been times when Koussevitzky apparently has floated away on a cloud of poetic ecstacy, making his gestures beautifully—but of no avail to his musicians, through losing his place in the score for a page or two. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, on such occasions, has done its own leading, and done it brilliantly.

Truth to tell, the Boston Symphony Orchestra has often been a great teacher of Koussevitzky.

When the orchestra trustees decided to appoint him, he had won a spectacular fame in Paris, which was strongly reflected in London, Edinburgh and Madrid, where he had led concerts. But when he took up his duties in Boston, never before had he led an orchestra of such quality and ability (some of his "bands" having been only miscellaneous musicians temporarily associated and dispersing after his concerts).

Amazing Orchestra

It would not be unreasonable to state that the Boston Symphony Orchestra taught Koussevitzky a world of things he did not know when he first assumed charge. What he learned from it, combined with his own genius and his will to be continually progressing, has made him, after five years, a great conductor—whereas he was in large degree only a spectacular personality when he began.

Since his first concert, more people than ever before have yearly attended the programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, both at home and on tour. Now, for the fifth year, there have been waiting lists for subscribers to the regular series of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts. Additional series have been conducted on Tuesday afternoons and Monday evenings. The explanation is jointly Koussevitzky and his amazing orchestra.

Here is an interesting cartoon of Serge Koussevitzky the great composer-conductor. This cartoon is from the Glasgow Evening News, Scotland.

When Koussevitzky first exerted his authority over the Boston Symphony Orchestra, there were reservations of esteem on both sides. In an organization of such size—more than a hundred players—with many travelling about Europe in the summer, it was natural that a certain number had heard of Koussevitzky, and that some had heard concerts conducted by him. But there was nothing in what was known of him to cause the orchestra to receive him as a particularly great conductor. Koussevitzky, on the other hand, never from the first permitted the orchestra to feel that he knew it to be in a class by itself, and that it was far and away the greatest orchestra over which he had ever wielded the baton.

The very experienced, very distinguished, very brilliant Dr. Karl Muck (Doctor of Philosophy) had no compunctions at all in proclaiming what he thought of the orchestra as he found it. Before his first Boston audience, in 1906, looking him over with some little awe by reason of the advance notice of his greatness, Dr. Muck suddenly stopped conducting a Beethoven symphony. Laying down his baton, and folding his arms, he let the orchestra play on undirected. A magnificent compliment!

When Koussevitzky conducted his first Boston programme, he made it apparent that not one scrape or toot began, swelled, or diminished in the entire course of the concert except by his ever-present superfine mathematical dictation.

Was It an Initiation?

In Koussevitzky's very first rehearsal with the Boston organization, he put over a curious stroke. Possibly it was intended to score a victory of psychology.

He had the men rehearse Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

In its time that represented the ultimate achievement in music. Possibly the Russian felt that to begin with the ultimate would impress his men in the quickest and most indelible fashion with his true tastes and abilities. At any rate, the number was not to be played on the first programme. Koussevitzky started the players, then stopped them almost as soon as they had begun, criticising the first measure. After completing the third or fourth measure, he halted them again, and continued to interrupt and repeat the first three or four measures for perhaps a quarter of an hour. For two days he rehearsed the orchestra in Beethoven's Ninth—this number which was not on the opening programme.

To this day the orchestra is not impressed by that curious acquaintance manoeuver of Koussevitzky. It undoubtedly does remember it, however.

Some of the players took the "futuristic" pieces, which thenceforth peppered them, with pain, others with amusement. Likewise, some were pained, others amused, by the Russian's initial rehearsals with certain of accepted classics, old and new. Some had it that his modern pieces were a bid for easy fame, and a smoke screen for his shortcomings.

Of a Monday, he took up a standard classic.

"He'll learn it by Wednesday," someone murmured, and it stuck as a catch-phrase.

Koussevitzy, on his part, flung little barbs at the orchestra — this rather to the exclusion of compliments. The men responded with another catch-phrase. Suppose at rehearsal a moment of supreme beauty developed. It became the thing to unite in saying "Rotten!" under the breath.

It is true that the players found strangeness, confusion and a lack of appeal in the modernist compositions

A French cartoonist's impression of Serge Koussevitzky. The movements of this famous Russian director while conducting are reported to be altogether different from anything Boston has ever seen.

Koussevitzky introduced them to. But in technical ability they were equal to such material.

When it came to works of the accepted composers, the orchestra, with traditions of the conducting of Muck, Gericke, Nikisch and Pauer, took the Russian with many grains of salt. In fact, outside of a limited circle of classics, Koussevitzky seemed to them something of a four-flusher in various respects—feeling his way through compositions they knew like a book, and merely acting the role of a conductor, who knew what he wanted when he wanted it.

But once committed to exploring effects of tone and tempo for any composition, old or new, familiar or unfamiliar to him, the Russian would work himself and his men both off their feet impartially until he found what he wanted.

No industrial organization would stand up to the physical and nervous wear and tear to which Serge Alexandrovitch Koussevitzky submits the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Unsparing to Own Appointees

The man is absolutely unsparing of himself and his men whether in rehearsal or performance. He hurls himself into his music with terrific intensity, whether a piece be placid or tempestuous. Every ounce of muscular and nervous energy in his body is brought into play when he conducts, and he exacts as much of that response as possible from his men. He rehearses them on an average of three hours with a very slight intermission. On occasion this is stretched out to another hour. The main index of the closing time of a rehearsal is the point at which both Koussevitzky and his men are utterly worn out.

Some of the veterans in the orchestra found themselves temperamentally disinclined to subject themselves to such treatment. Others, at least for reason of policy, were willing to attempt it, but buckled under the burden. And as these wheels in the mechanism collapsed they were replaced by new and more durable ones by the relentless engineer Koussevitzky—much as if his orchestra were to him a musical "Pacific 231" to be maintained at the highest mechanical efficiency.

A conductor is the almost uncurbed Czar of a symphony orchestra, but to make a sure thing surer he is able to surround himself with a collection of smaller Czars—the "first desks," or leaders of the separate instrumental sections of the orchestra.

At the beginning of his second season, Koussevitzky returned from Europe with a large number of new first desk men, to say nothing of new players for the rank and file of different sections. In part this was his answer to the fact that certain die-hards were still unpersuaded that he was in all respects their fit and proper chief. But there was more to it than that.

Some were unkind enough to suppose that he was determined either to conquer his players or wear them out and discard them. In this connection, it was supposed that he would be more lenient with his own appointees at the first desks. Not only were they his own choice, but they represented the payment of a sort of personal "war debt" of his to France.

It was France which had given him the acclaim which began his real renown as an orchestra leader and ended by putting him at the head of the Boston Symphony. The majority of his first desks were French, one a Swiss. They were not in all cases the world's best-qualified men to take the first desks handed over to them. But as sure as they showed any wavering, Koussevitzky showed them no more quarter than anyone else. One frankly admitted he could not carry the burden, and asked his chief to demote him —which he did. An interesting fact about the Russian's mind is, that he likes to play chess, and is drawn to good musicians who are also good chess players.

To Koussevitzky a symphonic performance seems to be stale and flat if the players are not "nerved up to it." His players sit on the edges of their chairs as if they were electric chairs, and as if the sitters expected the deadly current to burst through them at any moment. A most decided contrast to this was a performance of a Mozart concerto, for which Alfred Cassella was guest conductor, and Walter Gieseking the piano soloist. The music came with a sparkle—and an ease—which must have made the performance unforgettable to anyone who heard it. The men in the orchestra were carried into raptures of delight over the whole effect. Their faces wore beatific smiles during the whole number, whether they or the pianist was playing.

Koussevitzky was present at this concert, "out front." The next time he rehearsed his men he told them that. And he told them that their playing was sloppy at that concert.

"With Heart, Soul Always"

Apparently the Koussevitzkian precepts of unmercifulness in rehearsal and intensity in performance work a spell in the music which exerts a most potent fascination over the hearer. (One can close one's eyes to Koussevitzky's pantomime, and still be electrified by the effects.)

Koussevitzky displays superb showmanship in his programmes. He so arranges them as to keep his hearers abreast of the latest developments in music—whether the developments be of perminent value or no; to bring to their attention delightful tidbits and quaint curiosities from the past; and to enable them to pay deference to the accepted classics. In the course of arranging such contrasts of kind, he also provides for contrasts of musical effect and skill of execution—ranging in interesting succession the delicate, the rugged, the loud, the soft, formal, the formless, the simple, the complex.

As matters now stand, Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra seem to be able to achieve all that may be achieved in the rendition of orchestral music.

And in the midst of all his tremendous driving, and seeming quest of machine endurance and mathematical precision, Koussevitzky never fails to beg his men to play "with the heart, with the soul, always."

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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Music Notes and Comment

This week marks the end of the Boston musical season. Roland Hayes' recital this afternoon is the last of the Symphony Hall Sunday concerts. The Apollo Club and the Bach Cantata Club end their series this week. There are as usual a certain number of musical events scheduled for May, however, aside from the Pops, which, under Casella, have attained a level of musical excellence far higher than ever before. The fortnightly Sunday Pops, in particular, are in all save the name Symphony concerts.

[illegible] is to conduct the [illegible] Club in a program of choral pieces. For the first time in many seasons there is no visiting soloist.

The Bach Cantata Club, continuing its policy of singing interesting and seldom heard choral pieces, will give its postponed second concert at Emmanuel Church Thursday night. Single tickets may be obtained at the door.

The Boston Civic Symphony Orchestra will give another Jordan Hall concert Sunday afternoon, May 12, at which Hazel Hallett, a promising young pianist, soon to depart for study in London under Matthay, will play the Chopin F minor concerto. The symphony will be by Boellmann, a composer known here only by his works for organ.

New York newspaper items shed some light on what became of the members of the ill-fated National Opera, which canceled its Boston engagement without warning. A few days after the company left Boston a "Manhattan Civic Opera" gave a performance of "Rigoletto" in Brooklyn, with Bertini, Valle and Mr Simeoni conducting. It is a pity that lack of sound financial backing ruined what seemed in so many ways a promising operatic venture here.

The Harvard Glee Club will give at the Museum of Fine Arts Thursday, May 9, the second and last of this season's free concerts, for which no tickets are required. The Museum will be open free from 7 to 11 p m.

An elaborate program, including many musical events, is planned for the convention of the National Federation of Music Clubs in Boston June 9-17. There will be concerts by a number of local organizations and by visiting choruses. The New York Chamber Music Society will perform Bloch's composition which won the prize offered last season by the C. C. Birchard Company.

Elinor Ahern will be one of the soloists at a soiree of songs Sunday evening, April 8, at the Hotel Somerset, Louis XIV ballroom, Commonwealth av, Boston, assisted by an ensemble from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under direction of Raffael Del Sordo.

The 17th German Bach festival of the New Bach Society will be held at Leipsig from June 8th to 10th. Like all previous Bach festivals at Leipzig, this year's will be opened by the famous motet at the Church of St Thomas. Choir, orchestra and studio concerts are to follow and lectures will be held. On Sunday, however, as the main feature of the event, a festival service will be held at the church service of St Thomas, after the fashion of the church service held at Bach's times. To give the Bach friends an opportunity to become personally acquainted with each other, social gatherings are intermingled with musical events. The Leipziger Bachverein (now "Associated Gewandhaus Choir"), the "Thomaner" Choir, the orchestras of the Municipal Theatre and the Gewandhaus, will be the [illegible] together with the greatest

Boston Symphony Season

The Boston Symphony Orchestra ended its 48th season last night. The 49th season, and the sixth of Serge Koussevitzky's conductorship, will begin Friday, Oct 11. The customary second thoughts on the season just ended are accordingly now in order. The first impressions of the present writer have been set forth in the reviews of the several concerts printed in the Morning Globe.

The outstanding fact about this season is the fully restored prestige of the Boston Symphony. The orchestra was for many years prior to 1918 universally recognized as unequalled in America and unsurpassed in the world. But the dismissal of Dr Muck, the greatest conductor the Boston Symphony has yet had, the dropping of the German citizens from the orchestra, and the strike of a part of the players in 1920, which resulted in further changes in personnel, came nearer than most people realize to putting an end to the Boston Symphony.

Mr Monteux, in the years following 1920, steadily improved the quality of the orchestra. Mr Koussevitzky, who took his place in October, 1924, has also strengthened the quality of the orchestra on the whole, though in his time the retirement of such outstanding players as Messrs Longy, Kroeder, Holy and Hoffman has not invariably resulted in a net gain in quality. The present orchestra is in the main a body made up of first rate players, some of them of superlative excellence. There are at least two other orchestras in America as good, the Philadelphia and New York Philharmonic-Symphony, but none anywhere that is better.

Koussevitzky's Temperament

Mr Koussevitzky is, of course, one of the most interesting of present day orchestral conductors. He has the kind of personality which cannot be ignored, which colors all he does, which attracts and holds audiences. Those who have heard him play the double bass will not need to be told that he is a performer of genius. He has not even now as fully mastered the technique of conducting as he has that of the almost equally difficult art of playing solos on the double bass. But his ardent temperament, his flaming musical imagination, his personality makes his conducting remarkably stimulating, and save him, even at the hands of his enemies from the reproach of mediocrity and dullness.

He is in his way a genius, and, like all geniuses, a remarkably hard and intense worker. Those in close touch with what goes on behind the scenes at Symphony Hall agree that no previous conductor has been more indefatigible, more conscientious at rehearsals than Mr Koussevitzky.

When, therefore, reviewers in New York are practically unanimous in saying this season that the Boston Symphony is again of the first rank, they are paying tribute largely to the personal achievement of Koussevitzky. The present Boston Symphony is his orchestra. Its faults and defects are his faults and defects. Its merits are his merits. This might also have been written of the orchestra under Muck, though Muck never obtruded his personality, never seemed aware that he was the center of attention at the concerts.

The unprecedented demand for season tickets for the concerts is tangible evidence of Mr Koussevitzky's popularity. The waiting list is already long enough to absorb all or nearly all the season tickets for next year released by present subscribers, unless the raised prices just announced should have the unforseen effect of reducing the demand, which seems improbable.

Voicing Grievances

There is, however, a minority which occasionally voices its grievances against Mr Koussevitzky as conductor. There are three frequent complaints, first that his programs contain too much modern music and not enough of the particular dead-and-gone composers whom the complainant happens to prefer to Bartok, Honnegger, Stravinsky, et al; second, that he permits mistakes, such as false entrances, slovenly attacks, and so on to happen far more often than they should with a first-rate orchestra and unlimited rehearsal time; and third, that he disregards the intentions of composers, indicated in the printed music, and plays everything, not as it is written, or traditionally performed, but as he personally feels it. Let us consider each of these.

First, it is true that Koussevitzky plays a good deal of music by living composers, many of them, however, like Arthur Foote or Richard Strauss, not ultra-modern. To make room for it he omits some pieces, such as Liszt's tone poems, far more often heard here in the past.

But is it not the duty of the Boston Symphony to let audiences hear new music in order that the repertory may be strengthened? Some of this season's novelties, such as Dukelsky's symphony and Janin's "Symphonie Spirituelle" seemed pretty poor stuff, to be sure, but it is hard to tell in advance of public performance how a new work will go.

Mr Koussevitzky may perhaps succumb at times to what seems the omniversal desire of present-day conductors to lead "the first performance anywhere" of a new work. But otherwise his policy about modern music is wise, save that he might well avoid bunching modern pieces on a single program.

For the mistakes, the false entrances, the slovenly attacks and so on, there seems no valid excuse. Mr Koussevitzky's beat is not always clear, nor does he seem to value perfect precision of ensemble as highly as some people value it. "The letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive" might be his retort to this objection.

Brilliant Conducting

The disregard of such directions as the "andante con moto" at the head of the slow movements in Beethoven's Fifth and Schubert's "Unfinished" symphonies, and of the contrast in tempi in the slow movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony seems to the present writer wrong. The conductor should, according to his point of view, follow every direction in the printed score scrupulously, and supplement the inadequacies of musical notation by adding nuances. But there are many who argue, as does Ernest Newman, for example, that a performer is justified in playing music as he feels it.

Tradition is certainly a very uncertain guide to the performance of music.

It was Muck, not Koussevitzky, who remarked once upon a time that there is no authentic Wagner tradition. Yet Muck heard Wagner himself conduct, and has been in touch with Bayreuth ever since.

But even if all these faults in Koussevitzky are faults without excuse one should still be thankful for the brilliance, the dramatic quality of his conducting, and for the splendid playing of the orchestra under his leadership if one considers, not minor errors of detail, but the big general effect.

The trustees, all things considered, have been very wise in renewing Mr Koussevitzky's contract for what is rumored to be an indefinite number of years. Whom could they find to replace him if he left?

Pop Concerts Begin This Week Wednesday at Symphony Hall

May Day and opening night at the Pops will formally usher in Boston's Spring next Wednesday. Tables having been installed on the floor of Symphony Hall and a barroom to supply refreshments to the balconies, the Pops will thenceforth provide this city with music of direct appeal, in admi[illegible]able performance, each night through May and June. The Pops, nearly as venerable as the Boston Symphony concerts, from which they are derived, are to open their 44th season. They are fortunate in having for their third successive year, Alfredo Casella, the eminent Italian composer, conductor and pianist. Casella will preside over more than 80 Symphony players.

Numerous schools and colleges have made it a custom to take a night at the Pops in their graduation week. These are to include this year Harvard, Simmons, Tufts, Technology, Boston University, Radcliffe, Roxbury Latin and others. Smaller groups, likewise, gather at groups of tables to take advantage of the particular kind of sociability which the Pops afford. These will include Portia Law School, Eliot Circle, Campfire Girls, Bryant & Stratton, Jewish Women's College, Boston Life Underwriters, Y. W. C. A., Daughters of Zion and numerous others.

Casella announces the following programs for the opening week:

Wednesday, May 1—Wedding march from "Le Coq d'Or," Rimsky-Korsakov; song without words, Tchaikovsky; valse triste, Sibelius; overture to "La Forza del Destino," Verdi; "Les Preludes," Liszt; "Pavane pour une Infante Defunte," Ravel; "Italia," Casella; overture to "William Tell," Rossini; largo, Handel; "Ride of the Valkyries," Wagner.

Thursday, May 2—"Entrance of the Guests Into the Wartburg," Wagner; minuet, Boccherini; suite from "Carmen," Bizet; overture "The Roman Carnival," Berlioz; "Don Juan," R. Strauss; "Espana," Chabrier; First Hungarian Dance, Brahms; intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; "Marche Slave," Tchaikovsky.

Friday, May 3—Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," Mozart; Air, Bach; Dance-Suite for String Orchestra, Purcell-Bliss; Overture to "Oberon," Weber; Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner; "The Fountains of Rome," Respighi; "Ballet of the Hours," from "La Gioconda," Ponchielli; Waltz, "By the Beautiful Blue Danube," Strauss; Second Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt.

Saturday, May 4—Wedding March, "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Invitation to the Dance, Weber-Berlioz; Overture to "Tannhauser," Wagner; Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven; Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished," Schubert; Overture to "Cinderella," Rossini; Slavonic Dance, Dvorak; Overture Solennelle, "1812," Tchaikovsky.

Programs of the Week

SYMPHONY HALL—Today at 3:30, Roland Hayes, tenor. Final concert of Sunday afternoon series. "Per la Gloria," Bononcini; "Fermez vous pour jamais, mes yeux," Lulli; "Would You Gain the Tender Creature," Handel; "Adelaide," Beethoven; "When I Am Laid in Earth," Purcell; "Hoffnung," "Der Jungling and der Quelle," Schubert; "Ich hab im Traum Geweinet," "Geistesnahe," Schumann; "O, wusset ich doch der Weg zuruck," "O, Komme, holde Sommer Nacht," Brahms. Negro Spirituals: "Wade in de Water," "I Want Two Wings," "Campmeetin'," "Deep River," "New Born Again," "Were You There (unaccompanied).

JORDAN HALL, Tuesday at 8:15. The Apollo Club of Boston; Thompson Stone, conductor.

EMMANUEL CHURCH, Newbury st, Thursday at 8:30. The Bach Cantata Club; G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor. Final concert.

Soloists, Mrs Amy Townsend, soprano, and Joseph Lautner, tenor. "Our Father" (Gretchaninow); "O Gladsome Light" (Kastalsky); "Stabat Mater" (Palestrina); "Jeptha" (Carissimi).

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HERALD APR 28

POPS WEDNESDAY

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WEDNESDAY MAY 1
Wedding march from Le Coq d'Or, Rimsky-Korsakov
Song Without Words.....Tchaikovsky
Valse Triste.....Sibelius
Overture to Lo Forza del Destino.....Verdi

Les Preludes, symphonic poem.....Liszt
Pavane pour une Infante Defunte....Ravel
Italia, rhapsody.....Casella
Overture to William Tell.....Rossini
Largo.....Handel
Ride of Valkyries.....Warner

THURSDAY, MAY 2
Entrance of the guests into the Wartburg, Tannhauser.....Wagner
Minuet.....Boccherini
Suite from Carmen.....Bizet
Overture to The Roman Carnival....Berlioz
Don Juan, tone poem.....R. Strauss
Espana, rhapsody.....Chabrier
First Hungarian Dance.....Brahms
Intermezzo, Cavalleria Rusticana, Mascagni
Marche Slave.....Tchaikovsky

FRIDAY, MAY 3
Overture to The Marriage of Figaro..Mozart
Air.....Bach
Dance-suite for string orchestra.Purcell-Bliss
Overture to Oberon.....Weber
Prelude and love-death from Tristan and Isolde.....Wagner
The Fountains of Rome, symphonic poem. Respighi
Ballet of the Hours, from La Gioconda.....Ponchielli
Waltz, By the Beautiful Blue Danube.....Strauss
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt

SATURDAY, MAY 4
Wedding march, A Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Berlioz
Overture to Tannhauser.....Wagner
Overture to Leonore, No. 3.....Beethoven
Symphony in B minor, Unfinished..Schubert
Overture to Cinderella.....Rossini
Slavonic Dance.....Dvorak
Overture Solennelle, 1812.....Tchaikovsky

CANTATA CLUB

The Bach Cantata Club, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor, will sing in the Emmanuel Church on Thursday, May 2, at 8:30 o'clock. The program will comprise, Gretchaninov's "Our Father"; Kastalsky's "O Gladsome Light." Palestrina's "Stabat Mater"; Carissimi's "Jeptha" (Filia, Mrs. Amy Townsend; Jeptha, Joseph Lautner.)

Alexander Dmitrievitch Kastalsky was

THIS CLIPPING FROM
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APR 3 - 1929

Boston Symphony Orchestra at Woolsey Hall, Next Week

The Boston Symphony orchestra and Serge Koussevitzky have produced in the four years of their association something quite remarkable as symphony concerts go—a fact not wholly surprising when one considers the qualities of both orchestra and leader. And this city can be assured of a rare musical treat when the famous orchestra plays at Woolsey hall next Wednesday evening as the concluding offering of this season's annual Woolsey hall concert series under the auspices of the Yale School of Music.

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REGISTER
APR 7 - 1929

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MUSICAL NOTES

Youngster's Symphony

Despite recent protests in the public prints and elsewhere, says the Boston Post, Serge Koussevitsky, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, continues to offer the music of the youthful moderns whom he so valiantly espouses. For the first time in the United States the Symphony has played a Symphony by the twenty-six-year-old Russian Vladimir Dukelsky, already known here through a ballet-suite. The symphony is said to be amiably and ingeniously written with much melody and an unfailing gusto. But while copious and fluent it is sadly without distinction, and greatly at variance with the arbitrarily dissonant harmony that is used spasmodically.

The Boston Herald remarks: Mr. Diaghiley has called him (Dukelsky), a younger brother of Stravinsky and Prokofieff. He does not seem to be so closely related. Whatever his musical parentage, he does not need any family recommendation. Perhaps he is musically an illigitimate child, a rather unruly one, but of a vigorous nature as have been many famous men born out of wedlock. The symphony is interesting. Like all the compositions of young men who are at all worthy of attention in their desire to strike out a new path, to be individual, the symphonic first movement is yeasty. Here was need of the self-criticism that comes only with greater maturity.

The thematic material is not in itself alluring. There are incongruous episodes interrupting noisily and ineffectively any development. It is as if the hearer were subject to galvanic shocks. Yet even in this movement there is a proud independence—call it not arrogance or a foolish defiance—that wins respect if not whole-hearted admiration. Better this wild irregularity than obsequious following in the footsteps of smug, dull music makers of whose works the damning compliment "Anyhow they are well made," is all that can be said.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER
APR 2 - 1929

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This city is indeed fortunate in the coming visit of the famous musical organization, not because of the supreme qualities of its music, because its engagements are few indeed outside of the Boston and New York itineracy. These latter include 84 concerts, and since by far the largest part of the orchestra's days are spent in rehearsal, time is left only for single concerts in a few of the cities elsewhere.

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JOURNAL COURIER
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The principal number on the program will be Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in E minor. This master work of Tchaikovsky is one of the most impressive and popular of his scores. The lovely andante cantabile of the second movement, introduced by a horn solo, is particularly famous. The interpretation of this symphony by the remarkable Russian conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra is looked upon as one of his finest achievements.

The first part of the program will consist of three shorter classics of the French school—Berlioz' overture to "The Roman Carnival," Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," and Dukas' Scherzo, "The Sorcerere's Apprentice."

Berlioz' resplendent Overture owes its color largely to the use of the English horn, which as an orchestral instrument was comparatively new in the composer's day. Perhaps the most characteristic single instrument of Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" is the solo flute which contributes largely to the mood picture of the Faun, lying on a grassy bank and dreaming of his amours with a group of nymphs. Debussy thus set in music the verses of Mallarme, the impressionist poet.

Paul Dukas, the living French composer, is perhaps best known by his "Sorcerer's Apprentice." It is a humorous piece, quite in the vein of the fantastic ballad of Goethe, which bears the same name. The Magician's apprentice picks up enough of his master's art to experiment with it in his absence by using the proper incantations. He sets up the broom as a scarecrow, gives it a pail of water and orders it to clean up the place, but what he has started he has not the power to stop. There is a general flood and the master, returning, finally restores order.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
UNION
APR 1 - 1929

The Boston Symphony.

From the Providence Journal.

It would be a public misfortune if the Boston Symphony were to omit its regular visits to Providence in 1930.

For many years this premier organization has been coming to this city, and, as a result, not only has our sum total of musical knowledge and attainment been increased, but there has been a general enlargement of our cultural outlook This is one of the happy effects of artistic or intellectual progress along any one line—we are stimulated to excursions along other cultural paths as well.

Boston, which hears the symphony 65 times in a season, is taking steps to complete a fund of $132,000 for the continuation of that privilege; we in Providence are asked to pledge the small sum of $4000 to insure the coming of these fine musicians to this city five times next fall, winter and spring. The needed amount should be given at once and willingly.

It used to be said that "Providence is not a musical city." If that was ever true is it true no longer. Every Boston Symphony concert nowadays packs the Albee Theater, with its seating capacity of 2400, and on Tuesday evening many lovers of music stood at the rear of the house. Mr. Albee has agreed to permit the symphony to appear in the theater again next season, and it would be highly unfortunate if the opportunity were neglected; there are too many people in Providence who depend upon this exceptional group of musicians to help them keep in touch with the best that has been produced in symphonic

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JOURNAL
APR 6 - 1929

KOUSSEVITZKY TO GIVE 9TH SYMPHONY

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which Serge Koussevitzky will direct for the first time in New York, will be the feature of the concerts by the Boston Orchestra in Carnegie Hall on Thursday and Saturday. These will be the orchestra's last visit of the season. The choral finale will be sung by the Schola Cantorum. The soloists will be Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van Der Veer, Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange. The symphony will be preceded by an orchestral concerto by Philip Emanuel Bach.

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HERALD APR 28

POPS WEDNESDAY

May day and opening night at the Pops will formally usher in Boston's spring next Wednesday. Tables having been installed on the floor of Symphony hall, and a barroom to supply refreshments to the balconies, the Pops will thenceforth provide this city with music of direct appeal, in superlative performance, each night through May and June. The Pops, nearly as venerable as the Boston symphony concerts from which they are derived, will open the 44th season. They are fortunate in having for their third successive year Alfredo Casella, the eminent Italian composer, conductor and pianist. Casella will conduct more than 80 Symphony players.

Numerous schools and colleges have made it a custom to take a night at the Pops in their graduation week. These will include this year Harvard, Simmons, Tufts, Technology, Boston University, Radcliffe, Roxbury Latin and others. Smaller groups, likewise, gather at groups of tables to take advantage of the particular kind of sociability which the Pops afford. These will include Portia Law School, Eliot Circle, Camp Fire Girls, Bryant & Stratton, Jewish Women's College, Boston Life Underwriters, Y. W. C. A., Daughters of Zion and numerous others.

Casella announces the following programs for the opening week:

WEDNESDAY MAY 1
Wedding march from Le Coq d'Or, Rimsky-Korsakov
Song Without Words.....Tchaikovsky
Valse Triste.....Silbelius
Overture to Lo Forza del Destino.....Verdi
Les Preludes, symphonic poem.....Liszt
Pavane pour une Infante Defunte....Ravel
Italia, rhapsody.....Casella
Overture to William Tell.....Rossini
Largo.....Handel
Ride of Valkyries.....Wagner

THURSDAY, MAY 2
Entrance of the guests into the Wartburg, Tannhauser.....Wagner
Minuet.....Boccherini
Suite from Carmen.....Bizet
Overture to The Roman Carnival.....Berlioz
Don Juan, tone poem.....R. Strauss
Espana, rhapsody.....Chabrier
First Hungarian Dance.....Brahms
Intermezzo, Cavalleria Rusticana..Mascagni
Marche Slave.....Tchaikovsky

FRIDAY, MAY 3
Overture to The Marriage of Figaro..Mozart
Air.....Bach
Dance-suite for string orchestra.Purcell-Bliss
Overture to Oberon.....Weber
Prelude and love-death from Tristan and Isolde.....Wagner
The Fountains of Rome, symphonic poem. Respighi
Ballet of the Hours, from La Gioconda Ponchielli
Waltz, By the Beautiful Blue Danube, Strauss
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt

SATURDAY, MAY 4
Wedding march, A Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Berlioz
Overture to Tannhauser.....Wagner
Overture to Leonore, No. 3.....Beethoven
Symphony in B minor, Unfinished..Schubert
Overture to Cinderella.....Rossini
Slavonic Dance.....Dvorak
Overture Solennelle, 1812.....Tchaikovsky

CANTATA CLUB

The Bach Cantata Club, C. Wallace Woodworth, conductor, will sing in the Emmanuel Church on Thursday, May 2, at 8:30 o'clock. The program will comprise, Gretchaninov's "Our Father"; Kastalsky's "O Gladsome Light." Palestrina's "Stabat Mater"; Carissimi's "Jeptha" (Filia, Mrs. Amy Townsend; Jeptha, Joseph Lautner.)

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
UNION
APR 1 - 1929

The Boston Symphony.

From the Providence Journal.

It would be a public misfortune if the Boston Symphony were to omit its regular visits to Providence in 1930.

For many years this premier organization has been coming to this city, and, as a result, not only has our sum total of musical knowledge and attainment been increased, but there has been a general enlargement of our cultural outlook This is one of the happy effects of artistic or intellectual progress along any one line—we are stimulated to excursions along other cultural paths as well.

Boston, which hears the symphony 65 times in a season, is taking steps to complete a fund of $132,000 for the continuation of that privilege; we in Providence are asked to pledge the small sum of $4000 to insure the coming of these fine musicians to this city five times next fall, winter and spring. The needed amount should be given at once and willingly.

It used to be said that "Providence is not a musical city." If that was ever true is it true no longer. Every Boston Symphony concert nowadays packs the Albee Theater, with its seating capacity of 2400, and on Tuesday evening many lovers of music stood at the rear of the house. Mr. Albee has agreed to permit the symphony to appear in the theater again next season, and it would be highly unfortunate if the opportunity were neglected; there are too many people in Providence who depend upon this exceptional group of musicians to help them keep in touch with the best that has been produced in symphonic music.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER
APR 3 - 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AT WOOLSEY HALL NEXT WEEK

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
JOURNAL
APR 8 -

KOUSSEVITZKY TO GIVE 9TH SYMPHONY

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which Serge Koussevitzky will direct for the first time in New York, will be the feature of the concerts by the Boston Orchestra in Carnegie Hall on Thursday and Saturday. These will be the orchestra's last visit of the season. The choral finale will be sung by the Schola Cantorum. The soloists will be Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van Der Veer, Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange. The symphony will be preceded by an orchestral concerto by Philip Emanuel Bach.

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HERALD APR 28

POPS WEDNESDAY

May day and opening night at the Pops will formally usher in Boston's spring next Wednesday. Tables having been installed on the floor of Symphony hall, and a barroom to supply refreshments to the balconies, the Pops will thenceforth provide this city with music of direct appeal, in superlative performance, each night through May and June. The Pops, nearly as venerable as the Boston symphony concerts from which they are derived, will open the 44th season. They are fortunate in having for their third successive year Alfredo Casella, the eminent Italian composer, conductor and pianist. Casella will conduct more than 80 Symphony players.

Numerous schools and colleges have made it a custom to take a night at the Pops in their graduation week. These will include this year Harvard, Simmons, Tufts, Technology, Boston University, Radcliffe, Roxbury Latin and others. Smaller groups, likewise, gather at groups of tables to take advantage of the particular kind of sociability which the Pops afford. These will include Portia Law School, Eliot Circle, Camp Fire Girls, Bryant & Stratton, Jewish Women's College, Boston Life Underwriters, Y. W. C. A., Daughters of Zion and numerous others.

Casella announces the following programs for the opening week:

WEDNESDAY MAY 1

Wedding march from Le Coq d'Or, Rimsky-Korsakov
Song Without Words.....Tchaikovsky
Valse Triste.....Sibelius
Overture to Lo Forza del Destino.....Verdi
Les Preludes, symphonic poem.....Liszt
Pavane pour une Infante Defunte....Ravel
Italia, rhapsody.....Casella
Overture to William Tell.....Rossini
Largo.....Handel
Ride of Valkyries.....Wagner

THURSDAY, MAY 2

Entrance of the guests into the Wartburg, Tannhauser.....Wagner
Minuet.....Boccherini
Suite from Carmen.....Bizet
Overture to The Roman Carnival.....Berlioz
Don Juan, tone poem.....R. Strauss
Espana, rhapsody.....Chabrier
First Hungarian Dance.....Brahms
Intermezzo, Cavalleria Rusticana..Mascagni
Marche Slave.....Tchaikovsky

FRIDAY, MAY 3

Overture to The Marriage of Figaro..Mozart
Air.....Bach
Dance-suite for string orchestra..Purcell-Bliss
Overture to Oberon.....Weber
Prelude and love-death from Tristan and Isolde.....Wagner
The Fountains of Rome, symphonic poem. Respighi
Ballet of the Hours, from La Gioconda. Ponchielli
Waltz, By the Beautiful Blue Danube. Strauss
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt

SATURDAY, MAY 4

Wedding march, A Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Berlioz
Overture to Tannhauser.....Wagner
Overture to Leonore, No. 3.....Beethoven
Symphony in B minor, Unfinished..Schubert
Overture to Cinderella.....Rossini
Slavonic Dance.....Dvorak
Overture Solennelle, 1812.....Tchaikovsky

CANTATA CLUB

The Bach Cantata Club, C. Wallace Woodworth, conductor, will sing in the Emmanuel Church on Thursday, May 2, at 8:30 o'clock. The program will comprise, Gretchaninov's "Our Father"; Kastalsky's "O Gladsome Light." Palestrina's "Stabat Mater"; Carissimi's "Jeptha" (Filia, Mrs. Amy Townsend; Jeptha, Joseph Lautner.)

Alexander Dmitrievitch Kastalsky was

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TIMES UNION

Apr 2 - 29

Boston Symphony Orchestra at Woolsey Hall, Next Week

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER

APR 7 - 1...

Boston Symphony, Under Koussevitzky to Present Brilliant Program

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The principal number on the program will be Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in E Minor. This master work of Tchaikovsky is one of the most impressive and popular of his scores. The lovely andante cantabile of the second movement, introduced by a horn solo, is particularly famous. The interpretation of this symphony by the remarkable Russian conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is looked upon as one of his finest achievements.

The first part of the program will consist of three shorter classics of the French school—Berlioz' Overture to "The Roman Carnival," Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," and Dukas' Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

Berlioz' resplendent Overture owes its color largely to the use of the English horn, which is an orchestral instrument was comparatively new in the composer's day. Perhaps the most characteristic single instrument of Debussy's "Afternoon of A Faun" is the solo flute which contributes largely to the mood picture of the Faun, lying on a grassy bank and dreaming of his amours with a group of nymphs. Debussy thus set in music the verses of Mallarme, the impressionist poet.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
SUN
Lewiston Me.

MUSICAL NOTES

Youngster's Symphony

Despite recent protests in the public prints and elsewhere, says the Boston Post, Serge Koussevitsky, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, continues to offer the music of the youthful moderns whom he so valiantly espouses. For the first time in the United States the Symphony has played a Symphony by the twenty-six-year-old Russian Vladimir Dukelsky, already known here through a ballet-suite. The symphony is said to be amiably and ingeniously written with much melody and an unfailing gusto. But while copious and fluent it is sadly without distinction, and greatly at variance with the arbitrarily dissonant harmony that is used spasmodically.

The Boston Herald remarks: Mr. Diaghiley has called him (Dukelsky), a younger brother of Stravinsky and Prokofieff. He does not seem to be so closely related. Whatever his musical parentage, he does not need any family recommendation. Perhaps he is musically an illigitimate child, a rather unruly one, but of a vigorous nature as have been many famous men born out of wedlock. The symphony is interesting. Like all the compositions of young men who are at all worthy of attention in their desire to strike out a new path, to be individual, the symphonic first movement is yeasty. Here was need of the self-criticism that comes only with greater maturity.

The thematic material is not in itself alluring. There are incongruous episodes interrupting noisily and ineffectively any development. It is as if the hearer were subject to galvanic shocks. Yet even in this movement there is a proud independence—call it not arrogance or a foolish defiance—that wins respect if not whole-hearted admiration. Better this wild irregularity than obsequious following in the footsteps of smug, dull music makers of whose works the damning compliment "Anyhow they are well made," is all that can be said.

TRANS — APR. 30 —

Incidents and Prospects

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Summarizing the symphonic season in Manhattan, Mr. Robert Simon found this to say, in The New Yorker, about the Boston Orchestra:

> The best argument against the guest-conductor system was presented whenever the Boston Symphony, which is the exclusive property of Mr. Koussevitzky, came to town—in spite of at least one Boston concert which sounded as though Mr. Koussevitzky had been converted suddenly into a guest-conductor. For general sustained excellence, the Boston Symphony must be awarded first place, although the most brilliant individual evenings were those of the Philharmonic when Mr. Toscanini [illegible] in command.

Six of the Sunday Concerts at Symphony Hall next season have been segregated into a "course." They will befall on Sunday afternoons, Nov. 10 and 24, Dec. 15, Jan. 12, Feb. 23, March 16. At them Mr. Horowitz and Mr. Sanromá, for pianists; Mr. Spalding, for a violinist; Mr. Hayes, Mme. Van Gordon of the Chicago Opera, Mme. Homer and her eldest daughter, for singers, will all be heard. For those who subscribe to the course prices will be appreciably reduced, ranging from $12 to $5. Inquiries and subscriptions should be addressed to Symphony Hall.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER

APR 2 - 1929

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST

APR 3 - 192[illegible]

Music News and Gossip

Joseph Wolfe's fine baritone voice was heard to advantage last evening in Town Hall in a group of arias by Bloch, the monologue from "Boris Godunoff" and German, Russian and English songs.

Carola Goya and Carlos de Vega will give their season's farewell joint recital this evening in Carnegie Hall. The program includes twenty-two traditional and modern Spanish dances, four of which are duets. Beatrice Weller will be heard in harp solos and Ramon Gonzalez in piano numbers.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will play Beethoven's Ninth Symphony for the first time in its regular New York series when Serge Koussevitzky and the orchestra visit this city for the final concerts of the season, in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon, April 11 and 13. The choral part will be sung by the Schola Cantorum, Hugh Ross, conductor.

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NEW HAVEN
JOURNAL COURIER

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In a word, there is but one Boston symphony orchestra, and but one Koussevitzky. The combination has proved a supreme achievement in symphonic performance.

Tickets for the event, which can easily be classed one of the finest of the season on the musical calender, are now on sale at Steinert's, 183 Church street.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TIMES UNION

Splendid Program By the Boston Symphony Orchestra

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN
JOURNAL COURIER

APR 2 - 1929

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REGISTER

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JOURNAL

APR 6 - 192[illegible]

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152

HERALD APR 28

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Song Without Words.....Tchaikovsky
Valse Triste.....Sibelius
Overture to Lo Forza del Destino.....Verdi
Les Preludes, symphonic poem.....Liszt
Pavane pour une Infante Defunte....Ravel
Italia, rhapsody.....Casella
Overture to William Tell.....Rossini
Largo.....Handel
Ride of Valkyries.....Wagner

THURSDAY, MAY 2
Entrance of the guests into the Wartburg, Tannhauser.....Wagner
Minuet.....Boccherini
Suite from Carmen.....Bizet
Overture to The Roman Carnival....Berlioz
Don Juan, tone poem.....R. Strauss
Espana, rhapsody.....Chabrier
First Hungarian Dance.....Brahms
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Marche Slave.....Tchaikovsky

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Air.....Bach
Dance-suite for string orchestra.Purcell-Bliss
Overture to Oberon.....Weber
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The Fountains of Rome, symphonic poem. Respighi
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Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt

SATURDAY, MAY 4
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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TIMES UNION

A[illegible] 2 - 29

Boston Symphony Orchestra at Woolsey Hall, Next Week

The Boston Symphony orchestra and Serge Koussevitzky have produced in the four years of their association something quite remarkable as symphony concerts go—a fact not wholly surprising when one considers the qualities of both orchestra and leader. And this city can be assured of a rare musical treat when the famous orchestra plays at Woolsey hall next Wednesday evening as the concluding offering of this season's annual Woolsey hall concert series under the auspices of the Yale School of Music.

The Boston Symphony orchestra has from its first glories of the "eighties," stood for the utmost in symphonic performance. The best musicians of E[illegible] could [illegible] the [illegible] tion.

TORRID LOVE LETTERS READ

In [illegible]evitzky, the Boston Symphony orchestra found an inexorable drillmaster and a persuasive artist combined. His magnetic presence, extraordinary imaginative sweep have inspired the illustrious orchestra to new heights of eloquence and beauty, and they have electrified the symphony public with the spectacle of a new achievement in symphonic performance.

In a word, there is but one Boston Symphony orchestra, and but one Koussevitzky. The combination has proved a supreme achievement in symphonic performance.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST

APR 3 - 1929

Music News and Gossip

Joseph Wolfe's fine baritone voice was heard to advantage last evening in Town Hall in a group of arias by Bloch, the monologue from "Boris Godunoff" and German, Russian and English songs.

Carola Goya and Carlos de Vega will give their season's farewell joint recital this evening in Carnegie Hall. The program includes twenty-two traditional and modern Spanish dances, four of which are duets. Beatrice Weller will be heard in harp solos and Ramon Gonzalez in piano numbers.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will play Beethoven's Ninth Symphony for the first time in its regular New York series when Serge Koussevitzky and the orchestra visit this city for the final concerts of the season, in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon, April 11 and 13. The choral part will be sung by the Schola Cantorum, Hugh Ross, conductor.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER

APR 3 - 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AT WOOLSEY HALL NEXT WEEK

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The Boston Symphony Orchestra has from its first glories of the "eighties," stood for the utmost in symphonic performance. The best musicians Europe and America could provide were rigorously trained by a succession of great conductors into an ensemble which sent the name and fame of this organization over the world.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER

APR 7 - 1929

Boston Symph[illegible]

[illegible]ram [illegible] brilliant coming visit [illegible]ymphony Orchestra to [illegible] for a concert under the [illegible]s of the Yale University School of Music. The concert will be given in Woolsey Hall, Wednesday evening, at 8:15.

The principal number on the program will be Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in E Minor. This master work of Tchaikovsky is one of the most impressive and popular of his scores. The lovely andante cantabile of the second movement, introduced by a horn solo, is particularly famous. The interpretation of this symphony by the remarkable Russian conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is looked upon as one of his finest achievements.

The first part of the program will consist of three shorter classics of the French school—Berlioz' Overture to "The Roman Carnival," Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," and Dukas' Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

Berlioz' resplendent Overture owes its color largely to the use of the English horn, which is an orchestral instrument was comparatively new in the composer's day. Perhaps the most characteristic single instrument of Debussy's "Afternoon of A Faun" is the solo flute which contributes largely to the mood picture of the Faun, lying on a grassy bank and dreaming of his amours with a group of nymphs. Debussy thus set in music the verses of Mallarme, the impressionist poet.

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NEW HAVEN
JOURNAL COURIER

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In a word, there is but one Boston symphony orchestra, and but one Koussevitzky. The combination has proved a supreme achievement in symphonic performance.

Tickets for the event, which can easily be classed one of the finest of the season on the musical calender, are now on sale at Steinert's, 183 Church street.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
JOURNAL

APR 6 - 1929

KOUSSEVITZKY TO GIVE 9TH SYMPHONY

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which Serge Koussevitzky will direct for the first time in New York, will be the feature of the concerts by the Boston Orchestra in Carnegie Hall on Thursday and Saturday. These will be the orchestra's last visit of the season. The choral finale will be sung by the Schola Cantorum. The soloists will be Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van Der Veer, Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange. The symphony will be preceded by an orchestral concerto by Philip Emanuel Bach.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
SUN
Lewiston, Me.

APR 5 1929

MUSICAL NOTES

Youngster's Symphony

Despite recent protests in the public prints and elsewhere, says the Boston Post, Serge Koussevitsky, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, continues to offer the music of the youthful moderns whom he so valiantly espouses. For the first time in the United States the Symphony has played a Symphony by the twenty-six-year-old Russian Vladimir Dukelsky, already known here through a ballet-suite. The symphony is said to be amiably and ingeniously written with much melody and an unfailing gusto. But while copious and fluent it is sadly without distinction, and greatly at variance with the arbitrarily dissonant harmony that is used spasmodically.

The Boston Herald remarks: Mr. Diaghiley has called him (Dukelsky), a younger brother of Stravinsky and Prokofieff. He does not seem to be so closely related. Whatever his musical parentage, he does not need any family recommendation. Perhaps he is musically an illigitimate child, a rather unruly one, but of a vigorous nature as have been many famous men born out of wedlock. The symphony is interesting. Like all the compositions of young men who are at all worthy of attention in their desire to strike out a new path, to be individual, the symphonic first movement is yeasty. Here was need of the self-criticism that comes only with greater maturity.

The thematic material is not in itself alluring. There are incongruous episodes interrupting noisily and ineffectively any development. It is as if the hearer were subject to galvanic shocks. Yet even in this movement there is a proud independence —call it not arrogance or a foolish defiance—that wins respect if not whole-hearted admiration. Better this wild irregularity than obsequious following in the footsteps of smug, dull music makers of whose works the damning compliment "Anyhow they are well made," is all that can be said.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TIMES UNION

Splendid Program By the Boston Symphony Orchestra

Serge Koussevitzky offers a program of engrossing interest and great brilliance and beauty for the coming visit of the Boston Symphony orchestra to New Haven for a concert under the auspices of the Yale University School of Music. The concert will be given in Woolsey hall, Wednesday evening, April 10th, at 8:15.

The principal number on the program will be Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in E minor. This master work of Tchaikovsky is one of the most impressive and popular of his scores. The lovely andante cantabile of the second movement, introduced by a horn solo, is particularly famous. The interpretation of this symphony by the remarkable Russian conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra is looked upon as one of his finest achievements.

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Paul Dukas, the living French composer, is perhaps best known by his "Sorcerer's Apprentice." It is a humorous piece, quite in the vein of the fantastic ballad of Goeth, which bears the same name. The Magician's apprentice picks up enough of his master's art to experiment with it in his absence by using the proper incantations. He sets up the broom as a scarecrow, gives it a pail of water and orders it to clean up the place, but what he has started he has not the power to stop. There is a general flood and the master returning, finally restores order.

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FROM THE SUN
R 5 1929

ICAL NOTES

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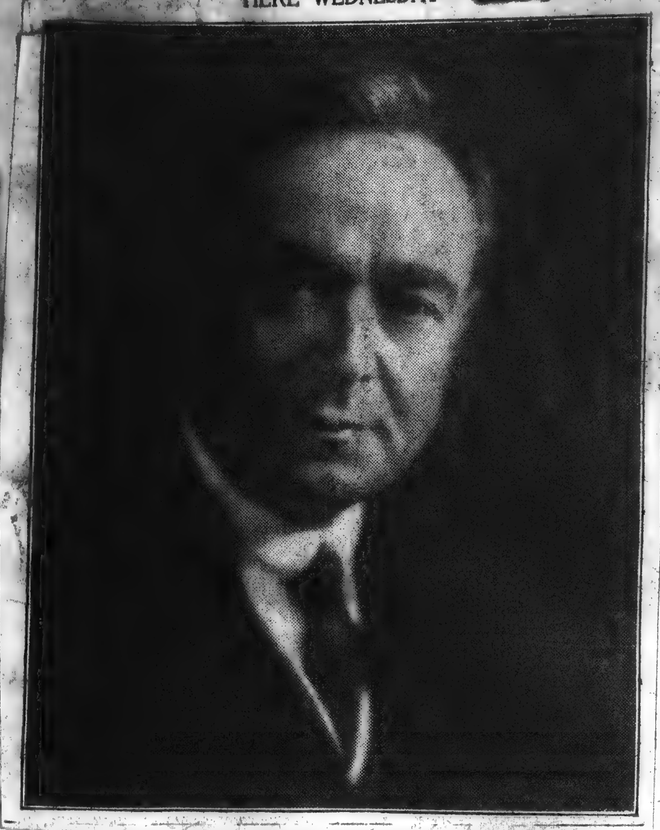
THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN
JOURNAL COURIER
APR 6 - 1929

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, LEADER OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY, HERE WEDNESDAY



THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
APR 6 - 192

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. SUN

Closing Orchestral Concerts

Boston Symphony in Beethoven's Ninth—Brahms and Strauss for Last Philharmonic—Friends of Music in "Samson"

BEETHOVEN'S Ninth Symphony, which Serge Koussevitzky will give for the first time in New York, will be the feature of both concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. These will be this orchestra's last visits to New York of the season. In the performance of this work the choral part will be taken by the Schola Cantorum, which has been trained by Hugh Ross. The quartet of soloists will be Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass. At each performance the symphony will be preceded by an orchestral concerto in D Major by Philip Emanuel Bach, which has been re-orchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg.

The Philharmonic-Symphony Society begins the last week of its eighty-seventh season tomorrow afternoon with a concert at Carnegie Hall under the direction of Clemens Krauss, guest conductor. The program includes the Tchaikovsky Fifth Symphony, and four Wagner numbers, overture to "The Flying Dutchman," Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Goetterdaemmerung," "Waldweben" from "Siegfried" and the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." For Thursday afternoon, Friday evening and Saturday evening Mr. Kraus has scheduled the overture to "Abu Hassan" of Weber, Korngold's "Much Ado About Nothing" Suite, the Hungarian Dances Nos. 10, 3 and 1 of Brahms and Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben." A Brahms-Strauss program comprising the First Symphony, the Love Scene from "Feuershot," "Don Juan," and "Salome's Dance" ends the season next Sunday afternoon at Carnegie Hall.

[illegible] April 11 and 13. This will be the orchestra's last visit to New York of the season. In the performance of this work, the choral part will be taken by the Schola Cantorum, which has been trained by Hugh Ross. The quartet of soloists will be Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van de Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass. At each performance the symphony will be preceded by an orchestral concerto in D major by Philip Emanuel Bach, which has been reorchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
APR 6 - 1929

* * *

The Boston Symphony orchestra is giving its final New York concerts of the season this week, the first taking place on Thursday evening and the second this afternoon. On both occasions Mr. Koussevitzky presented the "Ninth Symphony by Beethoven, with the chorus of the Schola Cantorum taking part. The soloists are Jeanette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Grange, basso. The orchestra was heard in concert at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, last evening.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

Boston Symphony in Brooklyn

The season's concluding concert in Brooklyn by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will be given at the Academy of Music next Friday evening (April 12). The programme includes:

"Unfinished" Symphony (Schubert), "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" Symphonic Schergo (Dukas), Second Symphony (Brahms).

153

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE
APR 7 - 1929

Greatness and Conductors

By EDWARD CUSHING

CONTRARY to the belief of many who have from time to time been given audience in these columns, such is the native and charming enthusiasm of the American public that there has grown up the warm-hearted practice of saluting the idol of the moment, or the season, as the greatest, whatever he may be, in the world. Butterfingers is the greatest fiddler, Bumpff is the greatest pianist, Leonini is the greatest conductor—the greatest, the greatest, the greatest in the world. It is not our intention now to question the sagacity of this custom, since other matters are afoot. Let us rather accept it for what it is, the indication of our amiable and generous temperament, and in pursuance thereof consider for a little while the contemporary claimants to Leonini's wreath of bay. Who is the Leonini of the hour, the greatest conductor, if not in the world which is large, then the most salient, or, shall we say, the least disputable conductor now before us? It has been suggested before that the honors of supremacy are in this connection sometimes too hastily bestowed, that their disposition is not unlikely to depend upon the emotion aroused by a few startling and superlative performances rather than upon a patient and judicious appraisal of the candidate's pretensions. So, lest we be led astray by that seductive error, let us take ourselves firmly in hand and—ruling out for the moment our most treasured recollections of Mr. Toscanini's Wagner, Mr. Mengelberg's Strauss, Mr. Koussewitsky's Russians and the Brahms and Bach of Mr. Stokowski—endeavor first of all to give definition to what we mean when we apply to a conductor the epithet great.

* * *

IMMEDIATELY, in the search for definition, we find ourselves up against the indefinable, the prime requisite of greatness, without which all other qualities are unavailing—namely, genius. It is the idiosyncrasy of music that until it is recreated, made audible, it must lie dormant, passive, almost in a state of not-being. It is nothing more than so much ink on paper, a schedule of directions having as little resemblance to the musical entity imagined by the composer as the architect's blueprints bear to the cathedral that will be erected from them. The analogy, of course, is slight; for the contractor, if he faithfully carry out the specifications supplied him, will achieve exactly the cathedral that the architect intended. But the builder in tones, the musician, has a far more difficult problem on his hands. A composer's blueprints cannot be so explicit as an architect's. It is literally true that the composer's intention cannot be set down on paper, that it can only be suggested by a formal system of notation supplemented with indications of tempo and dynamics and expression—a system which leaves open a wide possibility of misinterpretation. Essentially the composer's intention is incommunicable except by the meeting of minds across an unfathomable gulf, and to accomplish that meeting, that merging of spirits, is the first necessity of the conductor. He must, by a magic indispensable to his art, become a sort of projection of the composer, the composer's other self, and at the same time an unobstructed and, if the term is admissible, propulsive channel for the communication of the composer's logos. If it happens that the composer was a genius, then it follows that only a conductor who is also a genius can achieve this feat. Mr. Flutterarm makes an admirable impression with "Les Preludes" or the 1812 Overture, but he whips with a helpless baton the introduction to "Tristan," or the Passacaglia of the Brahms E minor Symphony—for the power of miracle is not his and the reanimation fails to occur.

* * *

THE direction of the modern orchestra of well over an hundred players and the competent performance of its vast and diverse literature require that the conductor be also possessed of an enormous technical equipment. Many of the second and even third-rate orchestral directors today are dazzling executants whose virtuosity would have completely overwhelmed their foremost predecessors two generations back. But despite their control of ways and means, it is a singular fact—which we shall not attempt to explain—that only the truly great conductor can build up and sustain a great orchestra, fusing its hundred-odd component parts into a single responsive instrument, developing that beauty of tone which is the ultimate test of its excellence. and imbuing it with the fire of his own genius. And with what other qualities must our least dispensable conductor be endowed? He must have taste and a reasonable amount of skill in the arranging of programs. He will not bore and irritate his audiences with the frequent performance, however magnificent, of inferior compositions. For, when all is said and done, the fact remains that one goes to concerts to hear music, and the better the music the better the concert, whereas the better the performance of poor music the more exasperating it becomes that splendid ability should be wasted upon ignoble material. Finally, the conductor must be highly sympathetic and receptive to new music, yet as discriminating in selecting it for performance as the current supply will permit. His musicianship must be both wide and deep, and, if he has original talent of his own, so much the better. This last may hardly be regarded as a sine qua non to greatness—indeed, most of the outstanding conductors in the history of the profession never played or published a bar of their own composition; but the value of a conductor to the community will be tremendously enhanced if he is also a distinguished musician.

* * *

NOW it is, as the reader will already have perceived, abundantly evident that no living conductor, and no dead one either for that matter, corresponds in every respect to the ideal figure that we have compelled ourselves to imagine. The most exalted among them always manage to leave something to be desired, although god-like, they are human; which is to say they all have their faults. One of [illegible] Leonini, the greatest conductor in the world, is that he plays everything better than his compeers could possibly play anything. And nothing, it need hardly be said, could be further from the truth. Dr. Karl Muck in the days before the war was the undisputed leader among the conductors before the American public. From Boston he brought his superb orchestra on ritualistic visits to New York, very much like a high priest in procession with the Ark of the Covenant for the edification of the worshipful provincials. An almost perfect conductor, Dr. Muck occasionally had his less impeccable moments. He would, for example, play "Scheherazade" as if it were something left over that he had found in the icebox—with a frigid distaste that omitted the dimmest suggestion of its coruscant, if slightly obvious, splendor. It may very well be that you have become a little weary of Rimsky's sumptuous evocation of the Thousand and One Nights—the thousand and one repetitions it has enjoyed in New York would dull the edge of far nobler music and has—but the fact remains that this suite is breathlessly and brilliantly alive from the first measure to the last, and for Dr. Muck to treat it as he might treat one of the less gaudy works of Max Reger was a lapse on the part of the great man that even his most catholic admirers found difficulty in condoning.

Dr. Muck, however, has long been incorporated in the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mr. Koussewitsky, the most fortunate of his successors in securing the affections of the public, now directs its destinies. No one who has heard Mr. Koussewitsky conduct performances of, say, music by Debussy, Ravel, Strawinsky or Scriabine will care to deny that he is a great conductor. His limitations, however, are not to be overlooked. For his levitous interpretations of the classics, of Beethoven, Schubert and Brahms he has long been notorious. Foremost among his contemporaries and rivals in New York [illegible] have [illegible] recently, [illegible]. Now the characteristics of Mr. Mengelberg's conducting, since in all probability we will hear little more of it, there is no need to linger. An ardent spirit certainly, he does many things incomparably well—his Strauss, for example. But much also that he has done has a pedestrian quality, a mere competence over which one cannot enthuse, and as years have passed his programs have grown more and more indifferent in quality. Conducting appears no longer to be an art in his case, but to have degenerated, at its worst, into a routine, and so he can press no serious claim upon our attention.

With Mr. Toscanini it is otherwise, though even he is not infallible. His programs, certainly, are little better than Mr. Mengelberg's; the novelties that he has offered have been commonplace or worse, for his is an unfortunate fondness for blatantly second-rate Italian music. He has played many a witless composition by some one of his compatriots and contemporaries for all it was worth, but since it was worth nothing (alas, how often!) the whole matter amounted in the end to exactly that. There remains, of course, his pre-eminence as an executant of the composer's will. Yet Mr. Toscanini has occasionally, and

is matters not now rarely, failed even here—in the recreation of the slow movement of the Brahms D major Symphony, for example, or of Debussy's "Iberia," or the overture to "Tannhaeuser." But on the whole, we suppose, as the servant of the composer, Mr. Toscanini deserves to be considered great—indeed, very great. The trouble is merely that he chooses so often to serve composers who do not merit his ministrations, to lavish upon an unworthy object the precious, the incalculable benefit of his care and devotion.

* * *

WHICH brings us to Mr. Stokowski. One remembers the gallant leader of the Philadelphia Orchestra galloping through a pompously vacant symphony by Bruckner with the air of a commuter whose eye is on his wrist watch and whose whole mind is anxiously concentrated on the 10:26 train for Philadelphia. Nobody, so far as is known, made Mr. Stokowski play Bruckner's symphony; it was evident that he did not enjoy it, and neither did any one else—a circumstance which in any case was probable, but which was rendered unavoidable by Mr. Stokowski. That was several years ago, however, and it is to be remembered that the eminent Philadelphian no longer behaves quite so cavalierly toward his New York audience (though last Tuesday evening he inflicted upon them a trying program and a very unsatisfactory reading of Mozart's G minor Symphony). Still a young man, for a conductor of his rank, he presents, in a felicitous combination, many of the qualities which determine a conductor's value to his audience. He is, without question, an unsurpassable virtuoso of orchestral technique, one who plays upon the most intricate and difficult of instruments with a mastery of its every recourse that is often breath-taking. And he is—one cannot deny it—a profound and often exquisitely perceptive musician, a sensitive, passionate and nobly eloquent expositor of at least two of the four gospels of music. His Bach and his Brahms stand alone; his Beethoven has been equalled, maybe it has been surpassed. But only as exegete of the Fourth Book is he surely lower than the highest—for when Mr. Toscanini discourses upon Wagner he is a prophet speaking to us from a mountain-top whose lightning-girded crest none but he can scale.

It is not Wagner, not Beethoven, then, but Bach and Brahms that are the measure of Mr. Stokowski's greatness. No one who has heard him conduct the Philadelphia Orchestra in his own arrangement of the C minor Passacaglia can doubt the primacy of that genius. To those who would know this man's stature, we recommend the study of his phonographic recording of the Brahms C minor and F major Symphonies; play them over and follow them attentively with the score: everything that you read on those astonishing pages is there, and yet there is infinitely more—there is the living flame that is enkindled only by the contact of genius with genius. Such things are the very miracles of our latter day, not to be explained * * *

Mr. Toscanini and Mr. Stokowski are, therefore, the least dispensable conductors now before us? The question, we believe, admits of only one answer. They are not the ideal conductors that the imagination conjures into being, but within human limitations they are great. It would be a splendid thing if the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra were to be delivered finally and permanently into their hands, to be perfected by them, and employed as the instrument for the revelation not so much of their genius as of the genius which at their command springs into ardent and indomitable life from music's printed page. And perhaps—who can tell?—we may rejoice in this blessing.

PING FROM THE
SUN
R 5 1929

ICAL NOTES

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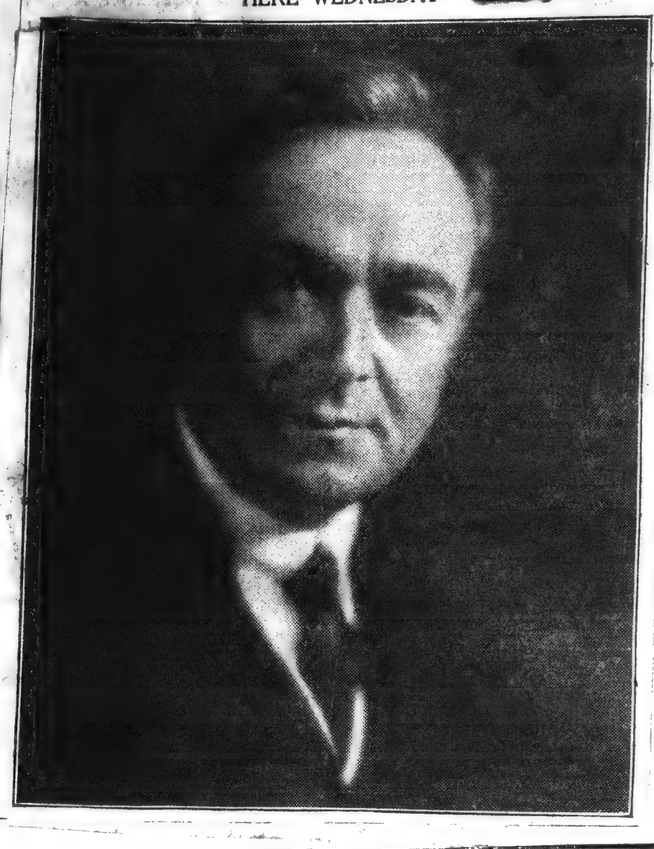
THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN
JOURNAL COURIER
APR 6 - 1929

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, LEADER OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY, HERE WEDNESDAY



THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
APR 6 - 1

Closing

H'S EFFECT
SITIVE MIND

Symphony, which Serge Koussevitzky will give for the first time in New York, will be the feature of both concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. These will be this orchestra's last visits to New York of the season. In the performance of this work the choral part will be taken by the Schola Cantorum, which has been trained by Hugh Ross. The quartet of soloists will be Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass. At each performance the symphony will be preceded by an orchestral concerto in D Major by Philip Emanuel Bach, which has been re-orchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg.

The Philharmonic-Symphony Society begins the last week of its eighty-seventh season tomorrow afternoon with a concert at Carnegie Hall under the direction of Clemens Krauss, guest conductor. The program includes the Tchaikovsky Fifth Symphony, and four Wagner numbers, overture to "The Flying Dutchman," Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Goetterdaemmerung," "Waldweben" from "Siegfried" and the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger." For Thursday afternoon, Friday evening and Saturday evening Mr. Kraus has scheduled the overture to "Abu Hassan" of Weber, Korngold's "Much Ado About Nothing" Suite, the Hungarian Dances Nos. 10, 3 and 1 of Brahms and Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben." A Brahms-Strauss program comprising the First Symphony, the Love Scene from "Feuersnot," "Don Juan," and "Salome's Dance" ends the season next Sunday afternoor at Carnegie Hall.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. SUN

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which will be heard for the first time in New York under Mr. Kousevitzky, will be the feature of both concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon, April 11 and 12. This will be the orchestra's last visit to New York of the season. In the performance of this work, the choral part will be taken by the Schola Cantorum, which has been trained by Hugh Ross. The quartet of soloists will be Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van de Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass. At each performance the symphony will be preceded by an orchestral concerto in D major by Philip Emanuel Bach, which has been reorchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
6 - 1929

* * *

The Boston Symphony orchestra is giving its final New York concerts of the season this week, the first taking place on Thursday evening and the second this afternoon. On both occasions Mr. Koussevitzky presented the "Ninth Symphony" by Beethoven, with the chorus of the Schola Cantorum taking part. The soloists are Jeanette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Grange, basso. The orchestra was heard in concert at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, last evening.

THIS CLIPPING FROM

Boston Symphony in Brooklyn

The season's concluding concert in Brooklyn by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will be given at the Academy of Music next Friday evening (April 12). The programme includes:

"Unfinished" Symphony (Schubert), "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" Symphonic Schergo (Dukas), Second Symphony (Brahms).

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE
APR 7 - 1929

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Greatness and Conductors

By EDWARD CUSHING

CONTRARY to the belief of many who have from time to time been given audience in these columns, such is the native and charming enthusiasm of the American public that there has grown up the warm-hearted practice of saluting the idol of the moment, or the season, as the greatest, whatever he may be, in the world. Butterfingers is the greatest fiddler, Bumpff is the greatest pianist, Leonini is the greatest conductor—the greatest, the greatest, the greatest in the world. It is not our intention now to question the sagacity of this custom, since other matters are afoot. Let us rather accept it for what it is, the indication of our amiable and generous temperament, and in pursuance thereof consider for a little while the contemporary claimants to Leonini's wreath of bay. Who is the Leonini of the hour, the greatest conductor, if not in the world which is large, then the most salient, or, shall we say, the least dispensable conductor now before us? It has been suggested before that the honors of supremacy are in this connection sometimes too hastily bestowed, that their disposition is not unlikely to depend upon the emotions aroused by a few startling and superlative performances rather than upon a patient and judicious appraisal of the candidate's pretensions. So, lest we be led astray by that seductive error, let us take ourselves firmly in hand and—ruling out for the moment our most treasured recollections of Mr. Toscanini's Wagner, Mr. Mengelberg's Strauss, Mr. Koussewitsky's Russians and the Brahms and Bach of Mr. Stokowski—endeavor first of all to give definition to what we mean when we apply to a conductor the epithet great.

* *

IMMEDIATELY, in the search for definition, we find ourselves up against the indefinable, the prime requisite of greatness, without which all other qualities are unavailing—namely, genius. It is the idiosyncrasy of music that until it is recreated, made audible, it must lie dormant, passive, almost in a state of not-being. It is nothing more than so much ink on paper, a schedule of directions having as little resemblance to the musical entity imagined by the composer as the architect's blueprints bear to the cathedral that will be erected from them. The analogy, of course, is slight; for the contractor, if he faithfully carry out the specifications supplied him, will achieve exactly the cathedral that the architect intended. But the builder in tones, the musician, has a far more difficult problem on his hands. A composer's blueprints cannot be so explicit as an architect's. It is literally true that the composer's intention cannot be set down on paper, that it can only be suggested by a formal system of notation supplemented with indications of tempo and dynamics and expression—a system which leaves open a wide possibility of misinterpretation. Essentially the composer's intention is incommunicable except by the meeting of minds across an unfathomable gulf, and to accomplish that meeting, that merging of spirits, is the first necessity of the conductor. He must, by a magic indispensable to his art, become a sort of projection of the composer, the composer's other self, and at the same time an unobstructed and, if the term is admissible, propulsive channel for the communication of the composer's logos. If it happens that the composer was a genius, then it follows that only a conductor who is also a genius can achieve this feat. Mr. Flutterarm makes an admirable impression with "Les Preludes" or the 1812 Overture, but he whips with a helpless baton the introduction to "Tristan," or the Passacaglia of the Brahms E minor Symphony—for the power of miracle is not his and the reanimation fails to occur.

* * *

THE direction of the modern orchestra of well over an hundred players and the competent performance of its vast and diverse literature require that the conductor be also possessed of an enormous technical equipment. Many of the second and even third-rate orchestral directors today are dazzling executants whose virtuosity would have completely overwhelmed their foremost predecessors two generations back. But despite their control of ways and means, it is a singular fact—which we shall not attempt to explain—that only the truly great conductor can build up and sustain a great orchestra, fusing its hundred-odd component parts into a single responsive instrument, developing that beauty of tone which is the ultimate test of its excellence. and imbuing it with the fire of his own genius. And with what other qualities must our least dispensable conductor be endowed? He must have taste and a reasonable amount of skill in the arranging of programs. He will not bore and irritate his audiences with the frequent performance, however magnificent, of inferior compositions. For, when all is said and done, the fact remains that one goes to concerts to hear music, and the better the music the better the concert, whereas the better the performance of poor music the more exasperating it becomes that splendid ability should be wasted upon ignoble material. Finally, the conductor must be highly sympathetic and receptive to new music, yet as discriminating in selecting it for performance as the current supply will permit. His musicianship must be both wide and deep, and, if he has original talent of his own, so much the better. This last may hardly be regarded as a sine qua non to greatness—indeed, most of the outstanding conductors in the history of the profession never played or published a bar of their own composition; but the value of a conductor to the community will be tremendously enhanced if he is also a distinguished musician.

* *

NOW it is, as the reader will already have perceived, abundantly evident that no living conductor, and no dead one either for that matter, corresponds in every respect to the ideal figure that we have compelled ourselves to imagine. The most exalted among them always manage to leave something to be desired, although god-like, they are human; which is to say they all have their faults. One of [illegible] and stubborn[illegible] about Leonini, the greatest conductor in the world, is that he plays everything better than his compeers could possibly play anything. And nothing, it need hardly be said, could be further from the truth. Dr. Karl Muck in the days before the war was the undisputed leader among the conductors before the American public. From Boston he brought his superb orchestra on ritualistic visits to New York, very much like a high priest in procession with the Ark of the Covenant for the edification of the worshipful provincials. An almost perfect conductor, Dr. Muck occasionally had his less impeccable moments. He would, for example, play "Scheherazade" as if it were something left over that he had found in the icebox—with a frigid distaste that omitted the dimmest suggestion of its coruscant, if slightly obvious, splendor. It may very well be that you have become a little weary of Rimsky's sumptuous evocation of the Thousand and One Nights—the thousand and one repetitions it has enjoyed in New York would dull the edge of far nobler music and has—but the fact remains that this suite is breathlessly and brilliantly alive from the first measure to the last, and for Dr. Muck to treat it as he might treat one of the less gaudy works of Max Reger was a lapse on the part of the great man that even his most catholic admirers found difficulty in condoning.

Dr. Muck, however, has long been incorporated in the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mr. Koussewitsky, the most fortunate of his successors in securing the affections of the public, now directs its destinies. No one who has heard Mr. Koussewitsky conduct performances of, say, music by Debussy, Ravel, Strawinsky or Scriabin will care to deny that he is a great conductor. His limitations, however, are not to be overlooked. For his levitous interpretations of the classics, of Beethoven, Schubert and Brahms he has long been notorious. Foremost among his contemporaries and rivals in New York have [illegible]. Now the characteristics of Mr. Mengelberg's conducting, since in all probability we will hear little more of it, there is no need to linger. An ardent spirit certainly, he does many things incomparably well—his Strauss, for example. But much also that he has done has a pedestrian quality, a mere competence over which one cannot enthuse, and as years have passed his programs have grown more and more indifferent in quality. Conducting appears no longer to be an art in his case, but to have degenerated, at its worst, into a routine, and so he can press no serious claim upon our attention.

With Mr. Toscanini it is otherwise, though even he is not infallible. His programs, certainly, are little better than Mr. Mengelberg's; the novelties that he has offered have been commonplace or worse, for his is an unfortunate fondness for blatantly second-rate Italian music. He has played many a witless composition by some one of his compatriots and contemporaries for all it was worth, but since it was worth nothing (alas, how often!) the whole matter amounted in the end to exactly that. There remains, of course, his pre-eminence as an executant of the composer's will. Yet Mr. Toscanini has occasionally, and it matters not how rarely, failed even here—in the recreation of the slow movement of the Brahms D major Symphony, for example, or of Debussy's "Iberia," or the overture to "Tannhaeuser." But on the whole, we suppose, as the servant of the composer, Mr. Toscanini deserves to be considered great—indeed, very great. The trouble is merely that he chooses so often to serve composers who do not merit his ministrations, to lavish upon an unworthy object the precious, the incalculable benefit of his care and devotion.

* * *

WHICH brings us to Mr. Stokowski. One remembers the gallant leader of the Philadelphia Orchestra galloping through a pompously vacant symphony by Bruckner with the air of a commuter whose eye is on his wrist watch and whose whole mind is anxiously concentrated on the 10:25 train for Philadelphia. Nobody, so far as is known, made Mr. Stokowski play Bruckner's symphony; it was evident that he did not enjoy it, and neither did any one else—a circumstance which in any case was probable, but which was rendered unavoidable by Mr. Stokowski. That was several years ago, however, and it is to be remembered that the eminent Philadelphian no longer behaves quite so cavalierly toward his New York audience (though last Tuesday evening he inflicted upon them a trying program and a very unsatisfactory reading of Mozart's G minor Symphony). Still a young man, for a conductor of his rank, he presents, in a delicitous combination, many of the qualities which determine a conductor's value to his audience. He is, without question, an unsurpassable virtuoso of orchestral technique, one who plays upon the most intricate and difficult of instruments with a mastery of its every recourse that is often breath-taking. And he is—one cannot deny it—a profound and often exquisitely perceptive musician, a sensitive, passionate and nobly eloquent expositor of at least two of the four gospels of music. His Bach and his Brahms stand alone; his Beethoven has been equaled, maybe if has been surpassed. But only as exegete of the Fourth Book is he surely lower than the highest—for when Mr. Toscanini discourses upon Wagner he is a prophet speaking to us from a mountain-top whose lightning-girded crest none but he can scale.

It is not Wagner, not Beethoven, then, but Bach and Brahms that are the measure of Mr. Stokowski's greatness. No one who has heard him conduct the Philadelphia Orchestra in his own arrangement of the C minor Passacaglia can doubt the primacy of that genius. To those who would know this man's stature, we recommend the study of his phonographic recording of the Brahms C minor and F major Symphonies; play them over and follow them attentively with the score: everything that you read on those astonishing pages is there, and yet there is infinitely more—there is the living flame that is enkindled only by the contact of genius with genius. Such things are the very miracles of our latter day, not to be explained * * *

Mr. Toscanini and Mr. Stokowski are, therefore, the least dispensable conductors now before us? The question, we believe, admits of only one answer. They are not the ideal conductors that the imagination conjures into being, but within human limitations they are great. It would be a splendid thing if the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra were to be delivered finally and permanently into their hands, to be perfected by them, and employed as the instrument for the revelation not so much of their genius as of the genius which at their command springs into ardent and indomitable life from music's printed page. And perhaps—who can tell?—we may rejoice in this blessing.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
CITIZEN
APR 7 - 192

MUSIC IN BROOKLYN

Serge Koussevitzky will lead the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its last concert of its season, in Brooklyn, next Friday evening, April 12, in the Academy of Music. The program will begin with Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony in B minor, which has naturally been a feature of the season which has marked the centennial of the composer's death.

Koussevitzky will also present the scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," of Paul Dukas, the living French composer, which is a humorous musical characterization of Goethe's fanciful ballad. The Magician's apprentice picks up enough of his master's art to experiment with it in his absence by using the proper incantations. He sets up the broom as a scarecrow, gives it a pail of water and orders it to clean up the place, but what he has started he has not the power to stop. There is a general flood, and the master, returning, finally restores order.

The program at the season will end with Brahm's lyric masterpiece, the Second Symphony in D major.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES
APR 7 - 192

BEETHOVEN'S Choral Symphony, better known as the Ninth, has been chosen by Serge Koussevitzky for two of his farewell concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's season in New York. There will be a more general program in Brooklyn on Friday. The Beethoven classic will be heard in Manhattan at the concerts in Carnegie Hall on both Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon.

In the performance of this work, adds an official note, the choral part will be taken by the Schola Cantorum, which has been trained by Hugh Ross. The quartet of soloists will be Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van der Veer, Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange.

At each performance the symphony will be preceded by an orchestral concerto in D major by Philip Emanuel Bach, which has been reorchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg.

When the Ninth Symphony was done in Boston last week it was preceded by what Philip Hale described as an "incomparably beautiful performance" of Beethoven's First Symphony, for which Mr. Koussevitzky reduced the size of the orchestra. The soloists in the Ninth on that occasion were Ethyl Hayden, Devora Nadvorney, Charles Stratton and the bass, who alone will be in the quartet for the New York hearing, Fraser Gange.

Before the other music at their Boston concert, Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave the funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica" in memory of Field Marshal Foch.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE
APR 7 - 192

Under the direction of Serge Koussewitsky, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its final pair of New York concerts this season in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon of this week. The programs for both occasions are identical:

C. P. E. Bach .....Concerto in B
Beethoven .....Ninth Symphony

The orchestra will be assisted by the chorus of the Schola Cantorum and by four soloists.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
TIMES
APR 7 - 192

Sergei Koussevitsky closes out his Brooklyn season on Friday night when the Boston Symphony Orchestra will offer at the Academy of Music Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony, the scherzo from Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" and Brahms' second symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK WORLD
APR 7 - 1929

Koussevitzky Leads Here

...Carnegie Hall Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. This will be this orchestra's last visit to New York of the season. In the performance of this work, the choral part will be taken by the Schola Cantorum, which has been trained by Hugh Ross. The quartet of soloists will be Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass.

At each performance the symphony will be preceded by an orchestral concerto in D major by Philip Emanuel Bach, which has been reorchestrated by Maximilian Steinberg.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN
JOURNAL COURIER
APR 7 - 192

SPLENDID PROGRAM BY BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCH.

Serge Koussevitzky offers a program of engrossing interest and great brilliance and beauty for the coming visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to New Haven for a concert under the auspices of the Yale University School of Music. The concert will be given in Woolsey hall tomorrow evening.

The principal number on the program will be Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in E minor. This master work of Tchaikovsky is one of the most impressive and popular of his scores. The lovely andante cantabile of the second movement, introduced by a horn solo, is particularly famous. The interpretation of this symphony by the remarkable Russian conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is looked upon as one of his finest achievements.

The first part of the program will consist of three shorter classics of the French school—Berlioz' Overture to "The Roman Carnival," Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," and Dukas' Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

Berliozs resplendent Overture owesits color largely to the use of the English horn, which as an orchestral instrument was comparatively new in the composer's day. Perhaps the most characteristic single instrument of Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" is the solo flute, which contributes largely to the mood picture of the Faun, lying on a grassy bank and dreaming of his amours with a group of nymphs. Debussy thus set in music the verses of Mallarme, the impressionist poet.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
N. Y. Herald-Tribune
APR 7 - 192

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, paying its last New York visit of the season this week, will devote its Thursday night and Saturday afternoon programs to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, preceded by Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach's concerto in D, as arranged by Maximilian Steinberg. The Schola Cantorum, trained by Hugh Ross, will be the assisting chorus in the finale of the Beethoven work, with Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada van der Veer, Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange as the soloists.

These will be Mr. Koussevitzky's first performances of the Boston Symphony in New York.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER
APR 7 - 1

An Ear for Music

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, who will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Woolsey Hall on the evening of April 10, has in the four years he has directed this remarkable ensemble of musicians advanced the high standard always maintained by this organization to even greater heights. The program to be presented by the brilliant Russian and the 110 musicians under the sway of his baton is a particularly stimulating one.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES
APR 7 - 192

Howard Hanson's Nordic Symphony will be heard for the first time in Boston on April 5 and 6, when it will be performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES
APR 7 - 192

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, 8:30 P. M. Conductor, Serge Koussevitzky; assisting artists, the Schola Cantorum of New York, conducted by Hugh Ross. Soloists, Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van der Veer, Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange.

Concerto for Orchestra in D major..C. P. E. Bach.....Arr. by Maxmillan Steinberg
Symphony No. 9 in D minor, with final Chorus on Schiller's "Ode to Joy," Op. 125 .....Beethoven

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER
APR 8 - 192

THE CAREER OF SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

Nothing, save his eloquent performances, reveals more clearly the artistic sincerity and devotion of Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which comes to Woolsey Hall Wednesday evening, than the circumstances of his career.

He first conducted as a boy of twelve when he led the local theatre orchestra at his birthplace in the province of Tver, in northern Russia. Attending the Conservatory at Moscow, he was required to study an instrument. He chose the doublebass, and the noted master, Ramboussec, was his teacher. His proficiency upon this unusual instrument became so extraordinary that he toured all of Europe and became famous before he was even known as a conductor.

Koussevitzky's abilities, indeed, were not of the sort to be so confined to a limited field, and from 1909 he devoted all his energies to conducting. He organized his own symphony orchestra in Moscow, which soon came to be considered the finest in Russia. In Moscow and Petrograd he conducted the classics gave Beethoven, Bach, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and other festivals each season, and championed works by young composers then unknown but since accepted.

But Koussevitzky could not rest content with bringing music to the city folk of Russia. There lay about him a vast agrarian population, most of whom had never even heard a symphony concert. He chartered a large steamer on the Volga River, and, taking his entire orchestra, together with soloists and a group of friends, made several voyages along the 2,500 miles of its basin. The party would port at each town along its bank, and announce a symphony concert in the local town hall. The country folk were of course astonished at this wonderful new kind of music, but they were also both delighted and moved by it.

In 1909, in partnership with his wife, Koussevitzky inaugurated in Russia what has come to be one of the most important of music publishing concerns. In this way there have been published works by such Russian composers as Stranvinsky, Rachmaninoff, Prokofieff, and Sciabin. Thus, in championing a new score which he believes significant, Koussevitzky can give it public performance and publication as well.

The revolution deprived Koussevitzky of his Orchestra, but not of his energies. He became conductor of the Russian State Orchestra (formerly the Court Orchestra).

It was in 1920 that Koussevitzky was first heard as a conductor in western Europe. He assembled an orchestra in Paris, and has since conducted annually his series of "Concerts Koussevitzky" at the Opera House. He is also invited annually to conduct a series as guest of Sir Henry Wood's Orchestra in London. Principally through these concerts, but also by virture of operatic performances in Paris and elsewhere, Koussevitzky has come to be regarded as the most brilliant, inspired, and inspiring conductor in that part of the world.

Each Spring since Koussevitzky became the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1924, he has returned at the conclusion of his American season to conduct his Paris and London series, which the European public evidently, hold to be an indispensable part of his musical life.

America's admiration of Koussevitzky need scarcely be pointed out. The Boston Symphony Orchestra's sensitive response as one man to his least gesture bespeaks the leader of command and authority. The fine clarity with which he presents the music of the older masters, his inspired eloquence with the "romantics", and his discernment in choosing and his brilliance in performing the significant music of our own day; these things reveal an extraordinary range of artistic sympathy. And not least, there are qualities of illuminating imagination in his performances which are said to be quite without equal.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TIMES UNION
APR 9 - 1929

Growth of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

In 47 years, the Boston Symphony orchestra which comes to Woolsey hall tomorrow evening, has become a great cultural force and one of the finest musical organizations in the world. In size, in schedule, in cultural influence, and in prestige, it has grown from relatively small beginnings to a present estate as busy as it is glorious.

EMINENCE THROUGH YEARS OF ENDEAVOR.

The gradual growth of the Boston Symphony orchestra is interesting to follow. In 1881 the orchestra, as founded by Major Henry Lee Higginson, numbered 60 players, a personnel which has since grown to 110. Its original season of 20 concerts in Boston, and occasional appearances elsewhere, has increased to more than 73 concerts in greater Boston, and concerts on tour, which brings the total number of each season to considerably over 100. The most illlustrious personnel which could be obtained, under the guiding hand of a succession of great conductors, has resulted in an orchestra—the name of which has long stood throughout the musical world as a by-word of the nearest thing to perfection in symphonic performance humanly possible.

HOW ITS SCHEDULE OF CONCERTS HAS GROWN.

The Boston Symphony orchestra began its career by giving 20 concerts on successive Saturday evenings in Boston. Soon the practice was started of admitting the public to the last rehearsal on the preceding Friday afternoon, for the small fee of 25 cents. These rehearsals eventually took on the aspect of a regular concert, except the name which likewise was finally dropped. Thus a weekly Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concert, at which the program was played brought the annual number of concerts in Boston to 48. When the demand for seats became greater than these concerts could supply a series of five Monday evening concerts was added, and later still another series of five Tuesday afternoon concerts. These, together with pension fund concerts on Sunday afternoons, concerts for the young people, and nine concerts which are given in Cambridge, across the Charles river, under the auspices of Harvard university, gives the total of 75 annual concerts by this orchestra in its own city.

CONCERTS AFIELD.

On five weeks during the season, which lasts from early October until the end of April, the orchestra visits New York, giving each time a concert in Carnegie hall on Thursday evening, a concert in Brooklyn on Friday evening, and another concert with a different program in Carnegie hall on Saturday afternoon. The full itinerary also includes a series of five concerts in Providence, R. I., orchestral concerts in New England, and an annnual tour of the north, middle west, or south, which carries the orchestra as far as Canada, Chicago, or Washington.

The Boston Symphony orchestra has traveled so far as Chicago, and in 1915, the summer of the Panama Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, traveled in a body across 3,000 miles of the continent to the Pacific coast, giving a notable series on the exposition grounds.

CONCERTS AT UNIVERSITIES.

The principal universities in New England, engage the orchestra each year to give a concert under their auspices, notably: Harvard university in Cambridge, Yale university in New Haven, Wellesley college at Wellesley, Cornell university in Ithaca, N. Y., Brown university in Rhode Island, and Smith college at Northampton, Mass.

EACH SERIES SOLIDLY SUBSCRIBED.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER
APR 9 - 192

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In 1881, the late Major Henry L. Higginson realized the first dream and aspiration of his life by founding in Boston a full-sized symphony orchestra —a rare phonomenon in those days. This noted musician, soldier, financier, and public-spirited citizen believed that there was a musical public for such an undertaking. Sparing no expense, he engaged the finest musicians then available in Europe to fill up its ranks, and brought to this country one after another of the world's greatest conductors to lend their individual genius to the cumulative improvement of the Orchestra.

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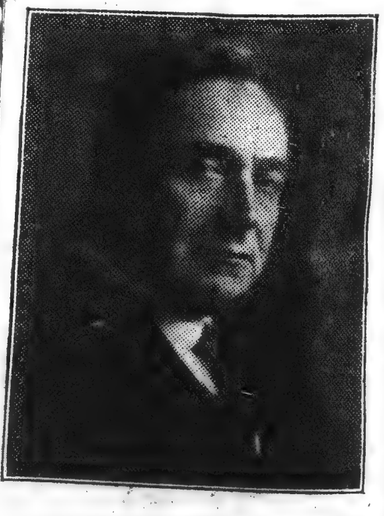
With such a combination of a great orchestra and a great leader it is not surprising that a Boston Symphony concert is regarded as one of the finest achievements in the musical performances of our day. There are waiting lists for every subscription series, and seats for any concert are at a premium.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN
JOURNAL COURIER
APR 10 192

Serge Koussevitzky, Leader of Boston Symphony Orchestra



154

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
CITIZEN

APR 7

MUSIC IN BROOKLYN

Serge Koussevitzky will lead the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its last concert of its season, in Brooklyn, next Friday evening, April 12, in the Academy of Music. The program will begin with Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony in B minor, which has naturally been a feature of the season which has marked the centennial of the composer's death.

Koussevitzky will also present the scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," of Paul Dukas, the living French composer, which is a humorous musical characterization of Goethe's fanciful ballad. The Magician's apprentice picks up enough of his master's art to experiment with it in his absence by using the proper incantations. He sets up the broom as a scarecrow, gives it a pail of water and orders it to clean up the place, but what he has started he has not the power to stop. There is a general flood, and the master, returning, finally restores order.

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Beethoven .....Ninth Symphony

The orchestra will be assisted by the chorus of the Schola Cantorum and by four soloi

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TIMES

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK WORLD

APR 7 - 192

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America's admiration of Koussevitzky need scarcely be pointed out. The Boston Symphony Orchestra's sensitive response as one man to his least gesture bespeaks the leader of command and authority. The fine clarity with which he presents the music of the older masters, his inspired eloquence with the "romantics", and his discernment in choosing and his brilliance in performing the significant music of our own day; these things reveal an extraordinary range of artistic sympathy. And not least, there are qualities of illuminating imagination in his performances which are said to be quite without equal.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TIMES UNION

APR 9 - 1925

Growth of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

In 47 years, the Boston Symphony orchestra which comes to Woolsey hall tomorrow evening, has become a great cultural force and one of the finest musical organizations in the world. In size, in schedule, in cultural influence, and in prestige, it has grown from relatively small beginnings to a present estate as busy as it is glorious.

EMINENCE THROUGH YEARS OF ENDEAVOR.

The gradual growth of the Boston Symphony orchestra is interesting to follow. In 1881 the orchestra, as founded by Major Henry Lee Higginson, numbered 60 players, a personnel which has since grown to 110. Its original season of 20 concerts in Boston, and occasional appearances elsewhere, has increased to more than 73 concerts in greater Boston, and concerts on tour, which brings the total number of each season to considerably over 100. The most illlustrious personnel which could be obtained, under the guiding hand of a succession of great conductors, has resulted in an orchestra—the name of which has long stood throughout the musical world as a by-word of the nearest thing to perfection in symphonic performance humanly possible.

HOW ITS SCHEDULE OF CONCERTS HAS GROWN.

The Boston Symphony orchestra began its career by giving 20 concerts on successive Saturday evenings in Boston. Soon the practice was started of admitting the public to the last rehearsal on the preceding Friday afternoon, for the small fee of 25 cents. These rehearsals eventually took on the aspect of a regular concert, except the name which likewise was finally dropped. Thus a weekly Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concert, at which the program was played brought the annual number of concerts in Boston to 48. When the demand for seats became greater than these concerts could supply a series of five Monday evening concerts was added, and later still another series of five Tuesday afternoon concerts. These, together with pension fund concerts on Sunday afternoons, concerts for the young people, and nine concerts which are given in Cambridge, across the Charles river, under the auspices of Harvard university, gives the total of 75 annual concerts by this orchestra in its own city.

CONCERTS AFIELD.

On five weeks during the season, which lasts from early October until the end of April, the orchestra visits New York, giving each time a concert in Carnegie hall on Thursday evening, a concert in Brooklyn on Friday evening, and another concert with a different program in Carnegie hall on Saturday afternoon. The full itinerary also includes a series of five concerts in Providence, R. I., orchestral concerts in New England, and an annnual tour of the north, middle west, or south, which carries the orchestra as far as Canada, Chicago, or Washington.

The Boston Symphony orchestra has traveled so far as Chicago, and in 1915, the summer of the Panama Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, traveled in a body across 3,000 miles of the continent to the Pacific coast, giving a notable series on the exposition grounds.

CONCERTS AT UNIVERSITIES.

The principal universities in New England, engage the orchestra each year to give a concert under their auspices, notably: Harvard university in Cambridge, Yale university in New Haven, Wellesley college at Wellesley, Cornell university in Ithaca, N. Y., Brown university in Rhode Island, and Smith college at Northampton, Mass.

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER

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The second conductor, Wilhelm Gericke, had two terms (1884-9 and 1898-1906). Through years of tireless training, this through and arduous musician gradually built up the fine ensemble for which the Boston Symphony Orchestra has since held its special renown. In the interim of Gericke's periods of service came Arthur Nikisch, the great Hungarian leader, and Emil Pauer who conducted through 1893-8.

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JOURNAL COURIER

Serge Koussevitzky, Leader of Boston Symphony Orchestra

154

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
CITIZEN
APR 7

The Morning Cho... St. Paul's S... Aft...

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The "Wh... Vocal Quartets."

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NEW YORK WORLD
APR 7 - 1...

Koussevitzky Leads Here Saturday

Boston Orchestra's Last Visit Features Ninth of Beethoven

BEETHOVEN'S "Choral" symphony, in which Serge Koussevitzky will be heard for the first time in New York, will be the feature of both concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. This will be this orchestra's last visit to New York of the season. In the performance of this work, the choral part will be taken by the Schola Cantorum, which has been trained by Hugh Ross. The quartet of soloists will be Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass.

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It was in 1920 that Koussevitzky was first heard as a conductor in western Europe. He assembled an orchestra in Paris, and has since conducted annually his series of "Concerts Koussevitzky" at the Opera House. He is also invited annually to conduct a series as guest of Sir Henry Wood's Orchestra in London. Principally through these concerts, but also by virture of operatic performances in Paris and elsewhere, Koussevitzky has come to be regarded as the most brilliant, inspired, and inspiring conductor in that part of the world.

Each Spring since Koussevitzky became the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1924, he has returned at the conclusion of his American season to conduct his Paris and London series, which the European public evidently, hold to be an indispensable part of his musical life.

America's admiration of Koussevitzky need scarcely be pointed out. The Boston Symphony Orchestra's sensitive response as one man to his least gesture bespeaks the leader of command and authority. The fine clarity with which he presents the music of the older masters, his inspired eloquence with the "romantics", and his discernment in choosing and his brilliance in performing the significant music of our own day; these things reveal an extraordinary range of artistic sympathy. And not least, there are qualities of illuminating imagination in his performances which are said to be quite without equal.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TIMES UNION
APR 9 - 192...

Growth of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

In 47 years, the Boston Symphony orchestra which comes to Woolsey hall tomorrow evening, has become a great cultural force and one of the finest musical organizations in the world. In size, in schedule, in cultural influence, and in prestige, it has grown from relatively small beginnings to a present estate as busy as it is glorious.

EMINENCE THROUGH YEARS OF ENDEAVOR.

The gradual growth of the Boston Symphony orchestra is interesting to follow. In 1881 the orchestra, as founded by Major Henry Lee Higginson, numbered 60 players, a personnel which has since grown to 110. Its original season of 20 concerts in Boston, and occasional appearances elsewhere, has increased to more than 73 concerts in greater Boston, and concerts on tour, which brings the total number of each season to considerably over 100. The most illustrious personnel which could be obtained, under the guiding hand of a succession of great conductors, has resulted in an orchestra—the name of which has long stood throughout the musical world as a by-word of the nearest thing to perfection in symphonic performance humanly possible.

HOW ITS SCHEDULE OF CONCERTS HAS GROWN.

The Boston Symphony orchestra began its career by giving 20 concerts on successive Saturday evenings in Boston. Soon the practice was started of admitting the public to the last rehearsal on the preceding Friday afternoon, for the small fee of 25 cents. These rehearsals eventually took on the aspect of a regular concert, except the name which likewise was finally dropped. Thus a weekly Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concert, at which the program was played brought the annual number of concerts in Boston to 48. When the demand for seats became greater than these concerts could supply a series of five Monday evening concerts was added, and later still another series of five Tuesday afternoon concerts. These, together with pension fund concerts on Sunday afternoons, concerts for the young people, and nine concerts which are given in Cambridge, across the Charles river, under the auspices of Harvard university, gives the total of 75 annual concerts by this orchestra in its own city.

CONCERTS AFIELD.

On five weeks during the season, which lasts from early October until the end of April, the orchestra visits New York, giving each time a concert in Carnegie hall on Thursday evening, a concert in Brooklyn on Friday evening, and another concert with a different program in Carnegie hall on Saturday afternoon. The full itinerary also includes a series of five concerts in Providence, R. I., orchestral concerts in New England, and an annual tour of the north, middle west, or south, which carries the orchestra as far as Canada, Chicago, or Washington.

The Boston Symphony orchestra has traveled so far as Chicago, and in 1915, the summer of the Panama Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, traveled in a body across 3,000 miles of the continent to the Pacific coast, giving a notable series on the exposition grounds.

CONCERTS AT UNIVERSITIES.

The principal universities in New England, engage the orchestra each year to give a concert under their auspices, notably: Harvard university in Cambridge, Yale university in New Haven, Wellesley college at Wellesley, Cornell university in Ithaca, N. Y., Brown university in Rhode Island, and Smith college at Northampton, Mass.

EACH SERIES SOLIDLY SUBSCRIBED.

So great is the demand for tickets for the Boston Symphony concerts that for all of these nine series, with a single minor exception, all seats are engaged in advance by subscription. In certain series, such as the 24 Friday afternoon and 24 Saturdaw evening concerts in Boston, such seats as are released each spring are allotted to those upon the waiting lists, so that there is no public sale for these series. It is, therefore, next to impossible for any one otherwise than a subscriber to buy a reserved seat for a Boston Symphony concert in Boston.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER
APR 9 - 192...

HISTORY OF BOSTON SYMPHONY A RECORD OF HIGH ENDEAVOR

The superlative performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which will be heard at Woolsey Hall tomorrow evening, are indeed a thing to wonder at. But just how and why this organization has come to be one of the very greatest in the world leaves little room for speculation or debate. The simple facts of its history are self-explanatory.

In 1881, the late Major Henry L. Higginson realized the first dream and aspiration of his life by founding in Boston a full-sized symphony orchestra —a rare phonomenon in those days. This noted musician, soldier, financier, and public-spirited citizen believed that there was a musical public for such an undertaking. Sparing no expense, he engaged the finest musicians then available in Europe to fill up its ranks, and brought to this country one after another of the world's greatest conductors to lend their individual genius to the cumulative improvement of the Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra in its original form had only sixty players, and its conductor was George Henschel, a celebrated musician of the day. The initial aims (always since adhered to) were that the musicians should play under one conductor in one orchestra, and not debase their talents by routine engagements; that the symphony concerts should provide only the finest music; that artistic considerations should always be paramount, and that the conductor be given absolute control. Controversy waxed hot in those days. The policies, the programmes, even the venture itself were violently attacked and staunchley defended. But the wisdom of the founder was justified as each succeeding year of the Orchestra added growth and success to the last. In 1900 Symphony Hall was built, to become the Orchestra's special and permanent home.

The second conductor, Wilhelm Gericke, had two terms (1884-9 and 1898-1906). Through years of tireless training, this through and arduous musician gradually built up the fine ensemble for which the Boston Symphony Orchestra has since held its special renown. In the interim of Gericke's periods of service came Arthur Nikisch, the great Hungarian leader, and Emil Pauer who conducted through 1893-8.

Dr. Karl Muck was the conductor from 1906 to 1918, with the exception of the years 1908-12, which was held by Max Fielder. To Dr. Muck's exacting hand the great Orchestra responded like a single marvelously perfect instrument.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra had two French conductors—Henri Rabaud in the season of 1918-19, a distinguished musician and composer, now head of the Paris Conservatoire,—and Pierre Monteux (1919-24), who ably carried on the then established tradition of a finely blended ensemble.

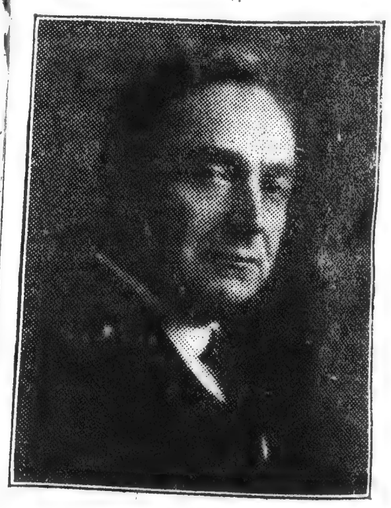
In the autumn of 1924, Serge Koussevitzky first crossed the Atlantic to become the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. From Europe come many reports of his remarkable qualities as a leader as an artist.

Expectations were more than fulfilled. America, having heard perhaps all of the "great" conductors living, has found qualities in Kousseitzky's leadership which are said to be quite without equal.

With such a combination of a great orchestra and a great leader it is not surprising that a Boston Symphony concert is regarded as one of the finest achievements in the musical performances of our day. There are waiting lists for every subscription series, and seats for any concert are at a premium.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN
JOURNAL COURIER

Serge Koussevitzky, Leader of Boston Symphony Orchestra



HOLYOKE, MASS.
Transcript Telegram
APR 10 1929

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For the past few weeks John Wilsbach, supervisor of music, and Miss Mary Sullivan, assistant supervisor of music in the public schools, had devoted the music periods to the study of the selections that were to be played yesterday. By means of Victrola records they had acquainted the children with the music and had also told them the interesting stories they represented.

When the children gathered yesterday in the high school auditorium they were all eager to hear how the Boston Symphony group would play the numbers they knew so well. Many of the boys and girls rolled up their programs and used them as batons, keeping time with the music and they were so appreciative that the members of the orchestra were quite impressed.

The Blue Danube Waltz by Strauss, always a favorite with audiences, delighted the children yesterday, for it was played with all the mastery of a truly great orchestra. Three of the other selections which particularly pleased the audience was Koehler's "The Mouse and the Trap"; the march from "Tannhauser" and the Peer Gynt suite. The March of the Lead Soldier was played as an encore.

The program opened with the brilliant march from "Tannhauser," which won the enthusiastic applause of the children. Throughout the entire program the playing by the string group was unusually choice and contributed immensely to the success o the concert. It is of interest that 1 members in the group are first-prize winners from the Academy of France

Among those who assist... mak... ing yesterday's...

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TIMES UNION
APR 10 1929

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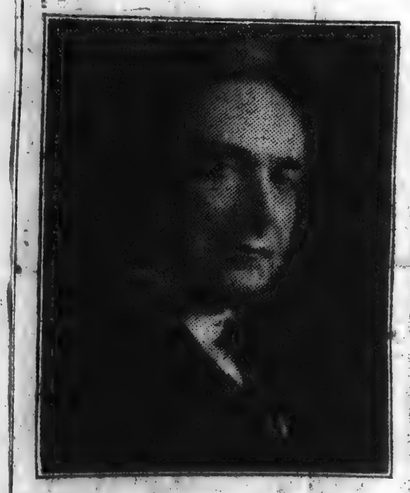
The occasion will mark the conclusion of the Woolsey Hall concert series, under the auspices of the Yale



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY
Leads Boston Symphony Orchestra, Woolsey Hall, Tonight.

School of Music and Rudolph Steinert for the season of 1928-9, and as always the case a great gathering of music lovers wil be on hand for the sumptuous musical event.

The program in its entirety is as follows:

Berlioz, Overture to "The Roman Carnival", Op. 9.

Debussy, "Prelude a l'Aprez-Midi d'un Faune" (Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun). Eclogue by S. Mallarme.

Dukas, "L'Apprenti Sorcier" (The Sorcerer's Apprentice). Scherzo (After a Ballad by Goethe).

Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64
I. Andante.
II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza
III. Valse (Allegro moderato)
IV. Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace

Tickets for tonight's sterling musical event may be secured during the day at Steinert's, 183 Church street, and at the Woolsey Hall box office.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN
APR 10 1929

SYMPHONY FUND IS LACKING $1100

City Must Give Up Orchestra Dates if Guarantee of $4000 Is Not Filled.

The fund which would bring the Boston Symphony Orchestra back again to Providence next season rested still below $3000 last night with $1015 added to the amount previously acknowledged. The appeal for guarantors who would underwrite the next series was made a full two weeks ago, and another generous thousand dollars is needed before the lowest hope of the Music Association is realized.

Seven subscriptions of $100 each are included in the list of 23 additional underwriters, although smaller sums have been welcomed. The seven major subscriptions were from: Miss Ellen D. Sharpe, Mrs. Edgar J. Lownes, Samuel M. Nicholson, Mrs. James R. MacColl, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Hinckley, John Russell Gladding and R. Clinton Fuller.

The quota of the Music Association has been lessened for the next season by the unusual offer by the orchestra to increase its share of the rental by $800. As a result the Providence guarantee must be only $4000 instead of $4800, but without this guarantee the Boston orchestra will not return to this city. The danger of a break in this series of years' standing has been emphasized by Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, honorary president of the association, who declared that the loss of the orchestra for one year might mean its loss for ten. Other cities are eager to take over the Providence dates.

The exact total to date is $2919, $1904 of which had been previously acknowledged. Subscriptions to help underwrite the Symphony season should be sent to Mrs. William Gammell, Jr., Treasurer of the Music Association, Box 1536, Providence, or to the Providence Journal.

The most recent guarantors include:

Miss Ellen D. Sharpe	$100.00
Mrs. James B. Richardson	25.00
Mrs. Edgar J. Lownes	100.00
Mrs. George S. Mathews	10.00
Samuel M. Nicholson	100.00
Mrs. Harrison B. Huntoon	50.00
C. B. McCullough	5.00
John S. Coggeshall	5.00
Eleanor B. Green	25.00
Mrs. James Richardson	25.00
Mrs. Frank H. Brown	50.00
Mr. and Mrs. Joel A. Goldthwait	10.00
Mrs. James R. MacColl	100.00
Dorothy Goulding Gilman	10.00
Elizabeth N. White	25.00
Carrie Schmitt	5.00
Edith W. Edwards	5.00
Anonymous	5.00
Mrs. Dexter B. Potter	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Hinckley	100.00
Mrs. Harry C. Curtis	50.00
John Russell Gladding	100.00
R. Clinton Fuller	100.00
Total	$1015.00
Previously acknowledged	1904.00
Total to date	$2919.00

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TIMES UNION
APR 11 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA GIVE WONDERFUL CONCERT

Music lovers had a rich treat in Woolsey hall last evening when the far-famed Boston Symphony orchestra gave a concert that delighted all who heard it.

Under the leadership of the world-famous conductor, Serge Konssevitzky, the orchestra gave a wonderful exhibition of artistic talent.

The program was carried out to a brilliant finish, closing the season with the most delightful program presented in any city during this concert season.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
REGISTER
APR 11 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY IS BRILLIANT IN WOOLSEY CONCERT

Rarely has this reviewer heard a conductor and band more clearly on its mettle than was the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, last night in Woolsey Hall. Not always can musicians impart to the music the enkindling flame of genuine absorption in the evening's task. There must be times when the giving of a concert is an irksome necessity. But last night was one of those fairly rare occasions when performers rise well beyond the limits of competence to something very close to inspiration.

Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain" was perhaps an exception to this. The piece is displayful, superficial music making, not without its rewards to the listener, but at best merely the clever work of a second rate composer. As if limited by the content of the music the orchestra and conductor gave the piece no more than a workmanlike performance.

But Debussy's Prelude to "L'Apres Midi d'un Faun" was quite another matter. This is undubitably a work of genius. Every measure of the Prelude drenched in the slumbrous beauty of a twilit forest, with the languorous note of a flute, the soughing of strings, the melancholy cry of the oboe making a perfect evocation of mood. This was obviously music close to Mr. Koussevitsky's heart, and he gave to it a reading of singular beauty. Every subtlety of the complex score, every nuance of melody, every undercurrent received its right emphasis, as the conductor wove a spell of rapt loveliness. His satisfied nod to his men at the end of the reading was clear indication of the affection he felt for this piece.

The Scherzo, "l'Apprenti Sorcier" of Dukas, next on the program was music of vastly different character, but none the less delightful in its humor and its grotesquerie. Again, Mr. Koussevitzky and his men outdid themselves with a stirring and vivid performance.

In the final number, the Fifth Symphony of Tschaikowsky, conductors and orchestra were, to our mind, far above the quality of the piece, itself. Exciting the music frequently is; beautiful it occasionally is; but great it never is, and the orchestra under Koussevitzky gave a reading that came very close to being great.

Tschaikowsky is like a man who had never outgrown his adolescence, and who continued all his life to write from the standpoint of puppy love, growing pains, and schoolboy introspection. He had great melodic gifts, but he lacked completely the discrimination and fastidousness to select from among his copious ideas only those that were worthy of explotation. The result is that in his symphonies we find flights of the purest inspiration side by side with passages that sound as if they might have come out of a Shubert musical comedy.

The Fifth Symphony is like the others, with all their blatancy, all their self-pity, all their vulgarity, but like them, with moments of richly rewarding beauty. Unfortunately, to this reviewer at least, the tawdry

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE
APR 12 1929

Music of the Day

There is an inevitability about the Ninth Symphony: we must hear it once, at least, a year. The obsequies of no season are complete without it, and if Mr. Damrosch or Mr. Mengelberg or Mr. Toscanini fail in its celebration, another of their colleagues are alert and eager to sustain tradition.

Last evening in Carnegie Hall Mr. Koussewitsky and the Boston Symphony appeared to take leave of their New York audiences and, despatching first the Steinberg arrangement of C. P. E. Bach's D major Concerto, devoted themselves, the chorus of the Schola Cantorum and four soloists to the last of Beethoven's symphonies.

Mr. Koussewitsky, never before a convincing classicist, surprised his most devoted admirers. It was possible that his reading of the slow movement suffered from injudicious tempi, but otherwise he conducted a performance of the Ninth Symphony that was distinguished by its fidelity to the score, by vigor and nobility of conception, by splendid virtuosity of execution. The chorus, trained by Hugh Ross, sang admirably; the soloists—Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, baritone—left little to be desired. Memory does not recall a performance of the Ninth Symphony so successful in its presentation of the final choral movement. The orchestra, surely one of the finest of existing bands, played with extraordinary beauty of tone, with virtuosity that seemed inherent and effortless, and the audience, roused to enthusiasm, applauded long after the conclusion of the concert.

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE
APR 12 1929

155

MUSIC

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

Koussevitzky Conducts the Ninth Symphony for the First Time Here

Fifth and last evening concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, at Carnegie Hall.

Program

Bach, C. P. E.,
Concerto for Orchestra in D major (Arranged by Maximilian Steinberg).
Beethoven,
Symphony No. 9, in D minor with final chorus on Schiller's Ode to Joy, Op. 125

CHORUS
Schola Cantorum of New York, Hugh Ross, Conductor.

SOLO QUARTET
Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor; Fraser Gange, bass.

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY'S interpretation of the Ninth Symphony has long been a critical storm-center in Europe. For some, it is too emotional, suffers from "an attempt at more 'expression' than the music will bear," is overstressed and over-romanticized. For others, it is a just revaluation of Beethoven—a "genuinely classic" reading, "since it places Beethoven before us in the composer's own image."

The critical air would be cleared if we should candidly admit that this whole question of the interpretation of masterworks is to a surprisingly large extent a matter of personal feeling and preference. The interpreter, as well as his critics, is here very much in the position of Walt Whitman contemplating the unknown region beyond the open grave, "where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow, . . . no map there, nor guide."

There is neither map nor guide, nor any certain path to follow, for the musical interpreter confronting a masterwork. The impressiveness of the account that he gives us of that masterwork will depend, for each of us, upon the extent to which we happen to share his temperamental and imaginative point of view.

* * *

FOR example, Mr. Koussevitzky last night took the Adagio molto of the Symphony at a tempo that was not in accordance with Beethoven's metronome-mark in the score. But who is so say that Mr. Koussevitzky was wrong—or right, for that matter? Beethoven's metronome direction for the opening of the slow movement is: "crotchet=60." But we have long known that Beethoven's metronome marks are undependable. He himself, according to Schindler, made two lists of metronome marks for the Ninth Symphony—the second from memory, after the original had been mislaid. When the first list came to light, a comparison showed a deviation in all the movements. Upon which, says Schindler, Beethoven flew into a rage, exclaiming: "No metronome at all! Whoever has the right feeling does not require it, and to him who has not got that, it is useless!"

* * *

VERY well; but how is any one of us to know or to demonstrate that he has "the right feeling"? Take this matter of the tempo of the Adagio molto of the Ninth. Beethoven's metronome mark, we saw, is "crotchet=60." But Mr. Weingartner, a famous authority on Beethoven, says bluntly in his treatise on the performance of the symphonies that Beethoven's metronome-mark "is too quick." He recommends that we change Beethoven's 60 to 48-50. That is *his* "right feeling."

Mr. Koussevitzky's "right feeling" led him to adopt last night a slower tempo than either Beethoven's or Mr. Weingartner's—it was about 42. But Mr. Toscanini's tempo is even slower; he alters Beethoven's 60 to 38. That is *his* "right feeling." Theodore Thomas's "right feeling" was 40; Seidl's was about the same. Unfortunately, we do not know what metronome mark guided Wagner for the Adagio in his famous interpretation of the Ninth; but he tells us somewhere that he was perhaps the first conductor to take the beginning of this movement really Adagio, "and thus succeed in emphasizing the difference between the opening Adagio section and the following Andante moderato."

* * *

ENOUGH has been said to show that Beethoven's metronome mark has seemed wrong to many great conductors (and, if Schindler is to be believed, it seems to have been regarded as wrong by Beethoven himself at one time!). Certainly most of us feel that a metronome direction of "crochet=60" is scarcely the equivalent of "Adagio molto." But the point is, that if Beethoven's own specific directions leave us unconvinced and bewildered, where are we to look for guidance? To talk of "keeping strictly to the score," or "playing the music as it is written," is to talk nonsense. As every musician knows, the score of the Ninth Symphony is seldom in our time played "as it is written." If it were, it would sound grotesque at many points. One need only instance, in passing, the famous C major passage for the strings and wind at page 77 (full score) of the Scherzo, or the fortissimo passage later in the movement where the first violins and flute should go to a high B-flat, but do not. These, and numerous other passages, the concert-goer never hears as Beethoven wrote them—any more than he hears, as a rule, Beethoven's tempi.

Serge Koussevitzky

Who conducted Beethoven's Ninth Symphony here last night for the first time in New York

Clearly, then, it is idle to talk about playing this masterpiece "as it is written." Such being the fact, are we not pretty much at sea in discussing this whole matter of interpretation? It would seem so. It would seem, also, as if the only rational thing we can do in the circumstances is to test each individual reading by our own imaginative relation to the work in hand. We need not assert that we are right, but at least we may know that we are honest. Of course there are limits: there is a point beyond which we may confidently say, "This certainly is wrong"—as we were tempted to say to ourselves last night when Mr. Koussevitzky passed from the Adagio molto of the slow movement to its andante moderato with no indication of the contrast in tempo that Beethoven plainly intended.

* * *

YET the special virtue of Mr. Koussevitzky's reading of the Ninth last night was that it gave us a curiously vivid sense of the subliminal quality of the greater portions of the work. Even though the tremendous first movement was somewhat reduced in scale and impact, the mysteriousness and the awe of the music spoke from the orchestra—and these things are of its essence.

Wagner, like Shakespeare, gave us a matchless expression of the natural world—its men and women and its seasons: that world exists for us, in the evocations of those masters, in the fullness of an overwhelming beauty and an infinite magic. But Wagner's world, and Shakespeare's, was an insubstantial one. It was not the durable world of Beethoven or of Blake. For Blake, as Gardner has justly said, the natural world was but the shadow of the real. Blake's world was the supersensuous world of the mystics, and it had the definiteness and clarity that belong to the visions of the mystic. It is not a world drenched in magic, as Shakespeare and Wagner drenched theirs, but a world perceived with so sharp a sense of its reality that the casual are driven to call its terror and its beauty those of supermundane things.

The Ninth Symphony is full of the sense of that mystical real world, and of the quality of utterance that is proper to its perception. Like Paul, both Blake and Beethoven uttered words that we had thought unspeakable. We are aware of Beethoven's travail, of his despair over the consciousness that what he perceived was unutterable; yet we, who listen, know that those words did actually pass his lips.

Perhaps because he approached these great mysteries and clarities of Beethoven's imaginative world with simplicity of spirit, with honesty of purpose, with affection and with awe, Mr. Koussevitzky was able last night to give us so often a sense of the special quality of the Ninth—its strange blend of fatefulness and transport, wild humor and superterrestrial beauty, mystery and exaltation, its tragical despair and its shouting among the stars.

* * *

THE vocal music that has troubled singers and auditors alike for more than a century was no more completely mastered last night than it has been in the past. It is much to say that most of the great moments in the Finale came off, to the glory of Beethoven—and also in spite of him. If that Recording Angel who watches over singer's misdeeds was obliged to take note last evening of some dubious intonation, some poor tone, some misjudged rhythms, he must surely have remembered to allot part of the blame to the marvelous tone-poet for whom the bounds and limitations of the factual world had almost ceased to count—whose tumultuous and soaring imagination re-created man in the image of his own unconquerable will.

HOLYOKE, MASS.
Transcript Telegram

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Previously acknowledged	1904.00
Total to date	$2919.00

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.
TIMES UNION

APR 11 1929

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Under the leadership of the world-famous conductor, Serge Konssevitzky, the orchestra gave a wonderful exhibition of artistic talent.

The program was carried out to a brilliant finish, closing the season with the most delightful program presented in any city during this concert season.

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Rarely has this reviewer heard a conductor and band more clearly on its mettle than was the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, last night in Woolsey Hall. Not always can musicians impart to the music the enkindling flame of genuine absorption in the evening's task. There must be times when the giving of a concert is an irksome necessity. But last night was one of those fairly rare occasions when performers rise well beyond the limits of competence to something very close to inspiration.

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But Debussy's Prelude to "L'Apres Midi d'un Faun" was quite another matter. This is undubitably a work of genius. Every measure of the Prelude drenched in the slumbrous beauty of a twilit forest, with the languorous note of a flute, the soughing of strings, the melancholy cry of the oboe making a perfect evocation of mood. This was obviously music close to Mr. Koussevitsky's heart, and he gave to it a reading of singular beauty. Every subtlety of the complex score, every nuance of melody, every undercurrent received its right emphasis, as the conductor wove a spell of rapt loveliness. His satisfied nod to his men at the end of the reading was clear indication of the affection he felt for this piece.

The Scherzo, "l'Apprenti Sorcier" of Dukas, next on the program was music of vastly different character, but none the less delightful in its humor and its grotesquerie. Again, Mr. Koussevitzky and his men outdid themselves with a stirring and vivid performance.

In the final number, the Fifth Symphony of Tscheaikowsky, conductors and orchestra were, to our mind, far above the quality of the piece, itself. Exciting the music frequently is; beautiful it occasionally is; but great it never is, and the orchestra under Koussevitzky gave a reading that came very close to being great.

Tschaikowsky is like a man who had never outgrown his adolescence, and who continued all his life to write from the standpoint of puppy love, growing pains, and schoolboy introspection. He had great melodic gifts, but he lacked completely the discrimination and fastidousness to select from among his copious ideas only those that were worthy of explotation. The result is that in his symphonies we find flights of the purest inspiration side by side with passages that sound as if they might have come out of a Shubert musical comedy.

The Fifth Symphony is like the others, with all their blatancy, all their self-pity, all their vulgarity, but like them, with moments of richly rewarding beauty. Unfortunately, to this reviewer at least, the tawdry

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BROOKLYN EAGLE

APR 12 1929

Music of the Day

There is an inevitability about the Ninth Symphony: we must hear it once, at least, a year. The obsequies of no season are complete without it, and if Mr. Damrosch or Mr. Mengelberg or Mr. Toscanini fail in its celebration, another of their colleagues are alert and eager to sustain tradition.

Last evening in Carnegie Hall Mr. Koussewitsky and the Boston Symphony appeared to take leave of their New York audiences and, despatching first the Steinberg arrangement of C. P. E. Bach's D major Concerto, devoted themselves, the chorus of the Schola Cantorum and four soloists to the last of Beethoven's symphonies.

Mr. Koussewitsky, never before a convincing classicist, surprised his most devoted admirers. It was possible that his reading of the slow movement suffered from injudicious tempi, but otherwise he conducted a performance of the Ninth Symphony that was distinguished by its fidelity to the score, by vigor and nobility of conception, by splendid virtuosity of execution. The chorus, trained by Hugh Ross, sang admirably; the soloists—Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, baritone—left little to be desired. Memory does not recall a performance of the Ninth Symphony so successful in its presentation of the final choral movement. The orchestra, surely one of the finest of existing bands, played with extraordinary beauty of tone, with virtuosity that seemed inherent and effortless, and the audience, roused to enthusiasm, applauded long after the conclusion of the concert.

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE

APR 12 1929

155

MUSIC

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

Koussevitzky Conducts the Ninth Symphony for the First Time Here

Fifth and last evening concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, at Carnegie Hall.

Program

Bach, C. P. E., Concerto for Orchestra in D major (Arranged by Maximilian Steinberg).
Beethoven, Symphony No. 9, in D minor with final chorus on Schiller's Ode to Joy, Op. 125

CHORUS

Schola Cantorum of New York, Hugh Ross, Conductor,

SOLO QUARTET

Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor; Fraser Gange, bass.

MR. KOUSSEVITZKY'S interpretation of the Ninth Symphony has long been a critical storm-center in Europe. For some, it is too emotional, suffers from "an attempt at more 'expression' than the music will bear," is overstressed and over-romanticized. For others, it is a just revaluation of Beethoven—a "genuinely classic" reading, "since it places Beethoven before us in the composer's own image."

The critical air would be cleared if we should candidly admit that this whole question of the interpretation of masterworks is to a surprisingly large extent a matter of personal feeling and preference. The interpreter, as well as his critics, is here very much in the position of Walt Whitman contemplating the unknown region beyond the open grave, "where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow, . . . no map there, nor guide."

There is neither map nor guide, nor any certain path to follow, for the musical interpreter confronting a masterwork. The impressiveness of the account that he gives us of that masterwork will depend, for each of us, upon the extent to which we happen to share his temperamental and imaginative point of view.

* * *

FOR example, Mr. Koussevitzky last night took the Adagio molto of the Symphony at a tempo that was not in accordance with Beethoven's metronome-mark in the score. But who is so say that Mr. Koussevitzky was wrong—or right, for that matter? Beethoven's metronome direction for the opening of the slow movement is: "crotchet=60." But we have long known that Beethoven's metronome marks are undependable. He himself, according to Schindler, made two lists of metronome marks for the Ninth Symphony—the second from memory, after the original had been mislaid. When the first list came to light, a comparison showed a deviation in all the movements. Upon which, says Schindler, Beethoven flew into a rage, exclaiming: "No metronome at all! Whoever has the right feeling does not require it, and to him who has not got that, it is useless!"

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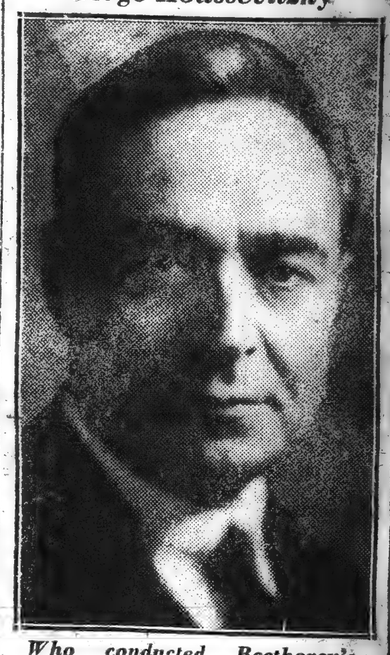
VERY well; but how is any one of us to know or to demonstrate that he has "the right feeling"? Take this matter of the tempo of the Adagio molto of the Ninth. Beethoven's metronome mark, we saw, is "crotchet=60." But Mr. Weingartner, a famous authority on Beethoven, says bluntly in his treatise on the performance of the symphonies that Beethoven's metronome-mark "is too quick." He recommends that we change Beethoven's 60 to 48-50. That is *his* "right feeling."

Mr. Koussevitzky's "right feeling" led him to adopt last night a slower tempo than either Beethoven's or Mr. Weingartner's—it was about 42. But Mr. Toscanini's tempo is even slower; he alters Beethoven's 60 to 38. That is *his* "right feeling." Theodore Thomas's "right feeling" was 40; Seidl's was about the same. Unfortunately, we do not know what metronome mark guided Wagner for the Adagio in his famous interpretation of the Ninth; but he tells us somewhere that he was perhaps the first conductor to take the beginning of this movement really Adagio, "and thus succeed in emphasizing the difference between the opening Adagio section and the following Andante moderato."

* * *

ENOUGH has been said to show that Beethoven's metronome mark has seemed wrong to many great conductors (and, if Schindler is to be believed, it seems to have been regarded as wrong by Beethoven himself at one time!). Certainly most of us feel that a metronome direction of "crochet—60" is scarcely the equivalent of "Adagio molto." But the point is, that if Beethoven's own specific directions leave us unconvinced and bewildered, where are we to look for guidance? To talk of "keeping strictly to the score," or "playing the music as it is written," is to talk nonsense. As every musician knows, the score of the Ninth Symphony is seldom in our time played "as it is written." If it were, it would sound grotesque at many points. One need only instance, in passing, the famous C major passage for the strings and wind at page 77 (full score) of the Scherzo, or the fortissimo passage later in the movement where the first violins and flute should go to a high B-flat, but do not. These, and numerous other passages, the concert-goer never hears as Beethoven wrote them—any more than he hears, as a rule, Beethoven's tempi.

Serge Koussevitzky



Who conducted Beethoven's Ninth Symphony here last night for the first time in New York

Clearly, then, it is idle to talk about playing this masterpiece "as it is written." Such being the fact, are we not pretty much at sea in discussing this whole matter of interpretation? It would seem so. It would seem, also, as if the only rational thing we can do in the circumstances is to test each individual reading by our own imaginative relation to the work in hand. We need not assert that we are right, but at least we may know that we are honest. Of course there are limits: there is a point beyond which we may confidently say, "This certainly is wrong"—as we were tempted to say to ourselves last night when Mr. Koussevitzky passed from the Adagio molto of the slow-movement to its andante moderato with no indication of the contrast in tempo that Beethoven plainly intended.

* * *

YET the special virtue of Mr. Koussevitzky's reading of the Ninth last night was that it gave us a curiously vivid sense of the subliminal quality of the greater portions of the work. Even though the tremendous first movement was somewhat reduced in scale and impact, the mysteriousness and the awe of the music spoke from the orchestra—and these things are of its essence.

Wagner, like Shakespeare, gave us a matchless expression of the natural world—its men and women and its seasons: that world exists for us, in the evocations of those masters, in the fullness of an overwhelming beauty and an infinite magic. But Wagner's world, and Shakespeare's, was an insubstantial one. It was not the durable world of Beethoven or of Blake. For Blake, as Gardner has justly said, the natural world was but the shadow of the real. Blake's world was the supersensuous world of the mystics, and it had the definiteness and clarity that belong to the visions of the mystic. It is not a world drenched in magic, as Shakespeare and Wagner drenched theirs, but a world perceived with so sharp a sense of its reality that the casual are driven to call its terror and its beauty those of supermundane things.

The Ninth Symphony is full of the sense of that mystical real world, and of the quality of utterance that is proper to its perception. Like Paul, both Blake and Beethoven uttered words that we had thought unspeakable. We are aware of Beethoven's travail, of his despair over the consciousness that what he perceived was unutterable; yet we, who listen, know that those words did actually pass his lips.

Perhaps because he approached these great mysteries and clarities of Beethoven's imaginative world with simplicity of spirit, with honesty of purpose, with affection and with awe, Mr. Koussevitzky was able last night to give us so often a sense of the special quality of the Ninth—its strange blend of fatefulness and transport, wild humor and superterrestrial beauty, mystery and exaltation, its tragical despair and its shouting among the stars.

* * *

THE vocal music that has troubled singers and auditors alike for more than a century was no more completely mastered last night than it has been in the past. It is much to say that most of the great moments in the Finale came off, to the glory of Beethoven—and also in spite of him. If that Recording Angel who watches over singer's misdeeds was obliged to take note last evening of some dubious intonation, some poor tone, some misjudged rhythms, he must surely have remembered to allot part of the blame to the marvelous tone-poet for whom the bounds and limitations of the factual world had almost ceased to count—whose tumultuous and soaring imagination re-created man in the image of his own unconquerable will.

HOLYOKE, MASS.
Transcript Telegram
APR 10 1929

BOSTON SYMPHONY ARTISTS PLAY AT HIGH SCHOOL

Paul Shirley Conducts Orchestral Group in Program for School Children.

More than 1000 children and many adults enjoyed the third annual children's concert given yesterday afternoon at the high school auditorium by 16 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Paul Shirley.

For the past few weeks John Wilsbach, supervisor of music, and Miss Mary Sullivan, assistant supervisor of music in the public schools, had devoted the music periods to the study of the selections that were to be played yesterday. By means of Victrola records they had acquainted the children with the music and had also told them the interesting stories they represented.

When the children gathered yesterday in the high school auditorium they were all eager to hear how the Boston Symphony group would play the numbers they knew so well. Many of the boys and girls rolled up their programs and used them as batons, keeping time with the music and they were so appreciative that the members of the orchestra were quite impressed.

The Blue Danube Waltz by Strauss, always a favorite with audiences, delighted the children yesterday, for it was played with all the mastery of a truly great orchestra. Three of the other selections which particularly pleased the audience was Koehler's "The Mouse and the Trap"; the march from "Tannhauser" and the Peer Gynt suite. The March of the Lead Soldier was played as an encore.

The program opened with the brilliant march from "Tannhauser," which won the enthusiastic applause of the children. Throughout the entire program the playing by the string group was unusually choice and contributed immensely to the success o the concert. It is of interest that 1 members in the group are first-priz winners from the Academy of France

Among those who assisted in mak ing yesterday's concert such a suc cess were the students at the High land junior high school, vocationa school and the high school art department. The Girl Scouts who acted as ushers were: Charlotte Hall, Ruth Mescart, Mildred Knight, Dorothy Collins, Doris Preiss, Grace Burnett, Jeanette Zirlin, Rowena Gaunt.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY
Leads Boston Symphony Orchestra, Woolsey Hall, Tonight.

School of Music and Rudolph Steinert for the season of 1928-9, and as always the case a great gathering of music lovers wil be on hand for the sumptuous musical event.

The program in its entirety is as follows:

Berlioz, Overture to "The Roman Carnival", Op. 9.

Debussy, "Prelude a l'Aprez-Midi d'un Faune" (Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun). Eclogue by S. Mallarme.

Dukas, "L'Apprenti Sorcier" (The Sorcerer's Apprentice). Scherzo (After a Ballad by Goethe).

Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64
I. Andante.
II. Andante cantabile, con alouns licenza
III. Valse (Allegro moderato)
IV. Finale; Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace

Tickets for tonight's sterling musical event may be secured during the day at Steinert's, 188 Church street, and at the Woolsey Hall box office.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN
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J. L. SHUTE

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HERALD-TRIBUNE
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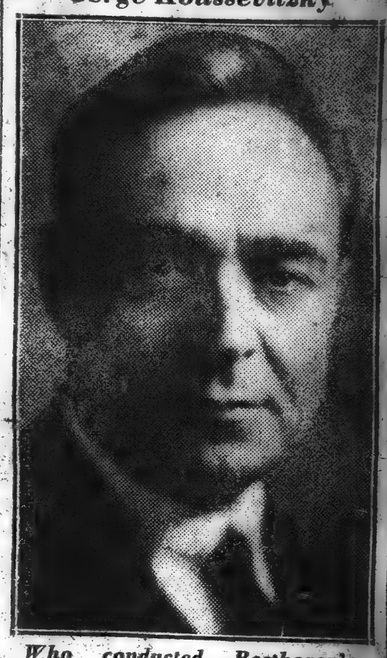
Mr. Koussevitzky's "right feeling" led him to adopt last night a slower tempo than either Beethoven's or Mr. Weingartner's—it was about 42. But Mr. Toscanini's tempo is even slower; he alters Beethoven's 60 to 38. That is *his* "right feeling." Theodore Thomas's "right feeling" was 40; Seidl's was about the same. Unfortunately, we do not know what metronome mark guided Wagner for the Adagio in his famous interpretation of the Ninth; but he tells us somewhere that he was perhaps the first conductor to take the beginning of this movement really Adagio, "and thus succeed in emphasizing the difference between the opening Adagio section and the following Andante moderato."

* * *

ENOUGH has been said to show that Beethoven's metronome mark has seemed wrong to many great conductors (and, if Schindler is to be believed, it seems to have been regarded as wrong by Beethoven himself at one time!). Certainly most of us feel that a metronome direction of "crochet—60" is scarcely the equivalent of "Adagio molto." But the point is, that if Beethoven's own specific directions leave us unconvinced and bewildered, where are we to look for guidance? To talk of "keeping strictly to the score," or "playing the music as it is written," is to talk nonsense. As every musician knows, the score of the Ninth Symphony is seldom in our time played "as it is written." If it were, it would sound grotesque at many points. One need only instance, in passing, the famous C major passage for the strings and wind at page 77 (full score) of the Scherzo, or the fortissimo passage later in the movement where the first violins and flute should go to a high B-flat, but do not. These, and numerous other passages, the concert-goer never hears as Beethoven wrote them—any more than he hears, as a rule, Beethoven's tempi.

Serge Koussevitzky



Who conducted Beethoven's Ninth Symphony here last night for the first time in New York

Clearly, then, it is idle to talk about playing this masterpiece "as it is written." Such being the fact, are we not pretty much at sea in discussing this whole matter of interpretation? It would seem so. It would seem, also, as if the only rational thing we can do in the circumstances is to test each individual reading by our own imaginative relation to the work in hand. We need not assert that we are right, but at least we may know that we are honest. Of course there are limits: there is a point beyond which we may confidently say, "This certainly is wrong"—as we were tempted to say to ourselves last night when Mr. Koussevitzky passed from the Adagio molto of the slow movement to its andante moderato with no indication of the contrast in tempo that Beethoven plainly intended.

* * *

YET the special virtue of Mr. Koussevitzky's reading of the Ninth last night was that it gave us a curiously vivid sense of the subliminal quality of the greater portions of the work. Even though the tremendous first movement was somewhat reduced in scale and impact, the mysteriousness and the awe of the music spoke from the orchestra—and these things are of its essence.

Wagner, like Shakespeare, gave us a matchless expression of the natural world—its men and women and its seasons: that world exists for us, in the evocations of those masters, in the fullness of an overwhelming beauty and an infinite magic. But Wagner's world, and Shakespeare's, was an insubstantial one. It was not the durable world of Beethoven or of Blake. For Blake, as Gardner has justly said, the natural world was but the shadow of the real; Blake's world was the supersensuous world of the mystics, and it had the definiteness and clarity that belong to the visions of the mystic. It is not a world drenched in magic, as Shakespeare and Wagner drenched theirs, but a world perceived with so sharp a sense of its reality that the casual are driven to call its terror and its beauty those of supermundane things.

The Ninth Symphony is full of the sense of that mystical real world, and of the quality of utterance that is proper to its perception. Like Paul, both Blake and Beethoven uttered words that we had thought unspeakable. We are aware of Beethoven's travail, of his despair over the consciousness that what he perceived was unutterable; yet we, who listen, know that those words did actually pass his lips.

Perhaps because he approached these great mysteries and clarities of Beethoven's imaginative world with simplicity of spirit, with honesty of purpose, with affection and with awe, Mr. Koussevitzky was able last night to give us so often a sense of the special quality of the Ninth—its strange blend of fatefulness and transport, wild humor and superterrestrial beauty, mystery and exaltation, its tragical despair and its shouting among the stars.

* * *

THE vocal music that has troubled singers and auditors alike for more than a century was no more completely mastered last night than it has been in the past. It is much to say that most of the great moments in the Finale came off, to the glory of Beethoven—and also in spite of him. If that Recording Angel who watches over singer's misdeeds was obliged to take note last evening of some dubious intonation, some poor tone, some misjudged rhythms, he must surely have remembered to allot part of the blame to the marvelous tone-poet for whom the bounds and limitations of the factual world had almost ceased to count—whose tumultuous and soaring imagination re-created man in the image of his own unconquerable will.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES
APR 12 1929

MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, preceded by a delicious "concerto for orchestra" of C. P. E. Bach, in the arrangement of Maximilian Steinberg, made the program of the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, last night in Carnegie Hall. The orchestra was assisted by the chorus of the Schola Cantorum, which had been prepared for this occasion and by a quartet consisting of Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, baritone. The same program will be given at the Boston Symphony's final New York concert of the season, tomorrow afternoon in Carnegie Hall.

This symphony, colossal, incomprehensible to the majority when it was produced, as great symphonies are likely to be, is now sure fire with an audience. The big choral effects can always be relied upon to stir the listeners. Beethoven writes cruelly for the voices, but with inescapable dramatic power. The finale, the least symphonic of the movements, is always the most effective. This also held true, last night, of Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation.

It should be added to this last remark that of all the Beethoven symphonies this one is the most discussed and disputed, as regards both its value and its interpretation. Its size and purpose and design were doubtless among the causes of its designation as the greatest symphony Beethoven ever wrote. But there may well be other bases of estimate and criticism, and certainly the symphony is poorly proportioned and misshapen.

There are incongruities of style and purpose—three genuinely symphonic movements, superbly inspired and composed, cheek by jowl with a fourth movement that does not achieve unity with them, in spite of Beethoven's quotations, in this movement of themes from the preceding sections. And the finale is program music, oratorio, music-drama in one strange whole. It has passages of a commonplace character—the choral tune by which Beethoven sought to convey the sentiments of Schiller's "Ode to Joy," and his own profound and intense humanity is not free from this reproach—and it has seldom the continuity of effect that it was given last night. We know that Beethoven's original sketches for the finale were purely instrumental and that this material eventually found its way into his late A minor quartet. The Ninth Symphony is deformed by the change and substitution of the choral passages. But the dramatic and humanitarian emotion of the finale is another matter. The genius of Beethoven can be wrong by all traditional, or even artistic, standards of judgment and right by virtue of a spirit and inspiration which, perforce, impose themselves on lesser people and become their own vindication.

But it is easy to understand Wagner's conclusions regarding the future of the symphonic form, based on the Ninth symphony's finale. He saw in it Beethoven's unconscious confession that the purely symphonic form had reached its extreme limit of development, and the foreshadowing of his own creations in the domain of the music-drama. These matters are recalled, not for the sake of mouthing ancient history, but in connection with the fact that Mr. Koussevitzky was most effective, indeed overwhelming, when he presented the avowedly dramatic, even programmatic Beethoven, and was more debatable in the movements of purely symphonic music.

Some agreed, and some did not agree with the distinguished musician in these earlier passages. Mr. Koussevitzky's conception of the first movement of the Ninth Symphony includes a more deliberate pace than most conductor's adopt. It is intended, no doubt, to bestow upon the movement special nobility and rugged power. For the writer a degree of emotional force and turbulent splendor is lost by this tempo. For him, also, the interpretation of the opening movement was somewhat fixed, not entirely spontaneous, giving the impression of having been too carefully and precisely planned. The scherzo had more of the fantasy and the wild energy that fairly shakes the orchestra, as it should in accordance with the nature of the passage. The slow movement was gloriously sung. Some prefer a broader tempo here, but it would be hard to surpass the warmth and expressiveness of the strings and the radiance of the coloring.

The triumph of the performance was certainly the finale. Here the conductor's dramatic temperament, his personal ability to bring response from his interpretators, his instinct for effect, welded all the forces of interpretation into a single unit of will and feeling. Here again, Mr. Koussevitzky had his own ideas of tempo, nuance and the like. He conveyed them with such logic, such conviction, such imperious command of the other interpretors, that the finale had a wonderful sweep and length of line and cumulative power. It was not a series of episodes, an ineffectual warbling of the quartet one moment, then an instrumental interlude, then shouts from the chorus, then a variation for orchestra, and onward. The listeners did not gasp at the simple grandeur of Beethoven's "vor Gott," and marvel the next moment at the thinness of a passage of instrumentation.

Surely and grandly, and with the most dramatic punctuation, this movement gathered to its close. The chorus did not sing what it could sing, but what it had to sing. The quartet was a firmly sustained and adjusted part of a mighty ensemble, and under the circumstances acquitted itself with uncommon credit. Temperament, leadership, a dramatic vision conveyed the finale of the Ninth Symphony, and, assent or dissent of individuals to the contrary, profoundly impressed the audience. At the last there was long applause and many recalls for the conductor.

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N. Y. EVE. WORLD
APR 12 1929

MUSIC

By Richard L. Stokes

BEETHOVEN'S Symphony No. 9, in D Minor, Op. 125, better known as the "Choral," was prepared by Mr. Serge Koussevitzky for his fifth and final pair of programs this season at Carnegie Hall. His first essay of this masterpiece in New York befell yesterday evening, and the second will occur to-morrow afternoon. The conductor and the Boston Symphony Orchestra were assisted by the Schola Cantorum of this city and a distinguished quartet of soloists—Jeanette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor; and Fraser Gange, baritone.

Since Mr. Toscanini refrained from presenting the Ninth Symphony during his recent engagement—to say nothing of his unfulfilled promise of a production of the "Missa Solemnis"—the eminent Bostonian's enterprise in leaping into the gap excited eager anticipations. With regret it must be reported that these were largely disappointed. Certain passages of the score were animated with fresh and vivid meanings. The choral section has rarely stamped upon the mind so imperious a conviction of its grandeur—thanks, one fears, to ghostly brandishings of Mr. Toscanini's absent wand above the ranks of the Schola Cantorum. But on the whole, Mr. Koussevitsky gave an impression of being as yet a mere student of the mighty classic, which was ill studied, ill rehearsed and ill performed.

* * *

The opening of the symphony was not inauspicious—those hollow fifths in second violins and violoncellos which strike the imagination with the hush, the awe, the tremulous tension and immensity of cosmic space, while the first violins, sotto voce, whisper mysteries of galactic import. But the conductor had no sooner plunged into the main body of the movement than he was obviously nonplussed. Like an orator who finds himself unprepared upon his feet and struggles to face out the predicament with a bluster of rant, Mr. Koussevitsky set his orchestra to roaring and shouting. This did not conceal the fact that his grasp upon the music was spasmodic. The Allegro, one of the vast rolling oceans of man's creation in tones, fell asunder into a congeries of inlets and bays.

The Scherzo, with the enlivening notations of molto vivace and presto, should dance as lightly and swiftly as flame. Instead it became leaden of foot and strangely laggard in its impression of pace, despite the director's rapid beat. The tone quality grew raucous, and the tympani—this symphony is known as the "kettledrum concerto"—got far out of hand. The only relief was the lyrical D Major interlude, which enforced a welcome delicacy upon the instruments.

* * *

The orchestra recaptured its celebrated beauty of tone in the Adagio, but the reading was one of the least uplifting and imaginative in memory. The divine melodies turned pedestrian and earthbound. The time signature is, of course, "very slow," but even the most loitering examples of linked sweetness long drawn out may be made to pulsate with vitality. The movement proved on the contrary so inert that for once it seemed interminable.

The Presto section opening the fourth movement assumed the clamorous texture of a band on the Midway Pleasance. The great recitatives for violoncellos and doublebasses which interrupt the orchestra were delivered with no discernible sense of their dramatic import. With restive and fiery impatience, mounting with each interjection, they implore and command the other instruments to stand aside for the entrance of the voices. Here they uttered meaningless brawls, as the orchestra tried passages from the first, second and third movements, which the recitatives should sweep impetuously away, only to burst forth with a transport of joy when an oboe at last catches the idea and murmurs a fragment of the giant vocal theme which is to come.

To clinch their purpose, the bass strings then confide to the orchestra the choral theme in its entirety. This critical passage Mr. Koussevitzky treated with a solemnity, a hushed and pregnant suspense, which told the principal character of the symphony was at last upon the boards. From that point the performance fell mostly into the hands of the soloists and of the chorus, which had many times sung the work under Mr. Toscanini's baton.

* * *

It is in the baritone voice that the yearning music at last finds human utterance and articulation. Mr. Gange acquitted himself of this momentous task with a desperate and jolting fury. And soon afterward, when the quartet entered with its statement of the theme, it was found that the excellent voices refused to blend, and conveyed the false notion that their music is unsingable. The elaborately decorated variation that follows for the soloists was not easy to endure, and was annihilated by the harmonies in cloth of gold with which the chorus took up the phrase, "Und der Cherub steht vor Gott."

The variation entitled "Alla marcia," which Mr. Koussevitsky clattered off with tingling vivacity, brought forward the one markworthy solo achievement of the night. It was Mr. Althouse's admirable projection of the tenor air, "Froh wie seine Sonnen fliegen." Thereafter the evening belonged to the chorus, which soared into the barbarously ethereal regions enforced by Beethoven as if the spirit of Mr. Toscanini were present to swing their voices aloft. Much derision has been expended upon Beethoven's setting of Schiller's "Ode to Joy." All is said in praise of last night's choristers with the assertion that in their hands the Finale of the Ninth Symphony became one of the prime masterpieces of choral composition. There is nothing more lofty and magnificent in the "Missa Solemnis."

Mr. Koussevitsky began his program with a presentation of C. P. E. Bach's Concerto in D Major, colorfully arranged by Maximilian Steinberg, which was the last word in classic elegance, and which almost persuaded one that Emanuel Bach might have ranked as a great composer if he had not been swallowed up in his father's voracious fame.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TELEGRAM
APR 12 1929

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NEW YORK WORLD
APR 12 1929

Music

By Samuel Chotzinoff

The "Ninth"

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitsky conducting. Carnegie Hall, 8.30. Assisted by Schola Cantorum of New York and Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada van der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, baritone.

Concerto for orchestra in D Major, C. P. E. Bach-Steinberg
Symphony No. 9, in D Minor.....Beethoven
Orchestra, chorus and soloists.

By the numerous standees and the crowded aspect of Carnegie Hall last night it was evident that Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Orchestra had kept their advertised promise to give their hungry New York subscribers Beethoven's "Ninth" Symphony. A concerto in D major by Carl Philip Emanuel Bach also figured on the program, but it was the "Ninth" that, last night, attracted the largest audience that the Bostonians had faced this season.

One wonders what would have been the fate of this symphony if Beethoven hadn't changed his mind at the last minute and written a choral finale instead of the instrumental last movement he had originally intended. For it is the vocal last movement with its talismanic text that is chiefly responsible, I am certain, for the enormous popularity of a work that might otherwise have been as caviar to the average concertgoer as the last pianoforte sonata and the later string quartets.

I had the feeling last night, as I always have at a performance of the "Ninth," that the audience endures the first three movements, but at the first discord of the presto which ushers in the finale pricks up its ears for a revelation. And, indeed, for all the artificiality with which the choral portion is made to fit smoothly into the scheme of the symphony the effect of the moment is truly terrific. On a close examination of Schiller's text one finds no actual democratic sentiment, yet the words and the music affect one like some magnificent proletarian propaganda.

Mr. Koussevitzky, the Schola Cantorum chorus, Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van Der Veer, Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange all labored devotedly in the cause, whatever it is, of Beethoven's Last Symphony, but the spiritual quality of the work eluded all the participants. It is ungracious to compare one man's interpretation with another, but Mr. Toscanini has set a standard for the "Ninth" which cannot be easily effaced.

Old Music for New

PHILHARMONIC - SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Clemens Krauss conducting. Carnegie Hall, 2.30.

Overture to "Abu Hassan".....Weber
Symphony No. 7, C Major.....Haydn
Hungarian Dances Nos. 10, 3, 1.....Brahms
Ein Heldenleben.....Strauss

For some new music by Erich Korngold which Mr. Clemens Krauss had intended to offer the Philharmonic-Symphony subscribers yesterday afternoon Mr. Toscanini's successor substituted a symphony in C major by Josef Haydn, the parts of the Korngold novelty having failed to arrive in time. The substitution was not to be regretted, for no matter how fine the new piece might have proved to be the Haydn was sure to be better.

The fact is the Haydn symphony seemed even better music than Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," the big matter of yesterday's matinee. That this should be so is a curious commentary on the belief that evolution informs art as well as science.

The Haydn is an old-fashioned work, modeled on a conventional frame postulating emotions that seem as alien to our complex psychological existence as its composer's pigtail and satin knee-breeches. Certainly Strauss's hero's life, picturing a heroism which, in Strauss's own words, "relates to the inward battles of life, and which aspires, through struggle and renunciation, toward the elevation of the soul," should hold up the mirror to our modern spiritual travail.

Yet to this listener, at least, the Haydn symphony, with its conventional array of musical ideas, its naive beauty and hearty humor, appeared more veristic, more modern, even, than the gigantic tone poem of Strauss. The hero of the ancient symphony—for every piece of music has a hero—is an innocent, modest little soul compared with the Strauss superman who constantly "does things," as the phrase goes. But Haydn's average man, though lacking the recognizable attributes of heroism, is yet a living person, while the superman appears increasingly to bear a resemblance to a loud speaker.

This sad estimate of a work that not so long ago was considered the essential echo of the modern spirit may have been induced by the mock-heroic treatment it is generally accorded by our visiting and stationary maestri. Mr. Krauss yesterday did all the things to "Ein Heldenleben" which his colleagues had made familiar to us, —the overcharged heroics, the raucous jubilations, the succulent introspection and the gooey love proclamations. The Haydn, I thought, fared better, though not perfectly.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVENING SUN

Boston Symphony Gives Concert

Kraus Again Wields Baton at Philharmonic's Final Thursday Matinee.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Orchestral concerts occupied Carnegie Hall afternoon and evening yesterday, each one being the last of a series. In the afternoon the Philharmonic-Symphony Society gave its final Thursday matinee and in the evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra appeared for the last time except at tomorrow's matinee. Clemens Kraus much to the bewilderment of the inner brotherhood continued to direct the doings of the Philharmonic. The more he conducts, the more the wonder grows. It certainly was not lessened by the activities of yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Kraus presented Haydn's symphony in C major, No. 97, in the Breitkopf & Haertel edition, the well-known three Hungarian dances arranged by Brahms, and Richard Strauss's tone poem "Ein Heldenleben." The symphony is not played often and doubtless for that reason most of the audience enjoyed hearing it. But there was nothing in the performance of it according to the dictates of Mr. Kraus to add to the fame of the composer. It was a singularly dull and pointless performance in spite of the quite obvious attempts to make points at any cost.

The Hungarian dances were rushed along with every evidence of belief in movement. The general effect except in the No. 3, which cannot be played rapidly, was breathless. "Ein Heldeleben" is a composition tolerably familiar to Philharmonic audiences since it was dedicated to Mr. Mengelberg and is often presented by him. Just why Mr. Kraus selected it would be difficult to conjecture, but he received the customary tribute of applause for his interpretation.

The concert of the Boston orchestra in the evening was of impressive type. It began with Carl Philip Emanuel Bach's concerto in D major for orchestra, arranged by Maximilian Steinberg and concluded with Beethoven's ninth symphony. When the latter work is performed commentators are expected to emit prolonged and unfathomed essays, just why no one has ever been able to explain satisfactorily. There is nothing to be said about the ninth symphony that has not been said many times. Most of what is said now consists of quotations. There is also always much historical matter, all of which has been published over and over again. Berlioz and Richard Wagner are called into count as witnesses to the greatness of the work and there is a considerable to do about the entire matter.

It is Mr. Koussevitzky's purpose to repeat the [illegible] at the final matinee of the season tomorrow. If it should seem imperative to this writer to launch an essay after that performance perhaps he will launch, but he has his doubts. The solo singers in last evening's offering were Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, barytone. The chorus was that of the Schola Cantorum.

The Bach number was a delight. Here is music by one of the sons of the great Sebastian, rich in scholarship and filled with youthful and ebullient spirit in the faster movements and a haunting beauty in the slow movement. The composition was played with tone and finish of the best Boston quality. Mr. Koussevitzky brought out all the charm of the concerto and the audience rewarded him and the musicians with most hearty applause.

JOSEPH RUMSHINSKY.

Wrote score of "Second Avenue Follies," Molly Picon's new show, which opens tonight in Kessler's Second Avenue Theater.

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By OLIN DOWNES.

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It should be added to this last remark that of all the Beethoven symphonies this one is the most discussed and disputed, as regards both its value and its interpretation. Its size and purpose and design were doubtless among the causes of its designation as the greatest symphony Beethoven ever wrote. But there may well be other bases of estimate and criticism, and certainly the symphony is poorly proportioned and misshapen.

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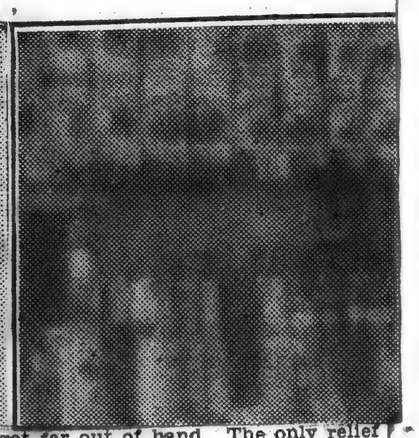

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TELEGRAM
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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA PERFORMS BEETHOVEN'S NINTH

Serge Koussevitzky Conducts—Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van Der Veer, Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange Make Up the Quartet of Soloists.

By PITTS SANBORN.

FOR the first time in several decades of New York concerts the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Carnegie Hall last evening, treated its patrons of Manhattan to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. A local chorus, that of the Schola Cantorum, participated in the finale, and the four soloists were Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van Der Veer, Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange—all familiar to our public, Mr. Gange being even something of a specialist in his appointed task.

Thus Serge Koussevitzky was enabled to demonstrate to us further his qualities as an interpreter of Beethoven. His reading of the symphony was cerebral throughout—some felt deficient in appreciation of its true character, certainly deficient in what is ordinarily called feeling. The first movement I liked best. Lacking though it was in mystery and poor though it was in drama, it stood forth in a rare clarity of form.

But this firm sense of design got a good deal upset in the scherzo (take, for instance, those overdone accelerandi) and in the adagio was lost completely. The andante, which Beethoven himself said should be played in "grandioso" fashion, suggested a tripping allegretto. As for the finale, it was so mannered and finicky that there could be no question of a great inevitable onward sweep.

Technically the orchestra was admirable. The chorus discharged its superhuman duty rather more successfully than choruses usually do. Of the harried soloists Mr. Gange came best through a terrific ordeal.

The program included only one other number, prefatory to the symphony—the concerto for orchestra in D major of Philip Emanuel Bach that Maximilian Steinberg has arranged for Mr. Koussevitzky. To one listener the feature of the evening was the "Andante Lento Molto" of this concerto—music of a noble melancholy, fascinating in its coloring, which Mr. Koussevitzky led with evident sympathy and which his men played superbly. In the two allegros of the concerto, however, would not a reduced body of strings have produced a still finer effect? An audience which packed Carnegie Hall seemed to enjoy the concert greatly.

"Ninth," that the audience endures the first three movements, but at the first discord of the presto which ushers in the finale pricks up its ears for a revelation. And, indeed, for all the artificiality with which the choral portion is made to fit smoothly into the scheme of the symphony the effect of the moment is truly terrific. On a close examination of Schiller's text one finds no actual democratic sentiment, yet the words and the music affect one like some magnificent proletarian propaganda.

Mr. Koussevitzky, the Schola Cantorum chorus, Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van Der Veer, Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange all labored devotedly in the cause, whatever it is, of Beethoven's Last Symphony, but the spiritual quality of the work eluded all the participants. It is ungracious to compare one man's interpretation with another, but Mr. Toscanini has set a standard for the "Ninth" which cannot be easily effaced.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVENING SUN
APR 12

Boston Symphony Gives Concert

Kraus Again Wields Baton at Philharmonic's Final Thursday Matinee.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Orchestral concerts occupied Carnegie Hall afternoon and evening yesterday, each one being the last of a series. In the afternoon the Philharmonic-Symphony Society gave its final Thursday matinee and in the evening the Boston Symphony Orchestra appeared for the last time except at tomorrow's matinee. Clemens Kraus much to the bewilderment of the inner brotherhood continued to direct the doings of the Philharmonic. The more he conducts, the more the wonder grows. It certainly was not lessened by the activities of yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Kraus presented Haydn's symphony in C major, No. 97, in the Breitkopf & Haertel edition, the well-known three Hungarian dances arranged by Brahms, and Richard Strauss's tone poem "Ein Heldenleben." The symphony is not played often and doubtless for that reason most of the audience enjoyed hearing it. But there was nothing in the performance of it according to the dictates of Mr. Kraus to add to the fame of the composer. It was a singularly dull and pointless performance in spite of the quite obvious attempts to make points at any cost.

The Hungarian dances were rushed along with every evidence of belief in movement. The general effect except in the No. 3, which cannot be played rapidly, was breathless. "Ein Heldeleben" is a composition tolerably familiar to Philharmonic audiences since it was dedicated to Mr. Mengelberg and is often presented by him. Just why Mr. Kraus selected it would be difficult to conjecture, but he received the customary tribute of applause for his interpretation.

The concert of the Boston orchestra in the evening was of impressive type. It began with Carl Philip Emanuel Bach's concerto in D major for orchestra, arranged by Maximilian Steinberg and concluded with Beethoven's ninth symphony. When the latter work is performed commentators are expected to emit prolonged and unfathomed essays, just why no one has ever been able to explain satisfactorily. There is nothing to be said about the ninth symphony that has not been said many times. Most of what is said now consists of quotations. There is also always much historical matter, all of which has been published over and over again. Berlioz and Richard Wagner are called into count as witnesses to the greatness of the work and there is a considerable to do about the entire matter.

It is Mr. Koussevitzky's purpose to repeat the [redacted] at the final matinee of the season tomorrow. If it should seem imperative to this writer to launch an essay after that performance perhaps he will launch, but he has his doubts. The solo singers in last evening's offering were Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, barytone. The chorus was that of the Schola Cantorum.

The Bach number was a delight. Here is music by one of the sons of the great Sebastian, rich in scholarship and filled with youthful and ebullient spirit in the faster movements and a haunting beauty in the slow movement. The composition was played with tone and finish of the best Boston quality. Mr. Koussevitzky brought out all the charm of the concerto and the audience rewarded him and the musicians with most hearty applause.

JOSEPH RUMSHINSKY.

Wrote score of "Second Avenue Follies," Molly Picon's new show, which opens tonight in Kessler's Second Avenue Theater.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK WORLD
APR 12 1929

Music

Samuel Chotzinoff

Old Music for New

PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Clemens Krauss conducting, Carnegie Hall, 2.30.

Overture to "Abu Hassan".....Weber
Symphony No. 7, C Major.....Haydn
Hungarian Dances Nos. 10, 3, 1.....Brahms
Ein Heldenleben.....Strauss

For some new music by Erich Korngold which Mr. Clemens Krauss had intended to offer the Philharmonic-Symphony subscribers yesterday afternoon Mr. Toscanini's successor substituted a symphony in C major by Josef Haydn, the parts of the Korngold novelty having failed to arrive in time. The substitution was not to be regretted, for no matter how fine the new piece might have proved to be the Haydn was sure to be better.

The fact is the Haydn symphony seemed even better music than Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," the big matter of yesterday's matinee. That this should be so is a curious commentary on the belief that evolution informs art as well as science.

The Haydn is an old-fashioned work, modeled on a conventional frame postulating emotions that seem as alien to our complex psychological existence as its composer's pigtail and satin knee-breeches. Certainly Strauss's hero's life, picturing a heroism which, in Strauss's own words, "relates to the inward battles of life, and which aspires, through struggle and renunciation, toward the elevation of the soul," should hold up the mirror to our modern spiritual travail.

Yet to this listener, at least, the Haydn symphony, with its conventional array of musical ideas, its naive beauty and hearty humor, appeared more veristic, more modern, even, than the gigantic tone poem of Strauss. The hero of the ancient symphony—for every piece of music has a hero—is an innocent, modest little soul compared with the Strauss superman who constantly "does things," as the phrase goes. But Haydn's average man, though lacking the recognizable attributes of heroism, is yet a living person, while the superman appears increasingly to bear a resemblance to a loud speaker.

This sad estimate of a work that not so long ago was considered the essential echo of the modern spirit may have been induced by the mock-heroic treatment it is generally accorded by our visiting and stationary maestri. Mr. Krauss yesterday did all the things to "Ein Heldenleben" which his colleagues had made familiar to us, —the overcharged heroics, the raucous jubilations, the succulent introspection and the gooey love proclamations. The Haydn, I thought, fared better, though not perfectly.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

157

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK AMERICAN
APR 12 192[illegible]

MILK FUND OPERA BRILLIANTLY SUNG AT METROPOLITAN

By LEONARD LIEBLING.

AN annual event at the Metropolitan which never fails to fill that house, both because of musical and sentimental appeal, is the representation for the Free Milk Fund For Babies, Inc.

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The performance was "Mignon," and the artists whose services aided the cause constituted the brilliant cast which has given new life for several seasons to a work which had been generally regarded as hopelessly paled and out of date.

No doubt the nature of the occasion yesterday influenced the singers, for they voiced the light and gracious melodies of "Mignon" and acted its simple pathos, comedy and romance with a degree of tenderness and spirit which moved the auditors to the utmost display of enthusiasm which "Mignon" has won during its current revival at the Metropolitan.

Lucrezia Bori, love-tried maid, gave a polished and charming interpretation. Her voice was at its bright best. As for Beniamino Gigli, a humanitarian if ever there was one, his heart was in his every tone yesterday. He pealed out an unceasing flow of lovely lyricism. Cavalierly refinement and restraint mark his acting at Meister.

It has been my belief for quite a while that Marion Talley's top-notch of vocal and histrionic achievement is reached in the role of Philine. That conviction ripened even further at the matinee yesterday. The nature and atmosphere of "Mignon" bring out fully the youthful sweetness of much of Miss Talley's singing, and in the "Polonaise" she exhibits a measure of tonal abandon and brilliance that it seems difficult for her to express in "Lucia" and "Rigoletto."

Ovation for Miss Talley

She makes a fetching appearance as Philine and is thoroughly at home in the mischief and sly fun of the part.

Miss Talley earned an honest share of the ovations that were lavished upon the bowing artists after each act.

The Lothario of Clarence Whitehill is a recognized classic in dignity and style. Ellen Dalossy did a tellingly dashing bit as Frederic. Some excellent buffoonery was furnished by Messrs. Ananian, Bada and Cehanovsky. Louis Hasselmans and his orchestra, principals and chorus in finished and tasteful accord.

There were other interesting features of the afternoon which helped to make it a picturesque success, and the inquiring reader may find them related veraciously in the news pages of this issue.

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION
APR 13 1929

Boston Orchestra Concert

Under the baton of the redoubtable Serge Koussevitzky the Boston Symphony Orchestra was thoroughly admirable at the Academy of Music last night. It was the orchestra's concluding concert of the current Brooklyn season. Had the programme been just a trifle more evenly balanced, it too might have been more thoroughly admirable, but after the rendition of Brahms' D major symphony there was difficulty in remembering Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony and Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice." Brahms came last. It was conducted with the usual Koussevitzky grace and elegance, plus a modicum of eloquence, not to mention an individual freedom of interpretation.

The audience was large and duly appreciative.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
APR 12 1929

In the World of Music

The Ever-Popular Ninth of Beethoven Is Gratifyingly Performed by Koussevitzky's Men

WHEN great music is exposed, "debunked," humanized and satirized by critics just as great men have been dealt with by modern biographers, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony will probably be the target for much word-slinging. For the present, however, this last of the master's symphonies retains its tight corner on the sacred awe market, and persons who are deaf to the drama and nobility of the Fourth and Fifth bow down in reverence before the Ninth.

What is more, the devotees of the Ninth are no mere handful. Last night's performance at Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Koussevitzky demonstrated the usual box-office appeal of the work. Standees, as many as could be crowded in, lent increased volume to the gratifying reception of the performance.

I have never heard a performance of the Ninth more persuasive of its merits than the one Mr. Koussevitzky gave us. The customary interpretation leaves the various movements so disjointed and of uneven development as to confirm the statement, said to have been made by Beethoven, that only his poverty compelled him to write it. Still, the various interpreters of the work have found plausible significance in it.

The Ninth is sometimes said to be, for instance, a poetic recollection of the melodic line of Beethoven's earlier symphonic works, a mellowed and understanding restatement of earlier themes of struggle, of fate, of frustrated love and of religious exaltation. It is my suspicion that an audience unfamiliar with the symphony and unaware of what it was hearing, would find at least half of the work monotonous, part of the famous Adagio oversentimentalized, and the contrast of choral and orchestral passages in the Finale extremely disruptive.

Mr. Koussevitzky, however, lent a homogeneity to the third movement which almost made one forget the sharp break in the score which makes that movement a strange marriage of two entirely unrelated themes. His deft embroidery of the three themes of the delightful Scherzo in the "dotted triplet" rhythm was good to hear, and his despotic direction of the vocal chorus seemed to impress unity and cohesion on the entire performance.

The Schola Cantorum of New York was the victim of Beethoven's unreasonable demands on the human throat this time, and rarely have the difficulties of the singing been so efficiently surmounted. Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van Der Veer, Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange negotiated the solo parts and the quartet passages with equal effectiveness.

To open the program the resonant string[illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
TIMES
APR 13 1929

MUSIC

By HAROLD A. STRICKLAND

FINAL BOSTON CONCERT

Brooklyn's symphony season was brought to a close last night when Serge Koussevitsky and his Boston Symphony Orchestra paid its final visit to the Academy and presented the fifth of its series of programs for local subscribers.

Mr. Koussevitsky reverted to previous practices in the matter of program making and offered but three numbers, none of which was a novelty. But then, his last concert here did include a new work and he gave Brooklyn an opportunity to hear it even before Manhattan.

Last night's numbers included Schubert's "Unfinished," in two movements, the conductor not concerning himself with any of the many arrangements of the final section which were handed about during the recent Schubertian observances. Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" was the second number and the conductor closed his program with Brahms' second symphony.

But if the program was conservative and lacking in novelty, it cannot be said that the conductor or orchestra read it in sterotyped style. The Schubert was treated delicately with the Dukas read as a bit of froth.

In the Brahms, Mr. Koussevitsky gave us a lyric reading rather than a grave and philosophic presentation as some have taken this symphony to be. Grace and humanness stood out with the romantic flair predominating.

And the orchestra was in splendid form. After hearing so many sorts of orchestral fone this season, it was a genuine pleasure to listen to the Bostonians last night. Verily as an ensemble they stand out over any orchestra which this city has heard during a rather hectic period.

The dates were announced for next year. Five concerts will be given, all but one on Friday evenings.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE
APR 13 1929

Rumbough. Major McSweeney, is

of a musician, his prejudices and his preferences, and it intends no discourtesy when it discriminates between what he does well and what he does badly. Mr. Koussewitsky is certainly an admirable conductor, one of the most salient now before us, an illuminating expositor of much French and Russian music; but Bach and Beethoven and Brahms, Mozart, Schubert and Schumann, the great masters of German classic and romantic tradition, have in the past suffered often at his hands, in readings of their works curiously superficial in conception, eccentric and theatrical.

But as on Thursday night in Carnegie Hall Mr. Koussewitsky conducted, we understand, a splendid performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, so last evening he gave interpretations of Schubert and Brahms far more satisfying than those that we have known him to offer in the past. Formerly, indeed, these identical symphonies, the B minor of the first and the D major of the last great Romantic, afforded us what was at the time a convincing demonstration of Mr. Koussewitsky's inability to cope with the classics. Yet at the Academy of Music the Andante of the Schubert seemed to us poetically felt (we did not hear the first movement), not unpardonably exaggerated in its sentiment, and the Brahms, though certainly an inferior and rather dull performance, not so gross a misconception as memory recalled it.

Both Mr. Koussewitsky and the orchestra sketched the Allegro ma non troppo tentatively, disturbing the unity of its form and design with slight but uncalled-for alterations of tempo, with abrupt, unsubtle dynamic changes, and they made little indeed of its delicious coda, surely one of the most exquisite pages in all the Brahms symphonies The adagio Mr. Koussewitsky read liberally as an andante, thus robbing it of its gravity and profundity, but his treatment of the scherzo was admirable. He has a habit, this Russian conductor, when he faces the development of a climax, of making an almost imperceptible pause, drawing his energy and that of his orchestra together, and launching into a broad tempo, with marked rhythmic emphasis. It is a little trick not in the best of taste, seldom invited by the music to which he applies it, as in the finale of the Brahms, last evening, and toward the close of the Dukas scherzo. Perhaps Mr. Koussewitsky thinks it effective; it really isn't, and he should overcome the temptation to indulge in it.

Because Mr. Toscanini played the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" with such reviving delicacy and brilliance only a few weeks ago, Mr. Koussewitsky's version of this agreeable music seemed heavy and coarse—an odd circumstance, since it is the sort of music to which his talents are most of[illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES
APR 14 1929

The annual concert on March 24 of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the benefit of its pension fund was sold out well in advance [illegible] fund for pensioning former members of the orchestra and their dependents was founded in 1903 and there are now seventy-one beneficiaries on its payroll, receiving a little more than $17,000 yearly. Each member of the orchestra contributes annual dues until he has paid in $750, but this, even with the proceeds of the benefit concerts, would be inadequate without the aid of gifts. As it is, the maximum pension paid is $500 per annum to pensioners, a sum which it is hoped may be increased. Only musicians who have served for ten years or more with the orchestra are entitled to assistance, which varies according to age, residence and earnings.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN
APR 13 1929

SYMPHONY FUND NEARS FIRST GOAL

New Guarantees of $1020 Raise Total to $3939 of $4000 Minimum Needed.

Within reach of its first objective, the Music Association last night acknowledged new guarantees totalling $1020 and turned its efforts to securing the last sums necessary to insure the return of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Providence next season. A minimum of $4000 is needed to continue this winter concert series that has become the feature of the year's music, and $3939 have been subscribed to date.

It is the hope of the association, however, that an additional three or four thousand dollars will be forthcoming to underwrite a concert group to correspond with that which has included the enormously successful appearances of Jascha Heifetz, Dusolina Giannini and Alexander Brailowsky this spring. The Cleveland Orchestra and Richard Bonelli are still to fill engagements under the Music Association's auspices.

Any surplus from the Symphony underwriting will be diverted to another popular series, and officers of the association are appealing for more subcriptions with that in mind.

Seven major guarantees are cited on the latest list, including one of $150 from Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe, and six of $100 each from Mr. and Mrs. T. I. Hare Powel, Wilson G. Wing, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Innis, Mr. and Mrs. William Gammell, Jr., James C. Collins, and Donald E. Jackson.

The complete roster of new guarantors follows:

Mary Carver Smith	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. D. E. Jones	50.00
Mr. and Mrs. T. I. Hare Powel	100.00
Annette M. Ham	25.00
Mrs. William B. M. Miller	10.00
Mrs. Walter Savage Ball	10.00
Evangeline Larry	5.00
A. P. S.	25.00
Mrs. Henry B. Gardner	10.00
Mrs. C. J. Steedman	25.00
W. H. P. Faunce	20.00
Monday Morning Musical Club	10.00
Wilson G. Wing	100.00
Mr. and Mrs. Carl B. Marshall	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. William S. Innis	100.00
Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Sharpe	150.00
Mr. and Mrs. William Gammell, Jr.	100.00
James C. Collins	100.00
John O. Ames	50.00
Donald E. Jackson	100.00
Total	$1020.00
Previously acknowledged	2919.00
Total to date	$3939.00

CLASSIFIED ADS spell opportunity for both readers and advertisers.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK TIMES
Apr 14 1929

A BRILLIANT CONCERT.

Koussevitzky and Boston Symphony Close Engagement Here.

Sergei Koussevitzky's festival performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony for the second time in three days here brought to a brilliant close the season's visits of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. There was again an overflowing house, many persons standing throughout the performance, while the performers, including the chorus, numbered some 350 on the stage. The concert opened, as on Thursday night, with the much applauded three movements of Maximilian Steinberg's arrangement of the orchestral concerto in D major by Carl Philip Emanuel Bach.

The Boston season of the orchestra will end April 27, and Mr. Koussevitzky will return to New York to sail May 1 on the Mauretania for Paris. There he is to direct performances of "Boris Godunoff" later in the month at the Paris Opéra. Moussorgsky's work will be performed, as hitherto, in the version arranged by Rimsky-Korsakoff. Alfredo Casella for the third time is to conduct the Boston Symphony "pop" concerts, which will run from May 1 to July 2. The orchestra's next season will start in Boston on Oct. 11 and in New York on Nov. 21. A season after that, in the Winter of 1930-31, Koussevitzky and his men will celebrate the Boston Symphony's golden jubilee year.

* * *

The Boston Symphony Orchestra faces a deficit this year of $134,000, of which $32,000 was for broadcast charges. This is the greatest deficit in its history.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
EXAMINER
APR 14 [illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph
APR 13 1929

Bostonians' Last Visit

Koussevitzky Leads Symphony in Beethoven's Ninth at Carnegie.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra began the round of its last New York visit of the year when, on Thursday evening at Carnegie Hall, Serge Koussevitzky stood among the towering human heights of orchestra, chorus and soloists gathered to perform the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

Conductors are in the same position to the famous Ninth as most actors are to Hamlet. It is their dream of final achievement. But not all actors, nor even all tragedians, are fitted temperamentally to summon the Prince of Denmark. Nor are all conductors able to set free the strangely imprisoned qualities of the Ninth.

Serge Koussevitzky has not been given the mystic understanding, nor provided with the key which is as an "open sesame" to the mountain.

▼

THE Russian has his specialties. They are many. He is versatile. He is not one-sided. He is delightful in Mozart, convincing in Bach, arousing in modernistic enterprises and extraordinary where mighty climaxes must be achieved. He has a good ear for sound effects, for contrasts, for tonal beauties. At all times do the Bostonians make beautiful music. At all times is the ensemble of true musical worth.

Surely the second movement, Molto Vivace, with its bright scherzo effect, was charming, and the two-themed Adagio Molto sensuously appealing. The opening of the symphony, light, delicate, ethereal, had qualities of sound. What was missing was the philosophy of Beethoven, the solemnity, the majesty, the deeply melancholy passages, and the transition to the riotous abandon of the Finale and Chorus.

▼

THE Schola Cantorum provided the chorale background; they sang lustily and generally satisfactorily. The soloists were Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada van der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, basso. Nobody had any real opportunity to demonstrate his or her worth; the music allows little leeway and Mr. Koussevitzky reduced that considerably. Yet, out of it the rich, open voice of Althouse and the virility of Gange came through. Miss Vreeland, eager to make the opportunity for herself, shrieked until her notes were painful to hear.

The Symphony was preceded by Maximilian Stei[illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVENING SUN
APR 15 1929

Philharmonic Finishes Season

Boston Symphony Also Concludes Its Series of Concerts at Carnegie Hall.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philharmonic-Symphony Society concluded its season with the concert of yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra finished its local series in the same auditorium on Saturday afternoon. At this concert, as at the Thursday evening one of the Bostonians, Serge Koussevitzky conducted Carl Philip Emanuel Bach's concerto in D major for orchestra and Beethoven's ninth symphony. About the music of the Hamburg Bach something has already been said here.

Let us hope that this composition will not be permitted to lapse into disuse again for so long a period. It is a work of excellent musicianship and bestows upon an audience the increasingly rare blessing of spontaneous and unaffected beauty.

tant business in Milan. He has been observed with attention and the active methods of his conducting watched with the deep interest habitually accorded in this town to moving pictures. He will leave behind him no disturbing memories.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

157

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK AMERICAN
APR 12 1929

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• • •

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ton Symphony [illegible]estra was thoroughly admirable at the Academy of Music last night. It was the orchestra's concluding concert of the current Brooklyn season. Had the programme been just a trifle more evenly balanced, it too might have been more thoroughly admirable, but after the rendition of Brahms' D major symphony there was difficulty in remembering Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony and Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice." Brahms came last. It was conducted with the usual Koussevitzky grace and elegance, plus a modicum of eloquence, not to mention an individual freedom of interpretation.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
APR 12 1929

Hip Slide Key to Right Downswing

By SOL METZGER

Next time you see "Wild Bill" Mehlhorn drive from the tee, place yourself directly in front of him and watch his hips and knees as he starts his downswing.

The first move noticeable will be

I have never [illegible] the Ninth more persuasive of its merits than the one Mr. Koussevitzky gave us. The customary interpretation leaves the various movements so disjointed and of uneven development as to confirm the statement, said to have been made by Beethoven, that only his poverty compelled him to write it. Still, the various interpreters of the work have found plausible significance in it.

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To open the program the resonant strings of the Boston or[illegible] played Maximilian Steinberg's [illegible]ment for the orc[illegible] Bach's Conc[illegible] which [illegible]

[illegible]3 192[illegible]

MUSIC

By HAROLD A. STRICKLAND

FINAL BOSTON CONCERT

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Mr. Koussevitsky reverted to previous practices in the matter of program making and offered but three numbers, none of which was a novelty. But then, his last concert here did include a new work and he gave Brooklyn an opportunity to hear it even before Manhattan.

Last night's numbers included Schubert's "Unfinished," in two movements, the conductor not concerning himself with any of the many arrangements of the final section which were handed about during the recent Schubertian observances. Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" was the second number and the conductor closed his program with Brahms' second symphony.

But if the program was conservative and lacking in novelty, it cannot be said that the conductor or orchestra read it in sterotyped style. The Schubert was treated delicately with the Dukas read as a bit of froth.

In the Brahms, Mr. Koussevitsky gave us a lyric reading rather than a grave and philosophic presentation as some have taken this symphony to be. Grace and humanness stood out with the romantic flair predominating.

And the orchestra was in splendid form. After hearing so many sorts of orchestral tone this season, it was a genuine pleasure to listen to the Bostonians last night. Verily as an ensemble they stand out over any orchestra which this city has heard during a rather hectic period.

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APR 13 1929

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Mr. Koussewitsky Conducts Schubert and Brahms at the Academy of Music—Tschaikowsky's "Eugene Onegin."

UNDER the direction of Mr. Koussewitsky, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its final concert for the season at the Academy of Music last evening, and although the program was attractively arranged, including two symphonies, the B minor of Schubert and the D major of Brahms, and Dukas' orchestral scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," the audience was neither so large nor so enthusiastic as has been customary on these Friday evenings. Perhaps the word has gone about that Mr. Koussewitsky does not excel as a classicist, that by temperament and experience his sympathies extend more to the Russians and the moderns—Scriabin, Debussy, Strawinsky, Ravel, Prokofiew. For, in time, a public learns the bent of a musician, his prejudices and his preferences, and it intends no discourtesy when it discriminates between what he does well and what he does badly. Mr. Koussewitsky is certainly an admirable conductor, one of the most salient now before us, an illuminating expositor of much French and Russian music; but Bach and Beethoven and Brahms, Mozart, Schubert and Schumann, the great masters of German classic and romantic tradition, have in the past suffered often at his hands, in readings of their works curiously superficial in conception, eccentric and theatrical.

But as on Thursday night in Carnegie Hall Mr. Koussewitsky conducted, we understand, a splendid performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, so last evening he gave interpretations of Schubert and Brahms far more satisfying than those that we have known him to offer in the past. Formerly, indeed, these identical symphonies, the B minor of the first and the D major of the last great Romantic, afforded us what was at the time a convincing demonstration of Mr. Koussewitsky's inability to cope with the classics. Yet at the Academy of Music the Andante of the Schubert seemed to us poetically felt (we did not hear the first movement), not unpardonably exaggerated in its sentiment, and the Brahms, though certainly an inferior and rather dull performance, not so gross a misconception as memory recalled it.

Both Mr. Koussewitsky and the orchestra sketched the Allegro ma non troppo tentatively, disturbing the unity of its form and design with slight but uncalled-for alterations of tempo, with abrupt, unsubtle dynamic changes, and they made little indeed of its delicious coda, surely one of the most exquisite pages in all the Brahms symphonies The adagio Mr. Koussewitsky read liberally as an andante, thus robbing it of its gravity and profundity, but his treatment of the scherzo was admirable. He has a habit, this Russian conductor, when he faces the development of a climax, of making an almost imperceptible pause, drawing his energy and that of his orchestra together, and launching into a broad tempo, with marked rhythmic emphasis. It is a little trick not in the best of taste, seldom invited by the music to which he applies it, as in the finale of the Brahms, last evening, and toward the close of the Dukas scherzo. Perhaps Mr. Koussewitsky thinks it effective; it really isn't, and he should overcome the temptation to indulge in it.

Because Mr. Toscanini played the "Sorcerer's Apprentice" with such reviving delicacy and brilliance only a few weeks ago, Mr. Koussewitsky's version of this agreeable music seemed heavy and coarse—an odd circumstance, since it is the sort of music to which his talents are most often best devoted. Perhaps some of the fault may be laid at the door of the orchestra, which played throughout the evening with neither its fabled beauty of tone nor its customary virtuosity.

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BULLETIN
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Conductors are in the same position to the famous Ninth as most actors are to Hamlet. It is their dream of final achievement. But not all actors, nor even all tragedians, are fitted temperamentally to summon the Prince of Denmark. Nor are all conductors able to set free the strangely imprisoned qualities of the Ninth.

Serge Koussevitzky has not been given the mystic understanding, nor provided with the key which is as an "open sesame" to the mountain.

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THE Russian has his specialties. They are many. He is versatile. He is not one-sided. He is delightful in Mozart, convincing in Bach, arousing in modernistic enterprises and extraordinary where mighty climaxes must be achieved. He has a good ear for sound effects, for contrasts, for tonal beauties. At all times do the Bostonians make beautiful music. At all times is the ensemble of true musical worth.

Surely the second movement, Molto Vivace, with its bright scherzo effect, was charming, and the two-themed Adagio Molto sensuously appealing. The opening of the symphony, light, delicate, ethereal, had qualities of sound. What was missing was the philosophy of Beethoven, the solemnity, the majesty, the deeply melancholy passages, and the transition to the riotous abandon of the Finale and Chorus.

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THE Schola Cantorum provided the chorale background; they sang lustily and generally satisfactorily. The soloists were Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada van der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, basso. Nobody had any real opportunity to demonstrate his or her worth; the music allows little leeway and Mr. Koussevitzky reduced that considerably. Yet, out of it the rich, open voice of Althouse and the virility of Gange came through. Miss Vreeland, eager to make the opportunity for herself, shrieked until her notes were painful to hear.

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Finishes Season

lso Concludes Its Series t Carnegie Hall.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Philharmonic-Symphony Society concluded its season with the concert of yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra finished its local series in the same auditorium on Saturday afternoon. At this concert, as at the Thursday evening one of the Bostonians, Serge Koussevitzky conducted Carl Philip Emanuel Bach's concerto in D major for orchestra and Beethoven's ninth symphony. About the music of the Hamburg Bach something has already been said here.

Let us hope that this composition will not be permitted to lapse into disuse again for so long a period. It is a work of excellent musicianship and bestows upon an audience the increasingly rare blessing of spontaneous and unaffected beauty.

tant business in Milan. He has been observed with attention and the active methods of his conducting watched with the deep interest habitually accorded in this town to moving pictures. He will leave behind him no disturbing memories.

meal is one composed solely o[illegible]
He rarely eats meat. His favorite[illegible]
all right, Sweetheart; try again."[illegible]
never cries, but merely says: 'It's[illegible]
bends that impresario & flop Woods[illegible]
producer. Because whenever he[illegible]
Mencken, A. H. Woods is his favorite[illegible]
about George Jean Nathan is H. L.[illegible]
Claims the only thing he likes[illegible]
intellectualized Theodore Kramer[illegible]
for example, he believes is only an[illegible]
theatrical notables. Eugene O'Neill[illegible]
Has only one superstition; that is[illegible]
terrific."

INFORMATION OBSCURED

157

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK AMERICAN
APR 12

MILK FUND OPERA BRILLIANTLY SUNG AT METROPOLITAN

By LEONARD LIEBLING.

AN annual event at the Metropolitan which never fails to fill that house, both because of musical and sentimental appeal, is the representation for the Free Milk Fund For Babies, Inc.

Yesterday afternoon marked this season's operatic effort of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, president of the Fund, and her helpful associates toward the kindly and touching charity which they have taken under their especial sponsorship.

The performance was "Mignon," and the artists whose services aided the cause constituted the brilliant cast which has given new life for several seasons to a work which had been generally regarded as hopelessly paled and out of date.

No doubt the nature of the occasion yesterday influenced the singers, for they voiced the light and gracious melodies of "Mignon" and acted its simple pathos, comedy and romance with a degree of tenderness and spirit which moved the auditors to the utmost display of enthusiasm which "Mignon" has won during its current revival at the Metropolitan.

Lucrezia Bori, love-tried maid, gave a polished and charming interpretation. Her voice was at its bright best. As for Beniamino Gigli, a humanitarian if ever there was one, his heart was in his every tone yesterday. He pealed out an unceasing flow of lovely lyricism. Cavalierly refinement and restraint mark his acting at Meister.

It has been my belief for quite a while that Marion Talley's top-notch of vocal and histrionic achievement is reached in the role of Philine. That conviction ripened even further at the matinee yesterday. The nature and atmosphere of "Mignon" bring out fully the youthful sweetness of much of Miss Talley's singing, and in the "Polonaise" she exhibits a measure of tonal abandon and brilliance that it seems difficult for her to express in "Lucia" and "Rigoletto."

Ovation for Miss Talley

She makes a fetching appearance as Philine and is thoroughly at home in the mischief and sly fun of the part.

Miss Talley earned an honest share of the ovations that were lavished upon the bowing artists after each act.

The Lothario of Clarence Whitehill is a recognized classic in dignity and style. Ellen Dalossy did a tellingly dashing bit as Frederic. Some excellent buffoonery was furnished by Messrs. Ananian, Bada and Cehanovsky. Louis Hasselmans and his orchestra, principals and chorus in finished and tasteful accord.

There were other interesting features of the afternoon which helped to make it a picturesque success, and the inquiring reader may find them related veraciously in the news pages of this issue.

* * *

Another matinee of music intensely enjoyed materialized at Carnegie Hall, where the Philharmonic Orchestra (only one day [illegible] from the close of its season gave a concert under the [illegible]ing and vivid [illegible] audi-

[illegible]ton Symphony Orchestra was thoroughly admirable at the Academy of Music last night. It was the orchestra's concluding concert of the current Brooklyn season. Had the programme been just a trifle more evenly balanced, it too might have been more thoroughly admirable, but after the rendition of Brahms' D major symphony there was difficulty in remembering Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony and Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice." Brahms came last. It was conducted with the usual Koussevitzky grace and elegance, plus a modicum of eloquence, not to mention an individual freedom of interpretation.

The audience was large and duly [illegible]ive.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
APR 12 192[illegible]

Hip Slide Key to Right Downswing

By SOL METZGER

Next time you see "Wild Bill" Mehlhorn drive from the tee, place yourself directly in front of him and watch his hips and knees as he starts his downswing.

The first move noticeable will be

[illegible] have never heard the Ninth more persuasive of its merits than the one Mr. Koussevitzky gave us. The customary interpretation leaves the various movements so disjointed and of uneven development as to confirm the statement, said to have been made by Beethoven, that only his poverty compelled him to write it. Still, the various interpreters of the work have found plausible significance in it.

The Ninth is sometimes said to be, for instance, a poetic recollection of the melodic line of Beethoven's earlier symphonic works, a mellowed and understanding restatement of earlier themes of struggle, of fate, of frustrated love and of religious exaltation. It is my suspicion that an audience unfamiliar with the symphony and unaware of what it was hearing, would find at least half of the work monotonous, part of the famous Adagio oversentimentalized, and the contrast of choral and orchestral passages in the Finale extremely disruptive.

Mr. Koussevitzky, however, lent a homogeneity to the third movement which almost made one forget the sharp break in the score which makes that movement a strange marriage of two entirely unrelated themes. His deft embroidery of the three themes of the delightful Scherzo in the "dotted triplet" rhythm was good to hear, and his despotic direction of the vocal chorus seemed to impress unity and cohesion on the entire performance.

The Schola Cantorum of New York was the victim of Beethoven's unreasonable demands on the human throat this time, and rarely have the difficulties of the singing been so efficiently surmounted. Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van Der Veer, Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange negotiated the solo parts and the quartet passages with equal effectiveness.

To open the program the resonant strings of the Boston or[illegible] played Maximilian Steinb[illegible] ment for the or[illegible] Bach's Conc[illegible] which

[illegible]13

MUSIC

By HAROLD A. STRICKLAND

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By W. J. HENDERSON.

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Let us hope that this composition will not be permitted to lapse into disuse again for so long a period. It is a work of excellent musicianship and bestows upon an audience the increasingly rare blessing of spontaneous and unaffected beauty. [illegible] is one composed solely o[illegible] He rarely eats meat. His favorite [illegible] all night, Sweetheart; try again." never cries, but merely says: "It's hands that impresario a flop Woods producer. Because whenever he Mencken A. H. Woods is his favorite about George Jean Nathan is H. L. Claims the only thing he likes intellectualized Theodore Kramer. for example, he believes is only an theatrical notables. Eugene O'Neill, Has only one superstition: that is, [illegible]

tant business in Milan. He has been observed with attention and the active methods of his conducting watched with the deep interest habitually accorded in this town to moving pictures. He will leave behind him no disturbing memories.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
RECORD
Spencer, W. Va.
APR 11 1929

A New Yorker's Note Book

—By—
DOUGLAS WILLIAMS
Prepared especially for the Times-Record

New York's famous Musicians club, "The Bohemians" flourishes more prosperously than ever. Founded many years ago by Rubin Gold-

National Guardsmen Go To Drill Whether They Have To Or Not

When Friday evening comes members of the Spencer National Guard company just put on their uniforms from force of habit!

Last Friday [illegible] men and three officers turned out in uniform for drill when it had been announced the week previous that there would be no drill on April 12, on account of the double drill to be held at the inspection next week.

But they were there, just the same, and Capt. Springston and his men "played around" a little bit before going home to take off their uniforms which they put on so needlessly.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
TRIBUNE

Music Association Fund Goes Far Over the Top

Symphony Orchestra Concert for Next Season Assured; New Plan Formed

It is announced that $4981 has been received by the Music Association to guarantee the appearance in Providence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for another season. This is "over the top" and then some, since the amount asked for was $4000.

Now the association is turning attention to the raising of $3000 or $4000 guarantee to secure for this city a series of concerts next spring, comparable to the series this year, which ends with the appearance of the Cleveland Orchestra and Richard Bonelli, baritone in Infantry Hall, May 2. Mrs. Lillian Gammell, Jr., is the treasurer, to whom subscriptions should be mailed.

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WATERBURY, CONN.
DEMOCRAT
APR 20 1929

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN
APR 19 1929

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* * *

FOR two interesting new works the city was indebted to Mr. Stokowski. The first was a ballet, "Legend of a Plaster God," by Lyoff Knipper, nephew of Mme. Olga Knipper-Tchekova of the Moscow Art Theatre. It was described as upright and formidable music, instinct with a chill and contemptuous scepticism and pungently colored with Oriental rhythms and pigments. The second was three "Danasa Carateristicas de Indios Africanos," by Hector Villa-Lobos, a native of Rio de Janeiro and the leading composer of South America. It was rhythmed with sensational power, including a ferocious use of the kettledrums, and ranged from the languors of the equator to the lunatic frenzy of the jungle.

Three new works by Americans which Mr. Stokowski presented on his fourth New York program were harshly received, and one, a "Study in Sonority" for forty violins, by Wallingford Riegger, was hissed. Mr. Gabrilowitsch, as guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, introduced an agreeable and melodious pastime in Franz Schreker's suite, "The Birthday of the Infanta," based on a tale by Oscar Wilde. Mr. Stokowski was accused of having composed another novelty, "Hercule et les Centaures," which figured on his program of Nov. 27, and of which it was written that "outside of a few veristic whinnies, the composition seemed to consist mostly of noise arranged in effective theatrical order." It was attributed to "Yves de Casiniere, a Russian refugee in Paris."

* * *

OUTSIDE the regular schedules of the Boston and Philadelphia organizations, the only other visiting orchestra of the season was the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, which, on Dec. 4, under the direction of Nikolai Sokoloff, presented the first New York performance of Schubert's E Major Symphony, No. 7—or rather the symphony for which Schubert left complete thematic sketches, which were orchestrated by John Francis Barnett. Mr. Sokoloff also proffered a first New York hearing to a pungent "March of the Orient," by Joseph Schillinger, a composer of Soviet Russia.

Wagner was the most conquering composer in the season's orchestral arena, with Beethoven and Brahms as runners-up. Beethoven's First Symphony was played four times by the Philharmonic-Symphony, his Second, six times; his Third, three times; his Fifth, twice, and his Seventh, four times. The orchestral soloists outstanding in memory are Vladimir Horowitz, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Yehudi Menuhin and Jesus Maria Sanroma.

Individual performanees stamping the deepest impression were Mr. Toscanini's Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan und Isolde" and Prelude and Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal; Mr. Mengelberg's first performance of Beethoven's "Coriolan" overture, Mr. Stokowski's readings of the overture and bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser" and the Bach "Passacaglia," and Mr. Koussevitsky's interpretation of Scriabin's "Poeme de l'Extase."

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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
RECORD
Spencer, N. Va.
APR 16 1929

A New Y

DO
Prepared es

New York's famous Musicians club, "The Bohemians" flourishes more prosperously than ever. Founded many years ago by Rubin Gold-

National Guardsmen Go To Drill Whether They Have To Or Not

When Friday evening comes members of the Spencer National Guard company just put on their uniforms from force of habit!

Last Friday men and three officers turned out in uniform for drill when had been announced the week previous that there would be drill on April 12, on account of the double drill to be held the inspection next week.

But they were there, just the same, and Capt. Springston and his men "played around" a little bit before going home to take off their uniforms which they put on so needlessly.

mark as a rallying point for amateur musicians, it has been developed into the representative institution of its kind in the country and at its functions today, in contemporary music entertains the most famous artists. At their recent dinner at the Commodore hotel for instance, Serge Koussevitzky the famous Russian orchestra leader who has done such wonders in reestablishing the reputation of the Boston Symphony orchestra, was the guest of honor. While the other guests who, to do honor to the Maestro, gave their artistic talents free, included such famous artists as Josef Lhevinne, the pianist, Lea Lobushutz, probably the world's best woman violinist, and Nina Koshetz, the wonderful Russian soprano, from whose commanding figure it is difficult to expect the liquid melodies that pour out of her throat when she begins to sing.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN
APR 19 192

BOSTON SYMPHONY RECITALS ASSURED

Music Association Reports Total of $4981 Guaranteed for Orchestra's Appearance.

Continuation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts in Providence was assured last night when the Music Association announced that a total of $4981 had been guaranteed for the series next winter. New subscriptions aggregating $1042 carried the fund beyond the $4000 minimum needed.

The underwriting of an additional concert series is the next goal of the association. It has sponsored Heifetz, Giannini and Brailowsky in appearances here this spring and will bring the Cleveland Orchestra and Richard Bonelli here later. Artists comparable to these are tentatively being considered for next season, but the engagements will be contingent upon the raising of a $3000 or $4000 guarantee.

The Music Association will devote to the project all subscriptions received from now on. They should be mailed to Mrs. William Gammell, Jr., treasurer, Box 1536, Providence, or to the Providence Journal.

Two educational institutions were among the new guarantors made public, the Mary C. Wheeler School and the Providence College of Music. Eight subscriptions of $100 each are acknowledged in the following list of 20:

Providence College of Music	$10.00
Alice E. Taft	100.00
Mrs. Eugene S. Graves	25.00
William C. Fry	5.00
Mrs. Daniel Beckwith	50.00
Mrs. Endora C. Carpenter	10.00
Edward J. Grant	12.00
Mrs. George Hail	100.00
Arthur C. Freeman	10.00
Mrs. Herbert F. Hinckley	25.00
Hugh I. MacColl	100.00
Mary C. Wheeler School	100.00
Mrs. Harold J. Gross	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Claude R. Branch	100.00
Mrs. Murray S. Danforth	100.00
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matteson	100.00
Theodore Francis Green	50.00
Charles H. Mandeville	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Lustig	100.00
Belle C. Russell	10.00
Total	$1042.00
Previously acknowledged	$3939.00
Total to date	$4981.00

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES
APR 19 1929

Symphony Goal Reached.

PROVIDENCE, April 19—New subscriptions totaling $1042 received yesterday by the Musical Association insure the continuation of Boston Symphony orchestra concerts in Providence. The fund now totals $4981.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

BOSTON SYMPHONY RECITALS ASSURED

Music Association Reports Total of $4981 Guaranteed for Orchestra's Appearance.

PLANS ADDITIONAL SERIES

Organization Now Seeks Subscriptions for Concerts Comparable with Those of This Year

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Symphony Orchestra for Next Season Assured; New Plan Formed

It is announced that $4981 has been received by the Music Association to guarantee the appearance in Providence of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for another season. This is "over the top" and then some, since the amount asked for was $4000.

Now the association is turning attention to the raising of $3000 or $4000 guarantee to secure for this city a series of concerts next spring, comparable to the series this year, which ends with the appearance of the Cleveland Orchestra and Richard Bonelli, baritone in Infantry Hall, May 2. Mrs. Lillian Gammell, Jr., is the treasurer, to whom subscriptions should be mailed.

In this last generous support for the continuance of the symphony concerts, the Providence College of Music gave $10 and the Wheeler school gave $10. There were gifts of $100 each from Alice E. Taft, Mrs. George Hail, Hugh L. MacColl, Mr. and Mrs. Claude R. Branch, Mrs. Murray S. Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matteson and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Lustig.

There were $50 gifts from Mrs. Daniel Beckwith and Theodore Francis Green; [illegible] gifts from Mrs. Eugene S. Graves, [illegible]rt F. Hinckley; and Charles W[illegible] and other gifts from the D[illegible] C. Fry, $5; Edward F. C. Freeman, $10 and Belle

APR 2

The closing Boston [illegible]ony and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony concerts were more or less in the nature of a competition, and ended in favor of the visiting Bostonians. Beethoven's ninth symphony, performed by the Boston musicians, under Koussevitzky, was highly creditable . . . with the ungrateful solos sung by Jeannette Vreeland, Nevada Van der Veer, Paul Althouse and Fraser Gange.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
N. Y. EVE. WORLD
APR 20 1929

MUSIC

Ups and Downs of Another Orchestral Season Result in Elimination of Some Conductors, With Toscanini Emerging Unscathed—Most Striking New Works Provided by Bloch, Villa-Lobos, Knipper and Toch—Boston Symphony Maintains Steadiest Level, and Philharmonic Reaches Loftiest Heights With Toscanini

By Richard L. Stokes

THE principal lineaments of the orchestral season closing this week were the absorption of the New York Symphony Orchestra by the Philharmonic Society; the collapse and bankruptcy of the latter's only surviving rival, the Beethoven Symphony Orchestra; the failure of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society to avail itself of the opportunities arising from its monopoly of the local field, save on occasion under Willem Mengelberg and during a brief term of unrivaled glory under Arturo Toscanini; the similar decline of the Philadelphia Orchestra in the hands of all its conductors save Leopold Stokowski; and the steady level of brilliance maintained by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under its one leader, Serge Koussevitzky.

The mortality among directors has been high, and New York has sustained its reputation as a graveyard for reputations of orchestral chieftains. After a career of forty-four years on the concert platforms, Walter Damrosch has announced his second retirement by declining to accept for next season any engagements as conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony. Fritz Reiner, director of the Cincinnati Orchestra, appears at last to have been eliminated from the Eastern field. Ossip Gabrilowitsch fell decisively in esteem through his appearances as guest conductor of the Philadelphia and Philharmonic Orchestras. Clemens Krauss of Frankfort, a newcomer, suffered disastrous reverses as guest conductor of the same two orchestras. Bernardino Molinari was snatched from a similar doom by an engagement to conduct the Philharmonic-Symphony five weeks during next season.

* * *

OF THE Bir Four—Messrs. Toscanini, Stokowski, Koussevitzky and Mengelberg—only the great Italian emerged unscathed. Mr. Mengelberg twice experienced the indignity of hissing during his programs, and Mr. Stokowski once. The three outbreaks were due to dislike of new compositions. Mr. Mengelberg's engagement for next season has been curtailed to eight weeks. Mr. Koussevitzky encountered severe criticism during his fourth and fifth visits to New York, particularly in connection with his reading of the orchestral sections of Beethoven's "Choral" symphony. Both he and Mr. Stokowski suddenly appeared heavy of hand when juxtaposed to the diabolical subtlety of Mr. Toscanini. Some of the Milanese maestro's dispensations, especially in the Wagnerian repertory, appeared to attain the highest mark as yet scored in the history of orchestral interpretation, such was their superhuman insight, jeweled craftmanship and incandescent temperament. Leo Schulz, veteran 'cellist, with a record of half a century under the most famous conductors, recently declared Mr. Toscanini to be first of them all.

That he has been engaged for sixteen out of the twenty-nine weeks promised next season by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra is evidence of its discontent with the subsidiary position it has occupied during much of this year in comparison with the Boston and Philadelphia Orchestras. Further testimony is its prompt release of Mr. Damrosch on his plea that radio commitments will occupy all of his future activities. Unless Mr. Toscanini falls ill, or ghostly counselors again meddle in his affairs, we shall have no more at the Philharmonic concerts of Messrs. Damrosch, Reiner and Gabrilowitsch. To make the jubilation complete, we should like to add the same of the blatant Mr. Molinari, but the favoritism which protects him is still apparently in operation.

* * *

THE Philharmonic-Symphony, during this season, fell into the hands of no less than ten conductors—Messrs. Toscanini, Mengelberg, Damrosch, Ernest Schelling, Gabrilowitsch, Arthur Honegger, Krauss, Molinari, Reiner and Hans Lange. Mr. Mengelberg led forty-seven concerts, Mr. Toscanini twenty-seven, Mr. Damrosch twenty-five, Mr. Schelling nine, Mr. Gabrilowitsch six, Mr. Honegger two, Mr. Krauss eight, Mr. Molinari two and Mr. Reiner eight. Mr. Lange shared six concerts with Messrs. Honegger and Gabrilowitsch.

Mr. Toscanini fell behind his colleagues in only one respect—the disclosure of new works. He undertook but two—Ottorino Respighi's "Feste Romane," the loudest composition ever written, and Pizzetti's "Concerto dell' Estate," both of which had their world premieres in this city. Neither was of particular importance. Mr. Mengelberg ran riot with novelties—Bernard Wagenaar's Symphony No. 1, Emerson Whitorne's "Fata Morgana," the first American performance of fragments from Handel's "Alcina," two tone poems, "Reflections in the Water" and "Drunk," together with a scene de ballet from an opera called "Sakhara," all by Bucharoff; Cassado's "Rapsodia Catalana," Kurt Atterberg's Symphony in C Major, No. 6; Berezowsky's "Hebrew Suite," Respighi's "Toccata," a suite from Alexander Tansman's opera, "Une Nuite Kurde," and Richard Strauss's "Tageszeiten."

Mr. Damrosch's new productions were Ernest Bloch's rhapsody, "America," and George Gershwin's "An American in Paris." Mr. Honegger conducted the first American performances of his "Rugby" and Concertino for Piano and Orchestra. Mr. Reiner accorded the first New York hearings to Daniel Gregory Mason's "Chanticleer" and Respighi's "The Birds."

* * *

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PRECISION℠ RESOLUTION TARGETS

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St. Paul, MN 55119

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN
APR 21 1929

A poll of Boston Symphony subscribers to select a program for the final concerts is highly significant in showing the attitude of Boston audiences to the more experimental modernist music. Criticisms of the conductor's frequent choice of contemporary productions in the new mode are substantiated by mathematical demonstration. In one class of compositions, where works of Wagner, Sibelius, Beethoven, Tschaikowsky and Moussorgsky receive 221, 157, 129, 129 and 103 votes respectively, a Stravegsky work receives only 82 votes. Honegger's "Locomotive" suite only 25, and the same composer's "Rugby" only 6. The poll discloses the familiar desire of audiences to hear the works they know best. Thus Ravel's "Waltz," a modern, but not ultra-modern work, stands at the head of the tone-poems, leading Strauss's "Zarathustra" and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun." As the Transcript points out, there is some disposition to favor works of more "popular" character. But the results of the poll seem to bear out the opinion of those who hold that programs of the average symphony concert in New York, Boston and Philadelphia contain too few examples of the lesser works of standard composers.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
News
Springfield, O.
APR 21 1929

The annual concert on March 24 of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the benefit of its pension fund was sold out well in advance. The fund for pensioning former members of the orchestra and their dependents was founded in 1903 and there are now 71 beneficiaries on its payroll, receiving a little more than $17,000 yearly. Each member of the orchestra contributes annual dues until he has paid in $750, but this, even with the proceeds of the benefit concerts, would be inadequate without the aid of gifts.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
JOURNAL
Gardiner Me
APR 25 1929

The deficit in the year's receipts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was $43,000.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SCHENECTADY, N. Y.
UNION STAR
APR 25 1929

Honor Baggageman

Boston Symphony Players Give Veteran the Rare Trumpet Salute.

Precedent has just been established by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on how to honor a baggageman.

The Boston Symphony players, according [illegible] Science Monitor, honor their baggageman with nothing less than a trumpet salute (which is the musical equivalent of at least 20 guns), a round of applause, and autographed pictures of the conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, and the orchestra.

Neil J. Patterson, the man thus honored at a recent orchestra rehearsal of the symphony players in Symphony Hall, has been baggage and property man for the orchestra for 40 years, and so well has he discharged his duties of looking after the transportation of a carload of rare instruments that the members of the organization chose a typically musical way to express their appreciation.

He was called to the stage, expecting to be asked to move a piano or render some such service, and there received the trumpet salute—an honor reserved for few.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
CITIZEN
Lowell, Mass.
APR 24 1929

The Symphony Season's Close.

At the final pair of the season's regular concerts this week the Boston Symphony orchestra will give a request program, the pieces to be performed having been chosen by the conductor as a result of a poll of the subscribers. Thus the list includes the Prelude to Wagner's opera "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg;" "The Afternoon of a Fawn," Debussy; the Choreographic poem "The Waltz," Ravel, Symphony No. 5 in A minor, Tchaikowsky.

There has been in musical Boston more or less discussion about this musical referendum, and it has been pointed out that the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra long ago abandoned a similar idea. There has, also, however, been more or less controversy in Boston as to the proportion of modern works to old favorites on Mr. Koussevitsky's programs. Possibly he assented to the poll with the idea of discovering the tastes of the subscribers. Naturally what we call the classics got the most votes in the symphonic cluass. Tschaikowsky's Fifth headed the list. Following in order were Franck, Brahms No. 2, Schubert's "Unfinished," Sibelius No. 3, and then Beethoven's Pastoral and the Eroica. There were 52 votes for Prokofieff's "Classical."

Under the Tone Poem classification Ravel's "The Waltz" headed the list, scoring a point or two for the modernists. Strauss' "Zarathustra" stood second and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Fawn," third.

Under the classification of Music in Other Forms the Meistersinger prelude had a wide margin over all the rest, with the Sibelius Concerto for Violin in second place and Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture. There were 28 votes for the Honegger locomotive piece, but only 6 for his "Rugby." Stravinsky, Toch, De Falla, Hindemith and the American Copland had their faithful admirers.

The impression is that it will be wise not to argue too dogmatically from the results of the poll.

A Plea for the Moderns

Open disapproval by certain members of the audience of the work of a Brazilian composer played by the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra recently led Mr. Stokowski to say before the second performance that while the music was extremely modern, it was an interpretation of Brazilian life by a Brazilian who had carefully studied the subject and it was entitled to a respectful hearing. "Anyone in the audience not interested in modern music," he said "and I do not blame any one for being interested in what he is interested in, may leave. We will relax our rules and open the doors and every one who wishes may step into the hall and smoke a classical cigaret. I love old music as much as any of you, but we want to give modern writers a hearing. It would be a shame if we did not give some of the music of our day and of our everyday life."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
HERALD-EXAMINER
Apr 26 1929

* * *

Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, was asking a [illegible] Stock's if Stock actually led the symphonies without a score. Assured that he did, Koussevitsky further inquired, "Does Stock really know his stuff, or fake it like Stokowsky?" (It's all I can do not to quote Von Bulow's "two kinds of conductor": One with the score in his head, the other with his head in the score.)

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
DETROIT, MICH.
NEWS
APR 26 1929

AN ORCHESTRA SALUTES FAITHFUL PROPERTY MAN

BOSTON, April 26.—Honoring his 40 years of faithful service with a trumpet salute, the Boston Symphony Orchestra interrupted a recent concert in tribute to Neil J. Patterson, baggage and property man for the organization. He was called to the stage, expecting to be asked to move a piano, and there received the trumpet salute—an honor accorded few.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
CITIZEN
Lowell, Mass.
APR 24 1929

[illegible] Theodore Thomas.

In Cambrid[illegible] where as Rose Fay she spent he[illegible] girlhood, there died last Friday [illegible] Theodore Thomas, widow of the [illegible]ous orchestra conductor whose [illegible]y flowr rests in Mt. Auburn ceme[illegible]y. She was the founder and fir[illegible] president of the National Federa[illegible] of Music Clubs, which is to ho[illegible] its biennial convention in Boston [illegible] June, and interested in a wide vari[illegible] of activities. Her own special ta[illegible]t was for writing. Notable among [illegible]er works was her "Memoirs of T[illegible]odore Thomas," one of the most int[illegible]sting of the several biographies of [illegible] husband. She was equally success[illegible] in other literary forms and in[illegible]iably wrote with charming wit an[illegible] humor. A versatile, energetic and [illegible]markably brilliant woman.

Few teachers [illegible] voice in America

[illegible]ere more widel[illegible]known than Oscar Saenger of New [illegible]rk and Washington, who died in [illegible] hospital in the capital city last [illegible]eek. He studied voice under Jacqu[illegible]s Bouhy, a famous operatic baritone [illegible]f that day. The list of now prominent opera singers who studied with him is a long one.

The Music Association of Providence, R. I., has been successful in securing subscriptions well over the $4000 minimum required to guarantee the continuance next season of the customary series of concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra. It will also undertake the underwriting of an additional concert series in which noted artists will appear.

In Detroit last Thursday, Gounod's opera "Faust" was presented with a Detroit orchestra, local chorus, locally painted scenery and by a cast of principals in which all but three were residents of the city. According to the Detroit News, "No better Faust was ever given anywhere; not even the tremendous resources of the Metropolitan could exceed what was done here. It was a victory of brains, hard work, courage and faith; chiefly of brains."

The News feels that Detroit has all the elements for great civic opera. One is ready to believe that there was a commendably artistic performance, which speaks well for Detroit's interest in music. It is one thing, however, to carry a single performance to success and quite another to establish civic opera on a more permanent basis. Apart that, the progressive city in Michigan which already maintains a symphony orchestra, may be equal to it.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
TIMES PICAYUNE
APR 27 1929

WE HESITATE to take position as prophet of evil regarding that fine institution, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but we fear that organization is headed for the rocks when it adopts the policy of further increasing its prices. Our belief is that entertainments of all kind in the United States have reached the point of charging all the traffic will attract no added total at the box office! For one reason such advances may work, but beware later on! A writer in the Boston Transcript, favorable to the increase, after saying that increased costs have made it impossible for the orchestra to meet its expenses at past rates, concludes: "The Symphony Orchestra can be neither a philanthropic nor a popular institution—and survive." Has the writer forgotten that for more than forty years the organization was strictly philanthropic. That it or any other institution of the kind will survive unless given philanthropic support we gravely doubt.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORKER
APR 27 1929

159

MUSICAL EVENTS

Another Season Goes into Mothballs

WHEN Mr. Stokowski concluded the "Fire Bird" suite at the last concert of The Philadelphia Orchestra, the symphonic season came to an end. There may remain a few ambitious choral events, involving large orchestras, but knowing from experience the explosive nature of such concerts, it is safe to assert that it's all over but the shouting.

The time has come to derive some sort of helpful moral (and this is not redundant, because most morals really are superfluous) from the orchestral year. Has the amalgamation of the Philharmonic and Symphony Societies stifled local competition and turned the Philharmonic-Symphony sessions into routine drills? Has the succession of guest conductors improved the skill of the Philharmonic-Symphony and Philadelphia bands? Has the American Symphonic Ensemble, the much-publicized conductorless orchestra, taught us that directors are only a luxury?

Almost like a well-trained junior executive, I answer "No." The competition between the New York Symphony and the Philharmonic was, in recent years, largely imaginary. The unusually long list of novelties produced by the Philharmonic-Symphony is evidence of the industry of its leaders, if not necessarily of their discernment. The Philharmonic-Symphony under the Messrs. Mengelberg and Toscanini sounded much like the erstwhile Philharmonic under Messrs. Mengelberg and Toscanini, and, except for occasional lapses in the celebrated "luminosity" of the Philadelphia fiddles, Mr. Stokowski's men performed for him as they had in other years. The conductorless orchestra, which turned out to be not entirely without a leader in view of the activity of its concertmasters, proved that good instrumentalists are capable of doing nicely without the flourish of a baton. How much better it might be handled with a first-rate maestro is not difficult to estimate.

AS for the guest conductors, they came and went with startling rapidity, and under the circumstances none of them did themselves justice. Still, it is not essential that some conductors do justice to themselves. The best argument against the guest-conductor system was presented whenever the Boston Symphony, which is the exclusive property of Mr. Koussevitzky, came to town—in spite of at least one Boston concert which sounded as though Mr. Koussevitzky had been converted suddenly into a guest conductor. For general sustained excellence, the Boston Symphony must be awarded first place, although the most brilliant individual evenings were those of the Philharmonic-Symphony when Mr. Toscanini was in command.

There is sentiment and regret that at this time I am unable to remember a great deal about most of them. The regret refers to my mnemonic shortcomings rather than to any implied slur on the novelties. The Philharmonic-Symphony novelties included the Atterberg Symphony, which won a ten-thousand-dollar prize and was later declared by its composer a hoax; three vehement contributions by Simon Bucharoff, another suite by Tansman, a dreary Berceuse of Busoni, Cassado's ready-made Catalonian rhapsody, one of those Tommasini fabrications of which Mr. Toscanini unfortunately is fond, Honegger's synthetic "Rugby," as well as some rather more substantial offerings.

George Gershwin's "American in Paris" was a smart bit of foolery, which ought to be restored for its own good. Berezowsky's Hebrew Suite, Wagenaar's First Symphony, and Whithorne's "Fata Morgana" were not unqualified hits, but each had some reason for a hearing. Mason's "Chanticleer" was sound stuff and is worth keeping in the repertoire. Some unfamiliar Handel in excerpts, unveiled by Mr. Mengelberg, were excellent. Mr. Respighi had three novelties on the list. "Feste Romani" came off resoundingly under Mr. Toscanini's aegis, although it must be played under some less inspired director before it can be assayed accurately. (The same notation goes for Pizzetti's Concerto dell' Estate.) The other Respighi débutants were his Toccata for the piano, which is more interesting as an exercise than [illegible] and an amusing little suite, "The Birds" [illegible]. Toch's "America," introduced by Mr. Damrosch and later heard on a Boston Symphony program, seemed to me the best of the year's novelties, although the attempt at community singing in the closing pages was also the most ludicrous of the year's innovations. Separated from its pontifical literary accompaniment, "America" is a masterpiece of craftsmanship and devoid of dullness. Maybe you don't think that's praise.

NEITHER Mr. Koussevitzky nor Mr. Stokowski had too much luck with "first performances." A concerto by C. P. E. Bach and a symphony said to have been composed by Frederick the Great were better than any contemporary lucubrations. The Toch piano concerto, another importation via Boston, made a stir for a few hours, and the Philadelphia novelties—well, the symphonic season is over!

—R. A. S.

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN
APR 21 19

A poll of Boston Symphony subscribers to select a program for the final concerts is highly significant in showing the attitude of Boston audiences to the more experimental modernist music. Criticisms of the conductor's frequent choice of contemporary productions in the new mode are substantiated by mathematical demonstration. In one class of compositions, where works of Wagner, Sibelius, Beethoven, Tschaikowsky and Moussorgsky receive 321, 157, 129, 129 and 103 votes respectively, a Stravegsky work receives only 82 votes. Honegger's "Locomotive" suite only 25, and the same composer's "Rugby" only 6. The poll discloses the familiar desire of audiences to hear the works they know best. Thus Ravel's "Waltz," a modern, but not ultra-modern work, stands at the head of the tone-poems, leading Strauss's "Zarathustra" and Debussy's "After-'noon of a Faun." As the Transcript points out, there is some disposition to favor works of more "popular" character. But the results of the poll seem to bear out the opinion of those who hold that programs of the average symphony concert in New York, Boston and Philadelphia contain too few examples of the lesser works of standard composers. There is too much dependence

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
News
Springfield, O.
APR 21 1929

The annual concert on March 24 of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the benefit of its pension fund was sold out well in advance. The fund for pensioning former members of the orchestra and their dependents was founded in 1903 and there are now 71 beneficiaries on its payroll, receiving a little more than $17,000 yearly. Each member of the orchestra contributes annual dues until he has paid in $750, but this, even with the proceeds of the benefit concerts, would be inadequate without the aid of gifts.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
JOURNAL
Gardiner Me
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THIS CLIPPING FROM
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UNION STAR
APR 25 1929

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Boston Symphony Players Give Veteran the Rare Trumpet Salute.

Precedent has just been established by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on how to honor a baggageman.

The Boston Symphony players, according to the Christian Science Monitor, honor their baggageman with nothing less than a trumpet salute (which is the musical equivalent of at least 20 guns), a round of applause, and autographed pictures of the conductor, Serge Koussevitzky and the orchestra.

Neil J. Patterson, the man thus honored at a recent orchestra rehearsal of the symphony players in Symphony Hall, has been baggage and property man for the orchestra for 40 years, and so well has he discharged his duties of looking after the transportation of a carload of rare instruments that the members of the organization chose a typically musical way to express their appreciation.

He was called to the stage, expecting to be asked to move a piano or render some such service, and there received the trumpet salute—an honor reserved for few.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
CITIZEN
Laurell, Mass.
APR 24 1929

The Symphony Season's Close.

At the final pair of the season's regular concerts this week the Boston Symphony orchestra will give a request program, the pieces to be performed having been chosen by the conductor as a result of a poll of the subscribers. Thus the list includes the Prelude to Wagner's opera "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg;" "The Afternoon of a Fawn," Debussy; the Choreographic poem "The Waltz," Ravel, Symphony No. 5 in A minor, Tchaikowsky.

There has been in musical Boston more or less discussion about this musical referendum, and it has been pointed out that the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra long ago abandoned a similar idea. There has, also, however, been more or less controversy in Boston as to the proportion of modern works to old favorites on Mr. Koussevitsky's programs. Possibly he assented to the poll with the idea of discovering the tastes of the subscribers. Naturally what we call the classics got the most votes in the symphonic cluass. Tschaikowsky's Fifth headed the list. Following in order were Franck, Brahms No. 2, Schubert's "Unfinished," Sibelius No. 3, and then Beethoven's Pastoral and the Eroica. There were 52 votes for Prokofieff's "Classical."

Under the Tone Poem classification Ravel's "The Waltz" headed the list, scoring a point or two for the modernists. Strauss' "Zarathustra" stood second and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Fawn," third.

Under the classification of Music in Other Forms the Meistersinger prelude had a wide margin over all the rest, with the Sibelius Concerto for Violin in second place and Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture. There were 23 votes for the Honegger locomotive piece, but only 6 for his "Rugby." Stravinsky, Toch, De Falla, Hindemith and the American Copland had their faithful admirers.

The impression is that it will be wise not to argue too dogmatically from the results of the poll.

A Plea for the Moderns

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HERALD-EXAMINER

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Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, was asking a friend of Frederick Stock's if Stock actually led the symphonies without a score. Assured that he did, Koussevitsky further inquired, "Does Stock really know his stuff, or fake it like Stokowsky?" (It's all I can do not to quote Von Bulow's "two kinds of conductor": One with the score in his head, the other with his head in the score.)

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
DETROIT, MICH.
NEWS

AN ORCHESTRA SALUTES FAITHFUL PROPERTY MAN

BOSTON, April 26.—Honoring his 40 years of faithful service with a trumpet salute, the Boston Symphony Orchestra interrupted a recent concert in tribute to Neil J. Patterson, baggage and property man for the organization. He was called to the stage, expecting to be asked to move a piano, and there received the trumpet salute—an honor accorded few.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
CITIZEN
Laurell, Mass.
APR 24 1929

Mrs. Theodore Thomas.

In Cambridge, where as Rose Fay she spent her girlhood, there died last Friday Mrs. Theodore Thomas, widow of the famous orchestra conductor whose body now rests in Mt. Auburn cemetery. She was the founder and first president of the National Federation of Music Clubs, which is to hold its biennial convention in Boston in June, and interested in a wide variety of activities. Her own special talent was for writing. Notable among her works was her "Memoirs of Theodore Thomas," one of the most interesting of the several biographies of her husband. She was equally successful in other literary forms and invariably wrote with charming wit and humor. A versatile, energetic and remarkably brilliant woman.

Few teachers of voice in America

were more widely known than Oscar Saenger of New York and Washington, who died in a hospital in the capital city last week. He studied voice under Jacques Bouhy, a famous operatic baritone of that day. The list of now prominent opera singers who studied with him is a long one.

The Music Association of Providence, R. I., has been successful in securing subscriptions well over the $4000 minimum required to guarantee the continuance next season of the customary series of concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra. It will also undertake the underwriting of an additional concert series in which noted artists will appear.

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NEW YORKER
APR 27 1929
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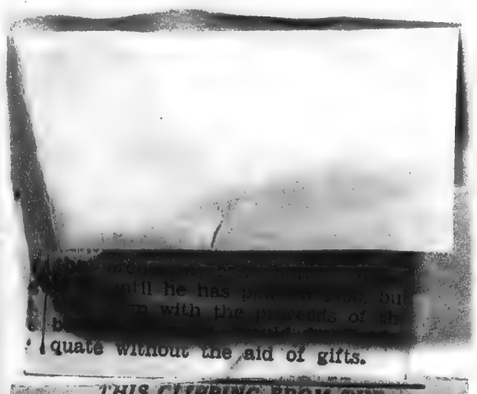

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JOURNAL
Gardiner Me
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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
CITIZEN
Lowell, Mass.
APR 24 1929

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HERALD-EXAMINER
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NEWS
APR 29

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AS for the guest conductors, they came and went with startling rapidity, and under the circumstances none of them did themselves justice. Still, it is not essential that some conductors do justice to themselves. The best argument against the guest-conductor system was presented whenever the Boston Symphony, which is the exclusive property of Mr. Koussevitzky, came to town—in spite of at least one Boston concert which sounded as though Mr. Koussevitzky had been converted suddenly into a guest conductor. For general sustained excellence, the Boston Symphony must be awarded first place, although the most brilliant individual evenings were those of the Philharmonic-Symphony when Mr. Toscanini was in command.

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NEITHER Mr. Koussevitzky nor Mr. Stokowski had too much luck with "first performances." A concerto by C. P. E. Bach and a symphony said to have been composed by Frederick the Great were better than any contemporary lucubrations. The Toch piano concerto, another importation via Boston, made a stir for a few hours, and the Philadelphia novelties—well, the symphonic season is over!

—R. A. S.

REDUCTION RATIO

12x

PM-MGP 13″x18″
METRIC GENERAL PURPOSE TARGET
PHOTOGRAPHIC

200 mm

150 mm

100 mm

A3

A4

A5

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PRECISION℠ RESOLUTION TARGETS

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1303 Geneva Avenue
St. Paul, MN 55119

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN
APR 21 1929

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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
News
Springfield, O.
APR 21 1929

The annual concert on March 24 of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the benefit of its pension fund was sold out well in advance. The fund for pensioning former members of the orchestra and their dependents was founded in 1903 and there are now 71 beneficiaries on its payroll, receiving a little more than $17,000 yearly. Each member of the orchestra contributes annual dues until he has paid in $750, but this, even with the proceeds of the benefit concerts, would be inadequate without the aid of gifts.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
JOURNAL
Gardiner Me
APR 25 1929

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SCHENECTADY, N. Y.
UNION STAR
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Honor Baggageman

Boston Symphony Players Give Veteran the Rare Trumpet Salute.

Precedent has just been established by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on how to honor a baggageman.

The Boston Symphony players, according [illegible] Science Monitor, honor their baggageman with nothing less than a trumpet salute (which is the musical equivalent of at least 20 guns), a round of applause, and autographed pictures of the conductor, Serge Koussevitzky and the orchestra.

Neil J. Patterson, the man thus honored at a recent orchestra rehearsal of the symphony players in Symphony Hall, has been baggage and property man for the orchestra for 40 years, and so well has he discharged his duties of looking after the transportation of a carload of rare instruments that the members of the organization chose a typically musical way to express their appreciation.

He was called to the stage, expecting to be asked to move a piano or render some such service, and there received the trumpet salute—an honor reserved for few.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
CITIZEN
Lowell, Mass.
APR 24 1929

The Symphony Season's Close.

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There has been in musical Boston more or less discussion about this musical referendum, and it has been pointed out that the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra long ago abandoned a similar idea. There has, also, however, been more or less controversy in Boston as to the proportion of modern works to old favorites on Mr. Koussevitsky's programs. Possibly he assented to the poll with the idea of discovering the tastes of the subscribers. Naturally what we call the classics got the most votes in the symphonic cluass. Tschaikowsky's Fifth headed the list. Following, in order were Franck, Brahms No. 2, Schubert's "Unfinished," Sibelius No. 3, and then Beethoven's Pastoral and the Eroica. There were 52 votes for Prokofieff's "Classical."

Under the Tone Poem classification Ravel's "The Waltz" headed the list, scoring a point or two for the modernists. Strauss' "Zarathustra" stood second and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Fawn," third.

Under the classification of Music in Other Forms the Meistersinger prelude had a wide margin over all the rest, with the Sibelius Concerto for Violin in second place and Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture. There were 28 votes for the Honegger locomotive piece, but only 6 for his "Rugby." Stravinsky, Toch, De Falla, Hindemith and the American Copland had their faithful admirers.

The impression is that it will be wise not to argue too dogmatically from the results of the poll.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
HERALD-EXAMINER
APR 26 1929

* * *

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
DETROIT, MICH.
NEWS
APR 26 1929

AN ORCHESTRA SALUTES FAITHFUL PROPERTY MAN

BOSTON, April 26.—Honoring his 40 years of faithful service with a trumpet salute, the Boston Symphony Orchestra interrupted a recent concert in tribute to Neil J. Patterson, baggage and property man for the organization. He was called to the stage, expecting to be asked to move a piano, and there received the trumpet salute—an honor accorded few.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
CITIZEN
Lowell, Mass.
APR 24 1929

[illegible] Theodore Thomas.

In Cambrie[illegible] where as Rose Fay she spent h[illegible] girlhood, there died last Friday [illegible] Theodore Thomas, widow of the [illegible]mous orchestra conductor whose [illegible]y now rests in Mt. Auburn ceme[illegible]y. She was the founder and fi[illegible] president of the National Federa[illegible] of Music Clubs, which is to ho[illegible] its biennial convention in Boston [illegible] June, and interested in a wide vari[illegible] of activities. Her own special ta[illegible]t was for writing. Notable among [illegible]er works was her "Memoirs of T[illegible]odore Thomas," one of the most int[illegible]sting of the several biographies of [illegible] husband. She was equally success[illegible] in other literary forms and in[illegible]ably wrote with charming wit an[illegible] humor. A versatile, energetic and [illegible]markably brilliant woman.

Few teachers [illegible] voice in America

were more widely known than Oscar Saenger of New [illegible]rk and Washington, who died in a hospital in the capital city last [illegible]eek. He studied voice under Jacques Bouhy, a famous operatic baritone of that day. The list of now prominent opera singers who studied with him is a long one.

The Music Association of Providence, R. I., has been successful in securing subscriptions well over the $4000 minimum required to guarantee the continuance next season of the customary series of concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra. It will also undertake the underwriting of an additional concert series in which noted artists will appear.

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The News feels that Detroit has all the elements for great civic opera. One is ready to believe that there was a commendably artistic performance, which speaks well for Detroit's interest in music. It is one thing, however, to carry a single performance to success and quite another to establish civic opera on a more permanent basis. At that, the progressive city in Michigan which already maintains a symphony orchestra, may be equal to it.

Miss Edith A. Blackadar is the newly appointed organist and choir director at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church. Miss Ruth Robinson has also been engaged at St. Paul's as soprano soloist. Both young women are studying here at the state Normal school for degrees in music.

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.
TIMES PICAYUNE
APR 27 1929

WE HESITATE to take position as prophet of evil regarding that fine institution, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but we fear that organization is headed for the rocks when it adopts the policy of further increasing its prices. Our belief is that entertainments of all kind in the United States have reached the point of charging all the traffic will bear and that additions to the charge will attract no added total at the box office! For one reason such advances may work, but beware later on! A writer in the Boston Transcript, favorable to the increase, after saying that increased costs have made it impossible for the orchestra to meet its expenses at past rates, concludes: "The Symphony Orchestra can be neither a philanthropic nor a popular institution—and survive." Has the writer forgotten that for more than forty years the organization was strictly philanthropic. That it or any other institution of the kind will survive unless given philanthropic support we gravely doubt.

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NEW YORKER
APR 27 1929

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AS for the guest conductors, they came and went with startling rapidity, and under the circumstances none of them did themselves justice. Still, it is not essential that some conductors do justice to themselves. The best argument against the guest-conductor system was presented whenever the Boston Symphony, which is the exclusive property of Mr. Koussevitzky, came to town—in spite of at least one Boston concert which sounded as though Mr. Koussevitzky had been converted suddenly into a guest conductor. For general sustained excellence, the Boston Symphony must be awarded first place, although the most brilliant individual evenings were those of the Philharmonic-Symphony when Mr. Toscanini was in command.

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Lowell, Mass.
APR 24 1929

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159
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...to bear out the opinion of those who hold that programs of the average symphony concert in New York, Boston and Philadelphia contain too few examples of the lesser works of standard composers.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
Times
Springfield, O.
APR 21 1929

The annual concert on March 24 of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the benefit of its pension fund was sold out well in advance. The fund for pensioning former members of the orchestra and their dependents was founded in 1903 and there are now 71 beneficiaries on its payroll, receiving a little more than $17,000 yearly. Each member of the orchestra contributes annual dues until he has paid in $750, but this, even with the proceeds of the benefit concerts, would be inadequate without the aid of gifts.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
JOURNAL
Gardiner Me
APR 25 1929

...ganization.

The deficit in the year's receipts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was $43,000.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SCHENECTADY, N. Y.
UNION STAR
APR 25 1929

Honor Baggageman

Boston Symphony Players Give Veteran the Rare Trumpet Salute.

Precedent has just been established by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on how to honor a baggageman.

The Boston Symphony players, according [redacted] Science Monitor, honor their baggageman with nothing less than a trumpet salute (which is the musical equivalent of at least 20 guns), a round of applause, and autographed pictures of the conductor, Serge Koussevitzky and the orchestra.

Neil J. Patterson, the man thus honored at a recent orchestra rehearsal of the symphony players in Symphony Hall, has been baggage and property man for the orchestra for 40 years, and so well has he discharged his duties of looking after the transportation of a carload of rare instruments that the members of the organization chose a typically musical way to express their appreciation.

He was called to the stage, expecting to be asked to move a piano or render some such service, and there received the trumpet salute—an honor reserved for few.

52 votes for Prokofieff's "Classical."

Under the Tone Poem classification Ravel's "The Waltz" headed the list, scoring a point or two for the modernists. Strauss' "Zarathustra" stood second and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Fawn," third.

Under the classification of Music in Other Forms the Meistersinger prelude had a wide margin over all the rest, with the Sibelius Concerto for Violin in second place and Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture. There were 23 votes for the Honegger locomotive piece, but only 6 for his "Rugby." Stravinsky, Toch, De Falla, Hindemith and the American Copland had their faithful admirers.

The impression is that it will be wise not to argue too dogmatically from the results of the poll.

A Plea for the Moderns

Open disapproval by certain members of the audience of the work of a Brazilian composer played by the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra recently led Mr. Stokowski to say before the second performance that while the music was extremely modern, it was an interpretation of Brazilian life by a Brazilian who had carefully studied the subject and it was entitled to a respectful hearing. "Anyone in the audience not interested in modern music," he said "and I do not blame any one for being interested in what he is interested in, may leave. We will relax our rules and open the doors and every one who wishes may step into the hall and smoke a classical cigaret. I love old music as much as any of you, but we want to give modern writers a hearing. It would be a shame if we did not give some of the music of our day and of our everyday life."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
HERALD-EXAMINER
APR 26 1929

* * *

Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, was asking a friend of [redacted] Stock's if Stock actually led the symphonies without a score. Assured that he did, Koussevitsky further inquired, "Does Stock really know his stuff, or fake it like Stokowsky?" (It's all I can do not to quote Von Bulow's "two kinds of conductor": One with the score in his head, the other with his head in the score.)

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
DETROIT, MICH.
NEWS
APR 26 1929

AN ORCHESTRA SALUTES FAITHFUL PROPERTY MAN

BOSTON, April 26.—Honoring his 40 years of faithful service with a trumpet salute, the Boston Symphony Orchestra interrupted a recent concert in tribute to Neil J. Patterson, baggage and property man for the organization. He was called to the stage, expecting to be asked to move a piano, and there received the trumpet salute—an honor accorded few.

...lence, R. I., has been successful in securing subscriptions well over the $4000 minimum required to guarantee the continuance next season of the customary series of concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra. It will also undertake the underwriting of an additional concert series in which noted artists will appear.

In Detroit last Thursday, Gounod's opera "Faust" was presented with a Detroit orchestra, local chorus, locally painted scenery and by a cast of principals in which all but three were residents of the city. According to the Detroit News, "No better Faust was ever given anywhere; not even the tremendous resources of the Metropolitan could exceed what was done here. It was a victory of brains, hard work, courage and faith; chiefly of brains."

The News feels that Detroit has all the elements for great civic opera. One is ready to believe that there was a commendably artistic performance, which speaks well for Detroit's interest in music. It is one thing, however, to carry a single performance to success and quite another to establish civic opera on a more permanent basis. At that, the progressive city in Michigan which already maintains a symphony orchestra, may be equal to it.

Miss Edith A. Blackadar is the newly appointed organist and choir director at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church. Miss Ruth Robinson has also been engaged at St. Paul's as soprano soloist. Both young women are studying here at the state Normal school for degrees in music.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
TIMES PICAYUNE
APR 27 1929

WE HESITATE to take position as prophet of evil regarding that fine institution, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but we fear that organization is headed for the rocks when it adopts the policy of further increasing its prices. Our belief is that entertainments of all kind in the United States have reached the point of charging all the traffic will bear and that additions to the charge will attract no added total at the box office! For one reason such advances may work, but beware later on! A writer in the Boston Transcript, favorable to the increase, after saying that increased costs have made it impossible for the orchestra to meet its expenses at past rates, concludes: "The Symphony Orchestra can be neither a philanthropic nor a popular institution—and survive." Has the writer forgotten that for more than forty years the organization was strictly philanthropic. That it or any other institution of the kind will survive unless given philanthropic support we gravely doubt.

...stified local competition and turned the Philharmonic-Symphony sessions into routine drills? Has the succession of guest conductors improved the skill of the Philharmonic-Symphony and Philadelphia bands? Has the American Symphonic Ensemble, the much-publicized conductorless orchestra, taught us that directors are only a luxury?

Almost like a well-trained junior executive, I answer "No." The competition between the New York Symphony and the Philharmonic was, in recent years, largely imaginary. The unusually long list of novelties produced by the Philharmonic-Symphony is evidence of the industry of its leaders, if not necessarily of their discernment. The Philharmonic-Symphony under the Messrs. Mengelberg and Toscanini sounded much like the erstwhile Philharmonic under Messrs. Mengelberg and Toscanini, and, except for occasional lapses in the celebrated "luminosity" of the Philadelphia fiddles, Mr. Stokowski's men performed for him as they had in other years. The conductorless orchestra, which turned out to be not entirely without a leader in view of the activity of its concertmasters, proved that good instrumentalists are capable of doing nicely without the flourish of a baton. How much better it might be handled with a first-rate maestro is not difficult to estimate.

AS for the guest conductors, they came and went with startling rapidity, and under the circumstances none of them did themselves justice. Still, it is not essential that some conductors do justice to themselves. The best argument against the guest-conductor system was presented whenever the Boston Symphony, which is the exclusive property of Mr. Koussevitzky, came to town—in spite of at least one Boston concert which sounded as though Mr. Koussevitzky had been converted suddenly into a guest conductor. For general sustained excellence, the Boston Symphony must be awarded first place, although the most brilliant individual evenings were those of the Philharmonic-Symphony when Mr. Toscanini was in command.

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NEITHER Mr. Koussevitzky nor Mr. Stokowski had too much luck with "first performances." A concerto by C. P. E. Bach and a symphony said to have been composed by Frederick the Great were better than any contemporary lucubrations. The Toch piano concerto, another importation via Boston, made a stir for a few hours, and the Philadelphia novelties—well, the symphonic season is over!

—R. A. S.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
EVE. UNION
APR 27 1929

What Music Lovers Love

What do patrons of symphony concerts desire for a musical program? Conductors of such orchestras would like information on this point and a recent poll of Boston Symphony subscribers offers it. This poll shows that ultra-modern works do not have the appeal that conductors wish they had. For instance, Honegger's "Locomotive" suite, which is a last word in modern music, received only 25 votes, while Beethoven received 129. Stravegsky's novel compositions received only 82 votes, and compositions of Richard Wagner came out strong with 321 votes.

The poll shows that there is an inclination to favor standbys because of their familiarity, and sometimes because of a certain sentimental attraction. People may be disposed, even in music, to appreciate most the things which they know something about, instead of wishing to extend their knowledge, although they do not know thoroughly their own favorite composers and would benefit from hearing seldom played works by those composers.

There is this much to be said for the ultra-modern composers, who were given scant consideration in the poll. Their time may come, as Wagner's time has come, and as Moussorgsky's and Tschaikowsky's time has come. The absolute disgust and antagonism which Wagner's first musical offerings received is remembered even today, but now no symphony orchestra goes through a season without representing Wagner generously on the programs. Tschaikowsky was considered a little too feverish for the concert stage, but he, too, has come into his own on symphony programs. Moussorgsky had concert patrons doubting and suspicious, but today his work is listened to with interest. There are several other composers whose works were greeted coldly at first as too novel and strange, but which are appreciated today. So the ultra-modern in music is likely to become the modern in another period and in time rank as an "old standby."

Meanwhile symphony orchestra conductors have the task of educating their patrons to modern and ultra-modern music, while they are also heeding their demand for "standbys."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York American
APR 28 1929

Every notable band and orchestra, classified as symphony, concert and jazz, has now been heard on the loud speakers with the possible exception of the Boston Symphony, and our Boston operatives (how we love that word!) are looking up the record for the sake of accuracy.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
NEWS PRESS
APR 29 1929

SAYS MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY EXCELS BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Pittsburgs Critic Praises the Musical Organization Coming Here.

ACCLAIM VERBRUGGHEN ON THE PACIFIC COAST

Famous Conductor to Take Part in Local Spring Music Festival.

St. Joseph has heard the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra so often that the city almost feels a sense of possession in regard to the organization. For this very reason it may not realize how great an assemblage of musicians it represents, nor how lofty is its standing in the most critical Eastern musical circles. The orchestra will play here the last two days of the Spring Music Festival, this week. The festival will be Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

In Pittsburgh, The Gazette-Times said that the standard of performance of this symphony was the highest attained in their musical season, not even excepting the Boston Orchestra. The New York [illegible] attributed to the orchestra "technical brilliancy, finish of style, rhythmic accurancy and finely adjusted tone and dynamics," also "freedom and fire, intensely exhiliarating in effect."

Honors for Verbrugghen

On the Pacific Coast [illegible] Verbrugghen, as

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
GAZETTE
Rockland, Me.
APR 30 1929

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is [illegible] Europe May 1 He will conduct performances of Musorgsky's "Boris" at the Paris Opera in May, at which the usual version edited by Rimsky-Korsakoff will be used, and not the newly published original score. The 49th season of the Boston Symphony concerts, with Mr. Koussevitzky as conductor, will begin Oct. 11. Plans for celebrating the 50th anniversary of the orchestra in 1930 are already being considered. It will [illegible]

TRANS. MAY 2

The Evergreen Pops Season Forty-Four

Old and New Pleasures from Conductor and Orchestra On Their Mettle

THERE WAS one change at least to note—new bulbs upon the electroliers that hang from the ceiling at Symphony Hall. The substituted glass tempers the glow to upturned eyes in the balconies; over the whole concert-room diffuses soft and even light. The vanished bulbs were a malignant fascination to more than one habitué of the galleries at The Pops. He fixed resolute eyes upon the orchestra, the program-sheet, the tables below; yet sooner or later back to those glaring electroliers they wandered. As for the floor, it was wont to discover that Jack, over there at the side-table, was ageing much faster than he should, while Jill, his wife, was obviously losing her skill with powder-puff and lipstick. The hard light was the source of these unamiable delusions. Now both are gone.

There were also favorable omens. On the floor not a table, in the balconies not a seat, was vacant. Downstairs, indeed, the first Pop of a new season was plainly regaining social cachet. There were figures to be pointed out; texts for gossip; plentiful dinner jackets; spring modes, not for street wear. Mr. Casella, looking as though an Atlantic voyage had freshened him, was warmly and familiarly welcomed. Twice the orchestra, on its feet, was target for friendly acclaim. Mr. Theodorowicz, concert-master again, made his bow after the solo-violin's measures in Handel's Largo. Every number on the program was honestly and heartily applauded. When the notice-board announced some favorite "extra," instant was the pleased response. The orchestra played on its mettle; while the conductor spared neither energy nor finesse. Throughout the hall, and to every piece, one listened, as the French say, and with reason. As for refreshments and such like, the young "scofflaws" from the university professed to be disappointed when they found no paragraph from the Jones Act at the head of the list. None the less, good Mother Willebrandt might have sat all evening in the hall and found no occasion for vigilance and authority. More: to hold the balance even, though one could reach for a cigarette, there were also sweets in plenty.

Mr. Casella does well when he tosses into a Pop program one or two Overtures to the elder Italian operas—last evening to Verdi's "Force of Destiny" and Rossini's "William Tell." An Italian conductor need not be a Toscanini to make rather more of them than his peers of other races. They run in his blood as they ran in the composer's. He can phrase and pace the "good tunes" when a single choir or a few instruments sing them, until they sound as warm and full as they do from voices across the theater, while he gives them unmistakably Italian and operatic accent.

Similarly with grand crescendi and other plunging tumults of sound. An Italian, like Mr. Casella, saves them from blatancy yet keeps them full-mouthed and upswelling. Adept musician as well, he opens up the happy details of which Verdi and Rossini, each as he grew older, was capable. The connoisseurs take note; the general ear is no less pleased. The conductor has, besides, a fortunate flare for rhythm and sonority. Set him [illegible]ling Pageant from "The [illegible]rel" or "The Ride of the [illegible] both beat high and sting[illegible]sical sound floods the hall. [illegible]rity and "good tunes" are [illegible]f The Pops, by which token [illegible] own "Italia" once more [illegible]undry. The "good tunes" [illegible]gh to carry Part One which is a music of aching moods; the rhythms and sonorities have their turn in Part Two, which is Naples sunlit, shouting and at play. Nobody, unless it is Strauss in his youthful "Out of Italy," has turned the trick better.

With the offsets Mr. Casella succeeded equally well. Out of a "Song Without Words," Chaikovsky emerged once more in his favorite part of sighing Slav; while for the Nth time, the state and swell of Handel's melody affirmed his Largo as deservedly popular classic. The conductor, however, does not stop there. Last evening he bade the audience to Sibelius's "Valse Triste"—melancholy flitter of dancing phantoms down the shadows of a haunted gallery—and it gave him attention and applause. He ventured also the orchestral version of Ravel's "Pavan for An Infanta Dead"—a conjuring music out of pale grave melody and low-beating rhythm. The vast palace-room is high-studded, tall-windowed, heavy-draped, bare here, over-laden there. It smells of splendor—in decay. Down it, the black-robed dames d'honneur weave the formal figures of their dance. Somewhere among the yellow candles a very little Princess is very dead. And on an "opening night" of The Pops, this Ravelian spell prevailed. . . . No, mon vieux monsieur, they are not as they once were. In these days they credit an audience with musical intelligence, imagination and a pardonable willingness to use both. H. T. P.

Dances at The Pops

Irma Duncan's Young Troupe to Be Seen There Next Week

BEING alive, The Pops find room for innovation. Occasionally singing voices diversify the orchestral programs. Next week, through all six evenings, it will be the turn of dancers to do as much. The troupe is the third generation, so to say, of Duncans. Isadora had her pupils and protegées. Not least of them was Irma. She succeeded to Isadora's school in Europe; there practised the youngsters whom she brought to New York last winter and will now bring to Symphony Hall. They dance—Irma often leading them—in the tradition of Isadora, but with the zest and glamour natural to their young years. They are eleven in all, with Irma for twelfth. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, they will dance to music out of Schubert; on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday to Chaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony."

At The Pops, the dancing will be managed in this fashion: After the first and the second part of a regular program, the stage will be cleared for Irma and her troupe. Below, in the space usually filled by two rows of tables, a small orchestra will be seated with Arthur Fiedler as conductor. These shifts made, half an hour of dancing will end the evening.

Revised for the Screen

One of the problems of the talkies is that of censorship. As it is impossible to cut out dialogue that is objected to without re-enacting the scene, the producers are not only careful, but sometimes super-cautious. A striking example of this was afforded recently in a presentation of some new "shorts" in Phototone's private theater. These were made in Berlin, and included the well-known negro "spiritual" with the refrain "Nobody knows what trouble I've seen; nobody knows but Jesus." Out of fear of the British censor, the last line nad been changed to "Nobody knows but father."
[London Morning Post

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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APR 29 1929

YOUR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ATTACHED CLIPPING WHICH APPEARED IN LAST THURSDAY'S ISSUE OF THE MUSICAL LEADER.

Bostoning

Saturday afternoon, April 13, was a lucky day, inasmuch as we heard the Boston men deliver a C. P. E. Bach concerto for orchestra in D minor and the Ninth Symphony. Beethoven must have exalted the human race! For what musician could possibly think that human beings were so "instrumentated" as to be able to sing that frightful Hymn of Joy! However, it was sung as adequately as possible by Nevada Van de Veer, Paul Althouse, Fraser Gange and Miss Vreeland. They were crushed into so small a space, by the way, that they could hardly expand their chests! Mr. Koussevitsky has a most unique conception of the Ninth, *beautifully wrought,* but we have heard readings that pleased us more.

[illegible] sure [illegible] choice.

These are the fortunate days of Mr. Monteux as conductor. Five years ago he departed Boston and ever since has been doing odd jobs in Europe and America. Now he is to succeed Mengelberg, resigned, as permanent conductor of the Amsterdam Orchestra; while for two months each spring he will take over the Paris Symphony Orchestra. Not quite in vain did he win some reputation hereabouts.

There is no prospect of a visit to Boston next season from Mr. Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic Society. Though he is pledged to sixteen weeks with that orchestra, they will undertake scarcely any concerts in other cities. At sixty-two a conductor must spare himself.

At The Pops Tonight

Entrance of Guests into the Hall of Song from the Opera, "Tannhäuser." ..... Wagner
Minuet ..... Boccherini
Suite from the Opera, "Carmen" ..... Bizet
Overture, "Roman Carnival" ..... Berlioz
Tone-Poem, "Don Juan" ..... R. Strauss
Rhapsody, "Espana" ..... Chabrier
Hungarian Dance, No. 1 ..... Brahms
Intermezzo from the Opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana" ..... Mascagni
Slavic March ..... Chaikovsky

Conductor: A. Casella

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
EVE. UNION

APR 27

...over March, 1928.

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ST. JOSEPH, MO.
NEWS PRESS

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* * * *

A new organization, called The All Star Grand Opera Company, has been incorporated and promises a season at the Manhattan Opera House in New York in November. Feodor Chaliapin and Tita Ruffo are announced as principals.

* * * *

KOUSSEVITSKY ON HIS WAY TO EUROPE

MAY

Serge Koussevitsky, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Mrs. Koussevitsky and his secretary left Boston yesterday for New York, where they will embark today aboard the Cunarder Mauretania, bound for a summer in France.

Each year the symphony leader spends his summer in continental Europe, where he has been successful in discovering scores that he has brought out before his Boston public. This year he will look over many scores, and it is believed will have a number worth while for presentation at Symphony Hall during the fall and winter concerts of this famous orchestra.

TRANS. MAY 2

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Old and New Pleasures from Conductor and Orchestra On Their Mettle

THERE WAS one change at least to note—new bulbs upon the electroliers that hang from the ceiling at Symphony Hall. The substituted glass tempers the glow to upturned eyes in the balconies; over the whole concert-room diffuses soft and even light. The vanished bulbs were a malignant fascination to more than one habitué of the galleries at The Pops. He fixed resolute eyes upon the orchestra, the program-sheet, the tables below; yet sooner or later back to those glaring electroliers they wandered. As for the floor, it was wont to discover that Jack, over there at the side-table, was ageing much faster than he should, while Jill, his wife, was obviously losing her skill with powder-puff and lipstick. The hard light was the source of these unamiable delusions. Now both are gone.

There were also favorable omens. On the floor not a table, in the balconies not a seat, was vacant. Downstairs, indeed, the first Pop of a new season was plainly regaining social cachet. There were figures to be pointed out; texts for gossip; plentiful dinner jackets; spring modes, not for street wear. Mr. Casella, looking as though an Atlantic voyage had freshened him, was warmly and familiarly welcomed. Twice the orchestra, on its feet, was target for friendly acclaim. Mr. Theodorowicz, concert-master again, made his bow after the solo-violin's measures in Handel's Largo. Every number on the program was honestly and heartily applauded. When the notice-board announced some favorite "extra," instant was the pleased response. The orchestra played on its mettle; while the conductor spared neither energy nor finesse. Throughout the hall, and to every piece, one listened, as the French say, and with reason. As for refreshments and such like, the young "scofflaws" from the university professed to be disappointed when they found no paragraph from the Jones Act at the head of the list. None the less, good Mother Willebrandt might have sat all evening in the hall and found no occasion for vigilance and authority. More: to hold the balance even, though one could reach for a cigarette, there were also sweets in plenty.

Mr. Casella does well when he tosses into a Pop program one or two Overtures to the elder Italian operas—last evening to Verdi's "Force of Destiny" and Rossini's "William Tell." An Italian conductor need not be a Toscanini to make rather more of them than his peers of other races. They run in his blood as they ran in the composer's. He can phrase and pace the "good tunes" when a single choir or a few instruments sing them, until they sound as warm and full as they do from voices across the theater, while he gives them unmistakably Italian and operatic accent.

Similarly with grand crescendi and other plunging tumults of sound. An Italian, like Mr. Casella, saves them from blatancy yet keeps them full-mouthed and upswelling. Adept musician as well, he opens up the happy details of which Verdi and Rossini, each as he grew older, was capable. The connoisseurs take note; the general ear is no less pleased. The conductor has, besides, a fortunate flare for rhythm and sonority. Set him to the Wedding Pageant from "The Golden Cockerel" or "The Ride of the Valkyrs," and both beat high and sting-ing, while musical sound floods the hall. Rhythm, sonority and "good tunes" are the pleasure of The Pops, by which token Mr. Casella's own "Italia" once more won all and sundry. The "good tunes" are good enough to carry Part One which is a music of aching moods; the rhythms and sonorities have their turn in Part Two, which is Naples sunlit, shouting and at play. Nobody, unless it is Strauss in his youthful "Out of Italy," has turned the trick better.

With the offsets Mr. Casella succeeded equally well. Out of a "Song Without Words," Chaikovsky emerged once more in his favorite part of sighing Slav; while for the Nth time, the state and swell of Handel's melody affirmed his Largo as deservedly popular classic. The conductor, however, does not stop there. Last evening he bade the audience to Sibelius's "Valse Triste"—melancholy flitter of dancing phantoms down the shadows of a haunted gallery—and it gave him attention and applause. He ventured also the orchestral version of Ravel's "Pavan for An Infanta Dead"—a conjuring music out of pale grave melody and low-beating rhythm. The vast palace-room is high-studded, tall-windowed, heavy-draped, bare here, over-laden there. It smells of splendor—in decay. Down it, the black-robed dames d'honneur weave the formal figures of their dance. Somewhere among the yellow candles a very little Princess is very dead. And on an "opening night" of The Pops, this Ravelian spell prevailed. . . . No, mon vieux monsieur, they are not as they once were. In these days they credit an audience with musical intelligence, imagination and a pardonable willingness to use both. H. T. P.

Dances at The Pops

Irma Duncan's Young Troupe to Be Seen There Next Week

BEING alive, The Pops find room for innovation. Occasionally singing voices diversify the orchestral programs. Next week, through all six evenings, it will be the turn of dancers to do as much. The troupe is the third generation, so to say, of Duncans. Isadora had her pupils and protegées. Not least of them was Irma. She succeeded to Isadora's school in Europe; there practised the youngsters whom she brought to New York last winter and will now bring to Symphony Hall. They dance—Irma often leading them—in the tradition of Isadora, but with the zest and glamour natural to their young years. They are eleven in all, with Irma for twelfth. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, they will dance to music out of Schubert; on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday to Chaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony."

At The Pops, the dancing will be managed in this fashion: After the first and the second part of a regular program, the stage will be cleared for Irma and her troupe. Below, in the space usually filled by two rows of tables, a small orchestra will be seated with Arthur Fiedler as conductor. These shifts made, half an hour of dancing will end the evening.

Revised for the Screen

One of the problems of the talkies is that of censorship. As it is impossible to cut out dialogue that is objected to without re-enacting the scene, the producers are not only careful, but sometimes super-cautious. A striking example of this was afforded recently in a presentation of some new "shorts" in Phototone's private theater. These were made in Berlin, and included the well-known negro "spiritual" with the refrain "Nobody knows what trouble I've seen; nobody knows but Jesus." Out of fear of the British censor, the last line nad been changed to "Nobody knows but father."
[London Morning Post

Concert-Chronicle
TRANS MAY 2
Incidents and Prospects

THERE are more ways than one to sell the tickets. . . . Last evening those that entered Symphony Hall by the doors on Huntington Avenue came face to face with a threefold screen—the broad middle leaf like a diagram of the parquet, the side-leaves like diagrams of each balcony. All three leaves were racked, a division for every seat. Each of these little pockets contained a ticket-like piece of pasteboard numbered and lettered. Choose among them, sign and return to the box-office, with a promise to pay in October, and whoever would had chosen his own seats for the course of six Sunday concerts next season, as upon the leaves also announced. Mr. Simpson of the box-office invented this pretty device for a public that is never sure that it has a free field and an open choice.

These are the fortunate days of Mr. Monteux as conductor. Five years ago he departed Boston and ever since has been doing odd jobs in Europe and America. Now he is to succeed Mengelberg, resigned, as permanent conductor of the Amsterdam Orchestra; while for two months each spring he will take over the Paris Symphony Orchestra. Not quite in vain did he win some reputation hereabouts.

There is no prospect of a visit to Boston next season from Mr. Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic Society. Though he is pledged to sixteen weeks with that orchestra, they will undertake scarcely any concerts in other cities. At sixty-two a conductor must spare himself.

At The Pops Tonight

Entrance of Guests into the Hall of Song from the Opera, "Tannhäuser," Wagner
Minuet ..... Boccherini
Suite from the Opera, "Carmen" ..Bizet
Overture, "Roman Carnival" ....Berlioz
Tone-Poem, "Don Juan" .....R. Strauss
Rhapsody, "Espana" .....Chabrier
Hungarian Dance, No. 1.....Brahms
Intermezzo from the Opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana" .....Mascagni
Slavic March .....Chaikovsky

Conductor: A. Casella

POPS PLAYERS SCORE IN FIRST CONCERT

MER By MOSES SMITH MAY 2

If you would have a wintry blast succumb to a spring zephyr ask the management of Symphony Hall to announce the opening of "Pops." Here is the real harbinger of Boston's spring, as the coincidence of last night's weather and the "Pops" opening concert attested. For this reason alone we are grateful for the renewal of this, Boston's unique institution. But there are other benefits, to detail which would be retelling an old story—the combination of good music, well played, with an atmosphere of cordiality, with the possibility of discreet conversation, and the drinking of equally discreet beverages while munching harmless pretzels. And—crowning glory! You may smoke.

Alfredo Casella

The concert of last night was like the usual "Pops" opening. Alfredo Casella, noted Italian musician, was once more at the conductor's desk. The large audience greeted him cordially, and applauded him and its players continually throughout the evening.

The program was divided between light or short numbers and longer or weightier pieces, approximately in the ratio of two to one.

The performance of this music was eminently satisfactory, with Casella to lead the way and most of the Symphony Orchestra to follow. Only a music reviewer on duty might object to Casella's fondness for rapid tempi or forcing his instruments, especially the brass. For reasonable people it was a "good time" without reservations.

The daily programs in the future will tend to follow the pattern of the first one, the middle group being reserved for the most substantial music. Tonight's list, for example, has a second part consisting of Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" overture, Strauss' "Don Juan" and Chabrier's "Espana." Tomorrow night the big number will be Respighi's "Fountains of Rome." Thus an opportunity will be afforded music lovers of hearing pretentious scores which are not played often even during the regular musical season.

MR. CASELLA AND SOME OTHERS AT OPENING OF POPS

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Leads Pleasing Program At Symphony Hall—Is Loudly Applauded

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Last night Mr. Casella led off the first of this year's Pops with this program: Wedding March from "Le Coq d'Or," Rimsky-Korsakov; Song Without Words, Tchaikovsky; Valse Triste, Sibelius; Overture to "La Forza del Destino," Verdi; Les Preludes, Liszt; Pavane Pour Une Infante Defunte, Ravel; Italia, rhapsody, Casella; Overture to "William Tell," Rossini; Largo, Handel; Ride of the Valkyries, Wagner.

In all Boston is there not one soul who would like to secure the permanent services of Mr. Casella, that gifted creature of rhythm and tune, as a city missionary in music's cause? For this his third season, Mr. Casella is doing true missionary work, and that is a solemn fact.

Look at last night's program. There was Mr. Casella with a program to plan for the pleasure of quite plain people—musically speaking, be it of course understood. He pleased them mightily, with the help of many a trusty old standby from Handel, Wagner, Rossini. Shrewdly Mr. Casella gave the people what they knew they were going to like, but Mr. Casella, shrewdly again, gave them as well, music he himself knew they would like, whatever their preliminary doubts to the contrary.

So, if you please, he offered a popular audience Ravel's "Pavane pour une Infante Defunte"—and the audience had the air of liking it. Why not? Mr. Casella let its melody be heard, a very agreeable melody indeed when not obscured in dull performance. In the case of his own "Italia"—not precisely, on the whole, "popular" music—Mr. Casella, by stressing its melody and its rhythmic verve, made its discordancy fall so neatly into its proper subordinate place that it bothered nobody one atom; the piece drew loud acclaim. He did as well with "Les Preludes," popular music enough, but not always held to be Pop-like.

Thank God for a pioneer who is neither bigot nor pedant. Mr. Casella, giving his hearers what they want, constantly extends the range of their wants. But he recognizes they must have what they, the hearers, want, not what he may fancy himself. By never repelling them, therefore, with music void of melody easily grasped and well-marked rhythm, Mr. Casella is leading his public to the plane where they applaud—Ravel! So much for ability combined with common sense.

The people must like his choice of music, for the privilege remains theirs to take it or leave it. They take it: not an empty seat could be seen last night, upstairs or down, and applause rang loud.

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GALA OPENING AT THE POPS

Program of Favorites Is Pleasing to Large Audience

Alfredo Casella, conductor, and an orchestra of 80 symphony players opened the 44th season of the Pop concerts at Symphony hall last evening. For his opening concert, Mr. Casella chose a program of universal favorites, diverging from familiar paths only long enough to play for us Ravel's "Pavane Pour Une Infante Defunte," his own rhapsody, "Italia," which was introduced by him last year, and as an extra Moussorgsky's "Hopak."

It seems quite like greeting old friends to hear these melodies from Tchaikovsky, Verdi, Wagner, Handel and Rossini that send you away whistling. As presented to us by this group of musicians, however, these much abused expressions of some of the most eminent composers, achive their finest and happiest expression. In fact their sometimes palling familiarity, raised to such perfection of ensemble playing, inspires rather than wearies us.

Sibelius' haunting "Valse Triste" and Rimsky-Korsakov's wedding march from "Le Coq d'Or" with its stirring climaxes shared honors with Verdi and Tchaikovsky in the first group. The Ravel valse, which has had its place on concert programs this past winter, was well received, and the audience clapped lustily after Mr. Casella's "Italia," reminiscent of Funiculi-Funicula and other folk tunes.

Despite the fact that the refreshments are light and the drinks soft, the idea of the "Pops" is still a never-failing attraction. There is present a delightful informality, a spirit of camaraderie, smoking is permitted, except on Sunday evenings when those who prefer their music straight and more substantial will be able to listen without distraction.

Mr. Casella's appearance occasioned prolonged applause from a full house, and throughout the entire evening the audience evidenced its approval in no uncertain fashion. The concerts will continue with varying programs, every evening for several weeks.

CASELLA SCORES AT POP CONCERT

TRAVELER May 2nd

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CASELLA SCORES AT POP CONCERT

TRAVELER May 2nd

POPS OPEN WITH HALL CROWDED

Audience Listens With Rapt Attention to Music

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Normally the Pops begin on the first Monday following the close of the symphony season, but normally that Monday falls in the month of May, and since Pop concerts in April are apparently unthinkable, the present and forty-fourth season of Pops had its inaugural concert at Symphony Hall last evening. As in the previous two seasons an orchestra of some 80 players performed under the direction of Alfredo Casella.

THERE TO LISTEN

For some time past the emphasis at the Pop concerts has been shifting from the "pop" to the concert. Mr. Jacchia began that change; Mr. Casella has now completed it. There was a large audience last evening; no available place was left unfilled whether in the balcony seats or at the tables on the floor where refreshments, liquid and solid, might be had by those who desired them. But—and here is the significant thing—these soft drinks and light edibles were virtually ignored while the music was in progress

Between numbers and in the two intermissions those at the tables drank, munched, smoked and chatted, but while the orchestra played almost to a man—and woman—this company listened with rapt attention. In the more hushed moments, and there were many of them, the proverbial pin might have been heard to fall. And when a solitary waitress dared to cross the hall to receive or deliver an order, it seemed an intrusion.

Appear to Like Change

It has been urged by some that the changes here described have robbed the Pops of what was to some their chief appeal, but by every evidence of last evening those who now attend the Pops like them as they are. The rapt listening above described was surely wholly voluntary and spontaneous; this company had come to hear the Symphony orchestra under a conductor and musician of world renown in a programme that combined judiciously the reasonably light and the reasonably serious. Last evening at least the extremes of frivolity and of gravity were alike ignored.

On this opening programme were these pieces that might have place in a Symphony Concert: The Wedding March from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Le Coq d 'Or," Sibelius' "Valse Triste," Liszt's "Les Preludes," Mr. Casella's own brilliant rhapsody "Italia" and Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries." And since Mr. Toscanini lately conducted it in New York, Rossini's Overture to "William Tell" may be here included. For transcriptions of piano pieces, always staple fare at the Pops, there were Tchaikovsky's "Song without Words" and the more esoteric "Pavanne for a Dead Infanta" of Ravel. Handel's Largo, another transcription perennially favored, and Verdi's Overture to "The Force of Destiny," the latter played last evening with singular effectiveness, completed the list, exclusive of extras.

Rehearsals for the Pop concerts are of necessity limited. Mr. Casella may not work out in detail each piece to be played at the six or seven concerts of the week. The wonder is that under such conditions the standard of performance at the Pop concerts under his direction is as high as it is. For this standard is far nearer that of the Symphony concerts proper than of the Pops as these were formerly understood.

Last evening, save in a few moments so isolated and so negligible as to warrant no comment, the orchestra played as it has played all the year under Mr. Koussevitzky, as a band of virtuosi. In particular the performance of Mr. Casella's own Rhapsody, which brought the composer-conductor the customary ovation, was one of notable excellence. And in conclusion let it once more be suggested that those who lately have been exercised over the problem of bringing the Symphony Orchestra to a wider public may well take thought of the fact that now at Symphony Hall for several weeks to come the Symphony Orchestra may be heard every evening under a distinguished leader, and at prices that go as low as 50 cents.

MAY 2

THE BOSTON GLOB

FIRST POP CONCERT AT SYMPHONY HALL

Alfredo Casella Leads Orchestra of 80

Capacity Audience Applauds Program of Light Music

The first Pop concert of the 44th season attracted a large audience to Symphony Hall last night. Alfredo Casella, returning for his third season as conductor, was warmly welcomed. He shared the applause that greeted a well-played program of light music with his orchestra of 80 symphony players.

The floor of the hall, with the rows of seats replaced by tables at which one can sit and smoke and be served with things to eat and drink, presented a familiar and unique Bostonian spectacle. No other American city has a musical institution comparable to the Pops.

Cynics who said it was the beer and wines and not the music that drew the crowd to the Pops have been confuted by the continued and increased popularity of the concerts since prohibition forced the substitution of non-alcoholic drinks on the menu. The only a change is that the present-day audience pays much closer attention to the music, listening silently to every number and talking only in the intermissions.

The music is better worth listening to than it used to be. Mr Casella is a musician with a world-wide reputation as composer, conductor, and pianist. His programs include many of the old favorites, such as Handel's "Largo," Rossini's "William Tell" overture, and Sibelius' "Valse Triste" last night. But he has added to the repertory a number of attractive light and semiserious pieces, such as the march from Rimsky Korsakov's "Le coq d'or" and Ravel's "Pavane pour une Infants defunte" last night. The orchestra is larger and the standard of performance far higher than in the old days.

It is astonishing how well the Pops orchestra plays night after night, considering the very limited opportunities for rehearsal. The musicians, of course, are far more likely to give of their best to a noted conductor than to one of their own number as was customary in the days when the Pops were conducted by a member of the orchestra.

Mr Casella's musical sympathies are broad, including such very diverse things as Liszt's "Les Preludes," of which he gave a brilliant interpretation last night; the overture to Verdi's "Forza del Destino"; Musorgsky's "Hopak," played as an encore; as well as the modern composers among whom he must himself be numbered, as his "Italia," a feature of the program, again proved. This rhapsody on popular tunes was a favorite with Pops audiences long before its composer came to Boston. It is an early and perhaps not wholly characteristic, but brilliantly successful work.

The program contained several announcements about special nights to come, including the first of the Sunday night Pops, which will be given every other week during the season, beginning May 12; and Harvard Night, open, however, to the public, May 13, at which the Harvard Glee Club will appear.

Next week will bring an interesting innovation. The Isadora Duncan Dancers, directed by Irma Duncan, a pupil of the great dancer now dead, are to appear as an extra feature at each Pop concert from Monday, May 6, through Saturday, May 11. These dancers, trained in the school established by Isadora Duncan at Moscow in 1920, came to America this past Winter, and have made a great success in New York, winning warm praise from the reviewers, and drawing many large audiences. P. R.

TRANS MAY 4

At The Pops Tonight

Wedding March from the Incidental Music to Shakspeare's Comedy, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ..... Mendelssohn

Invitation to The Dance..... Weber
(Scored for Orchestra by Berlioz)

Overture to The Opera, "Tannhäuser" ..... Wagner

Overture, "Leonora," No. 3...Beethoven

Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished" ..... Schubert

Overture to The Opera, "Cinderella" ..... Rossini

Slavonic Dance..... Dvorák

Overture, "The Year 1812"..Chaikovsky

Conductor: A. Casella

Pops More Popular Than Ever; Same Varied Color Prevails

Carefree Atmosphere Pervades Symphony Hall Nightly

PRE-VOLSTEAD DAYS WERE NOT BRIGHTER

HERALD MAY 3

By MICHAEL SHEA

A tall professional looking man, dressed in black and sporting an artist's tie, is among the first arrivals at his table on the main floor. Prominent in the medical profession, he is one of Boston's many music lovers.

Now all eyes gaze on a stately gray-haired woman as she follows the usher to her table, where she is joined by her grown grandchildren, who pour over the program to ask her about the different selections.

A group of college boys saunter in. And here are the modern college girls. Crowds from every section of the city and the suburbs flow through the several doors as if swept on a flood tide. Ten minutes more and the galleries are crowded. Many familiar faces are seen. Many of the habitues seem younger, and every one is carefree.

The first floor is buzzing with conversation. Circles of smoke float into the air. Men borrow cigarettes from their fair companions, having forgotten their own in the last minute rush. Every seat is filled and the 2600 men, women and not a few children gathered in the immense hall present a picture of joyous abandon.

TRIBUTE TO CONDUCTOR

Now a deep hush; 85 musicians, selected from abroad and this country, are seated and then a tremendous outburst of applause sweeps above the audience. It is a tribute, an ovation, for Alfredo Casella, the conductor, who has emerged from the wings to the platform to direct another night's program of the Symphony Hall Pops now in the 44th season.

It seems that the Pops are more popular than ever. On the first night 2600 persons stormed the hall and all obtained seats through the efficient management of Manager William H. Brennan, Assistant-Manager George E. Judd, Treasurer Arthur W. Wiggin and not to overlook the efficient associates, Gordon B. Simpson, Charles A. McCarthy, John D. O'Leary and the personnel of the hall.

Again the second night of this season attracted another equally as large a gathering and the picturesque complex of humanity—always with new faces—will be on hand every night of the 58 concerts. Something like 125,000 persons will hear the Pops this season, which is expected to make a new record for attendance, judging from the enthusiasm of the crowds present the first few evenings.

ALFREDO CASELLA

What a contrast the 44th year makes with the days when prohibition was not a law?

Drinks were served in plenty in the old days to the happy throngs that gathered around the tables and the spirit of hilarity reigned supreme at some of the tables as pop after pop sounded in discord from sparkling bottles. No matter how marvelous were the rhythm and melody, many were oblivious to the Pope until the glasses were raised to the toast, "until we meet again."

Then the prohibition amendment was passed. Mighty fears for the future of the Pops were raised. "Will the Pops survive?" "What will music be without cocktail, wine and beer and all the rest?"

SERVED AT TABLES

Dire predictions were made for the fate of the Pops until they appeared in their first prohibition debut season. The tables were there just like the other days. The crowds came and many were on hand the first night of the prohibition debut expecting it to be the death knell of the famed musical institution. That was a memorable night just 10 years ago. Though wines and beer were missing the audiences were soon won to the music.

Soft drinks and refreshments are now served at the same tables. An informal atmosphere permeates the audience and should anyone overlook going to The Pops during a season at least once or more, music circles raise their eyebrows in astonishment.

DANCERS FOR AMER. POPS BILL

MAY 4

The Isadora Duncan Dancers of Moscow are to come to Boston where the Pop Concerts at Symphony Hall will break all precedents by receiving them each night of the coming week. They will appear in the third section of each Pop program the orchestra accompanying them, under Arthur Fielder's direction.

Isadora Duncan founded this school in Moscow in 1920, leaving it to the direction of Irma Duncan, her adopted daughter. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, they will present an all-Schubert program. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, they will give their famous interpretation of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony.

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Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Berlioz
Overture to "Tannhauser" .....Wagner
Overture to "Leonore" No. 3....Beethoven
Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished" ..... Schubert
Overture to "Cinderella".....Rossini
Slavonic Dance .....Dvorak
Overture Solennelle, "1912" ..Tchaikovsky

MAY 4

TRANSCRIPT, SATURDA

The Listener

THE Symphony Orchestra's forty-fourth annual series of concerts went out a week ago tonight to the triumphant strains of the Tchaikowski No. 5's finale. The concluding concert of the season was indeed all a triumph, and in particular one for Mr. Koussevitzky. When did a Boston Symphony audience ever shout so lustily as it did last Saturday night? Mr. Koussevitzky was kept at his stiff bowing until one almost feared that his back would break. But he never smiled. Does he ever smile? He is a severe conductor. Members of the orchestra, to their intimates—and even a member of the Symphony Orchestra has his intimates—sometimes tell of terrible denunciations at rehearsals carried on in explosions of simultaneous French, German and English; but last Saturday night the acclaim which Mr. Koussevitzky received from his players was unanimous and hearty. Which shows that all such denunciations and severities are attributable purely to artistic zeal and integrity. The present conductor of the Symphony Orchestra is a rather queer man. Of stern, grave and absolutely "set" public habit—he walks upon the stage always in the same manner, bows solemnly with that exact stiff bend, never relaxes his Jovian aspect,—but for all that he is the most distinctly sentimental producer of music that we have ever had. With an open mind as regards composers, his exclusions are nevertheless adamantine. And he looks cold, but his music is warm!

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POPS OPEN WITH HALL CROWDED

Audience Listens With Rapt Attention to Music

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Normally the Pops begin on the first Monday following the close of the symphony season, but normally that Monday falls in the month of May, and since Pop concerts in April are apparently unthinkable, the present and forty-fourth season of Pops had its inaugural concert at Symphony Hall last evening. As in the previous two seasons an orchestra of some 80 players performed under the direction of Alfredo Casella.

THERE TO LISTEN

For some time past the emphasis at the Pop concerts has been shifting from the "pop" to the concert. Mr. Jacchia began that change; Mr. Casella has now completed it. There was a large audience last evening; no available place was left unfilled whether in the balcony seats or at the tables on the floor where refreshments, liquid and solid, might be had by those who desired them. But—and here is the significant thing—these soft drinks and light edibles were virtually ignored while the music was in progress

Between numbers and in the two intermissions those at the tables drank, munched, smoked and chatted, but while the orchestra played almost to a man—and woman—this company listened with rapt attention. In the more hushed moments, and there were many of them, the proverbial pin might have been heard to fall. And when a solitary waitress dared to cross the hall to receive or deliver an order, it seemed an intrusion.

Appear to Like Change

It has been urged by some that the changes here described have robbed the Pops of what was to some their chief appeal, but by every evidence of last evening those who now attend the Pops like them as they are. The rapt listening above described was surely wholly voluntary and spontaneous; this company had come to hear the Symphony orchestra under a conductor and musician of world renown in a programme that combined judiciously the reasonably light and the reasonably serious. Last evening at least the extremes of frivolity and of gravity were alike ignored.

On this opening programme were these pieces that might have place in a Symphony Concert: The Wedding March from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Le Coq d 'Or," Sibelius' "Valse Triste," Liszt's "Les Preludes," Mr. Casella's own brilliant rhapsody "Italia" and Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries." And since Mr. Toscanini lately conducted it in New York, Rossini's Overture to "William Tell" may be here included. For transcriptions of piano pieces, always staple fare at the Pops, there were Tchaikovsky's "Song without Words" and the more esoteric "Pavanne for a Dead Infanta" of Ravel. Handel's Largo, another transcription perennially favored, and Verdi's Overture to "The Force of Destiny," the latter played last evening with singular effectiveness, completed the list, exclusive of extras.

Rehearsals for the Pop concerts are of necessity limited. Mr. Casella may not work out in detail each piece to be played at the six or seven concerts of the week. The wonder is that under such conditions the standard of performance at the Pop concerts under his direction is as high as it is. For this standard is far nearer that of the Symphony concerts proper than of the Pops as these were formerly understood.

Last evening, save in a few moments so isolated and so negligible as to warrant no comment, the orchestra played as it has played all the year under Mr. Koussevitzky, as a band of virtuosi. In particular the performance of Mr. Casella's own Rhapsody, which brought the composer-conductor the customary ovation, was one of notable excellence. And in conclusion let it once more be suggested that those who lately have been exercised over the problem of bringing the Symphony Orchestra to a wider public may well take thought of the fact that now at Symphony Hall for several weeks to come the Symphony Orchestra may be heard every evening under a distinguished leader, and at prices that go as low as 50 cents.

MAY 2

THE BOSTON GLOB

FIRST POP CONCERT AT SYMPHONY HALL

Alfredo Casella Leads Orchestra of 80

Capacity Audience Applauds Program of Light Music

The first Pop concert of the 44th season attracted a large audience to Symphony Hall last night. Alfredo Casella, returning for his third season as conductor, was warmly welcomed. He shared the applause that greeted a well-played program of light music with his orchestra of 80 symphony players.

The floor of the hall, with the rows of seats replaced by tables at which one can sit and smoke and be served with things to eat and drink, presented a familiar and unique Bostonian spectacle. No other American city has a musical institution comparable to the Pops.

Cynics who said it was the beer and wines and not the music that drew the crowd to the Pops have been confuted by the continued and increased popularity of the concerts since prohibition forced the substitution of non-alcoholic drinks on the menu. The only a change is that the present-day audience pays much closer attention to the music, listening silently to every number and talking only in the intermissions.

The music is better worth listening to than it used to be. Mr Casella is a musician with a world-wide reputation as composer, conductor, and pianist. His programs include many of the old favorites, such as Handel's "Largo," Rossini's "William Tell" overture, and Sibelius' "Valse Triste" last night. But he has added to the repertory a number of attractive light and semiserious pieces, such as the march from Rimsky Korsakov's "Le coq d'or" and Ravel's "Pavane pour une Infants defunte" last night. The orchestra is larger and the standard of performance far higher than in the old days.

It is astonishing how well the Pops orchestra plays night after night, considering the very limited opportunities for rehearsal. The musicians, of course, are far more likely to give of their best to a noted conductor than to one of their own number as was customary in the days when the Pops were conducted by a member of the orchestra.

Mr Casella's musical sympathies are broad, including such very diverse things as Liszt's "Les Preludes," of which he gave a brilliant interpretation last night; the overture to Verdi's "Forza del Destino"; Musorgsky's "Hopak," played as an encore; as well as the modern composers among whom he must himself be numbered, as his "Italia," a feature of the program, again proved. This rhapsody on popular tunes was a favorite with Pops audiences long before its composer came to Boston. It is an early and perhaps not wholly characteristic, but brilliantly successful work.

The program contained several announcements about special nights to come, including the first of the Sunday night Pops, which will be given every other week during the season, beginning May 12; and Harvard Night, open, however, to the public, May 13, at which the Harvard Glee Club will appear.

Next week will bring an interesting innovation. The Isadora Duncan Dancers, directed by Irma Duncan, a pupil of the great dancer now dead, are to appear as an extra feature at each Pop concert from Monday, May 6, through Saturday, May 11. These dancers, trained in the school established by Isadora Duncan at Moscow in 1920, came to America this past Winter, and have made a great success in New York, winning warm praise from the reviewers, and drawing many large audiences. P. R.

TRANS MAY 4

At The Pops Tonight

Wedding March from the Incidental Music to Shakspeare's Comedy, "A Midsummer Night's Dream ..... Mendelssohn

Invitation to The Dance..... Weber
(Scored for Orchestra by Berlioz)

Overture to The Opera, "Tannhäuser" ..... Wagner

Overture, "Leonora," No. 3...Beethoven

Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished" ..... Schubert

Overture to The Opera, "Cinderella" ..... Rossini

Slavonic Dance..... Dvorák

Overture, "The Year 1812"..Chaikovsky

Conductor: A. Casella

Pops More Popular Than Ever; Same Varied Color Prevails

Carefree Atmosphere Pervades Symphony Hall Nightly

PRE-VOLSTEAD DAYS WERE NOT BRIGHTER

HERALD MAY 3

By MICHAEL SHEA

A tall professional looking man, dressed in black and sporting an artist's tie, is among the first arrivals at his table on the main floor. Prominent in the medical profession, he is one of Boston's many music lovers.

Now all eyes gaze on a stately gray-haired woman as she follows the usher to her table, where she is joined by her grown grandchildren, who pour over the program to ask her about the different selections.

A group of college boys saunter in. And here are the modern college girls. Crowds from every section of the city and the suburbs flow through the several doors as if swept on a flood tide. Ten minutes more and the galleries are crowded. Many familiar faces are seen. Many of the habitues seem younger, and every one is carefree.

The first floor is buzzing with conversation. Circles of smoke float into the air. Men borrow cigarettes from their fair companions, having forgotten their own in the last minute rush. Every seat is filled and the 2600 men, women and not a few children gathered in the immense hall present a picture of joyous abandon.

TRIBUTE TO CONDUCTOR

Now a deep hush; 85 musicians, selected from abroad and this country, are seated and then a tremendous outburst of applause sweeps above the audience. It is a tribute, an ovation, for Alfredo Casella, the conductor, who has emerged from the wings to the platform to direct another night's program of the Symphony Hall Pops now in the 44th season.

It seems that the Pops are more popular than ever. On the first night 2600 persons stormed the hall and all obtained seats through the efficient management of Manager William H. Brennan, Assistant-Manager George E. Judd, Treasurer Arthur W. Wiggin and not to overlook the efficient associates, Gordon B. Simpson, Charles A. McCarthy, John D. O'Leary and the personnel of the hall.

Again the second night of this season attracted another equally as large a gathering and the picturesque complex of humanity—always with new faces—will be on hand every night of the 58 concerts. Something like 125,000 persons will hear the Pops this season, which is expected to make a new record for attendance, judging from the enthusiasm of the crowds present the first few evenings.

ALFREDO CASELLA

What a contrast the 44th year makes with the days when prohibition was not a law?

Drinks were served in plenty in the old days to the happy throngs that gathered around the tables and the spirit of hilarity reigned supreme at some of the tables as pop after pop sounded in discord from sparkling bottles. No matter how marvelous were the rhythm and melody, many were oblivious to the Pope until the glasses were raised to the toast, "until we meet again."

Then the prohibition amendment was passed. Mighty fears for the future of the Pops were raised. "Will the Pops survive?" "What will music be without cocktail, wine and beer and all the rest?"

SERVED AT TABLES

Dire predictions were made for the fate of the Pops until they appeared in their first prohibition debut season. The tables were there just like the other days. The crowds came and many were on hand the first night of the prohibition debut expecting it to be the death knell of the famed musical institution. That was a memorable night just 10 years ago. Though wines and beer were missing the audiences were soon won to the music.

Soft drinks and refreshments are now served at the same tables. An informal atmosphere permeates the audience and should anyone overlook going to The Pops during a season at least once or more, music circles raise their eyebrows in astonishment.

MAY 4, BOSTON TRAVELER.

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DANCERS FOR POPS BILL

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Overture to "Leonore" No. 3....Beethoven
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Overture to "Cinderella"..... Rossini
Slavonic Dance ..... Dvorak
Overture Solennelle, "1912" ..Tchaikovsky

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CONCERTS AND

HERALD MAY 5

DUNCAN DANCERS AT POPS

There will be a real innovation at the Pop concerts in their second week, which opens tomorrow with the appearance of the Isadora Duncan dancers each night of the week. This will be the first visit to Boston of the remarkable group of dancers who came over from Russia last winter and made in New York a sensation in a season rich with visiting dancers. Isadora Duncan established this school in Moscow in 1920, and left it in the care of Irma Duncan, one of her adopted daughters and herself a dancer of note. Irma Duncan brought her dancers to New York in December, and gave a festival of 12 performances in memory of Isadora, whose art they are perpetuating. From then until now Broadway has been crowding to the performances of Irma Duncan and her Russian group.

The Isadora Duncan dancers will appear each night after the second intermission, when the stage will be cleared and an orchestra in front of it, conducted by Arthur Fiedler, will accompany them. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday they will present an all-Schubert program, consisting of the Ave Maria, andante from the Seventh Symphony, five waltzes, moment musicale and marche militaire. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday they will give their famous interpretation of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony.

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Next Sunday, May 12, will bring the first Sunday night Pop concert, with an all-Wagner program.

The programs of the week follow:

MONDAY, MAY 6.
Overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai
Minuet ..... Bolzoni
Rumanian Rhapsody ..... Enesco
Overture to "Gwendoline" ..... Chabrier
Danse Macabre, symphonic poem..Saint-Saens
Overture to "Rienzi" ..... Wagner
The Isadora Duncan Dancers
(All Schubert program)

TUESDAY, MAY 7.
Marche Slave ..... Tchaikovsky
Overture to "Sakuntala" ..... Goldmark
Fantasia, "Aida" ..... Verdi
Suite, "Peer Gynt" ..... Grieg
Waltz, "Voices of Spring" ..... Strauss
First Hungarian Rhapsody ..... Listz
The Isadora Duncan Dancers
(Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony)

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8.
French Military March ..... Salt-Saens
Suite from "Carmen" ..... Bizet
Overture to "La Forza del Destino" ..... Verdi
Overture, "The Roman Carnival" ..... Berlioz
Largo from the "New World" spmphony. Dvorak
Polovtsian dances from "Prince Igor," Dorodin
The Isadora Duncan Dancers
(All Shubert program)

TUESDAY, MAY 9
March from "Aida" ..... Verdi
Prelude to act III, "Traviata" ..... Verdi
Overture to "La Forza del Destino" ..... Verdi
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg" ..... Wagner
Air for string orchestra ..... Bach
"Italia," rhapsody ..... Casella
The Isadora Duncan Dancers
(Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony)

FRIDAY, MAY 10.
Coronation march from "The Prophet," Meyerbeer
Suite from "L'Arlesienne" No. 1 ..... Bizet
Overture to "William Tell" ..... Rossini
Introduction to act III "Lohengrin" ..Wagner
Pavane pour une Infante Defunte .... Raval
"Pines of Rome," symphonic poem ..Respighi
The Isadora Duncan Dancers
(All Shubert program)

SATURDAY, MAY 11.
Pomp and Circumstance ..... Elgar
Ave Maria ..... Schubert-Wilhelmj
Ballet suite, "Nutcracker" ..... Tchaikovsky
Dance of the Hours, "La Gioconda." Ponchielli
Overture to "Nebuchadnezzar" ..... Verdi
Bacchanale, "Tannhaeuser" ..... Wagner
Capriccio Italian ..... Tchaikovsky
The Isadora Duncan Dancers
(Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony)

SUNDAY, MAY 12.
(All Wagner Program)
Tannhaeuser, entrance of the guests into the Wartsburg.
A Siegfried Idyll.
Tristan and Isolde, prelude and love-death.
Tannahaeuser, overture.
The Mastersingers of Nuremburg, prelude.
Lohengrin, prelude and introduction to act III.
Parsifal, Good Friday spell.
The Valkyrie, ride of the Valkyries.

Duncan Girls At the Pops-- Music Notes

POST MAY 5

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The presence of the Isadora Duncan Dancers on the stage of Symphony Hall at each of next week's Pop Concerts will be both innovation and the chief interest of the programmes of the week, although there will also be undanced musical fare in good measure. These dancers were trained by Irma Duncan, adopted daughter, as the announcement states, of the famous Isadora herself, and as a troupe they have met with favor in New York and elsewhere.

* * * *

Last October Alfredo Casella, now beginning his third season as conductor of the Pops, was awarded by the Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia a prize of $3000 for his Serenata for clarinet, bassoon, trumpet, violin and 'cello. Next Tuesday evening Mr. Casella is to be dined and feted in the Quaker City and incidentally will direct a performance of this composition. On this same Tuesday evening, therefore, the Pop Concert here in Symphony Hall will be conducted, not by Mr. Casella, but by Arthur Fiedler.

* * * *

Cleveland is justly proud of the endowment fund for her orchestra, recently completed [illegible] drive that went far "over the top." Not only has the Cleveland Orchestra, now a million-

DUNCAN TROUPE AT POP CONCERTS

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SUN ADV. MAY 5

MUSIC

DUNCAN DANCERS AT THE POPS

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TUESDAY, MAY 7

(Conducted by Arthur Fiedler)

Marche Slave, Tchaikovsky; overture to "Sakuntala," Goldmark; fantasia, "Aida," Verdi; suite, "Peer Gynt," Grieg; waltz, "Voices of Spring," Strauss; first Hungarian rhapsody, Liszt; the Isadora Duncan Dancers, Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony.

Wednesday, May 8—French Military March, Saint-Saens; Suite from "Carmen," Bizet; Overture to "La Forza del Destino," Verdi; Overture, "The Roman Carnival," Berlioz; Largo from the "New World" Symphony, Dvorak; Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor," Borodin. The Isadora Duncan Dancers (all Schubert program).

Thursday, May 9—March from "Aida," Verdi; Prelude to Act [illegible] "Traviata," Verdi; Overture to "La Forza del Destino," Verdi; Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg," Wagner; Air for String Orchestra," Bach; "Italia," Rhapsody, Casella. The Isadora Duncan Dancers (Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony).

Friday, May 10—Coronation March from "The Prophet," Meyerbeer; Suite from "L'Arlesienne" No. 1, Bizet; Overture to "William Tell," Rossini; Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin," Wagner; Pavane pour une Infante Defunte, Ravel; "Pines of Rome," Symphonic Poem, Respighi. The Isadora Duncan Dancers (all Schubert program).

Saturday, May 11—"Pomp and Circumstance," Elgar; "Ave Maria," Schubert-Wilhelm; ballet suite, "Nutcracker," Tchaikovsky; Dance of the Hours, "La Gioconda," Ponchielli; overture to "Nebuchadnezzar," Verdi; Bacchanale, "Tannhauser," Wagner; Capriccio Italien, Tchaikovsky. The Isadora Duncan Dancers (Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony).

Sunday, May 12 (All Wagner Program—"Tannhauser," entrance of the guests into the Wartburg; "A Siegfried Idyll," "Tristan and Isolde," prelude and Love-Death: "Tannhauser," overture; "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg," prelude; "Lohengrin," prelude and introduction to Act III; "Parsifal," Good Friday spell; "The Valkyrie," ride of the Valkyries.

[illegible] which give full play to the rich harmonies and subtle shadings of voices in a man's chorus.

The program is as follows:

"Let Us Now Praise Famous Men," R. Vaughan Williams; "How Sweet! How Fresh!", Stephen Paxton; "In Dulci Iubilo," ancient German carol; "Adoramus Te"; "Shoot, False Love"; "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring"; "The Galway Piper," Irish folk song; "Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence," old French melody arranged by Gustav Holst (1874—); soloist, Philip Donham. "To All You Ladies Now on Hand," Callcott; "City of Chow," Granville Bantock; three Italian folk songs, "Dimmi O Bella (soloist, Dean E. Terrill); "Tu Mi Vuoi Tanto Bene"; "Cantu Di Caccia"; "Plorate, Filii Israel," from "Jephthah's Daughter"; chorus from "The Gondoliers," Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Music Notes and Comment

Aside from the Pops, musical events these days in Boston are few. The Harvard Glee Club's free concert at the Art Museum Thursday, for which no tickets are required; the two introductory performances of "Carmen" by Leginska's Opera Company at Jordan Hall Saturday, and the concert by the Boston Civic Symphony at Jordan Hall [illegible] Sunday complete [illegible] Reviewer's schedule.

GLOBE MAY 5

Six of the Sunday afternoon concerts at Symphony Hall next season have been grouped in a subscription series for which seats are on sale at a rate that reduces the price below the level asked for single concerts in the annual Sunday series. The artists to be heard in this special course are Louise Homer and her daughters, Horwoitz, Hayes, Albert Spalding, Sanroma and Cyrena van Gordon. Miss van Gordon is a newcomer at Symphony Hall but familiar here as a leading mezzo soprano with the Chicago Civic Opera. The other artists have appeared in the Sunday series before. Intending purchasers may pick out their own seats from a diagram on view in the Huntington-av lobby of Symphony Hall at the intermission in the current Pop concerts. The prices range from $12 down to $5 for the six concerts.

The Monday and Tuesday series [illegible] Boston Symphony concerts have been increased to six instead of five concerts each for next season. Season tickets for these and for the 24 Friday and Saturday concerts should be applied for at Symphony Hall at once by persons wishing to secure tickets without fail. It is doubtful if any Friday tickets will remain after persons now on the waiting list have been supplied. Payment need not be made until next Fall. Mr Koussevitzky is to return as conductor, as already announced.

KOUSSEVITZKY IN N. Y.

(W. J. Henderson in the Sun)

He has restored to the Boston Symphony Orchestra the fullness of its prestige. He has brought back the luminosity of its tone, the vitality of its style and the finish of its technic. In his selections and his interpretations he has shown himself to be a progressive who preserves his sanity and a respecter of the past, whose treasures he treats not merely as a priceless historical heritage, but as a living power to be felt by the living. He will return to us next winter at the head of a truly great orchestra which has splendidly added to its influence under his guidance.

CAMPFIRE GIRLS REAL HEROINES

Three Prevent Panic by Putting Out Fire in Crowded Hall

GRAB BLANKETS, SMOTHER FLAMES

Blaze Accidentally Starts in Imitation Campfire

[illegible] TIMES

Three young girls from Greater Boston distinguished themselves in Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon, by putting out a fire that had accidentally started in a make-believe campfire on the floor of the hall, which was crowded at the time with 1500 Campfire Girls from all over New England, who were celebrating the 17th anniversary of their organization.

[illegible]y their coolness and presence of mind in grabbing up blankets and smothering the flames, they prevented what might have been a serious panic.

The fire started in a fictitious campfire of white birch logs which covered an arrangement of red paper streamers and electric light bulbs that made the whole thing look like a real campfire. In some way the electric bulbs, it is believed, set fire to the paper streamers, but one of the girls said she saw a lighted candle topple over before the flames leaped up.

The girls were seated in a circle on the floor about the campfire, singing "Across the Silver Lake," when Eleanor Moulton, 15, of 102 Winsor avenue, Watertown, happened to look at the symbolic fire, and saw flames leaping up among the paper streamers. She looked twice to make sure the flames were real, then shouted to Miss Doris Foster, who was leading the singing, "It's afire," and pointed to the campfire with one hand while she grabbed her blanket with the other.

Saw Lighted Candle Topple

Just before Miss Houlton shouted, Miss Marion Wooley, 12, of 159 Middlesex avenue, Medford, also noticed the fire. She was looking into the campfire with three lighted candles on top of the logs when she saw a paper streamer whirl up dangerously near the candle in front of her. The next moment it was ablaze. She heard someone shout, "Get your blankets," as she grabbed hers and made for the fire.

As she reached the fire, Miss Moulton and Miss Dorothy Soderberg, 13, of 84 North Bayfield road, Atlantic, who said she saw a lighted candle topple over into the fire, approached from the opposite side and threw their blankets over the blazing paper, smothering the flames almost instantly. Miss Soderberg was slightly burned on her right hand. Miss Foster, who assisted in putting out the fire, was severely burned about the left hand, requiring several dressings.

In the excitement, the 1500 girls on the floor sprang to their feet while there was an ominous pause in the song. But it was all done so quietly and quickly, that it was all over before the audience realized what had happened.

After it was over, Miss Foster said she never saw anything done so quickly and so effectively in an emergency.

"Miss Moulton was seated on her blanket in the front row of the circle," she said, "when I saw her point to the campfire and say, 'Miss Foster, it's afire.' One glance convinced me of the fact and I ordered the girls to get their blankets. That is the order for a fire emergency, but before the other girls could get on their feet, Miss Moulton was smothering the flames with her blanket, assisted by Miss Wooley and Miss Soderberg. There was no excitement, no panic. The girls showed the value of their training in a wonderful manner. I feel proud of them."

Miss Edith M. Kempthorne, the national field secretary of the campfire girls, was equally frank in her praise.

Governor Allen arrived shortly afterward and brought the greetings of the Commonwealth. He was accompanied by Mrs. Allen, who is honorary president of the organization. As a memento of the occasion, Mrs. Allen was presented with a silver pendant and the Governor was given a gift for his infant son.

Besides the exhibition of campfire craft, there were numerous songs and pledges of faith to the campfire circle as well as the reception of new members and the award of honors.

Casella, Versatile Leader of Pops Concerts, Mixes His Music in Chemical Test Tube

Got Through "Pathetic" Symphony 10 Minutes Ahead of Time-Table--- Looks Like a Canadian Mountie --- Calm Under Fire and Likes Snappy Work

By R. L. Humphrey

Alfredo Casella, conductor of the Pops concerts at Boston's Symphony Hall, is unique in the world of music in a number of respects.

Who but Casella, for instance, could compose seriously, in serious musical form, for the pianola—and still be esteemed one of the great minds of modern music?

Casella has not only done one and both—he has done so five times.

To his mind—and his mind is the main part of him—the inanimate aspect of the mechanical piano is completely lost in the fact that with it one may achieve complications of execution and effect beyond the power of human hands to attempt.

What About the Pathos?

Casella is a man of such eminence in so many fields that it is rather baffling to attempt an introductory impression of him in a phrase.

But he himself has just provided the means. When Casella conducted Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony at the Pops last week, he got through it 10 minutes ahead of the ordinary running time.

This is illuminating. It is eloquent in its implications.

But perhaps not everyone is sure what to imply. Suppose we state it this way: When Stokowsky conducts the "Pathetic," it is as if he had said to himself, "How much pathos is there in this?" With Koussevitzky, it is as if he said, "How much more pathos can I get out of this?" With Casella, it seems as if he said, "Well, what about this pathos?" Whereupon he substituted neatness and despatch for lugubrious lingerings.

Alfredo Casella, composer-pianist-musicologist, leader of "Pops."

(C) Bachrach

Casella, in common phrase, knows the science of music inside out. As to the frenzies of music, he leaves them outside, because there are none in him. Music to him consists of tone, rhythm, pattern and structure, creating various impressions—which are said to throw various persons into an emotional whirl. And Casella's constitution does not adapt itself to whirls of emotion.

You cannot always pick out a musician by his appearance, but in the attempt you would indicate almost anyone among a thousand individuals in Boston, except Casella. He has the height and physique of a captain of Royal Canadian Mounted Police in civies, and, in fact, crossed the stage with military stride. In his gaze you read alertness, directness, penetration, decision. These are attributes of the adventurer, and Casella is the bright particular star among adventuring musicians. He roams restlessly from country to country, from piano to conductor's stand, from there to author's, editor's or composer's desk, and thence from one school of modern musical theory to another—from "cubism" to classicism and "way stations."

Casella's conductorship of the Pops at Boston Symphony Hall is an adventure, entered upon in that spirit on an instant without previous thought or subsequent dubitation.

During Koussevitzky's mid-season vacation, three years ago, Casella was guest conductor. He had previously filled the position capably for some few other orchestras in France, Holland, Italy and Austria. On the occasion in question, he had dazzled a capacity audience, and the orchestra, too, with the rare charm of his conducting of a Mozart concerto, with Walter Gieseking at the piano. It was the sensation of the promenade conversation during the mid-concert intermission. By chance the question had not been settled as to who would lead the Pops a few months later, since Jacchia had resigned.

An official of the orchestra entered into a chat with Casella. By way of news, he mentioned the fact that the Pops were yet without a leader. By way of pleasantry, he asked, "How'd the job strike you?"

"Offer it to me, and I'll take it," Casella said.

The official's speaking apparatus was temporarily paralyzed. Here was one of the most notable figures in modern music — outstanding modernist composer, learned essayist on musicology, distinguished pianist, internationally known conductor—offering to lead the Pops, a series of concerts at which players and public enjoyed a vacation from music of passion, tension and intricacy. As soon as the trustees could be gathered, a contract was rushed to Casella.

Calm Under Fire

Just as swiftly and decisively as Casella cleared his way to the helm of the Pops, he completely altered their course. That would seem a contradiction. But Casella in personality and in history is full of contradictions. Although he abolished the adored trifling, or not quite great, music that made these concerts so popular, he popularized programmes almost the counterpart of regular Symphony programmes. If former patrons withdrew in protest, others replaced them by way of approval. These "classical Pops" draw heavily.

Here again you have the man of adventure, armed with alertness and decision, calm and resourceful under fire. With concerts every night, neither he nor his orchestra can give very long hours to rehearsals, however ambitious the music. Yet in performance, Casella presents the numbers with unfailing clearness of thought and unwavering grip on his orchestra. Where human limitation intervenes, he shows himself as admirable an opportunist as his compatriot Caesar, and marches on to victory.

Among the contradictions attaching to him are his personal relations with his orchestra. The fact that Casella is responsible for robbing them of the former vacation-like charm of playing in the Pops puts them fleetingly in a general mood of driven-slave outcry. But on the whole they look on him as a great fellow, without a doubt, whom it is a rare pleasure to know—especially among conductors.

Perhaps the greatest contradiction about Casella is in the matter of temperament.

It is generally and pretty correctly—supposed that all musicians of account have temperament. (Has not the most mournful criticism of Marion Talley been that she had no temperament?)

Reduce all of Casella's superb musical endowments and attainments to percentages and to compute his temperament one must shift from mathematical to chemical procedure. A chemist will give the percentages of various elements of a compound, and then in lieu of a percentage of one element, he will resort to the word "trace." Casella's temperament amounts to just about a trace.

Yet he can put an audience into highest enthusiasm whether he approaches it as pianist, composer or conductor. Another contradiction here. He excels in playing and conducting classical music of the "lavender and old lace" type—Mozart, Haydn, Scarlatti. Yet as a composer he was long rated an extreme modern, writing "cubist" music. And at all times he is able to thrill an audience with the dash of movement and audacity or ingenuity of tonal color in his compositions or the diabolical complication of instrumental technique demanded.

A Chemist With a Baton

For temperament Casella has substituted a scientific attitude of mind. He was once ambitious to become a great chemist. Without straining a point to capitalize the fact, it may be stated that in Casella the personality of a chemist is enclosed in the body of a musician. His compositions, his essays on musical theory, his conducting, seem to resolve themselves into terms of chemical formulae. As a musical commentator he analyzes difficult subjects with startling clarity.

As a conductor, his presentation of an orchestral work is as if his baton would at any moment be raised to a blackboard, and you would hear him state:

"Now, with one molecule of sulphuric acid, consisting of two atoms of hydrogen and two of sulphur dioxide, united with one molecule of sodium chlorate, consisting of one atom each of sodium and chlorine, and three atoms of oxygen, we have the explosion which is about to take place."

There is satisfaction in this mental balance, and no danger of one's becoming neurotic by the resulting musical reactions.

Concerts Next Week

TRANS MAY 4

Progress of The Pops

THE second week of The Pops brings innovation. Each evening the first two parts of the program will consist, as usual, of orchestral numbers. In the following intermission the stage will be cleared, while a small orchestra, led by Arthur Fiedler, will take seats on the floor in the space ordinarily occupied by the frontward tables. To the stage will come Irma Duncan's troupe of youthful dancers; from the improvised pit Mr. Fiedler's orchestra will play for them. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, the music will be drawn miscellaneously from Schubert. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, it will be confined to Chaikovsky's "Pathetic Symphony."

Irma's little company is the third generation, so to say, of Duncans. Isadora had her pupils and protegées. Not least of them was Irma. She succeeded to Isadora's school in Europe; there practised the youngsters whom she brought to New York last winter and will now bring to Symphony Hall. They dance—Irma often leading them—in the tradition of Isadora, but with the zest and glamour natural to their younger years. They are eleven in all, with Irma for twelfth. In particular they excel in swift and sharp-rhythmed motion.

For his share of the programs, Mr. Casella assembles, for the most part, pieces already established in the repertory of The Pops. Monday brings Enesco's first Roumanian Rhapsody and Chabrier's overture to his opera, "Gwendoline." On Wednesday, the slow movement of Dvorák's Symphony, "From the New World," and the Tartar dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor" are added to the list. Three orchestral numbers from Verdi's operas begin the program on Thursday. On Friday, it includes Respighi's tone-poem, "Pines of Rome." On Saturday, there is room for dances from Chaikovsky's ballet, "Nutcracker" and for the Venusberg Music in "Tannhäuser." On Tuesday evening, Mr. Fiedler will be conductor through the whole concert and a more miscellaneous program than usual. The first Sunday concert on the evening of May 12, assembles a "Wagner Program." Included is "A Siegfried Idyll," long unheard in Boston.

DUNCAN DANCERS AT POPS

Arthur Fiedler Conducts Innovation at Concerts

Post—MAY 7

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Last evening, for the first time in the history of the Pop Concerts, the musical programme, or rather a portion of it, was visualized by dancers. To be specific, the Isadora Duncan Dancers of Moscow, 10 in number, under the direction of Irma Duncan, an adopted daughter of Isadora, exhibited their art last evening during the third and final division of the programme.

FIEDLER CONDUCTS

For the first two-thirds of the evening the orchestra played under Mr. Casella's direction and in its accustomed place upon the stage, although against a back-ground of blue-green curtains.

During the second intermission the stage was cleared of chairs and stands, a green carpet was laid, and when the players reappeared they took their places in the front section of the auditorium which, needless to say, had been freed of the customary tables.

Arthur Fiedler now replaced Mr. Casella, as conductor, and to the music of Schubert the Duncan Dancers proceded to disport themselves upon the stage.

The chosen numbers were the Ave Maria, the Andante from the C major Symphony, five Waltzes, a Moment Musical and the familiar Marche Militaire. In all these dances Irma Duncan was the principal figure; often she held the stage alone; at times two, three or more of the others danced with her, at other times the entire company, if such it may be called.

Following the lead of Isadora, the Duncan Dancers are not concerned with dancing in the conventional sense, but with the interpretation of music by bodily pose, gesture and motion. There were pleasing effects of line and rhythm in last evening's dancing, although it may hardly be said that any of the dancers, including Irma Duncan herself, seemed technically expert as that term is commonly applied to the terpsichorean art, or even of conspicuous grace. On occasion this posing, this graceful scampering and violent running seemed to fit, even to enhance the music. Again it seemed superfluous, even malapropos; Schubert unembellished would better have conveyed his message. The audience, it should be added, received the Duncan Dancers with marked enthusiasm and at the end, when Mr. Fiedler was brought to the stage to share with the dancers the plaudits of the audience, cheers were added to the hand-clappings.

Through the remainder of this week the Duncan Dancers will appear at the Pop Concerts, the Schubert programme of last evening alternating with a danced version of three movements of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony.

PHOTO SHOWS DAM

Globe—May 7

ISADORA DUNCAN DANCERS AT POPS

Innovation for Boston's Famous Concerts

Group in "All-Shubert Program" With Arthur Fiedler Conducting

A charming innovation at Boston's famous Pop Concerts was introduced at Symphony Hall last night by the appearance on the program of several numbers by the Isadora Duncan Dancers. This interesting group will appear throughout this week.

The purely orchestral part of the program occupied something more than two-thirds of the evening, the dancers coming on after the second intermission, during which the stage was cleared and part of the orchestra, which had been seated as usual on the stage, moved down onto the floor. Alfredo Casella, who had conducted the first part of the program, was replaced by Arthur Fiedler, who conducted for the dancers.

The little group which dances for the Pops' audiences this week is a product of the school which Isadora Duncan established in Moscow in 1920 and left in charge of her adopted daughter, Irma Duncan. Last December Irma brought her dancers to New York, where a festival of 12 performances was given in honor of the memory of the school's founder. This is their first appearance in Boston.

The dances were an "all-Shubert program," beginning with "Ave Maria." It opened with Irma Duncan in flowing robes, posed against the dull blue curtain which served as a backdrop. Around her gathered the other dancers and moved through a solemnly graceful series of postures, a rhythmic interpretation of the music.

"Andante Con Moto" from the Symphony No. 7 in C Major followed. This with a single exception, was perhaps the best of the program. Miss Duncan was especially effective in the stately, graceful movements. Some waltzes came next; "Under the scarf," by Miss Duncan; Tamara, Marie, Alexandra, Manya, Vela and Vera; "Game with Ball," by Miss Duncan, alone; "Three Graces," by Miss Duncan, Tamara and Alexandra; and "Ecossaise" and "Around the Linden Tree," by Miss Duncan and the ensemble. The latter was a delicate, graceful thing, delightfully conceived and executed.

Miss Duncan next danced "Moment Musicale" which so pleased the audience that it demanded and got an encore. The dancing ended with a stirring rendition of the "Marche Militaire" in which Miss Duncan appeared with the whole company in brilliant red costumes and danced a stirring interpretation of the music.

Miss Duncan, a highly talented dancer, has in the young women she has trained a more than adequate supporting company. Graceful, light and easy in every movement, they carry out the best traditions of this particular type of dancing. At least two of them, Tamara and Alexandra, should have a rather notable future.

The purely orchestral part of the program was as follows: Overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; "Minuet," Bolzoni, "Rumanian Rhapsody," Enesco; overture to "Gwendoline," Chabrier; "Danse Macabre," Symphonic poem, Saint-Saens; overture to "Rienzi," Wagner.

To-nights program will be as follows: "Marche Slave," Tchaikovsky; overture to "Sakuntala," Goldmark; fantasia, "Aida," Verdi; suite, "Peer Gynt," Grieg; waltz, "Voices of Spring," Strauss; "First Hungarian Rhapsody," Liszt; the Isadora Duncan Dancers, Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony.

For The Pops, New Pleasures of Dance

TRANS—MAY 7

VITAL flesh at one with rhythmic spirit, disciplined abandon, fluent gesture, light, quick harmony of motion, choregraphic pattern, and unaffected symbolism—these the Isadora Duncan Dancers of Moscow gave and were at their first Boston appearance at the end of the Pop concert in Symphony Hall last night. Led by Irma Duncan, adopted daughter of Isadora and director of her Russian school, the Muscovite maidens presented an all Schubert program as much to their own joy, apparently, as to that of the audience large for the occasion.

The curtains parted for the "Ave Maria," revealing Irma with arms crossed on her breast and head bowed. Slowly she raised her face to heaven as her pupils appeared on either side. Sheer robes floating behind them, and hands supplicating, they circled about her. As the music swelled, Irma, eloquent in expression and pose, raised her arms on high. Faster and more freely the suppliants wove their pattern. The music died away, and the Madonna was left again alone, head bowed, arms crossed.

Particularly pleasing sympathy of dance with music was in the second number, Andante Con Moto, from Symphony No. 7 in C Major. First one by one the girls ran on the stage; then, crescendo, by twos they leaped gloriously forth; then all together. Suddenly they left Irma alone. Then all again, then two by two, and finally Ilma alone once more as the curtain fell.

The first of five waltzes, "Under the Scarf," was very prettily done and, possibly also because of the personal element, appealed highly to the audience. As the filmy scarf was tossed up by two of the girls, each of the others in turn danced under and forward to the very edge of the platform, teeth gleaming as each paused before darting around to the rear again. In the second waltz Irma counterfeited playing a game with a ball. Then she and the two most lovely pupils, Tamara and Alexandra, impersonated the graces. In lyric pose the three advanced, as on a cloud, goddess in three persons; the tempo changed and, holding hands, with heads thrown back, about they whirled; only to repeat the first movement and then the second, again and again. The full vigor and freshness of the ensemble were seen in the Ecossaise; and in "Around the Linden Tree" again its patterned symbolism, as first the girls in circle moved slowly, one step this way, one that, and then with uplifted arms and flashing legs they interpreted a swifter passage.

In Moment Musicale Irma's trembling index finger came perilously near to pointing a disharmony. Great were the demands she put upon herself, and not wholly did she meet them. Yet her performance was so spirited, her personality for the first time in the evening so marked, that at the conclusion of the number the audience called her back before the curtains three times.

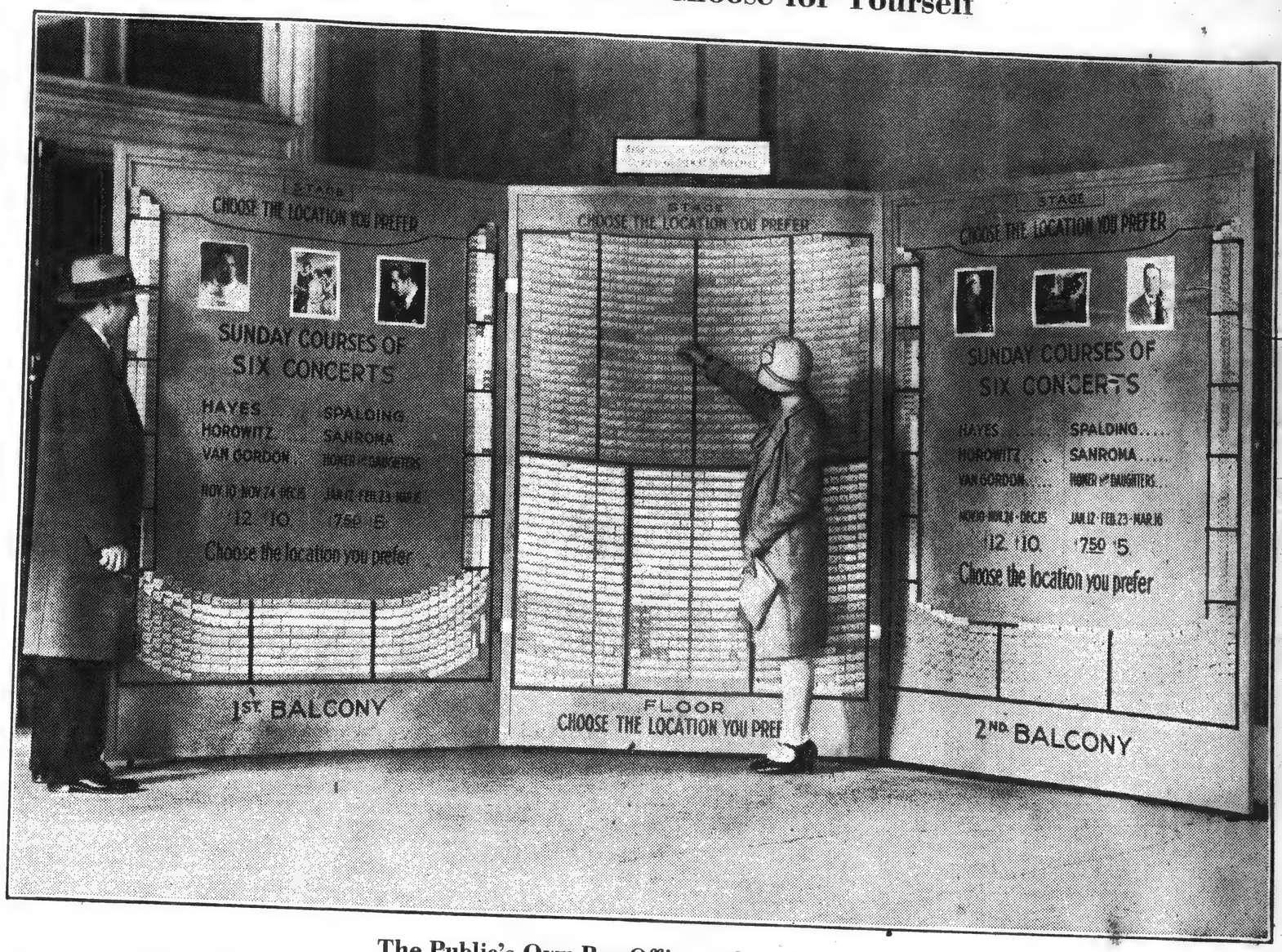
Peak of the evening was the concluding Marche Militaire. Here the dancers abandoned themselves to more powerful rhythms and displayed even more striking dance patterns than before. Tossing her black locks, Irma flashed across the stage. Her red scarf cut the line of girls flashing contrarywise with hands linked and knees prancing. Again and yet again. Then off they all leaped and Irma after, her scarf flaming behind her, seeming to pursue her into the shadows.

One thought of another scarf, another flame, and other shadows. One thought also, in recollection, that Isadora dancing never disclosed Isadora the teacher, that her ready flesh never lagged behind her quick spirit. But the girls of the ensemble were Irma's justification. Their bodies, her guiding mind, and the soul of Isadora, all three were essential to this alchemy from which was magicked forth a rare precipitate, pure dance.

N. F.

...ys and Players --- Music and Musicians

Look for Yourself: Choose for Yourself



The Public's Own Box-Office at Symphony Hall

(Colby—Transcript)

The Ticket-Rack in the Huntington-Avenue Corridor for the Course of Six Sunday Concerts Next Season. For Every Seat There Is A Ticket-Stub. The Buyer Sees the Whole Hall; Makes His Choice; Signs His Name—and Departs Content

Herald May 7

MUSIC

POPS: ISADORA DUNCAN DANCERS The Pops last night followed an unwonted course. The evening, to be sure, began, normally enough, according to the present type, with Mr. Casella on hand to furnish excellent music in exactly two hours.

But at 10 o'clock Mr. Casella, after a rousing reading of the "Rienzi" overture, went home. The players, instead of following his lead, stepped from the stage to the floor of the hall—some making the descent by way of an agile vaulting—there to seat themselves again to work. Mr. Arthur Fiedler presently appeared, out of the darkness, to lead them. The curtains were pulled aside.

For it should have been stated that the stage curtains had been drawn to. When they were parted, they revealed on the stage a very figure of woe, Irma Duncan, the director of the Isadora Duncan Dancers of Moscow.

Miss Duncan, in coiffure modern, in garb medieval— a statue on the facade of some Gothic cathedral she might hate made her model—proceeded to express by the droop of her head and the wave of her arms, black despair, this to the strains of Schubert's "Ave Maria." Six young women, robust of build, soon joined her in motions of despondency. So ladies must have disported themselves in the aesthetic period in the 80s, when Gilbert's Lady Saphir—or was it the Lady Angela?—besought her friends: "At least be early English, before it is too late."

In cheerier mood, the ladies danced next to the andante from Schubert's C major symphony. In greenish tunics that floated about and behind them, they ran and bounded, by ones and twos, and finally in a body of six with the directress to lead, all under a pale light of green-blue. This was a very pretty dance indeed, with real spirit to lend it life.

Short dances followed, to a succession of Schubert waltzes. In one the performers made play with a great sheet of gauze. They played a game of ball, the program had it, and also the program made mention of "Around the Linden Tree."

Miss Irma Duncan herself, employing much the same steps she had taught her ensemble, obliged with a solo, to Schubert's Moment Musical, which pleased so thoroughly that the audience wanted it again. Although she preferred not to repeat the dance, she broke into another, to the stirring measures of Schubert's military march, quite similar as to step, though in character something more defiant. The ensemble assisted her, and in this dance they reached their highest point of rhythmic precision, of animation. Throughout the performance the large audience showed every sign of pleasure.

R. R. G.

16 5

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MUSIC

THE ISADORA DUNCAN DANCERS AT THE POPS

Three dance compositions, carefully and beautifully worked out, stirring and expressive in performance, were presented at the Pops last night by the Isadora Duncan Dancers of Moscow. The dances were set to movements of Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, and though they were doubtless meant to be parts of one whole, as dance compositions they had very distinct separate individualities. This program, both orchestral and choreographic, will be repeated on Thursday and on Saturday. An audience that filled the hall almost to overflowing testified to the fact that the innovation of having dance programs with the usual orchestral program is in keeping with the spirit and taste of Pops habitues, and is highly approved.

The dances were preceded by six pieces played by the Pops Symphony orchestra, with Arthur Fiedler conducting. Mr. Fiedler lavished care and intelligence on the music, and made it much more than merely entertaining. His conducting of the Pathetic Symphony, the interpretation tempered to suit the natural demands of the dance, was praiseworthy too.

As to the dancing, be it said that if Irma Duncan is not a great dancer, she is certainly a great dance composer. Also, she has trained her pupils to a high degree of grace, and has infused into them a sincerity and intensity that promise much for their futures. The Allegro con grazia, as they danced it, was fleet and rhythmic, of a most unaffected grace and loveliness, though it did not offer much, either of freshness or subtlety, in the way of what might be called "dance thought." But the Allegro molto vivace, which was danced next, was a gem of choreography . . . the ideas and motifs were original without being unnatural, Russian in spirit without losing the universal appeal of the "natural" dancing taught by Isadora, stirring, intense, and dramatic without ever sacrificing the rhythmic flow of movement. In this dance, too, the weaving of the ideas, the threads of thought, into a dance pattern, was marvelously accomplished. Here, too, the dancing itself was most lovely-free, abandoned, ecstatic. It really ennobled the music that inspired it. The Finale; Adagio Lamentoso, was interpreted in movements of grace and meaning, by Irma Duncan, sola.

Much applause from the enthusiastic audience told the dancers and musicians how much the evening was enjoyed.

E. B.

Herald

May 8

and weight the more remarkable seem their lightness and plasticity of motion.

Time and again, too, this or that movement recalls Isadora in her prime. Evidently Miss Irma first mastered, then preserved, her teaching. There is the bounding step, knee high-upraised, which was one of Isadora's best possessions; the long flowing line, more graphic for a scarf outflung; the slow and rapt approach, the quick change into a crescendo of pace and rhythm; the diminuendo of departure or the happy troupe streaming away through the parted curtains. Isadora liked to theorize about all the freedoms and to practice most. Consequently she railed at technique, though within obvious limitations, her own was distinctive. In turn these youngsters have absorbed it—for their more characteristic steps, for the play of hands, arms and heads. In the flow or flare or droop of their dancing dress—the rhythm of scarfs and veils and folds as Isadora used to say—it runs as clear. Within her narrow field they stay; within it excel—simple moods, flowing or bounding motion. For those who would have the heavy-handed, heavy-footed, posturing Isadora of the declining years, there is Miss Irma herself. Hers is not a vibrant temperament. In one and another of her solo-numbers too faithfully she recalls her ageing, mannered mistress.

Only the middle-aged may recall the lustrous, marvellous Isadora of a brief prime, little spent upon American stages. For a younger generation, if they know her at all, she is the soiled and sponging creature, posturing for poseurs, of the decadence and of books that might better have gone unwritten, so completely do they efface the lovely image of the glowing years. For nearly all who watch in Symphony Hall her grandchildren in the dance, Isadora is no more than a name, or at most a legend. What pleasures them is this warm youth schooled to the semblance of her prime; its light energy, its fine fluidity, of motion; its sense of undulating line, as in a melody of Schubert, held, varied, intensified; its zest of rhythm touched in or firmly marked; its moments of still, rapt grace; its leaps into exuberance; its fine scorn of all that prettifies and is "precious" in the mean sense of that word. Schubert sings out of this dancing; in it, after the Duncanesque fashion, Chaikovsky runs the gamut of his moods, not always to be patterned, phrased and conveyed in another medium, now too vague, again too intensive. Yet always there is sufficient residue. By instinct and by practice these dancing girls have achieved freedom of bodily motion, rhythmed and attuned; then by quick imagination and spontaneous impulse into beauty woven it. For it was Isadora, even to the third generation, who restored a vernal freshness to the dancing stage.

H. T. P.

TRAV MAY 11

Dancing Daughters Of Isadora Born

In Plain and True Descent Goes the Young Troupe At Symphony Hall

TRANS MAY 9

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Prelude to The Opera, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg".....Wagner
Air for String Orchestra.....Bach
Rhapsody, "Italia".....Casella

Conductor: A. Casella.

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A Siegfried Idyll.
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Invitation to the Dance...Weber-Berlioz
Capriccio Espagnole..Rimsky-Korsakov
Suite from "Carmen".....Bizet
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Stars and Stripes Forever.....Sousa
WEDNESDAY
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Masque Suite for String Orchestra Handel
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"In this particular picture," says Miss Damita, "I play a dancer and so, naturally, the dance is of extreme importance. But that just happened. Even if I had not had to dance I would have studied the dances of Peru, for from them I would have obtained the salient points in the characterization of a Peruvian woman.

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MUSIC

THE ISADORA DUNCAN DANCERS AT THE POPS

Three dance compositions, carefully and beautifully worked out, stirring and expressive in performance, were presented at the Pops last night by the Isadora Duncan Dancers of Moscow. The dances were set to movements of Tschaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, and though they were doubtless meant to be parts of one whole, as dance compositions they had very distinct separate individualities. This program, both orchestral and choreographic, will be repeated on Thursday and on Saturday. An audience that filled the hall almost to overflowing testified to the fact that the innovation of having dance programs with the usual orchestral program is in keeping with the spirit and taste of Pops habitues, and is highly approved.

The dances were preceded by six pieces played by the Pops Symphony orchestra, with Arthur Fiedler conducting. Mr. Fiedler lavished care and intelligence on the music, and made it much more than merely entertaining. His conducting of the Pathetic Symphony, the interpretation tempered to suit the natural demands of the dance, was praiseworthy too.

As to the dancing, be it said that if Irma Duncan is not a great dancer, she is certainly a great dance composer. Also, she has trained her pupils to a high degree of grace, and has infused into them a sincerity and intensity that promise much for their futures. The Allegro con grazia, as they danced it, was fleet and rhythmic, of a most unaffected grace and loveliness, though it did not offer much, either of freshness or subtlety, in the way of what might be called "dance thought." But the Allegro molto vivace, which was danced next, was a gem of choreography . . . the ideas and motifs were original without being unnatural, Russian in spirit without losing the universal appeal of the "natural" dancing taught by Isadora, stirring, intense, and dramatic without ever sacrificing the rhythmic flow of movement. In this dance, too, the weaving of the ideas, the threads of thought, into a dance pattern, was marvelously accomplished. Here, too, the dancing itself was most lovely-free, abandoned, ecstatic. It really ennobled the music that inspired it. The Finale; Adagio Lamentoso, was interpreted in movements of grace and meaning, by Irma Duncan, sola.

Much applause from the enthusiastic audience told the dancers and musicians how much the evening was enjoyed.

E. B.

Herald

May 8

and weight the more remarkable seem their lightness and plasticity of motion.

Time and again, too, this or that movement recalls Isadora in her prime. Evidently Miss Irma first mastered, then preserved, her teaching. There is the bounding step, knee high-upraised, which was one of Isadora's best possessions; the long flowing line, more graphic for a scarf outflung; the slow and rapt approach, the quick change into a crescendo of pace and rhythm; the diminuendo of departure or the happy troupe streaming away through the parted curtains. Isadora liked to theorize about all the freedoms and to practice most. Consequently she railed at technique, though within obvious limitations, her own was distinctive. In turn these youngsters have absorbed it—for their more characteristic steps, for the play of hands, arms and heads. In the flow or flare or droop of their dancing dress—the rhythm of scarfs and veils and folds as Isadora used to say—it runs as clear. Within her narrow field they stay; within it excel—simple moods, flowing or bounding motion. For those who would have the heavy-handed, heavy-footed, posturing Isadora of the declining years, there is Miss Irma herself. Hers is not a vibrant temperament. In one and another of her solo-numbers too faithfully she recalls her ageing, mannered mistress.

Only the middle-aged may recall the lustrous, marvellous Isadora of a brief prime, little spent upon American stages. For a younger generation, if they know her at all, she is the soiled and sponging creature, posturing for poseurs, of the decadence and of books that might better have gone unwritten, so completely do they efface the lovely image of the glowing years. For nearly all who watch in Symphony Hall her grandchildren in the dance, Isadora is no more than a name, or at most a legend. What pleasures them is this warm youth schooled to the semblance of her prime; its light energy, its fine fluidity, of motion; its sense of undulating line, as in a melody of Schubert, held, varied, intensified; its zest of rhythm touched in or firmly marked; its moments of still, rapt grace; its leaps into exuberance; its fine scorn of all that prettifies and is "precious" in the mean sense of that word. Schubert sings out of this dancing; in it, after the Duncanesque fashion, Chaikovsky runs the gamut of his moods, not always to be patterned, phrased and conveyed in another medium, now too vague, again too intensive. Yet always there is sufficient residue. By instinct and by practice these dancing girls have achieved freedom of bodily motion, rhythmed and attuned; then by quick imagination and spontaneous impulse into beauty woven it. For it was Isadora, even to the third generation, who restored a vernal freshness to the dancing stage.

H. T. P.

TRAV MAY 11

Dancing Daughters Of Isadora Born

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Pomp and Circumstance.....Elgar
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CONCERTS

HERALD MAY 12

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As usual, refreshments, smoking and light social intercourse at the tables which cover the floor of Symphony Hall will make the Pops program the more enjoyable, for it is these attributes of the Pops which give them their distinctiveness.

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Songs by Harvard Glee Club.
Ballet of the Hours, "La Gioconda"..Ponchielli
Waltz, "Artist's Life".....Strauss
Pomp and Circumstance.....Elgar
Fair Harvard.

TUESDAY

Marche Militaire.....Schubert
Minuet.....Boccherini
Overture to "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner
Overture to "La Gazza Ladra".....Rossini
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Berlioz
Capriccio Espagnole.....Rimsky-Korsakov
Suite from "Carmen".....Bizet
Russian Lullaby.....Berlin-Casella
Stars and Stripes Forever.....Sousa

WEDNESDAY

Overture to "The Secret Marriage".Cimarosa
Masque Suite for String Orchestra....Handel
Overture to "Semiramide".....Rossini
"Les Preludes," Symphonic Poem.....Liszt
Contra Dances.....Mozart
"La Valse," Choregraphic Poem.....Ravel
Ballet Suite, "Nutcracker".....Tchaikovsky
Song Without Words.....Tchaikovsky
Marche Slave.....Tchaikovsky

THURSDAY

Military March.....Schubert-Casella
Suite, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
Overture to "Rienzi".....Wagner
Pavane pour une Infante Defunte.....Ravel
"Pacific 2-3-1," Symphonic Movement.....Honegger
"Espana," Rhapsody.....Chabrier
Irish Rhapsody.....Herbert
Intermezzo, "L'Amico Fritz".....Mascagni
Hungarian March, "Rakoczy".....Berlioz

FRIDAY

March from "Aida".....Verdi
Ave Maria.....Schubert-Wilhelmi
Capriccio Italien.....Tchaikovsky
Ballet Suite, "Sylvia".....Delibes
Largo.....Handel
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
Ballet of the Hours, "La Gioconda"..Ponchielli
Liebesfreud.....Kreisler
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt

SATURDAY

Overture to "Cinderella".....Rossini
Three Dances from "Cephalus and Procris".....Gretry-Mottl
Overture to "La Forza del Destino"....Verdi
Symphony No. 1 in C major, Op. 21.....Beethoven
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg".....Wagner
Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner
Ride of the "Valkyries".....Wagner

Programs of the Week

GLOBE MAY 12

SYMPHONY HALL—Evenings at 8:15. The Pops, Alfredo Casella, conductor.

Sunday, May 12—All-Wagner Program—"Tannhouser," entrance of the guests into the Wartburg; "A Siegfried Idyll," "Tristan and Isolde," prelude and love-death; "Tannhauser" overture; "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg," prelude; "Lohengrin," prelude and introduction to Act III; "Persifal," Good Friday spell; "The Valkyrie," ride of the Valkyries.

Monday, May 13—Overture to "Nina, O La Pazza Per Amore," Paisiello; set of act tunes and dances, Purcell-Bliss; overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven; songs by Harvard Glee Club; overture to "The Siege of Corinth," "Rossini; "Forest Murmurs," Wagner; Rhapsody, "Italia," Casella; songs by Harvard Glee Club; Ballet of the Hours, "La Gioconda," Ponchielli; waltz, "Artist's Life," Strauss; "Pomp and Circumstance," Elgar; "Fair Harvard."

Tuesday, May 14—"Marche Militaire," Schubert; Minuet, Boccherini; Overture to "Tannhauser," Wagner; Overture to "La Gazza Ladra," Rossini; "Invitation to the Dance," Weber-Berlioz; "Capriccio Espagnole," Rimsky-Korsakov; Suite from "Carmen," Bizet; "Russian Lullaby," Berlin-Casella; "Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa.

Wednesday, May 15—Overture to "The Secret Marriage," Cimarosa; "Masque Suite," for string orchestra, Handel; Overture to "Semiramide," Rossini; "Les Preludes," Liszt; Contra Dances, Mozart; "La Valse," Ravel; Ballet Suite, "Nutcracker," "Song Without Words," "Marche Slave," Tchaikovsky.

Thursday, May 16—"Military March," Schubert-Casella; suite, "Peer Gynt," Grieg; overture to "Oberon," Weber; overture to "Rienzi," Wagner; "Pavane pour une Infante Defunte," Ravel; "Pacific 2-3-1," Honegger; "Espana," Chabrier; "Irish Rhapsody," Herbert; intermezzo, "L'Amico Fritz," Mascagni; Hungarian march, "Rakoczy," Berlioz.

Friday, May 17—March from "Aida," Verdi; "Ave Maria," Schubert-Wilhelmj; "Capriccio Italian," Tchaikovsky; ballet suite, "Sylvia," Delibes; Largo, Handel; overture to "William Tell," Rossini; Ballet of the Hours, "La Gioconda," Ponchielli; "Liebesfreud," Kreisler; Second Hungarian Rhapsody, Lisst.

BOSTON BEGINS THE 'POPS'

N.Y. TIMES - MAY 12 -

Summer Music Plans in Other Centres—Local Band to Start in June

MELODY flowed at the May Day opening of the Boston "Pops," concerning which The Boston Herald remarked that 2,600 persons were present to hear eighty-five of Mr. Koussevitzky's players, led for another supplemental term by Alfredo Casella. This event began a forty-fourth season. The fifty-eight nightly concerts to come were estimated to produce a total attendance of 125,000 persons. The Puritan newspaper did not fail to mention "liquid refreshments" at tables set about Symphony Hall.

"Dire predictions," The Herald recalled, "were made for the fate of the 'Pops' until they appeared in their first prohibition début season. The tables were there just like the other days. The crowds came, and many were on hand the first night of the prohibition début, expecting it to be the death knell of the famed musical institution. That was a memorable night just ten years ago. Though wines and beer were missing, the audiences were soon won to the music.

"Soft drinks and refreshments are now served at the same tables. An informal atmosphere permeates the audience, and should any one overlook going to the 'Pops' during a season at least once or more, music circles raise their eyebrows in astonishment."

Concert-Chronicle

Wagnerian Pops

FOLLOWING a concert season well stocked in all-Wagner programs and part-Wagner programs came last evening Mr. Casella's first Sunday concert of the current Pops series as another contribution to the total score. Yet the demand is insatiable. Save for a sprinkling of empty seats at the tables on the floor, the hall was filled; probably every seat would have been taken had it not been for the threat of a storm. And the audience listened and applauded with pleasure. For more times this season than it is convenient to count, the Prelude to "The Mastersingers" has sounded from the Boston Symphony's strings, wood-winds and brass. Last evening Mr. Casella vigorously opened the second division of his program with this Prelude. All-Wagner programs may come and go, but the Prelude to "The Mastersingers" marches on. Otherwise, the excerpts, preludes and overtures of the program were familiar ones from Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Tristan and Isolde, Parsifal and The Valkyr. "A Siegfried Idylle," less frequently heard, was an exception. Perhaps the older generation of Boston concert-goers can remember when the music of Wagner was not so generally acecpted; when an all-Wagner concert divided the town into two rival camps? Who is the present-day Wagner, now dividing the town, to whom whole concerts will be devoted thirty years hence?

To distinguish Mr. Casella's interpretation of Wagnerian music is to say that the conductor lets the composer speak for himself. For the processional music of the Entrance of the Guests into Wartburg, Mr. Casella gives full reign to the brittle brightness, the biting attacks and crystal tones of which virtuosi instrumentalists are capable; yet holds steady and inelastic the tempo; sharply outlines the rhythmic patterns and sinuous voices. In the Prelude to Tannhäuser," he begins deliberately, moves with solemn majesty, abruptly inserts the Venusburg measures, piles sonority upon sonority as overwhelming conviction. This Tannhäuser music, indeed, finds Mr. Casella in his most authoritative and impressive manner. For the resounding surges of "The Mastersingers" and the Ride of Valkyrs he once more opens up the full stops of trumpets, tubas and trombones, to carry everything by weight and magnificence of tone. Again, in such processional music as the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin" he is crisp and rhythmically rigid. To speak its true meaning, Wagner's music must indeed rise starkly from the music pages through superb instrumental performance; Mr. Casella will not stop to color it with his own personality, unless that is one of pure and unemotional classicism or ,on the other hand, unyielding modernism. With the music of "A Siegfried Idylle," the Prelude to "Lohengrin" and the Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal," the conductor is even more objective. The translucent glow, the gentle warmth of weaving voices, the fluttering leafage of forest murmurs sound directly and purely from the score. N. M. J.

ALL-WAGNER PROGRAM AT POPS

Bos. AMER MAY 13

By MOSES SMITH

Alfredo Casella presented an all-Wagner program for the first Sunday evening of the "Pops." The list included the Overture and March from "Tannhauser," the "Siegfried Idyll," the Prelude and Introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin," the Prelude to the "Mastersingers," Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan," "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," and the inevitable "Ride of the Valkyries."

This excellent and representative program was performed with far greater sympathy for the composer's intention than Casella has usually displayed. Though the tempi were still too fast, it seemed that the conductor was approaching Wagner without the animosity that is his wont. The "Idyll" was especially grateful to hear.

Earlier in the day Joseph F. Wagner led his Boston Civic Symphony Orchestra in a concert before a goodly audience at Jordan Hall. Hazel Hallett was soloist in the Chopin F minor piano concerto. The purely orchestral numbers included Rossini's Overture, "Barber of Seville," the Intermezzo from Henry Hadley's "Cleopatra's Night" and, for the first time in America, Boellmann's Symphony in F major.

This symphony, while displaying no great originality in ideas and treatment, was dramatic, often melodious, and contained much honest music-making.

The other item of importance of the week-end in music was a production, in English, of "Carmen" by company directed by the dynamic Ethel Leginska. Inasmuch as, at the time of performance, I was on the road to Northampton, where Werner Josten was putting on the first American performances of Monteverdi's "Orfeo" and Handel's "Apollo e Daphne," I can simply retell the report of an assistant that Leginska's presentation, featuring local singers and her Women's Symphony Orchestra, was experimental, as she had intended.

It was worth, incidentally, travelling 200 miles to see the Smith College presentation. The performances, which were semi-amateur, were finely conceived and, for the most part, well executed.

Last night brought the first Sunday evening concert of the season's Symphony Hall Pops. For this occasion Mr. Casella submitted a Wagner program which included the Entrance into the Wartburg from "Tannhäuser," the "Siegfried Idyll," the Prelude and Introduction to Act III from Lohengrin," the "Tannhäuser" Overture, the "Meistersinger" Prelude, the "Tristan" Prelude and Love-Death, the Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal" and the Ride of the Valkyries. It must be admitted that for a musician whose artistic ideals are at the opposite pole from Wagner's, Mr. Casella gives excellent performances of the master's work. He also did a good service to the composer and to his own audience by including in his program, in addition to some of the usual items of a Wagner list, the "Siegfried Idyll" and the Good Friday Spell, which are not often heard. He evidently had devoted care to the preparation of these numbers, too; the performance of the "Idyll" was the finest of the evening. A large audience was enthusiastic. The next Sunday evening concert will be given May 26. MON. MAY 13

Third Week of Pop Concerts

The Pop concerts in Symphony Hall are now in the third week of this, their 44th season. Alfredo Casella has compiled programs of special popular appeal for this week.

Tomorrow, there will be a section of Tchaikovsky's music, and on Saturday a section of Wagner. Thursday will bring such favorites as the "Peer Gynt" Suite, Oberon and Rienzi Overtures, "Espana" and Irish Rhapsodies. etc, and Friday, Schubert's "Ave Maria"; Handel's "Largo"; "William Tell Overture," "Sylvia" Ballet, etc.

MAY 14-GLOBE

TRANS MAY 13

At The Pops Tonight

"Harvard Night"

Overture to The Opera, "Nina Puddled with Love".....Paisiello
Suite from the Stage Music of..Purcell (Edited by Arthur Bliss)
Overture to "Leonora," No. 3..Beethoven
Songs
Overture to The Opera, "The Siege of Corinth".....Rossini
Forest Scene from The Opera, "Siegfried".....Wagner
Rhapsody, "Italia".....Casella
Songs
Dance of The Hours from The Opera, "La Gioconda".....Ponchielli
Waltz, "Artist's Life".....J. Strauss
March, "Pomp and Circumstance".Elgar
"Fair Harvard"

Conductors:
A. Casella A. T. Davison

Assisting: The Harvard Glee Club

GLOBE MAY 19

Fourth Week of the Pops

Tomorrow will usher in the fourth week of the Pop concerts, which are now having their 44th season at Symphony Hall. Alfredo Casella has made programs of special interest and popular appeal for each night of this week to be presented by the orchestra of Symphony players, which is surely the finest to be found anywhere at this time of year.

Members of Simmons College, the Y. W. C. A. and Roxbury Latin School will celebrate on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, respectively, but these, like all other nights, are open to the public. Conductor Casella will present a Tschaikowsky-Wagner program on Saturday, and a symphonic program for the second Sunday night Pop concert, next Sunday, May 26th, at which he will present his own Concerto Romano for organ and orchestra, for the first time in Boston; likewise Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony and other numbers to be announced.

The other programs of the week follow:

Monday, May 20—Wedding March, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Gavotte from "Les Petits Riens," Mozart; Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens," Beethoven; Overture to "The Siege of Corinth," Rossini; Introduction and March from "Le Coq d'Or," Rimsky-Korsakov; "Night on Bald Mountain," Moussorgsky; Suite from the Ballet, "La Giara," Casella; Bacchanale, "Samson and Delilah," Saint-Saens; Suite from "Carmen," Bizet; Overture to "The Sicilian Vespers," Verdi.

Tuesday, May 21—"Marche Militaire," Schubert; Largo, Handel; Overture to "William Tell," Rossini; Songs by Simmons Glee Club; Overture to "The Bartered Bride," Smetana; Excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust," Berlioz; "Capriccio Italien," Tschaikowsky; Overture to "Rienzi," Prelude to "Lohengrin," Ride of the Valkyries, Wagner.

Wednesday, May 22—Entrance of the Guests into the Wartburg, "Tannhauser," Wagner; Invitation to the Dance, Weber-Berlioz; Roumanian Rhapsody, Enesco; Overture to "La Forza del Destino," Verdi; Largo from the "New World" Symphony, Dvorak; Overture Solennelle, "1812," Tschaikowsky; Prelude to "Carmen," Bizet; Molly on the Shore, Grainger; Liebestraum, Liszt; Second Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt.

Thursday, May 23—March from "Aida," Verdi; Suite, "Peer Gynt," Grieg; Overture to "Tannhauser," Wagner; "Espana," Rhapsody, Chabrier; "Pacific 2-3-1," Honegger; "Italia," Casella; Ballet of the Hours from "La Gioconda," Ponchielli; Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; Marche Slave, Tschaikowsky.

Friday, May 24—Coronation march from "The Prophet," Meyerbeer; minuet, Boccherini; gypsy dance from "Carmen," Bizet; ballet suite, "Sylvia," Delibes; "Finlandia," Symphonic poem, Sibelius; air for string orchestra from the suite in D major, No. 3, Bach; "Capriccio Espagnole," Rimsky-Korsakov; "French Military March," Saint-Saens; "Ave Maria," Schubert-Wilhelmj; "Ride of the Valkyries," Wagner.

Saturday, May 25—Tchaikovsky-Wagner program: "Marche Slave," "Capriccio Italien," Tchaikovsky; "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg," excerpts from act 3, "A Siegfried Idyll," overture to "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner; ballet suite, "Nutcracker," "Song Without Words," overture Solennelle, "1812," Tchaikovsky.

FOURTH WEEK MAY 19

HERALD

OF THE POPS

Tomorrow will usher in the fourth week of the Pop concerts which are now having their 44th season at Symphony hall. Alfredo Casella has made programs of special interest and popular appeal for each night of this week to be presented by the orchestra of Symphony players, the finest to be found anywhere at this time of year.

Members of Simmons College, the Y. W. C. A., and Roxbury Latin school will celebrate on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday respectively, but these like all other nights are open to the public. Conductor Casella will present a Tchaikovsky-Wagner programme on Saturday, and a symphonic program for the second Sunday night Pop concert, next Sunday, May 26, at which he will present his own Concerto Romano for organ and orchestra, for the first time in Boston; likewise Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony and other numbers to be announced.

The other programs of the week follow:

MONDAY, MAY 20

Wedding March, "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn
Gavotte from "Les Petits Riens".....Mozart
Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens".....Beethoven
Overture to "The Siege of Corinth".....Rossini
Introduction and March from "Le Coq d'Or".....Rimsky-Korsakov
"Night on Bald Mountain".....Moussorgsky
Suite from the Ballet, "La Giara".....Casella
Bacchanale, "Samson and Delilah".....Saint-Saens
Suite from "Carmen".....Bizet
Overture to "The Sicilian Vespers".....Verdi

TUESDAY

Marche Militaire.....Schubert
Largo.....Handel
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
Songs by Simmons Glee Club
Overture to "The Bartered Bride".....Smetana
Excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust".....Berlioz
Capriccio Italien.....Tchaikovsky
Overture to "Rienzi".....Wagner
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner

WEDNESDAY

Entrance of the Guests into the Wartburg, "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Berlioz
Roumanian Rhapsody.....Enesco
Overture to "La Forza del Destino".....Verdi
Largo from the "New World" Symphony.....Dvorak
Ouverture Solemnelle, "1812"...Tchaikovsky
Prelude to "Carmen".....Bizet
Molly on the Shore.....Grainger
Liebestraum.....Liszt
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt

THURSDAY

March from "Aida".....Verdi
Suite, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
Overture to "Tannhaluser".....Wagner
"Espana," Rhapsody.....Chabrier
"Pacific 2-3-1," Smyphonic Movement.....Honegger
"Italia," Rhapsody.....Casella
Ballet of the Hours from "La Gioconda".....Ponchielli
Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni
Marche Slave.....Tchaikovsky

FRIDAY

Coronation March from "The Prophet".....Meyerbeer
Minuet.....Boccherini
Gypsy Dance from "Carmen".....Bizet
Ballet Suite, "Sylvia".....Delibes
"Finlandia," Symphonic Poem.....Sibelius
Air for String Orchestra from the Suite in D major, No. 3.....Bach
Capriccio Espagnole.....Rimsky-Korsakov
French Military March.....Saint-Saens
Ave Maria.....Schubert-Wilhelmi
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner

SATURDAY

Tchaikovsky—Wagner Program
Marche Slave
Capriccio Italien.....Tchaikovsky
The Mastersingers of Nuremburg.
Excerpts from Act III
A Siegfried Idyll
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
Ballet Suite, "Nutcracker"
Song Without Words
Ouverture Solennelle, "1812".....Tchaikovsky

Saturday, May 18: Overture to "Cinderella," Rossini; three dances from "Cephalus and Procris," Gretry-Mottl; overture to "La Forza del Destino," Verdi; symphony No. 1 in C major, op. 21, Beethoven; prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg," bacchanale from "Tannhauser," "Ride of the Valkyries," Wagner.

program only. The opening ... will be "The Leatherneck."

TRAV. MAY 18 -

FOURTH WEEK OF POPS

Monday will usher in the fourth week of the Pop concerts which are now having their 44 season at Symphony hall. Alfredo Casella has made programs of special interest and popular appeal for each night of next week to be presented by the orchestra of Symphony players which is surely the finest to be found anywhere at this time of year.

Members of Simmons College, the Y. W. C. A., and Roxbury Latin School will celebrate on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday respectively, but these like all other nights are open to the public.

Conductor Casella will present a Tchaikovsky-Wagner program on Saturday, and a symphony program for the second Sunday night Pop concert, Sunday, May 26, at which he will present his own Concerto Romano for organ and orchestra, for the first time in Boston; likely Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony and other numbers to be announced.

The program for tonight follows:

Overture to "Cinderella".....Rossini
Three Dances from "Cephalus and Procris".....Gretry-Mottl
Overture to "La Forza del Destino" Verdi
Symphony No. 1 in C major, Op. 21 Beethoven
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg".....Wagner
Bacchanale from "Tannhauser".Wagner
Ride of the Valkyries.....Wagner

TRANS

Concert-Chronicle

Leavening The Pops MAY 21

MORE and more the music of the winter Symphony Concerts encroaches upon the Pops. If one may believe one's ears in hearing applause, the public is grateful. Last evening, for example, between a first group consisting of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," a gavotte from Mozart's "Les Petits Riens," the Turkish March out of Beethoven's "The Ruins of Athens," the Overture to Rossini's "The Siege of Corinth," and a last group made up of the Bacchanale from Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah," a suite of three pieces out of "Carmen" and the Overture to Verdi's "The Sicilian Vespers" (music of the theater, by the way, all of it) played in Mr. Casella's straighforward and masterful manner, there stood three pieces which might have found place on any Symphony program—the introduction to and a march from Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Golden Cockerel," Musorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" and the suite drawn from Mr. Casella's ballet, or "choreographic comedy," as he calls it, "The Jar."

Fanciful music for a fanciful plot is Rimsky-Korsakov's score for "The Golden Cockerel." Hearing it, one were dull-witted indeed, if he could anticipate in degree some such announcement as the astrologer makes at the astonishing end of the play when he says that after all the whole is no more than fairy tale. Into the very texture of harmonies and melodies, of rhythms and orchestral timbres is this element blended. Delicacy, lightness, charm, a degree of mystery, by these is it known. The piquant solo at the beginning announces it. The march of last evening does not pound, does not grow insistent. The feet which it is intended to accompany are not those of Roman legions, nor those of inflated modern conquerors; to the steps of the mock army of Pushkin's fairy tale it

CON. NEXT PAGE

Mr Casella has again put a symphony on a Pops program, Beethoven's First is to be played next Saturday night. The Wagner program for the first of the fortnightly Sunday Pops tonight is likely to draw a very large audience.

GLOBE MAY 21

Fourth Week of Pops

The Pop concerts in Symphony Hall are now in the fourth week of their 44th season.

Special nights of interest this week are Simmons night, tonight, and Roxbury Latin night Friday. These, like all other nights, are open to the public. Saturday there will be a Tchaikovsky-Wagner program, and next Sunday, a symphonic program, including Beethoven's "Pastorale" Symphony, Casella's Organ Concerto and Ravel's Second Suite from "Daphnis and Chloe."

CONCERTS

HERALD MAY 12

THIRD WEEK OF POPS

The Pop concerts in Symphony Hall will enter upon their third week today, when Alfredo Casella will then conduct the first Sunday night concert of the season. The noted leader will devote the program to the music of Wagner.

Another program of special interest is listed for tomorrow, which will be the annual Harvard night of the season. The Harvard Glee Club will fill two numbers on the program, with groups of songs.

As usual, refreshments, smoking and light social intercourse at the tables which cover the floor of Symphony Hall will make the Pops program the more enjoyable, for it is these attributes of the Pops which give them their distinctiveness.

Conductor Casella announces the following program for the third week:

SUNDAY

ALL-WAGNER PROGRAM

Tannhaeuser—Entrance of the Guests into the Wartburg.
A Siegfried Idyll.
Tristan and Isolde—Prelude and Love-Death.
Tannhaeuser—Overture.
The Mastersingers of Nuremburg—Prelude.
Lohengrin—Prelude and Introduction to Act III.
Parsifal—Good Friday Spell.
The Valkyrie—Ride of the Valkyries.

MONDAY

Overture to "Nina" ..... Paisiello
Set of Act Tunes and Dances ... Purcell-Bliss
Overture to "Leonore" No. 3 ..... Beethoven
Songs by Harvard Glee Club.
Overture to "The Siege of Corinth" .. Rossini
Forest Murmurs ..... Wagner
Rhapsody, "Italia" ..... Casella
Songs by Harvard Glee Club.
Ballet of the Hours, "La Gioconda" ..... Ponchielli
Waltz, "Artist's Life" ..... Strauss
Pomp and Circumstance ..... Elgar
Fair Harvard.

TUESDAY

Marche Militaire ..... Schubert
Minuet ..... Boccherini
Overture to "Tannhaeuser" ..... Wagner
Overture to "La Gazza Ladra" ..... Rossini
Invitation to the Dance ... Weber-Berlioz
Capriccio Espagnole ..... Rimsky-Korsakov
Suite from "Carmen" ..... Bizet
Russian Lullaby ..... Berlin-Casella
Stars and Stripes Forever ..... Sousa

WEDNESDAY

Overture to "The Secret Marriage" .. Cimarosa
Masque Suite for String Orchestra .... Handel
Overture to "Semiramide" ..... Rossini
"Les Preludes," Symphonic Poem ..... Liszt
Contra Dances ..... Mozart
"La Valse," Choregraphic Poem ..... Ravel
Ballet Suite, "Nutcracker" ..... Tchaikovsky
Song Without Words ..... Tchaikovsky
Marche Slave ..... Tchaikovsky

THURSDAY

Military March ..... Schubert-Casella
Suite, "Peer Gynt" ..... Grieg
Overture to "Oberon" ..... Weber
Overture to "Rienzi" ..... Wagner
Pavane pour une Infante Defunte ..... Ravel
"Pacific 2-3-1," Symphonic Movement ..... Honegger
"Espana," Rhapsody ..... Chabrier
Irish Rhapsody ..... Herbert
Intermezzo, "L'Amico Fritz" ..... Mascagni
Hungarian March, "Rakoczy" ..... Berlioz

FRIDAY

March from "Aida" ..... Verdi
Ave Maria ..... Schubert-Wilhelmj
Capriccio Italien ..... Tchaikovsky
Ballet Suite, "Sylvia" ..... Delibes
Largo ..... Handel
Overture to "William Tell" ..... Rossini
Ballet of the Hours, "La Gioconda" ..... Ponchielli
Liebesfreud ..... Kreisler
Second Hungarian Rhapsody ..... Liszt

SATURDAY

Overture to "Cinderella" ..... Rossini
Three Dances from "Cephalus and Procris" ..... Gretry-Mottl
Overture to "La Forza del Destino" .... Verdi
Symphony No. 1 in C major, Op. 21 ..... Beethoven
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg" ..... Wagner
Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser" ..... Wagner
Ride of the "Valkyries" ..... Wagner

Programs of the Week

GLOBE MAY 12

SYMPHONY HALL—Evenings at 8:15. The Pops, Alfredo Casella, conductor.

Sunday, May 12—All-Wagner Program—"Tannhouser." entrance of the guests into the Wartburg; "A Siegfried Idyll," "Tristan and Isolde," prelude and love-death; "Tannhauser," overture; "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg," prelude; "Lohengrin," prelude and introduction to Act III; "Persifal," Good Friday spell; "The Valkyrie," ride of the Valkyries.

Monday, May 13—Overture to "Nina, O La Pazza Per Amore," Paisiello; set of act tunes and dances, Purcell-Bliss; overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven; songs by Harvard Glee Club; overture to "The Siege of Corinth," "Rossini; "Forest Murmurs," Wagner; Rhapsody, "Italia," Casella; songs by Harvard Glee Club; Ballet of the Hours, "La Gioconda," Ponchielli; waltz, "Artist's Life," Strauss; "Pomp and Circumstance," Elgar; "Fair Harvard."

Tuesday, May 14—"Marche Militaire," Schubert; Minuet, Boccherini; Overture to "Tannhauser," Wagner; Overture to "La Gazza Ladra," Rossini; "Invitation to the Dance," Weber-Berlioz; "Capriccio Espagnole," Rimsky-Korsakov; Suite from "Carmen," Bizet; "Russian Lullaby," Berlin-Casella; "Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa.

Wednesday, May 15—Overture to "The Secret Marriage," Cimarosa; "Masque Suite," for string orchestra, Handel; Overture to "Semiramide," Rossini; "Les Preludes," Liszt; Contra Dances, Mozart; "La Valse," Ravel; Ballet Suite, "Nutcracker," "Song Without Words," "Marche Slave," Tchaikovsky.

Thursday, May 16—"Military March," Schubert-Casella; suite, "Peer Gynt," Grieg; overture to "Oberon," Weber; overture to "Rienzi," Wagner; "Pavane pour une Infante Defunte," Ravel; "Pacific 2-3-1," Honegger; "Espana," Chabrier; "Irish Rhapsody," Herbert; intermezzo, "L'Amico Fritz," Mascagni; Hungarian march, "Rakoczy," Berlioz.

Friday, May 17—March from "Aida," Verdi; "Ave Maria," Schubert-Wilhelmj; "Capriccio Italian," Tchaikovsky; ballet suite, "Sylvia," Delibes; Largo, Handel; overture to "William Tell," Rossini; Ballet of the Hours, "La Gioconda," Ponchielli; "Liebesfreud," Kreisler; Second Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt.

BOSTON BEGINS THE 'POPS'

N.Y. TIMES - MAY 12 -

Summer Music Plans in Other Centres—Local Band to Start in June

MELODY flowed at the May Day opening of the Boston "Pops," concerning which The Boston Herald remarked that 2,600 persons were present to hear eighty-five of Mr. Koussevitzky's players, led for another supplemental term by Alfredo Casella. This event began a forty-fourth season. The fifty-eight nightly concerts to come were estimated to produce a total attendance of 125,000 persons. The Puritan newspaper did not fail to mention "liquid refreshments" at tables set about Symphony Hall.

"Dire predictions," The Herald recalled, "were made for the fate of the 'Pops' until they appeared in their first prohibition début season. The tables were there just like the other days. The crowds came, and many were on hand the first night of the prohibition début, expecting it to be the death knell of the famed musical institution. That was a memorable night just ten years ago. Though wines and beer were missing, the audiences were soon won to the music.

"Soft drinks and refreshments are now served at the same tables. An informal atmosphere permeates the audience, and should any one overlook going to the 'Pops' during a season at least once or more, music circles raise their eyebrows in astonishment."

pianist will be in America three months, December to February, inclusive. As already announced, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will have Prokofieff as soloist for seven performances, in both Boston and New York.

ALL-WAGNER PROGRAM AT POPS

Bos. AMER MAY 13

By MOSES SMITH

Alfredo Casella presented an all-Wagner program for the first Sunday evening of the "Pops." The list included the Overture and March from "Tannhauser," the "Siegfried Idyll," the Prelude and Introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin," the Prelude to the "Mastersingers," Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan," "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," and the inevitable "Ride of the Valkyries."

This excellent and representative program was performed with far greater sympathy for the composer's intention than Casella has usually displayed. Though the tempi were still too fast, it seemed that the conductor was approaching Wagner without the animosity that is his wont. The "Idyll" was especially grateful to hear.

Earlier in the day Joseph F. Wagner led his Boston Civic Symphony Orchestra in a concert before a goodly audience at Jordan Hall. Hazel Hallett was soloist in the Chopin F minor piano concerto. The purely orchestral numbers included Rossini's Overture, "Barber of Seville," the Intermezzo from Henry Hadley's "Cleopatra's Night" and, for the first time in America, Boellmann's Symphony in F major

This symphony, while displaying no great originality in ideas and treatment, was dramatic, often melodious, and contained much honest music-making.

The other item of importance of the week-end in music was a production, in English, of "Carmen" by company directed by the dynamic Ethel Leginska. Inasmuch as, at the time of performance, I was on the road to Northampton, where Werner Josten was putting on the first American performances of Monteverdi's "Orfeo" and Handel's "Apollo e Daphne," I can simply retell the report of an assistant that Leginska's presentation, featuring local singers and her Women's Symphony Orchestra, was experimental, as she had intended.

It was worth, incidentally, travelling 200 miles to see the Smith College presentation. The performances, which were semi-amateur, were finely conceived and, for the most part, well executed.

Concert-Chronicle

Wagnerian Pops

FOLLOWING a concert season well stocked in all-Wagner programs and part-Wagner programs came last evening Mr. Casella's first Sunday concert of the current Pops series as another contribution to the total score. Yet the demand is insatiable. Save for a sprinkling of empty seats at the tables on the floor, the hall was filled; probably every seat would have been taken had it not been for the threat of a storm. And the audience listened and applauded with pleasure. For more times this season than it is convenient to count, the Prelude to "The Mastersingers" has sounded from the Boston Symphony's strings, wood-winds and brass. Last evening Mr. Casella vigorously opened the second division of his program with this Prelude. All-Wagner programs may come and go, but the Prelude to "The Mastersingers" marches on. Otherwise, the excerpts, preludes and overtures of the program were familiar ones from Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Tristan and Isolde, Parsifal and The Valkyr. "A Siegfried Idylle," less frequently heard, was an exception. Perhaps the older generation of Boston concert-goers can remember when the music of Wagner was not so generally acecpted; when an all-Wagner concert divided the town into two rival camps? Who is the present-day Wagner, now dividing the town, to whom whole concerts will be devoted thirty years hence?

To distinguish Mr. Casella's interpretation of Wagnerian music is to say that the conductor lets the composer speak for himself. For the processional music of the Entrance of the Guests into Wartburg, Mr. Casella gives full reign to the brittle brightness, the biting attacks and crystal tones of which virtuosi instrumentalists are capable; yet holds steady and inelastic the tempo; sharply outlines the rhythmic patterns and sinuous voices. In the Prelude to Tannhäuser," he begins deliberately, moves with solemn majesty, abruptly inserts the Venusburg measures, piles sonority upon sonority as overwhelming conviction. This Tannhäuser music, indeed, finds Mr. Casella in his most authoritative and impressive manner. For the resounding surges of "The Mastersingers" and the Ride of Valkyrs he once more opens up the full stops of trumpets, tubas and trombones, to carry everything by weight and magnificence of tone. Again, in such processional music as the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin" he is crisp and rhythmically rigid. To speak its true meaning, Wagner's music must indeed rise starkly from the music pages through superb instrumental performance; Mr. Casella will not stop to color it with his own personality, unless that is one of pure and unemotional classicism or ,on the other hand, unyielding modernism. With the music of "A Siegfried Idylle," the Prelude to "Lohengrin" and the Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal," the conductor is even more objective. The translucent glow, the gentle warmth of weaving voices, the fluttering leafage of forest murmurs sound directly and purely from the score.

N. M. J.

TRANS MAY 12

At The Pops Tonight

"Harvard Night"

Overture to The Opera, "Nina Fuddled with Love" ..... Paisiello
Suite from the Stage-Music of..Purcell (Edited by Arthur Bliss)
Overture, "Leonora," No. 3..Beethoven
Songs
Overture to The Opera, "The Siege of Corinth" ..... Rossini
Forest Scene from The Opera, "Siegfried" ..... Wagner
Rhapsody, "Italia" ..... Casella
Songs
Dance of The Hours from The Opera, "La Gioconda" ..... Ponchielli
Waltz, "Artist's Life" ..... J. Strauss
March, "Pomp and Circumstance" .. Elgar
"Fair Harvard"

Conductors:
A. Casella, A. T. Davison

Assisting: The Harvard Glee Club

MAY 14-GLOBE

Mr Casella has again put a symphony on a Pops program, Beethoven's First is to be played next Saturday night. The Wagner program for the first of the fortnightly Sunday Pops tonight is likely to draw a very large audience.

GLOBE MAY 19

Fourth Week of the Pops

Tomorrow will usher in the fourth week of the Pop concerts, which are now having their 44th season at Symphony Hall. Alfredo Casella has made programs of special interest and popular appeal for each night of this week to be presented by the orchestra of Symphony players, which is surely the finest to be found anywhere at this time of year.

Members of Simmons College, the Y. W. C. A. and Roxbury Latin School will celebrate on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, respectively, but these, like all other nights, are open to the public. Conductor Casella will present a Tschalkowsky-Wagner program on Saturday, and a symphonic program for the second Sunday night Pop concert, next Sunday, May 26th, at which he will present his own Concerto Romano for organ and orchestra, for the first time in Boston; likewise Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony and other numbers to be announced.

The other programs of the week follow:

Monday, May 20—Wedding March, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Gavotte from "Les Petits Riens," Mozart; Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens," Beethoven; Overture to "The Siege of Corinth," Rossini; Introduction and March from "Le Coq d'Or," Rimsky-Korsakov; "Night on Bald Mountain," Moussorgsky; Suite from the Ballet, "La Giara," Casella; Bacchanale, "Samson and Delilah," Saint-Saens; Suite from "Carmen," Bizet; Overture to "The Sicilian Vespers," Verdi.

Tuesday, May 21—"Marche Militaire," Schubert; Largo, Handel; Overture to "William Tell," Rossini; Songs by Simmons Glee Club; Overture to "The Bartered Bride," Smetana; Excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust," Berlioz; "Capriccio Italien," Tschaikowsky; Overture to "Rienzi," Prelude to "Lohengrin," Ride of the Valkyries, Wagner.

Wednesday, May 22—Entrance of the Guests into the Wartburg, "Tannhauser," Wagner; Invitation to the Dance, Weber-Berlioz; Roumanian Rhapsody, Enesco; Overture to "La Forza del Destino," Verdi; Largo from the "New World" Symphony, Dvorak; Overture Solennelle, "1812," Tschaikowsky; Prelude to "Carmen," Bizet; Molly on the Shore, Grainger; Liebestraum, Liszt; Second Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt.

Thursday, May 23—March from "Aida," Verdi; Suite, "Peer Gynt," Grieg; Overture to "Tannhauser," Wagner; "Espana," Rhapsody, Chabrier; "Pacific 2-3-1," Honegger; "Italia," Casella; Ballet of the Hours from "La Gioconda," Ponchielli; Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; Marche Slave, Tschaikowsky.

Friday, May 24—Coronation march from "The Prophet," Meyerbeer; minuet, Boccherini; gypsy dance from "Carmen," Bizet; ballet suite, "Sylvia," Delibes; "Finlandia," Symphonic poem, Sibelius; air for string orchestra from the suite in D major, No. 3, Bach; "Capriccio Espagnole," Rimsky-Korsakov; "French Military March," Saint-Saens; "Ave Maria," Schubert-Wilhelmj; "Ride of the Valkyries," Wagner.

Saturday, May 25—Tchaikovsky-Wagner program: "Marche Slave," "Capriccio Italien," Tchaikovsky; "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg," excerpts from act 3, "A Siegfried Idyll," overture to "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner; ballet suite, "Nutcracker," "Song Without Words," overture Solennelle, "1812," Tchaikovsky.

Program only: The opening ... will be "The Leatherneck."

TRAV. MAY 19

FOURTH WEEK OF POPS

Monday will usher in the fourth week of the Pop concerts which are now having their 44 season at Symphony hall. Alfredo Casella has made programs of special interest and popular appeal for each night of next week to be presented by the orchestra of Symphony players which is surely the finest to be found anywhere at this time of year.

Members of Simmons College, the Y. W. C. A., and Roxbury Latin School will celebrate on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday respectively, but these like all other nights are open to the public.

Conductor Casella will present a Tchaikovsky-Wagner program on Saturday, and a symphony program for the second Sunday night Pop concert, Sunday, May 26, at which he will present his own Concerto Romano for organ and orchestra, for the first time in Boston; likely Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony and other numbers to be announced.

The program for tonight follows:

Overture to "Cinderella" ..... Rossini
Three Dances from "Cephalus and Procris" ..... Gretry-Mottl
Overture to "La Forza del Destino" ..... Verdi
Symphony No. 1 in C major, Op. 21 ..... Beethoven
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg" ..... Wagner
Bacchanale from "Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
Ride of the Valkyries ..... Wagner

Third Week of Pop Concerts

The Pop concerts in Symphony Hall are now in the third week of this, their 44th season. Alfredo Casella has compiled programs of special popular appeal for this week.

Tomorrow, there will be a section of Tchaikovsky's music, and on Saturday a section of Wagner. Thursday will bring such favorites as the "Peer Gynt" Suite, Oberon and Rienzi Overtures, "Espana" and Irish Rhapsodies. etc, and Friday, Schubert's "Ave Maria"; Handel's "Largo"; "William Tell Overture," "Sylvia" Ballet, etc.

MAY 14-GLOBE

GLOBE MAY 21

Fourth Week of Pops

The Pop concerts in Symphony Hall are now in the fourth week of their 44th season.

Special nights of interest this week are Simmons night, tonight, and Roxbury Latin night Friday. These, like all other nights, are open to the public. Saturday there will be a Tchaikovsky-Wagner program, and next Sunday, a symphonic program, including Beethoven's "Pastorale" Symphony, Casella's Organ Concerto and Ravel's Second Suite from "Daphnis and Chloe."

FOURTH WEEK MAY 19 OF THE POPS

HERALD

Tomorrow will usher in the fourth week of the Pop concerts which are now having their 44th season at Symphony hall. Alfredo Casella has made programs of special interest and popular appeal for each night of this week to be presented by the orchestra of Symphony players, the finest to be found anywhere at this time of year.

Members of Simmons College, the Y. W. C. A., and Roxbury Latin school will celebrate on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday respectively, but these like all other nights are open to the public. Conductor Casella will present a Tchaikovsky-Wagner programme on Saturday, and a symphonic program for the second Sunday night Pop concert, next Sunday, May 26, at which he will present his own Concerto Romano for organ and orchestra, for the first time in Boston; likewise Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony and other numbers to be announced.

The other programs of the week follow:

MONDAY, MAY 20

Wedding March, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ..... Mendelssohn
Gavotte from "Les Petits Riens" .... Mozart
Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens" ..... Beethoven
Overture to "The Siege of Corinth" .. Rossini
Introduction and March from "Le Coq d'Or" ..... Rimsky-Korsakov
"Night on Bald Mountain" .... Moussorgsky
Suite from the Ballet, "La Giara" .. Casella
Bacchanale, "Samson and Delilah" ..... Saint-Saens
Suite from "Carmen" ..... Bizet
Overture to "The Sicilian Vespers" ... Verdi

TUESDAY

Marche Militaire ..... Schubert
Largo ..... Handel
Overture to "William Tell" ..... Rossini
Songs by Simmons Glee Club
Overture to "The Bartered Bride" .. Smetana
Excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust" ..... Berlioz
Capriccio Italien ..... Tchaikovsky
Overture to "Rienzi" ..... Wagner
Prelude to "Lohengrin" ..... Wagner
Ride of the Valkyries ..... Wagner

WEDNESDAY

Entrance of the Guests into the Wartburg, "Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
Invitation to the Dance ..... Weber-Berlioz
Roumanian Rhapsody ..... Enesco
Overture to "La Forza del Destino" ... Verdi
Largo from the "New World" Symphony ..... Dvorak
Ouverture Solennelle, "1812" ... Tchaikovsky
Prelude to "Carmen" ..... Bizet
Molly on the Shore ..... Grainger
Liebestraum ..... Liszt
Second Hungarian Rhapsody ..... Liszt

THURSDAY

March from "Aida" ..... Verdi
Suite, "Peer Gynt" ..... Grieg
Overture to "Tannhaluser" ..... Wagner
"Espana," Rhapsody ..... Chabrier
"Pacific 2-3-1," Smyphonic Movement ..... Honegger
"Italia," Rhapsody ..... Casella
Ballet of the Hours from "La Gioconda" ..... Ponchielli
Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana" ..... Mascagni
Marche Slave ..... Tchaikovsky

FRIDAY

Coronation March from "The Prophet" ..... Meyerbeer
Minuet ..... Boccherini
Gypsy Dance from "Carmen" ..... Bizet
Ballet Suite, "Sylvia" ..... Delibes
"Finlandia," Symphonic Poem ..... Sibelius
Air for String Orchestra from the Suite in D major, No. 3 ..... Bach
Capriccio Espagnole ..... Rimsky-Korsakov
French Military March ..... Saint-Saens
Ave Maria ..... Schubert-Wilhelmj
Ride of the Valkyries ..... Wagner

SATURDAY

Tchaikovsky—Wagner Program
Marche Slave
Capriccio Italien ..... Tchaikovsky
The Mastersingers of Nuremburg, Excerpts from Act III
A Siegfried Idyll
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman" ..... Wagner
Ballet Suite, "Nutcracker"
Song Without Words
Ouverture Solennelle, "1812" ..... Tchaikovsky

Saturday, May 18: Overture ... derella," Rossini; three dances from "Cephalus and Procris," Gretry-Mottl; overture to "La Forza del Destino," Verdi; symphony No. 1 in C major, op. 21, Beethoven; prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg," bacchanale from "Tannhauser," "Ride of the Valkyries," Wagner.

TRANS

Concert-Chronicle

Leavening The Pops

MAY 21

MORE and more the music of the winter Symphony Concerts encroaches upon the Pops. If one may believe one's ears in hearing applause, the public is grateful. Last evening, for example, between a first group consisting of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," a gavotte from Mozart's "Les Petits Riens," the Turkish March out of Beethoven's "The Ruins of Athens," the Overture to Rossini's "The Siege of Corinth," and a last group made up of the Bacchanale from Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah," a suite of three pieces out of "Carmen" and the Overture to Verdi's "The Sicilian Vespers" (music of the theater, by the way, all of it) played in Mr. Casella's straighforward and masterful manner, there stood three pieces which might have found place on any Symphony program—the introduction to and a march from Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Golden Cockerel," Musorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" and the suite drawn from Mr. Casella's ballet, or "choreographic comedy," as he calls it, "The Jar."

Fanciful music for a fanciful plot is Rimsky-Korsakov's score for "The Golden Cockerel." Hearing it, one were dull-witted indeed, if he could anticipate in degree some such announcement as the astrologer makes at the astonishing end of the play when he says that after all the whole is no more than fairy tale. Into the very texture of harmonies and melodies, of rhythms and orchestral timbres is this element blended. Delicacy, lightness, charm, a degree of mystery, by these is it known. The piquant solo at the beginning announces it. The march of last evening does not pound, does not grow insistent. The feet which it is intended to accompany are not those of Roman legions, nor those of inflated modern conquerors; to the steps of the mock army of Pushkin's fairy tale it

CON. NEXT PAGE

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must be attuned. And for such an end Mr. Casella and eighty picked musicians no less than the bearded Rimsky last evening furnished accomplishment.

Musorgsky in the music of last evening gave Russian treatment to a subject that has attracted composers of most nationalities. His "Night on Bald Mountain" summons noises out of the bowels of the earth, adds to them the voices of beings which we mortals like to call supernatural. To top it, sonorous brass gives sound picture of the black god Chernobog. With his attendants of the black arts this worthy indulges in measures of celebration. Witches enter, and the orgiastic music grows to the saturnalia of the "Witches' Sabbath." But all things must end. The sound of a bell from a far-off church is heard. In its presence the revels cannot continue. The spirits vanish, the gloom and the shadows are dispelled. Night gives way to day. And a music sweet and tender replaces that of the demons of the night.

Mr. Casella for his "choreographic comedy" goes to a novel of Pirandello. The beautiful large vase of Don Lollo has been broken. The hunch-backed artisan, Dima Licasi, offers to repair it. To complete his work he climbs into the jar. But when his work is done, he finds that the hump on his back prevents him from making an exit. Don Lollo is more furious than at the first break. He insists that Licasi must pay for the vessel before it may be broken to afford him his liberty. But the philosophical workman nonchalantly smokes his pipe to await developments. Evening falls. The moon rises. In the distance a peasant is singing a nocturne-like Sicilian folk-song. The peasants reassemble for their dances about the jar and the imprisoned man and friend. And not being in prohibition country, the dance assumes the proportions of a riot. Don Lollo rushes out of the house and in a frenzy kicks at the jar so that it topples over and rolls with a crash into the trunk of a tree. Licasi is free; Lollo shamefacedly returns to his house, while the peasants dance off their excitement. One can believe that the suite which Mr. Casella draws out of this ballet preserves the significant moments of the music which clothes this plot. One hears the dances of peasants of Sicily in the beginning; no less the voice of the peasant with his folk-song-nocturne (agreeably sung by Mr. Rulon Robison in performance hereabouts); one can all but see the dancing Nela, daughter of Don Lollo; and one feels pulse heightened and nerves grow taut with the excitements of the various stages of the peasants' dances in conclusion. A vivid music Mr. Casella has provided. A vivid performance he gave to it last evening. A. H. M.

MAY 21

At The Pops Tonight

"Simmons Night"

Military March .....Schubert
(Scored for Orchestra by A. Casella)
Largo .....Handel
Overture to The Opera, "William Tell" Rossini
Songs
Overture to The Opera, "The Bartered Bride" .....Smetana
Excerpts from the Dramatic Legend, "The Damnation of Faust"....Berlioz
Italian Caprice .....Chaikovsky
Overture to The Opera, "Rienzi"—
Prelude to The Opera, "Lohengrin"
—Ride of The Valkyrs.....Wagner

Conductor: A. Casella

Assisting: Simmons Glee Club

New Music for May

TRANS. MAY 21

Casella's Concerto

LIKE Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Casella knows how to value the spice of novelty. Upon his symphonic program for next Sunday evening he places one of his latest works, the Concerto Romano, on organ and orchestra. Thus, to the zest of a 'First time in Boston" is added the zest of being able to see the composer in person, to hear his own reading of his new piece. The Concerto Romano, dedicated to Felice Casorati, bears in the score the date MCMXXVI. Mr. Casella gives information that the Concerto was written in direct response to an invitation from Alexander Russel, musical director for the Wanamaker interests. It was played, March 11, 1927, upon the organ in the Wanamaker store in New York. Mr. Charles Courboin was organist; Mr. Casella conducted. It has been heard in Chicago, Dec. 14, 1928, Mr. Stock's forces.

Mr. Casella would guard against possible misapprehension of the adjective Romano, in the title. It is not his intention, he says, to epitomize Roman life or Roman customs or Rome itself within the bounds of this one concerto. Such an endeavor would be far too comprehensive to be practicable; the subject-matter too many sided. Rather, he sought to give musical semblance to the baroque style in art and architecture. Mr. Casella further says that for some time previous to the composition of the Concerto he had wished to write something in which he would be able to incorporate effects once heard in Germany—the playing of German chorals upon an organ with trombone accompaniment and trombone antiphonal effects. The invitation to write an Organ Concerto proved to be the occasion. This circumstance accounts for the orchestration: Organ and brass (three trumpets and three trombones) together with kettle-drums, against a background of strings.

Glancing over the score, one would say that Mr. Casella has well carried out his aim of writing in the baroque style. Its tendency toward the colossal, the grandiose, the picturesque; toward broken lines and fanciful ornamentation that sometimes approaches the grotesque, its large-scale exuberance—all find in degree their counterpart in the music. To cite only one specific example, Mr. Casella must have had his scheme very closely in mind in writing the first theme of his first movement.

The Concerto Romano runs in three movements: (1) Sinfonia; (2) Largo, grave; (3) Cadenza e toccata. The Sinfonia opens with an introduction, Lento, grave. Low strings begin with a slow, melodic figure. Then ensue contrasts between string figures played pizzicato, and short, fast staccato chords in the brass—the effects sometimes spoken of as brass pizzicato. The body of the movement bears the indication, "Allegro vivace, ma però un poso maestoso." The organ here makes its first entrance with passage-work and similar "pizzicato" chords against a rugged, far-flung theme in the br
tioned. Bass—the theme above menharmonies little farther on, in minor complemer it finds a somewhat gloomily organ soot, also staccato, which the velopment takes up. After some deters in th a melodic second theme enagainst a li strings, "senza espressivo," organ. Soght kind of embroidery in the itself. Thon the organ has the theme full, teemi development section is very first theming with resourcefulness. The again ene with its rhythmic complement theme is ters, but the lyrical second impressiv no more than suggested. An the movea coda on the main theme ends sonata-foment. The Sinfonia is thus free

In the rm.
the comp second movement, Largo, grave, definitely oser has the style of Frescobaldi exactly s in mind. Frescobaldi lived pleting h century before Bach; after comwent to his studies in his native Ferrara, to round the then famous Netherlands which, t out his musical education. After he was rom 1608 until his death in 1644, It is said organist in St. Peter's at Rome. thirty th that his fame was so great that perform ousand persons attended his first thought ance. It is probably a happy body a that Mr. Casella sought to emarchaic modern version of his somewhat concerto style within a baroque Roman three-pa. The movement is a simple coda of rt form, with introduction and episodic similar material, and with an close-cl al middle section. The idea of out in pped staccati is further carried

In th this movement.
cata, the third movement, Cadenza e toccimpetu he "cadenza" (Allegro agitato ed the wh oso) makes a considerable part of provis ole. It is exceedingly free and imof the ational, again after the fashion enteer great Italian organist of the sevsolo-p th century. Often the organ, in gain arts, is written without bar-lines, to chara to the utmost this fantasia-like of mo cter. There are many suggestions The tivs from the previous movements. of st toccata carries still further the use free accati and repeated notes. It is a a bri rondo which centers chiefly around orga lliant piece of passage-work for the max n. There are huge and brilliant cies for both organ and orchestra.

A the somber tone would seem to pervade erab whole—this partly because of considof f le use of low registers, partly because nies requent suggestion of minor harmogive ; yet again from the prominent place moo n to the trombones. This grave max d tinges even the brilliance of the cli-

The es when they are most brilliant. . . .
nist organist is to be Ruth Muzzy Consity on, Bachelor in Music of Yale Univerdire , organist in New York city variously, at ctor of the summer school of music Middlebury, Vermont. A. H. M.

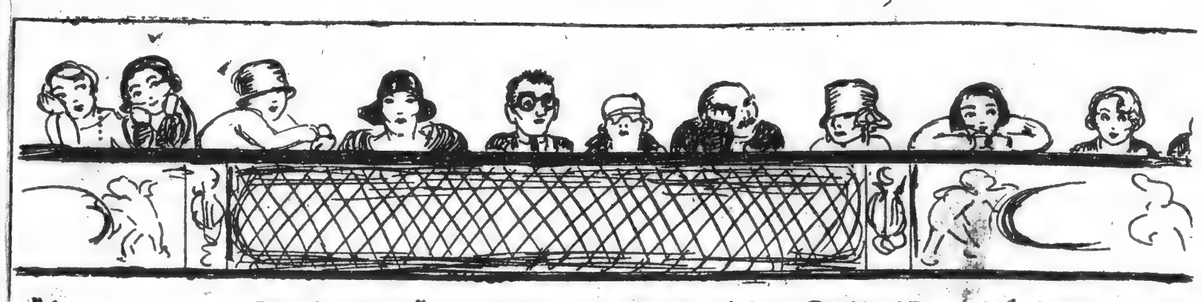
TRANS. MAY 23

At The Pops Tonight

March from The Opera, "Aida"...Verdi
Suite from the Incidental Music to Ibsen's Play, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
Overture to The Opera, "Tannhäuser" Wagner
Rhapsody, "España" .....Chabrier
Symphonic Movement, "Pacific 2-3-1" Honegger
Rhapsody, "Italia" .....Casella
Ballet of The Hours from The Opera, "La Gioconda" .....Ponchielli
Intermezzo from The Opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana" .....Mascagni
Slavic March .....Chaikovsky

Conductor: A. Casella

POPS



"AND WAY UP THERE" WHISPERS THE LADY BEHIND US," ARE THE REAL MUSIC LOVERS." G'WAN- WE AREN'T ALL BOHUNKS AT THE TABLES EITHER!

THE ORCHESTRA OUGHT TO STRIKE UP A SNAPPY BOOM-BOOM MARCH FOR ALL LATE COMERS

SOME OF THE INTERMISSION STROLLERS HAVE BEEN BITTEN BY NONCHALANCE

FROM "SOUP-TO-NUTS" TO SPORTS

AT PACIFIC 2-3-1 SOME OF THE BOSTONESE REFUSE TO APPLAUD. TCH TCH! BOILER FACTORY!! SOME APPLAUDED. BUT THEN— SOMEONE HISSED "HUMORESKE" — EVERYONE TO HIS OWN TASTE—

Edith Stevens

"Hit 'Em Again"

On The Conductor's Stand

168

must be attuned. And for such an end Mr. Casella and eighty picked musicians no less than the bearded Rimsky last evening furnished accomplishment.

Musorgsky in the music of last evening gave Russian treatment to a subject that has attracted composers of most nationalities. His "Night on Bald Mountain" summons noises out of the bowels of the earth, adds to them the voices of beings which we mortals like to call supernatural. To top it, sonorous brass gives sound picture of the black god Chernobog. With his attendants of the black arts this worthy indulges in measures of celebration. Witches enter, and the orgiastic music grows to the saturnalia of the "Witches' Sabbath." But all things must end. The sound of a bell from a far-off church is heard. In its presence the revels cannot continue. The spirits vanish,—the gloom and the shadows are dispelled. Night gives way to day. And a music sweet and tender replaces that of the demons of the night.

Mr. Casella for his "choreographic comedy" goes to a novel of Pirandello. The beautiful large vase of Don Lollo has been broken. The hunch-backed artisan, Dima Licasi, offers to repair it. To complete his work he climbs into the jar. But when his work is done, he finds that the hump on his back prevents him from making an exit. Don Lollo is more furious than at the first break. He insists that Licasi must pay for the vessel before it may be broken to afford him his liberty. But the philosophical workman nonchalantly smokes his pipe to await developments. Evening falls. The moon rises. In the distance a peasant is singing a nocturne-like Sicilian folk-song. The peasants reassemble for their dances about the jar and the imprisoned man and friend. And not being in prohibition country, the dance assumes the proportions of a riot. Don Lollo rushes out of the house and in a frenzy kicks at the jar so that it topples over and rolls with a crash into the trunk of a tree. Licasi is free; Lollo shamefacedly returns to his house, while the peasants dance off their excitement. One can believe that the suite which Mr. Casella draws out of this ballet preserves the significant moments of the music which clothes this plot. One hears the dances of peasants of Sicily in the beginning; no less the voice of the peasant with his folk-song-nocturne (agreeably sung by Mr. Rulon Robison in performance hereabouts); one can all but see the dancing Nela, daughter of Don Lollo; and one feels pulse heightened and nerves grow taut with the excitements of the various stages of the peasants' dances in conclusion. A vivid music Mr. Casella has provided. A vivid performance he gave to it last evening. A. H. M.

MAY 21

At The Pops Tonight

"Simmons Night"

Military March .....Schubert
(Scored for Orchestra by A. Casella)
Largo .....Handel
Overture to The Opera, "William Tell" Rossini
Songs
Overture to The Opera, "The Bartered Bride" .....Smetana
Excerpts from the Dramatic Legend, "The Damnation of Faust"....Berlioz
Italian Caprice .....Chaikovsky
Overture to The Opera, "Rienzi"—
Prelude to The Opera, "Lohengrin"
—Ride of The Valkyrs.....Wagner

Conductor: A. Casella

Assisting: Simmons Glee Club

New Music for May

TRANS. MAY 21

Casella's Concerto

LIKE Mr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Casella knows how to value the spice of novelty. Upon his symphonic program for next Sunday evening he places one of his latest works, the Concerto Romano, on organ and orchestra. Thus, to the zest of a 'First time in Boston" is added the zest of being able to see the composer in person, to hear his own reading of his new piece. The Concerto Romano, dedicated to Felice Casorati, bears in the score the date MCMXXVI. Mr. Casella gives information that the Concerto was written in direct response to an invitation from Alexander Russel, musical director for the Wanamaker interests. It was first played, March 11, 1927, upon the large organ in the Wanamaker store at New York. Mr. Charles Courboin was organist; Mr. Casella conducted. It has also been heard in Chicago, Dec. 14, 1928, from Mr. Stock's forces.

Mr. Casella would guard against a possible misapprehension of the adjective, Romano, in the title. It is not his intention, he says, to epitomize Roman life or Roman customs or Rome itself within the bounds of this one concerto. Such an endeavor would be far too comprehensive to be practicable; the subject-matter too many sided. Rather, he sought to give musical semblance to the baroque style in art and architecture. Mr. Casella further says that for some time previous to the composition of the Concerto he had wished to write something in which he would be able to incorporate effects once heard in Germany—the playing of German chorals upon an organ with trombone accompaniment and trombone antiphonal effects. The invitation to write an Organ Concerto proved to be the occasion. This circumstance accounts for the orchestration: Organ and brass (three trumpets and three trom bone:) together with kettle-drums, against a background of strings.

Glancing over the score, one would say that Mr. Casella has well carried out his aim of writing in the baroque style. Its tendency toward the colossal, the grandiose, the picturesque; toward broken lines and fanciful ornamentation that sometimes approaches the grotesque, its large-scale exuberance—all find in degree their counterpart in the music. To cite only one specific example, Mr. Casella must have had his scheme very closely in mind in writing the first theme of his first movement.

The Concerto Romano runs in three movements: (1) Sinfonia; (2) Largo, grave; (3) Cadenza e toccata. The Sinfonia opens with an introduction, Lento, grave. Low strings begin with a slow, melodic figure. Then ensue contrasts between string figures played pizzicato, and short, fast staccato chords in the brass—the effects sometimes spoken of as brass pizzicato. The body of the movement bears the indication, "Allegro vivace, ma però un poso maestoso." The organ here makes its first entrance with passage-work and similar "pizzicato" chords against a rugged, far-flung theme in the br
Bass—the theme above mentioned. Bass in the harmonies little farther on, in minor complemer it finds a somewhat gloomily organ soot, also staccato, which the velopment, takes up. After some deters in the a melodic second theme enagainst all strings, "senza espressivo," organ. Soght kind of embroidery in the itself. Thon the organ has the theme full, teemi development section is very first theming with resourcefulness. The again ens with its rhythmic complement theme is ters, but the lyrical second impressiv no more than suggested. An the movee coda on the main theme ends sonata-fonent. The Sinfonia is thus free

In the rm.
the compsecond movement, Largo, grave, definitelyoser has the style of Frescobaldi exactly a in mind. Frescobaldi lived pleting h century before Bach; after comwent tois studies in his native Ferrara, to round the then famous Netherlands which, t out his musical education. After he was rom 1608 until his death in 1644, It is saiorganist in St. Peter's at Rome. thirty th that his fame was so great that performousand persons attended his first thought ance. It is probably a happy body a that Mr. Casella sought to emarchaic modern version of his somewhat concerto style within a baroque Roman three-pa. The movement is a simple coda of rt form, with introduction and episodic similar material, and with an close-cl al middle section. The idea of out in pped staccati is further carried

In th this movement.
cata, the third movement, Cadenza e toccimpetu he "cadenza" (Allegro agitato ed the wh oso) makes a considerable part of provis ole. It is exceedingly free and imof the ational, again after the fashion enteer great Italian organist of the sevsolo-path century. Often the organ, in gain arts, is written without bar-lines, to chara to the utmost this fantasia-like of mo ter. There are many suggestions The tivs from the previous movements. of st toccata carries still further the use free accati and repeated notes. It is a a bri rondo which centers chiefly around orga lliant piece of passage-work for the max n. There are huge and brilliant cles for both organ and orchestra.

A
the somber tone would seem to pervade erab whole—this partly because of considof f le use of low registers, partly because nies requent suggestion of minor harmogive ; yet again from the prominent place moo n to the trombones. This grave max d tinges even the brilliance of the cli-
The es when they are most brilliant. . . .
nist organist is to be Ruth Muzzy Consity on, Bachelor in Music of Yale Univerdire , organist in New York city variously, at ctor of the summer school of music Middlebury, Vermont. A. H. M.

TRANS. MAY 23

At The Pops Tonight

March from The Opera, "Aida"...Verdi
Suite from the Incidental Music to Ibsen's Play, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
Overture to The Opera, "Tannhäuser" Wagner
Rhapsody, "España" .....Chabrier
Symphonic Movement, "Pacific 2-3-1" Honegger
Rhapsody, "Italia" .....Casella
Ballet of The Hours from The Opera, "La Gioconda" .....Ponchielli
Intermezzo from The Opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana" .....Mascagni
Slavic March .....Chaikovsky

Conductor: A. Casella

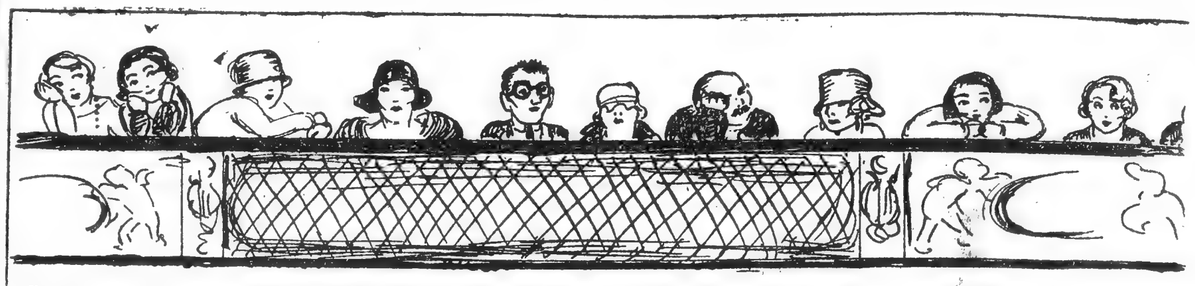
At The Pops Tonight

Coronation March from The Opera, "The Prophet" .....Meyerbeer
Minuet .....Boccherini
Dance from Act II. of "Carmen"..Bizet
Suite from The Ballet, "Sylvia"..Delibes
Symphonic Poem, "Finlandia"..Sibelius
Air for Strings from the Suite in D major .....Bach
Spanish Caprice .....Rimsky-Korsakov
French Military March.....Saint-Saëns
Ave Maria .....Schubert-Wilhelmj
Ride of the Valkyrs.....Wagner

Conductor: A. Casella

1929 ST, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1929

POPS



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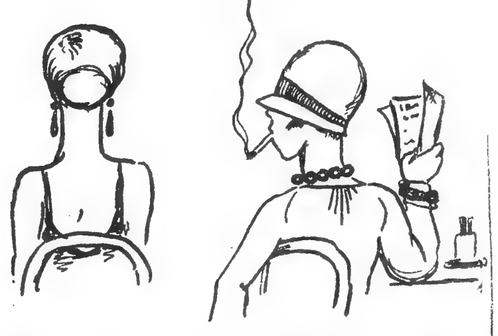

FROM "SOUP-TO-NUTS" TO SPORTS

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Edith Stevens

"Hit 'Em Again"

On The Conductor's Stand

Penciled Pastimes of The Prevalent Pops

Marginal Notes—Second Balcony

(Sketches Here and Hereunder Made by Virginia Burton)

Pleasures

On The Floor

Pains

On The Stage

TRANS MAY 25

Concerts Next Week

Progress of The Pops

FIRST of all in the fifth week of The Pops, beginning tomorrow, there are two exceptions to be noted. On Friday evening, May 31, Radcliffe College has taken Symphony Hall for a serious, semi-private concert in celebration of its jubilee. Consequently, no Pop. On Thursday evening, May 30—the holiday—Mr. Fiedler, and not Mr. Casella, will conduct. The occasion is the annual "Tech Night," with an easy-going program on which Gershwin and Kern have place and in which even marimba solos are included. The conductor, moreover, will have his joke with the youngsters. "In memoriam" he announces Milhaud's "The Cow on The Roof"—otherwise "Le Bœuf sur le Toit," modernist pantomime devised by Jean Cocteau, once in Parisian vogue and abounding in the composer's comic spirit. But "in memory" of what? Of nothing less than the cow—sexes do not count in these matters—discovered on the roof of a Tech dormitory on or about May 27, 1928.

To these exceptions add an event—the first performance in Boston, tomorrow evening, of Mr. Casella's Concerto Romano for Organ, Trumpets, Trombones and Strings, with the composer conducting and Miss Ruth Muzzy as organist. The music, described yesterday in these columns, returns sometimes to the slightly modernized style of Frescobaldi, the seventeenth-century Italian organist; again cultivates a baroque floridity and richness of eighteenth-century Rome. The Concerto is one number in the fortnightly symphony concert. The others are Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" and the Second Suite from Ravel's bejewelled ballet, "Daphnis and Chloë."

Otherwise the week runs tranquil course. On Monday Mr. Casella adds two well-liked pieces to the current repertory—the Prelude to Musorgsky's opera, "Khovantchina" and Mr. Skilton's "Indian War Dance." On Tuesday, Smetana's tone-poem, "The Moldau," celebrating his beloved Bohemian river, returns. Wednesday brings back the overture to Auber's opera, "Masaniello." Saturday's program assembles nine favorite pieces.

By and For Casella

Wednesday afternoon in Brown Hall of the New England Conservatory at the unusual hour of 5.15, concert of chamber-pieces written by Mr. Casella; played or sung by various assisting artists in compliment to him. From the Symphony Orchestra come Messrs. Theodorowicz, Langendoen, Allegra, Allard and Mager; from the town at large Miss Ehrhart the singer and Miss Ruth Webb, pianist. The program:

Sonata for Piano and Violoncello (1927)
Messrs. Casella and Langendoen
Three Thirteenth-Century Songs (1923):
Giovane bella, luce del mio core
Fuor della bella gaiba
Amante sono, vaghiccia, di voi
Miss Ehrhart
Siciliana and Burletta for Piano, Violin and Violoncello (1916)
Messrs. Casella, Theodorowicz and Langendoen
Pupazzetti (Piano-Pieces, 1916)
Miss Ruth Webb and Mr. Casella
Serenade for Clarinet, Bassoon, Trumpet, Violin and Violoncello (1927)
Messrs. Allegra, Allard, Mager, Theodorowicz, Langendoen—The Composer Conducting
(Prize-Piece, 1928, in the Competition Arranged by the Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia)

To and By Radcliffe

Though Symphony Hall will be closed to the public next Friday evening, here follows, for its musical interest, the program of the Radcliffe Anniversary Concert. There are good hopes that the novel numbers by Holst and Vaughan Williams may be repeated publicly next winter.

Exultate Deo .....Mabel W. Daniels (19 0)
Composed for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of Radcliffe College
Sing to the Lord a New Song.....Schütz
For Double Chorus, a capella
Academic Festival Overture.....Brahms
The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains.....Vaughan Williams
A Pastoral Episode founded upon Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," for Soloists, Women's Chorus and Orchestra
(First time in Boston)
The Hymn of Jesus.....Holst
For Double Chorus and Orchestra
(First time in Boston)
The Harvard Glee Club—Dr. Archibald T. Davison, Conductor
The Radcliffe Choral Society—G. Wallace Woodworth, Conductor
Eighty-five Members of The Boston Symphony Orchestra
Soloists in "The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains"
The Voice of a Bird—Esther Wood (1920)
The Pilgrim—David Blair McCloskey
The Celestial Messenger—Joseph Lautner
First Shepherd—Dr. James H. Townsend
Second Shepherd—Joseph Lautner
Third Shepherd—James Houghton

Fifth Week of the Pops

Tonight with the second Sunday evening concert of the season, the Pop concerts will enter their fifth week at Symphony Hall. Alfredo Casella will conduct each program except that of Thursday, which is to be the annual Tech Night, when Arthur Fiedler will take over the Pops Orchestra of Symphony players for a single evening. On Friday there will be no Pop concert, since Radcliffe College will then have a concert of their own, but all other nights are open to the public.

In the symphonic program to be presented tonight, an interesting feature will be the first Boston performance of Casella's "Concerto Romano" for organ and orchestra, in which the organ solo will be taken by Ruth M. Conniston. Casella will also conduct Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony No. 6, and the second suite from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe."

The remaining programs of the week follow:

Monday, May 27—Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," Mozart; Masque Suite, for String Orchestra, Handel; Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven; "Semiramide" Overture, Rossini; Prelude to "Khovantchina," Mussorgsky; "Hopak," Musorgsky; Suite from the Ballet, "La Giara," Casella; "Indian War Dance," Skilton; "Russian Lullaby," Berlin-Casella; Gypsy Dance from "Carmen," Bizet; "Espana," Rhapsody, Chabrier.

Tuesday, May 28—Coronation March from "The Prophet," Meyerbeer; Suite, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; "Polovtsian Dances" from "Prince Igor," Borodin; "Espana," Rhapsody, Chabrier; "The Moldau," Smetana; "Italia," Casella; Suite from "Carmen," Bizet; Largo, Handel; Overture Solennelle, "1812," Tchaikovsky.

Wednesday, May 29—"Tannhauser," "Entrance of the Guests Into the Wartburg," Wagner; "Peer Gynt," Suite, Grieg; Roumanian Rhapsody, Enesco; "Finlandia," Sibelius; Danse Macabre, Saint-Saens; Capriccio Espagnol, Rimsky-Korsakov; Overture to "Masaniello," Auber; Waltz, "By the Beautiful Blue Danube," Strauss; second Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt.

Thursday, May 30—March, "Radetzky," Strauss; Overture to "Poet and Peasant," Suppe; "Deep River," Burleigh-Jacchia; Fantasia, "Madame Butterfly," Puccini; "The Cow on the Roof," Milhaud; (In Memoriam, May 27, 1928), Marimba Solos, "The Old Refrain," "Tambourin Chinois," Kreisler, soloist Lawrence White; "Rhapsody in Blue," Gershwin; selection, "Show Boat," Kern; waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song," Strauss; "Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa; "Stein Song," Bullard.

Saturday, June 1—March from "Aida," Verdi; suite from "Carmen," Bizet; overture to "Tannhauser," Wagner; overture, "The Roman Carnival," Berlioz; adagio from the "Indian Suite," MacDowell; "Italia," Casella; overture to "The Bartered Bride," Smetana; intermezzo, "L'Amico Fritz," Mascagi; marche slave, Tchaikovsky.

GLOBE

Music Notes and Comment

MAY 26

There is to be an anniversary concert at Symphony Hall next Friday evening as part of the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the founding of Radcliffe College. Besides an address on behalf of the governing board of Radcliffe by Judge Cabot, an orchester of Boston Symphony players will play Brahms' "Academic Festival" Overture, and a chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society will sing a new piece by Mabel Daniels; Schuetz' "Sing to the Lord a New Song;" Vaughan Williams' "The Delectable Mountains;" and Holst's "Hymn of Jesus." Invitations have been sent out by the governing board of Radcliffe College. There will, of course, be no Pop Concert Friday evening.

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In the symphonic program to be presented tonight, an interesting feature will be the first Boston performance of Casella's "Concerto Romano" for organ and orchestra, in which the organ solo will be played by Ruth M. Conniston. Mr. Casella will also conduct Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony No. 6, and the second suite from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe."

The remaining programs of the week follow:

MONDAY
Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" Mozart
Masque Suite, for string orchestra....Handel
Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, op. 72 Beethoven
"Semiramide," overture.....Rossini
Prelude to "Khovantchina"....Moussorgsky
Hopak .....Moussorgsky
Suite from the ballet, "La Giara"....Casella
Indian War Dance.....Skilton
Russian Lullaby.....Berlin-Casella
Gypsy Dance from "Carmen".....Bizet
"Espana," rhapsody.....Chabrier

TUESDAY
Coronation March from "The Prophet" Meyerbeer
Suite, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn
Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor" Borodin
"Espana," rhapsody.....Chabrier
"The Moldau," symphonic poem....Smetana
"Italia," rhapsody.....Casella
Suite from "Carmen".....Bizet
Largo.....Handel
Overture Solennelle, "1812"....Tchaikovsky

WEDNESDAY
"Tannhaeuser," Entrance of the guests into the Wartburg.....Wagner
"Peer Gynt" Suite.....Wagner
Rumanian Rhapsody.....Grieg
"Finlandia," symphonic poem.....Enesco
Danse Macabre.....Sibelius
Capriccio Espagnol.....Saint-Saens
Overture to "Masaniello".....Rimsky-Korsakov
Waltz, "By the Beautiful Blue Danube"..... Auber
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Strauss
THURSDAY
March, "Radetzky".....Liszt
Overture to "Poet and Peasant".....Strauss
Deep River.....Suppe
Fantasia, "Madame Butterfly".....Burleigh-Jacchia
"The Cow on the Roof".....Puccini
(In Memoriam—May 27, 1928) Milhaud
Marimba solos:
The Old Refrain.....Kreisler
Tambourin Chinois.....Kreisler
Soloist, Lawrence White
Rhapsody in Blue.....Gershwin
Selection, "Show Boat".....Kern
Waltz, "Wine, Woman Song".....Strauss
"Stars and Stripes Forever".....Sousa
Stein Song
FRIDAY
(No Pop concert)
SATURDAY
March from "Aida".....Verdi
Suite from "Carmen".....Bizet
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Overture, "The Roman Carnival".....Berlioz
Adagio from the "Indian Suite"..MacDowell
"Italia," rhapsody.....Casella
Overture to "The Bartered Bride"....Smetana
Intermezzo, "L'Amico Fritz".....Mascagni
Marche Slave.....Tchaikovsky

HERALD MAY 26

MAY 26 —

SUNDAY ADVERTISER—*Boston's Greatest Circu*

ANNUAL TECH NIGHT AT POPS ON N

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Masque Suite, for string orchestra, Handel
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72, Beethoven
"Semiramide" Overture .....Rossini
Prelude to "Khovantchina"..Moussorgsky
Hopak .....Moussorgsky
Suite from the Ballet, "La Giara," Casella
Indian War Dance.....Skilton
Russian Lullaby .....Berlin-Casella
Gypsy Dance from "Carmen".....Bizet
"Espana," Rhapsody .....Chabrier

TUESDAY
Coronation March from "The Prophet," Meyerbeer
Suite, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn
Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor," Borodin
"Espana," Rhapsody .....Chabrier
"The Moldau," Symphonic Poem, Smetana
"Italia," Rhapsody .....Casella
Suite from "Carmen".....Bizet
Largo .....Handel
Overture Solennelle, "1812," Tchaikovsky

WEDNESDAY
"Tannhauser": Entrance of the guests into the Wartburg .....Wagner
"Peer Gynt" Suite.....Grieg
Roumanian Rhapsody .....Enesco
"Finlandia," Symphonic Poem...Sibelius
Danse Macabre .....Saint-Saens
Capriccio Espagnol ....Rimsky-Korsakov
Overture to "Masaniello" ..... Auber
Waltz, "By the Beautiful Blue Danube" ..... Strauss
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt
THURSDAY
March, "Radetsky" .....Strauss
Overture to "Poet and Peasant"..Suppe
Deep River .....Burleigh-Jacchia
Fantasia, "Madame Butterfly"..Puccini
"The Cow on the Roof".....Milhaud
(In memoriam, May 27, 1928)
Marimba Solos—
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Marche Slave .....Tchaikovsky

SYMPHONIC PROGRAM AT THE POP CONCERT

Casella's Concerto for Organ Performed

Mr Casella arranged a "Symphonic program" for the second of the fortnightly Sunday Pops last night which included Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," his own Concerto Romano for organ, and the second suite from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe." An audience of good size enjoyed the concert not a little, if the applause, especially for the concerto and for Ravel's suite is a test.

If the musical public realized that these special Sunday Pops offer the equivalent of a Boston Symphony concert at popular prices there would have been no vacant places in the hall. But too many of the people who ought to be attracted by such a concert as last night's fail to distinguish between these Sunday Pops and the routine weekly programs featuring Handel's Largo and Tchaikovsky's "1812."

The first movement of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony has seldom sounded so well of late years in Boston as it did last night. The strings, in particular, played with finely restrained euphony. Mr Casella's reading of the whole symphony was clear, intelligent, straightforward, with no attempt to secure new and original effects at the expense of Beethoven. The only fault to be found with it was a certain lack of rhythmic flexibility in the slow movement.

Mr Casella's organ concerto, played for the first time in Boston, is scored for trumpets, trombones, kettle drums and strings. He has solved the difficult problem of blending organ and orchestra by reverting to the manner of the early 18th century. One thought of the accompaniment for orchestra and organ in works by Bach and Handel in which a chorus is also employed. In the concerto, the organ part, of exceptional brilliance and difficulty, is so managed as to give something of the effect of great choral bodies.

There are three movements, a "sinfonia," or overture, consciously archaic in style as well as in name; a largo, and a "cadenza and toccata"; all of which betray the now fashionable tendency among modern composers to ignore everything in music between 1750 and 1920 and go on from where Bach and Handel left off.

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Mr Casella stresses, as Ravel himself does, the brilliance, sonority and intensity of the suite from "Daphnis and Chloe." The music lacks melodic originality; there is at least one glaring reminiscence of Rimsky Korsakoff's "Scheherezade"; but it is superlatively well written.

The orchestra, now seated according to the conventional plan, sounded better than it usually does when placed according to Mr Koussevitzky's new ideas. It was astonishing how few defects there were in last night's performance, considering the limited rehearsal time. As a whole, this concert would have lent distinction to any series of Symphony concerts.

The program contained slips announcing a special concert of Mr Casella's compositions to be given Wednesday afternoon, May 29, at 5:15, in Brown Hall, New England Conservatory, at which members of the Boston Symphony, Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano, and Ruth Webb, pianist, will be heard in his chamber pieces. P. R.

GLOBE MAY 27

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TRANS
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Concerts Next Week

Progress of The Pops

FIRST of all in the fifth week of The Pops, beginning tomorrow, there are two exceptions to be noted. On Friday evening, May 31, Radcliffe College has taken Symphony Hall for a serious, semi-private concert in celebration of its jubilee. Consequently, no Pop. On Thursday evening, May 30—the holiday—Mr. Fiedler, and not Mr. Casella, will conduct. The occasion is the annual "Tech Night," with an easy-going program on which Gershwin and Kern have place and in which even marimba solos are included. The conductor, moreover, will have his joke with the youngsters. "In memoriam" he announces Milhaud's "The Cow on The Roof,"—otherwise "Le Bœuf sur le Toit," modernist pantomime devised by Jean Cocteau, once in Parisian vogue and abounding in the composer's comic spirit. But "in memory" of what? Of nothing less than the cow—sexes do not count in these matters—discovered on the roof of a Tech dormitory on or about May 27, 1928.

To these exceptions add an event—the first performance in Boston, tomorrow evening, of Mr. Casella's Concerto Romano for Organ, Trumpets, Trombones and Strings, with the composer conducting and Miss Ruth Muzzy as organist. The music, described yesterday in these columns, returns sometimes to the slightly modernized style of Frescobaldi, the seventeenth-century Italian organist; again cultivates a baroque floridity and richness of eighteenth-century Rome. The Concerto is one number in the fortnightly symphony concert. The others are Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" and the Second Suite from Ravel's bejewelled ballet, "Daphnis and Chloë."

Otherwise the week runs tranquil course. On Monday Mr. Casella adds two well-liked pieces to the current repertory—the Prelude to Musorgsky's opera, "Khovantchina" and Mr. Skilton's "Indian War Dance." On Tuesday, Smetana's tone-poem, "The Moldau," celebrating his beloved Bohemian river, returns. Wednesday brings back the overture to Auber's opera, "Masaniello." Saturday's program assembles nine favorite pieces.

By and For Casella

Wednesday afternoon in Brown Hall of the New England Conservatory at the unusual hour of 5.15, concert of chamber-pieces written by Mr. Casella; played or sung by various assisting artists in compliment to him. From the Symphony Orchestra come Messrs. Theodorowicz, Langendoen, Allegra, Allard and Mager; from the town at large Miss Ehrhart the singer and Miss Ruth Webb, pianist. The program:

Sonata for Piano and Violoncello (1927)
Messrs. Casella and Langendoen
Three Thirteenth-Century Songs (1923):
Giovane bella, luce del mio core
Fuor della bella gaiba
Amante sono, vaghiccia, di voi
Miss Ehrhart
Siciliana and Burletta for Piano, Violin and Violoncello (1916)
Messrs. Casella, Theodorowicz and Langendoen
Pupazzetti (Piano-Pieces, 1916)
Miss Ruth Webb and Mr. Casella
Serenade for Clarinet, Bassoon, Trumpet, Violin and Violoncello (1927)
Messrs. Allegra, Allard, Mager, Theodorowicz, Langendoen—The Composer Conducting
(Prize-Piece, 1928, in the Competition Arranged by the Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia)

To and By Radcliffe

Though Symphony Hall will be closed to the public next Friday evening, here follows, for its musical interest, the program of the Radcliffe Anniversary Concert. There are good hopes that the novel numbers by Holst and Vaughan Williams may be repeated publicly next winter.

Exultate Deo .....Mabel W. Daniels (19 0)
Composed for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of Radcliffe College
Sing to the Lord a New Song.....Schütz
For Double Chorus, a capella
Academic Festival Overture.....Brahms
The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains .....Vaughan Williams
A Pastoral Episode founded upon Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," for Soloists, Women's Chorus and Orchestra
(First time in Boston)
The Hymn of Jesus.....Holst
For Double Chorus and Orchestra
(First time in Boston)
The Harvard Glee Club—Dr. Archibald T. Davison, Conductor
The Radcliffe Choral Society—G. Wallace Woodworth, Conductor
Eighty-five Members of The Boston Symphony Orchestra
Soloists in "The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains"
The Voice of a Bird—Esther Wood (1920)
The Pilgrim—David Blair McCloskey
The Celestial Messenger—Joseph Lautner
First Shepherd—Dr. James H. Townsend
Second Shepherd—Joseph Lautner
Third Shepherd—James Houghton

Fifth Week of the Pops

Tonight with the second Sunday evening concert of the season, the Pop concerts will enter their fifth week at Symphony Hall. Alfredo Casella will conduct each program except that of Thursday, which is to be the annual Tech Night, when Arthur Fiedler will take over the Pops Orchestra of Symphony players for a single evening. On Friday there will be no Pop concert, since Radcliffe College will then have a concert of their own, but all other nights are open to the public.

In the symphonic program to be presented tonight, an interesting feature will be the first Boston performance of Casella's "Concerto Romano" for organ and orchestra, in which the organ solo will be taken by Ruth M. Conniston. Casella will also conduct Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony No. 6, and the Second Suite from Ravel's Ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe."

The remaining programs of the week follow:

Monday, May 27—Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," Mozart; Masque Suite, for string orchestra, Handel; Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven; "Semiramide" Overture, Rossini; Prelude to "Khovantchina," Musorgsky; "Hopak," Musorgsky; Suite from the Ballet, "La Giara," Casella; "Indian War Dance," Skilton; "Russian Lullaby," Berlin-Casella; Gypsy Dance from "Carmen," Bizet; "Espana," Rhapsody, Chabrier.

Tuesday, May 28—Coronation March from "The Prophet," Meyerbeer; Suite, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; "Polovtsian Dances" from "Prince Igor," Borodin; "Espana," Rhapsody, Chabrier; "The Moldau," Smetana; "Italia," Casella; Suite from "Carmen," Bizet; Largo, Handel; Overture Solennelle, "1812," Tchaikovsky.

Wednesday, May 29—"Tannhauser," "Entrance of the Guests Into the Wartburg," Wagner; "Peer Gynt," Suite, Grieg; Roumanian Rhapsody, Enesco; "Finlandia," Sibelius; Danse Macabre, Saint-Saens; Capriccio Espagnol, Rimsky-Korsakov; Overture to "Masaniello," Auber; Waltz, "By the Beautiful Blue Danube," Strauss; second Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt.

Thursday, May 30—March, "Radetzky," Strauss; Overture to "Poet and Peasant," Suppe; "Deep River," Burleigh-Jacchia; Fantasia, "Madame Butterfly," Puccini; "The Cow on the Roof," Milhaud; (In Memoriam, May 27, 1928), Marimba Solos, "The Old Refrain," "Tambourin Chinois," Kreisler, soloist Lawrence White; "Rhapsody in Blue," Gershwin; selection, "Show Boat," Kern; waltz, "Wine, Woman and Song," Strauss; "Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa; "Stein Song," Bullard.

Saturday, June 1—March from "Aida," Verdi; suite from "Carmen," Bizet; overture to "Tannhauser," Wagner; overture, "The Roman Carnival," Berlioz; adagio from the "Indian Suite," MacDowell; "Italia," Casella; overture to "The Bartered Bride," Smetana; intermezzo, "L'Amico Fritz," Mascagi; marche slave, Tchaikovsky.

Music Notes and Comment

There is to be an anniversary concert at Symphony Hall next Friday evening as part of the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the founding of Radcliffe College. Besides an address on behalf of the governing board of Radcliffe by Judge Cabot, an orchester of Boston Symphony players will play Brahms' "Academic Festival" Overture, and a chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society will sing a new piece by Mabel Daniels; Schuetz' "Sing to the Lord a New Song;" Vaughan Williams' "The Delectable Mountains;" and Holst's "Hymn of Jesus." Invitations have been sent out by the governing board of Radcliffe College. There will, of course, be no Pop Concert Friday evening.

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In the symphonic program to be presented tonight, an interesting feature will be the first Boston performance of Casella's "Concerto Romano" for organ and orchestra, in which the organ solo will be played by Ruth M. Conniston. Mr. Casella will also conduct Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony No. 6, and the second suite from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe."

The remaining programs of the week follow:

MONDAY
Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" Mozart
Masque Suite, for string orchestra....Handel
Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, op. 72 Beethoven
"Semiramide," overture .....Rossini
Prelude to "Khovantchina"....Moussorgsky
Hopak .....Moussorgsky
Suite from the ballet, "La Giara"....Casella
Indian War Dance.....Skilton
Russian Lullaby.....Berlin-Casella
Gypsy Dance from "Carmen".....Bizet
"Espana," rhapsody.....Chabrier

TUESDAY
Coronation March from "The Prophet" Meyerbeer
Suite, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn
Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor" Borodin
"Espana," rhapsody.....Chabrier
"The Moldau," symphonic poem....Smetana
"Italia," rhapsody.....Casella
Suite from "Carmen".....Bizet
Largo .....Handel
Overture Solennelle, "1812".....Tchaikovsky

WEDNESDAY
"Tannhaeuser," Entrance of the guests into the Wartburg.....Wagner
"Peer Gynt" Suite.....Grieg
Rumanian Rhapsody.....Enesco
"Finlandia," symphonic poem.....Sibelius
Danse Macabre.....Saint-Saens
Capriccio Espagnol.....Rimsky-Korsakov
Overture to "Masaniello".....Auber
Waltz, "By the Beautiful Blue Danube" Strauss
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt

THURSDAY
March, "Radetzky".....Strauss
Overture to "Poet and Peasant".....Suppe
Deep River.....Burleigh-Jacchia
Fantasia, "Madame Butterfly".....Puccini
"The Cow on the Roof".....Milhaud
(In Memoriam—May 27, 1928)
Marimba solos:
The Old Refrain.....Kreisler
Tambourin Chinois.....Kreisler
Soloist, Lawrence White
Rhapsody in Blue.....Gershwin
Selection, "Show Boat".....Kern
Waltz, "Wine, Woman Song".....Strauss
"Stars and Stripes Forever".....Sousa
Stein Song

FRIDAY
(No Pop concert)

SATURDAY
March from "Aida".....Verdi
Suite from "Carmen".....Bizet
Overture to "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner
Overture, "The Roman Carnival".....Berlioz
Adagio from the "Indian Suite"..MacDowell
"Italia," rhapsody.....Casella
Overture to "The Bartered Bride"...Smetana
Intermezzo, "L'Amico Fritz".....Mascagni
Marche Slave.....Tchaikovsky

HERALD MAY 26

MAY 26 —
SUNDAY ADVERTISER—*Boston's Greatest Circu*

ANNUAL TECH NIGHT AT POPS ON NEXT THURSDAY

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Largo .....Handel
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WEDNESDAY
"Tannhauser": Entrance of the guests into the Wartburg .....Wagner
"Peer Gynt" Suite.....Grieg
Roumanian Rhapsody .....Enesco
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Danse Macabre .....Saint-Saens
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Deep River .....Burleigh-Jacchia
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Adagio from the "Indian Suite."
MacDowell
"Italia," Rhapsody .....Casella
Overture to "The Bartered Bride."
Smetana
Intermezzo, "L'Amico Fritz"..Mascagni
Marche Slave .....Tchaikovsky

London police, numbering 12,000, marched past the Prince of Wales in honor of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the force by Sir Robert Peel in 1827. Probably the police believe, with Mayor Walker of New York, in the old saying about better

...his own Concerto Romano for organ, and the second suite from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe." An audience of good size enjoyed the concert not a little, if the applause, especially for the concerto and for Ravel's suite is a test.

If the musical public realized that these special Sunday Pops offer the equivalent of a Boston Symphony concert at popular prices there would have been no vacant places in the hall. But too many of the people who ought to be attracted by such a concert as last night's fail to distinguish between these Sunday Pops and the routine weekly programs featuring Handel's Largo and Tchaikovsky's "1812."

The first movement of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony has seldom sounded so well of late years in Boston as it did last night. The strings, in particular, played with finely restrained euphony. Mr Casella's reading of the whole symphony was clear, intelligent, straightforward, with no attempt to secure new and original effects at the expense of Beethoven. The only fault to be found with it was a certain lack of rhythmic flexibility in the slow movement.

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GLOBE MAY 27

INFORMATION OBSCURED

The Doer

(Bachrach)

Composers of The Week—Casella

Whose Organ-Concerto Was Played on Sunday, Whose Chamber-Pieces Will Be Played on Wednesday

determined to be bright and spontaneous and to prove to the world that plays can be written without taking thought. Mr. Noel Coward, a master of improvisation, will have much to answer for on the Last Day when he is asked to explain why he persuaded his immediate contemporaries to believe that an author must be an amateur, putting down in careless rapture all that comes into his head the moment that it comes into his head.

"Miss Dane shares with Mr. Eugene O'Neill a passion for trying new ways of saying old things when her business as an artist should be to settle once and for all what kind of machinery she will use for her purpose and then, having made it as smooth in its working as is possible, get on with her job as an author. It is not 'great fun' to make experiments. Who, in heaven's name, wishes to make experiments merely for the sake of making them? . . . Some of our authors are making experiments because it is 'such fun' to make experiments. Mr. O'Neill, the most incorrigible experimenter now practising the craft of drama, has nearly laid his reputation as an author in ruins in New York by [illegible] experiment 'Dynamo.'"

Concert-Chronicle

Casella, Conductor

THERE WAS to be seen last evening in Symphony Hall a spectacle peculiar to the City of Boston and the State of Massachusetts. The floor of that concert-room was filled with tables and chairs. The purpose of those tables is to hold food and drink for those sitting around them. Twenty-four hours earlier they served that end; twenty-four later they will again serve it; but between 8.15 and 10.15 on Sunday they must stand empty, because it is unlawful on that day "to offer for sale refreshments of any kind in a theater or hall during an entertainment"—even as it is unlawful throughout the week to commit murder, robbery or other felony. As yet there is no statute, rule or regulation forbidding in such circumstance the consumption of candy by those that bring it of, for and by themselves. A few rebellious spirits brought and ate it last evening—overtly. Doubtless a new decree will speedily repair this oversight.

Nor may there be smoking on Sunday in a theater or a concert-hall during an entertainment. Yet a few feet away, in the corridors, where there is no entertainment, whoever will may smoke his fill. What if a wayward hand, lapsing for the instant from pure legality, should wander to cigar or cigarette case? Symphony Hall is at pains to remove even the temptation. Not so much as a match-box is left on those stripped tables. God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts! Already the President's renowned commission has at least a footnote for the pages on which it may discuss the declining respect for law and authority.

Fortunately, the listeners in the balconies redressed the balance and resembled a normal audience; while Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," which began the concert, raised the spirits of the forlorn company on the floor. Mr. Casella took the music simply and cheerfully. The flute, the oboe and the clarinet did their bird-like offices as though Strauss had ordained them. The ingenuous humors of the rustic band and the country merry-making were neither overlooked nor obtruded. The storm was as tempestuous as an orchestra of 1809 in a pastel-colored piece had reason to be. The final pious canticle sounded round and full. What was more to the point—since by this time the "Pastoral Symphony" survives—was the gentle babbling flow in which from variation to variation the conductor kept the brookside song; the freshness and sweetness he lent to the preceding movement. It was idyllic, fragrant, jocund and peaceful, all in brief space, introduction and—to make a paradox—epitome, of the whole. Mr. Casella's light hand and melodic ear did Beethoven good service; while upon both waited the singing strings of the orchestra. A sunny "Pastoral Symphony" as becomes a Latin conductor. A miniature, personal music withal.

As good to hear was the final number—the dawn, the miming of the loves of Pan and Syrinx, the final dance that make the Second Suite from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloë." Here, par excellence, is the virtuoso-music of our time. Two-score of details from the several instruments—and the stir of nature the swarming, flooding light of sunrise, all without a single commonplace. The simple miming of the old fable, as by a gentle ritual—that employs a most sophisticated orchestra. The wave-like tumult of the general rejoicing, the crest of every wave bejeweled with harmonic or instrumental spray. Through it all Ravel bolder and freer than ever before or ever after, yet not once losing his fine control. Possibly we are a minor age in music, but in that music we have made and played our little master works. Repertory piece, here in Boston, is this Second Suite but from the orchestra at Symphony Hall it has yet to come routined.

Casella, Composer

In the middle piece, though he led, Mr. Casella was composer rather than conductor: as such, at the close, the audience twice recalled him. For the first time in Boston it heard his Concerto for Organ and Orchestra, since there must be no musical form by this Admirable Crichton overlooked. It is characteristic Casella, moreover, in the sense that is evolved from a wide and deep background of musical knowledge; that it is a fusion of styles in the crucible of the composer's mind and imagination; that it depends more upon the play of sonorities than upon intrinsic substance or coloring mood. Mr. Casella knew thoroughly the organ-pieces of the seventeenth-century Frescobaldi at St. Peter's; had even edited them for present usage. He had heard trombones sounding in chorale-like voices as partners or in antiphony to the organ. He was no stranger to staccato-figures in trumpets and trombones—a distinctly modern usage. He had a notion to write a Concerto for organ, trumpets, trombones and strings—a Concerto Romano—in baroque-like weight of design and luxuriance of texture. He remembered that organ and orchestra go better mated than at audibly contentious odds.

Mr. Casella accomplishes these purposes, gratifies these desires in a Concerto that—the experts say—is adept writing for the organ; that sounds orchestrally; that is homogenous and close-woven, motiv into motiv; that within stately forms is free, bold and ornate; that from beginning to end impresses the ear with sonority upon sonority; that escapes, as though they were not, the usual blemishes upon such music. When at some distant day, the final catalogue of Mr. Casella's pieces is assembled, this Concerto Romano may rank among the minor rather than the major items. Yet there will be few that better epitomize his salient qualities as composer or as many-sided figure, above any other, in this musical day of ours. And if he taxed his organist, Miss Ruth Conniston, he also rewarded her.

Monteux Comes Into His Own

When Mr. Monteux returned from New York and Boston to Paris five years ago, he made no secret of his disappointment over the small impression that his work at the Metropolitan Opera House and at Symphony Hall had seemingly made in his own city. Overlooked there, he soon departed to Brussels; with that city as headquarters, took whatever jobs came his way in the European capitals of music. Wisely he was willing to let clear accomplishment gradually re-adjust his fortunes. Now the readjustment has come to pass. He is installed at Amsterdam as successor to Mengelberg with the Gebouw Orchestra. He has been summoned to Paris to save the new Symphony Orchestra from imminent and dire failure. The young men who compose it were, it appears, in sore need of his fine ear and hand as musician; of his patience and encouragement as drill-master. Seemingly he has saved the day, as witnesses this paragraph sent by Monsieur Prunières to the New York Times:

One of the great events of the season was the reappearance of Pierre Monteux, long absent from Paris. It is known that the Orchestre Symphonique de Paris, organized with

At The Pops Tonight

Russian Program

Overture to The Opera, "Russian and Ludmilla" ..... Glinka
Prelude to The Opera, "Khovantchina" —Hopak ..... Musorgsky
Oriental Fantasia, "Islamey" ..... Balakirev
(Scored for Orchestra by Casella)
Symphony, No. 6, in B minor ("The Pathetic") ..... Chaikovsky
Kikimora ..... Liadov
Lullaby from The Ballet, "The Fire-Bird" ..... Stravinsky
Polovtsian Dances from The Opera, "Prince Igor" ..... Borodin

Conductor: A. Casella

At The Pops Tonight

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Overture to The Opera, "Russian and Ludmilla" ..... Glinka
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Conductor: A. Casella

Tonight at the Pops

Entrance of the Gladiators.... Fucik
Overture to "Oberon" ..... Weber
Ave Maria ..... Schubert-Wilhelmj
Irish Rhapsody ..... Herbert
Suite, "Peer Gynt" ..... Grieg
Marimba Solos
Lawrence White
Overture to "Tannhäuser" ... Wagner
Selection, "Showboat" ..... Kern
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" ..... Strauss
Marche Slave ..... Tchaikovsky

Arthur Fiedler, Conductor

FIFTH WEEK OF POPS

Tonight, with the second Sunday evening concert of the season, the Pop concerts will enter their fifth week at Symphony hall. Alfredo Casella will conduct each program except that of Thursday, which is to be the annual "Tech" night, when Arthur Fiedler will take over the Pops orchestra of Symphony players for a single evening. On

Rhine-country—he had previously dwelt in Central Germany—he believed he had found new promptings to music-making; but when he passed from intention to execution, mind and hand faltered. The orchestral instinct, which distributes the thought or the mood through the instrumental voices as though they were natural and expressive complement, came and went in Schumann. It is conspicuously and pathetically absent in the first movement of the "Rhenish Symphony," though curiously enough it is a burst of creative fire and imagination when the trombones sound across the so-called "Cathedral Scene." (Then also the trombonists of the orchestra gathered laurels.) The second movement keeps life and being only in Schumann's elaboration and glorification of a Rhineland drinking song. The slow movement hints at a drying imagination in spite of the romantic beauty of the final pages—flash-back into the Schumann of prime. In the last two divisions, first stateliness, then animation, fed by a new life freshly visioned, overcome, for the most part, creative inertia and groping.

In spite of these shortcomings in the music itself, Mr. Koussevitzky almost made it prevail. Most other conductors, in these days, condescend to Schumann. "We really ought to have one of his Symphonies, you know." Reading the score, they perceive first its faults of execution and take thought how they shall "touch it up." Mr. Koussevitzky plays Schumann because he feels him and believes in him. He is as well aware as the best of us of Schumann's limitations in the symphonic form. Yet behind them he sees the romantic vision; through them distills the romantic mood; in spite of them releases Schumann's song though the composer himself sang it clumsily. By that song the conductor conquers and by clear title Schumann's Symphonies endure. H. T. P.

Symphony Finances

Eight Hundred Guarantors but Still a Deficit of $43,000.

THE program-books at the Symphony Concert yesterday contained a final list of subscribers to the Guarantee Fund for the current orchestral year. They are far more numerous than ever before — approximately eight hundred. Yet the total sum pledged, $91,952, falls appreciably short of the estimated deficit, say $135,000. As it is, the Trustees still lack $43,000 to pay the working costs of the current season, in which salaries materially rose, while there was no income from broadcasting. The difference between the subscriptions and the estimated deficit practically represents this increase in operating expenses. Perhaps the public of the concerts is too willing to take for granted the ability of the Trustees to find the lacking sum.

At The Pops Tonight

Wagner-Chaikovsky Program

Slavic March—Italian Caprice ..... Chaikovsky
Introduction to Act III.—Apprentices' Dance—Procession of Mastersingers—Homage to Sachs, from The Opera, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" ..... Wagner
A Siegfried Idyll—Overture to The Opera "The Flying Dutchman" ..... Wagner
Suite from The Ballet, "Nutcracker" —Song without Words—Overture, "The Year 1812" ..... Chaikovsky

Conductor: A. Casella

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Matched Masters

Dr. Muck and Mr. Kreisler

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(By Courtesy of Arthur Fiedler)

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Form E106—3M—11-26

San Francisco Chronicle

Prints more Book Advertising than any other Paper on the Coast, and its Book Reviews are recognized as the most valuable.

The following item of interest to you appeared in The San Francisco Chronicle of.....19....

Music Dept. Alexander Fried, Editor

6/2/24

Boston is hearing its annual season of spring "Pop" orchestral concerts. Alfredo Casella is conductor. In the old days liquor used to be served to the audience, many of whom were seated at tables. Now soda pop serves the purpose.

* * * * *

Federation of Music Clubs

Sixth Week of the Pops

The pop concerts in Symphony Hall will enter upon the sixth week of their 44th season tomorrow night, under the direction of Alfred Casella, their distinguished Italian conductor. All nights this week are open to the public and of general public interest.

Coming special programs are a Russian program, next Saturday; a Symphonic program on Sunday, June 9, in which Louis Krasner, the famous violinist, will first be heard in Boston, in the first Boston performance of Casella's violin concerto. On the following day, June 10, there will be an all-Wagner program.

The programs of the week follow:

Monday, June 3—Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; suite, "Peer Gynt," Grieg; "Roumanian Rhapsody," Enesco; overture to "The Barber of Seville," Rossini; Largo, Handel; "Capriccio Espagnol," Rimsky-Korsakov; ballet of the hours, "La Gioconda," Ponchielli; "Dance of the Waves," Catalani; overture to "Nebuchadnezzar," Verdi.

Tuesday, June 4—Overture to "Cinderella," Rossini; intermezzo, "L'Amico Fritz," Mascagni; overture to "Sicilian Vespers,' Verdi; overture, "The Roman Carnival," Berlioz; Ave Maria," Schubert-Wilhelm; "Italia," Casella; "Indian War Dance," Skilton; "To a Wild Rose," MacDowell; "Molly on the Shore," Grainger; "Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa.

Wednesday, June 5—Overture to "Sakuntala," Goldmark; Suite from "Carmen," Bizet; Overture to "William Tell," Rossini; Overture to "The Flying Dutchman," Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," "Ride of the Valkyries," Wagner; Songs by University Glee Club.

Thursday, June 6—Triumphal March from "Aida," Verdi; "Invitation to the Dance," Weber-Berlioz; "Ride of the Valkyries," Wagner; Symphony in B Minor, Schubert; Overture to "William Tell," Rossini; Ballet of the Hours, "La Gioconda," Ponchielli; Waltz, "By the Beautiful Blue Danube," Strauss; Overture Solennelle, "1812," Tchaikovsky.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7

Coronation March from "The Prophet," Meyerbeer; Minuet, Boccherini; Turkish March from "The Ruins of Athens," Beethoven; overture to "Semiramide," Rossini; overture to "La Forza del Destino," Verdi; Largo from the "New World Symphony," Dvorak; Gypsy Dance from "Carmen," Bizet; Hungarian march, "Rakoczy," Berlioz; ballet suite, "Nutcracker," Song Without Words and ouverture solennelle, "1812," Tchaikovsky.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8

Overture to "Russian and Ludmilla," Glinka; prelude to "Khovantchina," Hopak, Moussorgsky; Islamey, Balakirev; Symphony No. 6, Tchaikovsky; Kikimora, Liadov; Lullaby from "The Fire Bird," Stravinsky; Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Izor," Borodin.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9

Symphonic Program.

Beethoven, Casella, Rimsky-Korsakov—Cymphony No. 1 in C major, op 21; Concerto for violin in A minor, (soloist, Louis Krasner); Scheherazade.

GLOBE JUNE 2

Music Notes and Comment

Aside from the Pops and the biennial convention of the National Federation of Music Clubs, to be held in Boston June 9 to 17, the local musical season is at an end. There are the usual pupils' recitals, but little else will occur in our concert halls until Fall.

TRANS JUNE 8

Gershwin as His Friends See Him

With Amusing Foreword and After-Thoughts to His "American in Paris"

REQUESTS have come to this department for the ingenious and humorsome program-note drafted by Deems Taylor for George Gershwin's new orchestral piece, "An American in Paris," which was played last winter in New York by the Philharmonic Society, and which will be done by Mr. Casella on Friday evening at the Pops. The note, which was printed in these columns at the time of the New York performance, is herewith repeated.

"By the composer's own confession," Mr. Taylor begins, "'An American in Paris' is an attempted reconciliation between two opposing schools of musical thought—a Pax Romana, as it were, imposed upon two customarily warring camps. It is program music in that it engages to tell an emotional narrative; to convey, in terms of sound, the successive emotional reactions experienced by a Yankee tourist adrift in the 'City of Light.' It is absolute music as well, in that its structure is determined by considerations musical rather than literary or dramatic. The piece, while not in strict sonata form, resembles an extended symphonic movement in that it announces, develops, combines and recapitulates definite themes. Only, whereas the ordinary symphonic movement is based upon two principal themes, 'An American in Paris' manipulates five.

"While Mr. Gershwin has been heard to hope—and probably not in vain—that his new work can be absorbed and enjoyed purely as a piece of orchestral music, he admits that 'An American in Paris' (which, oddly enough, was largely written in Paris) follows a fairly explicit story. What follows is based upon Mr. Gershwin's own version of the succession of events augmented by a few details supplied by the helpful commentator and—as yet—unrepudiated by the composer.

"You are to imagine, then, an American visiting Paris, swinging down the Champs-Elysées on a mild, sunny morning in May or June. Being what he is, he starts without preliminaries and is off at full speed at once, to the tune of the First Walking Theme, a straightforward, diatonic air, designed to convey an impression of Gallic freedom and gayety.

"Our American's ears being open, as well as his eyes, he notes with pleasure the sounds of the city. French taxi-cabs seem to amuse him particularly, a fact that the orchestra points out in a brief episode introducing four real Paris taxi horns (imported at great expense for the occasion). These have a special theme allotted to them (the driver, possibly?) which is announced by the strings whenever they appear in the score.

"Having safely eluded the taxis, our American apparently passes the open door of a café, where, if one is to believe the trombones, La Maxixe is still popular. Exhilarated by this reminder of the gay nineteen hundreds, he resumes his stroll through the medium of the Second Walking Theme, which is announced by the clarinet, in French with a strong American accent.

"Both themes are now discussed at some length by the instruments until our tourist happens to pass—something. The composer thought it might be a church, while the commentator held out for the Grand Palais—where the Salon holds forth. At all events, our hero does not go in. Instead, as revealed by the English horn, he respectfully slackens his pace until he is safely past.

"At this point the American's itinerary becomes somewhat obscured. It may be that he continues along the Champs-Elysées; it may be that he has turned off—the composer retains an open mind on the subject. However, since what immediately ensues is technically known as a bridge-passage, one is reasonably justified in assuming that Gershwin's pen, guided by an unseen hand, has perpetrated a musical pun, and that when the Third Walking Theme makes its eventual appearance our American has crossed the Seine and is somewhere on the left bank. Certainly it is less Gallic than its predecessors, speaking American with a French intonation, as befits that region of the city where so many Americans foregather. 'Walking' may be a misnomer, for despite its vitality the theme is slightly sedentary in character and becomes progressively more so Indeed, the end of this section is couched in terms so unmistakably, albeit pleasantly, blurred, as to suggest that the American is on the terrasse of a café, exploring the mysteries of an Anise de Lozo.

"And now the orchestra introduces an unhallowed episode. Suffice it to say that a solo violin approaches our hero in the soprano register and addresses him in charming broken English; and, his response being inaudible—or, at least, unintelligible—repeats the remark. This one-sided conversation continues for some little time. . . .

"Of course, one hastens to add, it is possible that a grave injustice is being done to both author and protagonist and that the whole episode is simply a musical transition. The latter interpretation may well be true, for otherwise it is difficult to believe what ensues; our hero becomes homesick. He has the blues, and if the behavior of the orchestra be any criterion, he has them very thoroughly. He realizes suddenly, overwhelmingly, that he does not belong to this place, that he is that most wretched creature, in all the world, a foreigner. The cool, blue Parisian sky, the distant upward sweep of the Eiffel Tower, the bookstalls on the quay, the pattern of horse-chestnut leaves on the white, sun-flecked street—what avails all this alien beauty? He is no Baudelaire, longing to be 'anywhere out of the world.' The world is just what he longs for, the world that he knows best; a world less lovely—sentimental and a little vulgar, perhaps—but for all that, home.

"However, nostalgia is not a fatal disease—nor, in this instance, of over-long duration. Just in the nick of time the compassionate orchestra rushes another theme to the rescue, two trumpets performing the ceremony of introduction. It is apparent that our hero must have met a compatriot; for the last theme is a noisy, cheerful, self-confident Charleston, without a drop of Gallic blood in its veins.

"For the moment, Paris is no more; and a voluble, gusty wise-cracking orchestra proceeds to demonstrate at some length that it's always fair weather when two Americans get together, no matter where. Walking Theme No. 2 enters, soon thereafter enthusiastically abetted by No. 3. Paris isn't such a bad place, after all; as a matter of fact it's a grand place! Nice weather, nothing to do till tomorrow, nice girls—and, by the way, whatever became of that lad Volstead? The blues return, but mitigated by the second Walking Theme—a happy reminiscence rather than a homesick yearning—and the orchestra, in a riotous finale, decides to make a night of it. It will be great to get home, but, meanwhile this is Paris."

Mr. Gilman heard the piece played, and hastened to set down his impressions of it in the Herald Tribune.

"On a certain spring day [he wrote] when the horse chestnuts were in bloom in the Avenue des Champe-Elysées and Frenchmen were scarce in the Ritz café Mr. George Gershwin arrived with well-bred quiet in the loveliest city in the world. Probably the boat train, in accordance with custom, was late, and doubtless Mr. Gershwin, wearied by his journey, retired early, and was soon lulled to sleep by the taxi horns that enliven the Place Vendôme—for surely Mr. Gershwin took rooms as near as possible to those occupied at the end of his life by Frédéric Chopin, who like Mr. Gershwin, contributed to the literature of the piano concerto.

It was probably not much later than the next morning that Mr. Gershwin set forth to gather those "impressions of an American visitor in Paris" which, as he has told us, form the subject matter of his new orchestral work. You may, therefore, imagine Mr. Gershwin sallying forth about noon, a copy of Miss Laughlin's "So You're Going to Paris!" under his arm, and in his brief case one or two volumes of the works of that friend of all Parisian explorers, Georges Cain—perhaps the useful "Promenades dans Paris" and the "Coins de Paris" (which you may get in English, if you prefer, as "Nooks and Corners of Old Paris")'. He would have had, certainly, not less than a hundred francs in his wallet against the day's expenses—for Baedeker, even in the latest edition, warns us that "it is easy to spend that sum per day in Paris without being guilty of extravagance."

Miss Launghlin advises the American explorer in Paris to start from the Place de la Concorde and stop at the Café de la Paix for a cup of chocolate and a brioche; but apparently Mr. Gershwin went in the other direction; for Mr. Deems Taylor, in the circumstantial account of the composer's promenades which he contributed to the program notes, tells us that the American visitor swung down the Champs Elysées as far as the Grand Palais, where the spring Salon held forth. What the truth is, Mr. Gershwin's music does not betray. It contents itself at this point with giving us a "First Walking Theme" (so-called), which we hear from the strings in F major, allegretto grazioso—cheery tune, if not one of great price.

The composer has said that the opening part of "An American in Paris" is "developed in the typical French style, in the manner of Debussy and 'The Six,' though the themes are all original"—a slightly puzzling assertion; as if one should speak of "the typical German style, in the manner of Wagner and Hindemith." But doubtless Mr. Gershwin meant merely that he had striven to tell us in musical language that his American was in Paris, and not in Atlantic City.

According to Mr. Taylor's glossary, Mr. Gershwin was impressed by the Paris taxis, as well as he might be—Mr. Taylor says they "amused" the composer, which implies a godlike and most enviable detachment on the part of Mr. Gershwin. He has imported his memories of them into his score through the means of four real Paris taxi-horns, and also by way of a special taxi-theme—which, to tell the truth, disappointed us by its incongruous gentility.

And our American friend—"perhaps," says Mr. Gershwin in his own account of the work, "after strolling into a café and having a few drinks—suddenly succumbs to a spasm of homesickness." This, says Mr. Taylor's more detailed account, was somewhere on the Left Bank, which our promenading American had reached to the accompaniment of two more "Walking" Themes." At all events, he is seated before a café, exploring the mysteries of an Anise de Lozo, when he is accosted.

This Paphian incident survives in Mr. Gershwin's musical travelogue in the shape of a seductive violin-solo, delivered last night, with poetic injustice, by the blameless Mr. Guidi, concertmaster of the orchestra. Miss Laughlin in her book gives no warning of this peril to the American in Paris (though she does allude darkly to "those whose idea of Paris is bounded on the south by dear-knows-what"), and it is just possible that our Promenader derived small benefit from this encounter; for both the composer and his commentator tell us that melancholy now seized him.

Mr. Gershwin tactfully refers to this as "a spasm of homesickness"—and he makes no mention of the Circe of the violin-solo. Mr. Taylor says that the stroller "has the blues." And, symbolically, so has Mr. Gershwin's orchestra. It is a good "blues," though not so good a one as we might have expected from Mr. Gershwin. But we accept it cheerfully, and are ready for the Charleston that follows it, an indefeasibly American subject that banishes with its lusty trumpet voice the melancholy sown in the Promenader's breast by Circe, or whoever or whatever it was that lowered his vibrations.

Concerts Next Week

Progress of The Pops

INCIDENTS are plentiful in the programs for The Pops next week. To begin at the beginning, the middle piece on Sunday evening will be Mr. Casella's new Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, first heard at Moscow last autumn, repeated in Chicago last February, now passing to Boston. In the other two cities the violinist was Mr. Szigeti; here he will be Louis Krasner, a young Russian of Providence, schooled in Boston at the New England Conservatory, applauded of late at concerts in Berlin, Paris and London, on Sunday making his American début. The Concerto runs in three divisions: Mosso, Adagio, Rondo. Beethoven's Haydn-like First Symphony, will precede the Concerto, and Rimsky-Korsakov's Suite drawn from The Arabian Nights, "Scheherazade," will follow it. If ever there was showpiece for composer, conductor and the virtuosi of the orchestra, here it is.

For Monday, Mr. Casella sets a program of numbers from Wagner's operas—"The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Die Meistersinger," "Die Walküre," "Götterdämmerung," with "A Siegfried Idyll" to freshen the list and fill the measure. On Tuesday, Mendelssohn's overture, "Fingal's Cave" and Rimsky-Korsakov's tone-poem, "Sadko" diversify a program of familiar numbers. The list for Wednesday assembles four pieces from American composers: "The Lake" from Mr. Carpenter's Suite, "Adventures in A Perambulator"; the

Continued on Following Page

Ready and Waiting

Louis W. Krasner (Fayer, Vienna)

ays the gallant cavalier, Gaylord Ravenal in "Showboat," about to depart from

HERALD JUNE 9

POPS PROGRAM

Tonight in Symphony hall the Pop concerts will enter on the seventh week of their 44th season with the first Boston performance of Alfredo Casella's violin concerto, in which Louis Krasner will be the soloist. Mr. Casella will also present at tonight's concert the First Symphony of Beethoven and Rimsky-Korsakov's Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade."

Other evenings of the week will be an all-Wagner program tomorrow; a program featuring American composers on Wednesday to include Carpenter, Hill, Hanson and Chadwick. Tufts night on Thursday and the program of Saturday will both be conducted by Arthur Fiedler. These, like all other nights, will be open to the public; on Friday the first Boston performance of George Gershwin's latest symphonic score, "An American in Paris." This piece had its first performance by the New York Philharmonic orchestra in New York on Dec. 12 last.

The programs this week follow:

MONDAY, JUNE 10

Tannhaeuser, Entrance of the Guests into the Wartburg
A Siegfried Idyll.
The Flying Dutchman, overture.
The Mastersingers of Nuremberg.
Dusk of the Gods, Siegfried's Death Music.
The Valkyrie, Magic Fire Music.
Tannhaeuser, Bacchanale.
Lohengrin, Introduction to Act III.
The Valkyrie, Ride of the Valkyries.

TUESDAY

Overture to "The Secret Marriage"..Cimaroso
Set of Act Tunes and Dances..Purcell-Bliss
Overture to "Semiramide" ..... Rossini
Overture to "Fingal's Cave" ..Mendelssohn
"Sadka," Tone Poem.....Rimsky-Korsakov
"La Valse," Choregraphic Poem ... Ravel
"Molly on the Shore" ..... Grainger
Largo ..... Handel
Pomp and Circumstance ..... Elgar

WEDNESDAY

Overture to "Cindarella".....Rossini
Set of Act Tunes and Dances..Purcell-Bliss
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3....Beethoven
"The Lake," from "Adventures in a Perambulator" ..... Carpenter
March from "Stevensoniana" ..... Hill
Adagio from the Nordic Symphony—Hanson
Hobgoblin from Symphonic Sketches ..... Chadwick
Suite from the Ballet "La Ciara".....Casella
Hungarian March, "Rakocky" ..... Berlioz
Prelude to "Lohengrin" ..... Wagner
Overture to "The Sicilian Vespers"...Verdi

THURSDAY

March, "Under the Double Eagle" ..... J. F. Wagner
Overture to "Mignon"..... Thomas
"Finlandia," Symphonic Poem.....Sibelius
Tufts Songs:
Fantasia, "Cavalleria Rusticana"..Mascagni
Andante Cantabile.....Tchaikowsky
Overture to "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner
Tufts Songs:
Selection, "New Moon".....Romberg
American Patrol ..... Meacham

FRIDAY

Military Mafch.....Schubert-Casella
Suite, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ..... Mendelssohn
Overture to "William Tell" ..... Rossini
Brandenburg Concerto No. 1 .....Bach
"An American in Paris," Suite....Gershwin
Prelude to "Lohengrin" ..... Wagner
Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin" ..... Wagner
Magic Fire Music from "The Valkyrie" ..... Wagner

SATURDAY

Entrance of the Gladiators.....Fucik
Overture to "Oberon" ..... Weber
Ave Maria.....Schubert-Wilhelmj
Irish Rhapsody ..... Herbert
Suite, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
Marimba Solos:
The Rosary .....Nevin
Sweet and Low ..... Barnby
Scherzo ..... van Goens
Lawrence White
Overture to "Tannhaeuser"..... Wagner
Selection, "Showboat" ..... Kern
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube" ..... Strauss
Marche Slave ..... Tchaikovsky

Special interest attaches to the first performance in Boston of Casella's Violin Concerto at the Pop concert tonight. One of the composer's latest scores, having been written in 1928, it had both European and American performances in the season past. The concerto was played by Joseph Szigeti with the orchestras of Chicago and Cincinnati. Its first performance, however, was at Moscow, where Mr. Szigeti played with the conductorless orchestra. He also played it in London, Paris, Rome, Frankfort, Vienna and other European cities, more than 20 times in all. As chance has it, Mr. Casella will on Tuesday night hear his concerto for the first time.

Louis Krasner, the solo violinist at this concert, was born near Kiev, Russia, and was brought to America (and Providence) by his parents at the age of 5. He graduated from the New England Conservatory with the highest honors. He began his public career in Europe last season, giving recitals and playing with orchestras in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, and lesser capitals. His appearance at the Pops is his first in this country since his European tour. He has played Casella's concerts at the recent Siena festival and at Rome with piano accompaniment.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

GLOBE JUNE

About Pops Programs

The programs for the seventh week of Pop concerts at Symphony Hall, printed today in this department, prove that anyone hereabouts who likes the kind of music that furnishes the lighter portion of the Boston Symphony concert programs can hear some of it almost any night at the Pops, and smoke, eat sandwiches or cakes, and drink what used to be called "temperance drinks" while listening if he chooses.

These concerts are not "educational" or "uplifting" in purpose. Mr Casella, the notable Italian musician whom Boston is very lucky to have here each spring as Pops conductor, chooses the programs with the one idea of letting the audiences listen to a wide variety of music easy to enjoy. Yet anyone wanting to learn to appreciate Symphony concerts could hardly do better than to go often to the Pops before investing in a season ticket for one of the subscription series of Boston Symphony concerts.

Tonight the third of the special Sunday programs, offered fortnightly is actually, though not in name, a Symphony concert, at Pops prices. The laws of this State do not, as interpreted by the constituted authorities, permit the serving of refreshments or smoking at concerts on Sundays, so that the happy informality of the weekday atmosphere will be lacking tonight.

The audience tonight will hear Beethoven's First Symphony, a light and tuneful piece with little of the complexities of his later masterpieces in that form; Mr Casella's new violin concerto, and Rimsky Korsakof's "Scheherezade" suite, which phonograph recordings, radio performances and arrangements and selections of all sorts have made widely and generally popular. It is full of pretty tunes, all more or less Oriental in character, and carry out the Arabian nights atmosphere suggested by the title. The separate sections are linked together by means of a repeated theme for solo violin which the composer intended to stand for the Queen whose gift for story telling saved her life. But there is little attempt to make the music tell definite stories, something music cannot do.

Mr Casella's concerto has not been played in Boston before, though the noted Hungarian violinist, Szigeti, to whom it is dedicated, has performed it in many other cities in Europe and America.

Krasner Soloist Tonight

The soloist tonight is a recent graduate of the New England Conservatory, Louis Krasner, who has just returned from a concert tour of Europe. Born in Kiev, Russia, Mr Krasner was brought to Providence, R I, at the age of five, and has since made his home there. Tonight marks his formal Boston debut.

Anyone who wants to know what a Symphony concert is like can find out by hearing tonight's concert. The program and performance will be comparable to those offered during the Winter to Boston Symphony subscribers. The price of tickets is much less. The audience will not be a "Society" one, but the music will be what the fashionable Friday afternoon Symphony audience is accustomed to hear.

If tonight's program sounds too heavy (it isn't really heavy at all if you go by the music and are not afraid of the words "symphony," "Concerto" and "suite" on the program) there will be ample opportunity at the regular weekday concerts to hear some of the best orchestral music.

Monday's program is devoted to the music of the most popular of the very great composers, Wagner. It includes what many musicians believe to be his finest piece, the orchestral excerpt from "Goetterdammerung" which in the opera is an interlude following the death of the hero, Siegfried. This is a succession of the leading musical ideas or "motives" associated with Siegfried throughout the four music dramas "The Niblung's Ring."

There is an admirable phonograph record of Dr Karl Muck's conducting of this "Siegfried Funeral Music," in case you wish to hear it before or after the concert. Nobody who heard the former Boston Symphony conductor in this piece here will ever forget how marvelously he interpreted it. The record is one of the new electrical recordings, made last year in Berlin.

Tuesday's program includes Ravel's "La Valse," one of the winners this season in the voting of the Boston Symphony audiences for the final "request program" and an interesting example of modern French music; also one of the finest bits of orchestral tone painting yet produced, Mendelssohn's overture "Fingal's Cave," or "The Hebrides." The first few measures of this in particular can hardly fail to evoke memories of the sea foaming around misty rocky shores in any listener who has ever seen and heard it.

Wednesday's program, besides a group of pieces by American composers, includes Beethoven's greatest overture, "Leonore No. 3," one of the finest bits of dramatic music in the world. It is a sort of summary of his opera "Fidelio," for which he at first intended it to serve as overture.

"Leonore No. 3"

The hero is imprisoned in a dungeon as a political prisoner, under sentence of death. His wife, in disguise, has made her way to him, and is bidding him a last farewell. Suddenly in the distance a trumpet call is heard (off stage). The few measures following this trumpet call, which means that a pardon has come from the King and the prisoner's life is safe, portray the wife's feelings. The trumpet call is repeated and the final measures show the joy of the prisoners at release.

The story is a silly one, but Beethoven chose it for his opera because he was shocked at what seemed to him the immorality of the operas like Mozart's "Don Juan." The full title of Beethoven's opera is "Fidelio, or Conjugal Love." The music is so powerful that one forgets the foolishness of the story.

Friday brings the first Boston performance of Gershwin's latest serious piece "An American in Paris" written for the New York Philharmonic Symphony and first played by them last Winter. It is an attempt to describe the experiences and impressions of an American tourist in Paris in terms of modern "high-brow" jazz.

Thursday's program, Tufts College night, but open to the public, is full of popular favorites of the kind nicknamed "Chestnuts," but even these need not be sneered at. Two of them, Sibelius' "Finlandia" and Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture belong to the Symphony concert repertory. Shubert's song "Ave Maria" is one of the most beautiful melodies ever written, in a rather tasteless arrangement by Wilhelmj; and Johann Strauss' "Blue Danube," the finest, as well as the most popular of all waltzes, are examples of worthwhile "chestnuts" from Saturday's program, which also includes from the Symphony concert repertory Weber's beautiful "Oberon" overture.

Any night except Thursday or Saturday will offer the curious visitor to the Pops a number of pieces from the customary Symphony concert repertory, which should prove to him that there is nothing awe inspiring or difficult about such music.

It is true that some of the Symphony repertory is difficult for untrained listeners to enjoy, but the greater part of it is readily likeable by anyone who cares for orchestral music at all. Mr Casella is not trying to make the Pops highbrow, he is merely playing the best music because it is the most enjoyable.

And any night except tonight there will be such old favorites as Handel's "Largo," Schubert's "Marche Militaire" and Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" among the numbers played. The encores are almost always chosen from such old favorites as these. The Pops really offer a musical education made easy, as well as a good time.

Complete Programs for Seventh Week of Pop

The complete programs for this, the seventh week of the Pop concerts at Symphony Hall, follow. The concerts begin at 8:15 and are over by 10:45. Alfredo Casella conducts the orchestra of 80 Boston Symphony players.

Sunday, June 9, First Symphony, Beethoven; concerto for violin (first time here), Casella; Suite "Scheherazade," Rimsky-Korsakov. Soloist, Louis Krasner.

Monday, June 10, Wagner program—"Tannhauser," entrance of the guests into the Wartburg; "A Siegfried Idyll," "The Flying Dutchman," Overture; "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," Prelude; "Dusk of the Gods," Siegfried's Death Music; "The Valkyrie," Magic Fire Music; "Tannhauser, Bacchanale," "Lohengrin," Introduction to Act III; "The Valkyrie," Ride of the Valkyries.

Tuesday, June 11—Overture to "The Secret Marriage," Cimrosa; Set of Act Tunes and Dances, Purcell-Bliss; Overture to "Semiramide," Rossini; Overture to "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; "Sadka," Rimsky-Korsakov; "La Valse," Ravel; "Molly on the Shore," Grainger; "Largo," Handel; "Pomp and Circumstance," Elgar.

Wednesday, June 12: Overture to "Cindarella," Rossini; Set of Tunes and Dances, Purcell-Bliss; Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Beethoven; "The Lake," from "Adventures in a Perambulator," Carpenter; March from "Stevensoniana," Hill; Adagio from the Nordic Symphony, Hanson; Hobgoblin from Symphonic Sketches, Chadwick; Suite from the Ballet "La Ciara," Casella; Hungarian March, Berlioz; Prelude to "Lohengrin," Wagner; Overture to "The Sicilian Vespers," Verdi.

Thursday, June 13: March, "Under the Double Eagle," J. F. Wagner; Overture to "Mignon," Thomas; "Finlandia," Sibelius; Tufts Songs, Fantasia, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; Andante Cantabile, Tchaikovsky; Overture to "Tannhauser," Wagner; Tufts Songs, Selection, "New Moon," Romberg; "American Patrol," Meacham.

Friday, June 14—Military March, Schubert—Casella; Suite, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Overture to "William Tell," Rossini; Brandenburg Concerto No. 1, Bach; "An American in Paris," Suite, Gershwin; Prelude to "Lohengrin," Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin," Magic Fire Music from "The Valkyrie," Wagner.

Saturday, June 15—Entrance of the Gladiators, Fucik; Overture to "Oberon," Weber; "Ave Marie," Schubert-Wilhelmj; "Irish Rhapsody," Herbert; Suite, "Peer Gynt," Grieg; Marimba Solos: "The Rosary," Nevin; "Sweet and Low," Barnby; Scherzo, (soloist Lawrence White) Van Goens; Overture to "Tannhauser," Wagner; Selection, "Showboat," Kern; Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," Strauss; "Marche Slave," Tchaikovsky;

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Wednesday's program, besides a group of pieces by American composers, includes Beethoven's greatest overture, "Leonore No. 3," one of the finest bits of dramatic music in the world. It is a sort of summary of his opera "Fidelio," for which he at first intended it to serve as overture.

"Leonore No. 3"

The hero is imprisoned in a dungeon as a political prisoner, under sentence of death. His wife, in disguise, has made her way to him, and is bidding him a last farewell. Suddenly in the distance a trumpet call is heard (off stage). The few measures following this trumpet call, which means that a pardon has come from the King and the prisoner's life is safe, portray the wife's feelings. The trumpet call is repeated and the final measures show the joy of the prisoners at release.

The story is a silly one, but Beethoven chose it for his opera because he was shocked at what seemed to him the immorality of the operas like Mozart's "Don Juan." The full title of Beethoven's opera is "Fidelio, or Conjugal Love." The music is so powerful that one forgets the foolishness of the story.

Friday brings the first Boston performance of Gershwin's latest serious piece "An American in Paris" written for the New York Philharmonic Symphony and first played by them last Winter. It is an attempt to describe the experiences and impressions of an American tourist in Paris in terms of modern "high-brow" jazz.

Thursday's program, Tufts College night, but open to the public, is full of popular favorites of the kind nicknamed "Chestnuts," but even these need not be sneered at. Two of them, Sibelius' "Finlandia" and Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture belong to the Symphony concert repertory. Shubert's song "Ave Maria" is one of the most beautiful melodies ever written, in a rather tasteless arrangement by Wilhelmj; and Johann Strauss' "Blue Danube," the finest, as well as the most popular of all waltzes, are examples of worthwhile "chestnuts" from Saturday's program, which also includes from the Symphony concert repertory Weber's beautiful "Oberon" overture.

Any night except Thursday or Saturday will offer the curious visitor to the Pops a number of pieces from the customary Symphony concert repertory, which should prove to him that there is nothing awe inspiring or difficult about such music.

It is true that some of the Symphony repertory is difficult for untrained listeners to enjoy, but the greater part of it is readily likeable by anyone who cares for orchestral music at all. Mr Casella is not trying to make the Pops highbrow, he is merely playing the best music because it is the most enjoyable.

And any night except tonight there will be such old favorites as Handel's "Largo," Schubert's "Marche Militaire," and Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" among the numbers played. The encores are almost always chosen from such old favorites as these. The Pops really offer a musical education made easy, as well as a good time.

Complete Programs for Seventh Week of Pop

The complete programs for this, the seventh week of the Pop concerts at Symphony Hall, follow. The concerts begin at 8:15 and are over by 10:45. Alfredo Casella conducts the orchestra of 80 Boston Symphony players.

Sunday, June 9, First Symphony, Beethoven; concerto for violin (first time here), Casella; Suite "Scheherezade," Rimsky-Korsakov. Soloist, Louis Krasner.

Monday, June 10, Wagner program—"Tannhauser," entrance of the guests into the Wartburg; "A Siegfried Idyll," "The Flying Dutchman," Overture; "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," Prelude; "Dusk of the Gods," Siegfried's Death Music; "The Valkyrie," Magic Fire Music; "Tannhauser, Bacchanale," "Lohengrin," Introduction to Act III; "The Valkyrie," Ride of the Valkyries.

Tuesday, June 11—Overture to "The Secret Marriage," Cimrosa; Set of Act Tunes and Dances, Purcell-Bliss; Overture to "Semiramide," Rossini; Overture to "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn; "Sadka," Rimsky-Korsakov; "La Valse," Ravel; "Molly on the Shore," Grainger; "Largo," Handel; "Pomp and Circumstance," Elgar.

Wednesday, June 12: Overture to "Cindarella," Rossini; Set of Tunes and Dances, Purcell-Bliss; Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Beethoven; "The Lake," from "Adventures in a Perambulator," Carpenter; March from "Stevensoniana," Hill; Adagio from the Nordic Symphony, Hanson; Hobgoblin from Symphonic Sketches, Chadwick; Suite from the Ballet "La Ciara," Casella; Hungarian March, Berlioz; Prelude to "Lohengrin," Wagner; Overture to "The Sicilian Vespers," Verdi.

Thursday, June 13: March, "Under the Double Eagle," J. F. Wagner; Overture to "Mignon," Thomas; "Finlandia," Sibelius; Tufts Songs, Fantasia, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; Andante Cantabile, Tchaikovsky; Overture to "Tannhauser," Wagner; Tufts Songs, Selection, "New Moon," Romberg; "American Patrol," Meacham.

Friday, June 14—Military March, Schubert—Casella; Suite, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Overture to "William Tell," Rossini; Brandenburg Concerto No. 1, Bach; "An American in Paris," Suite, Gershwin; Prelude to "Lohengrin," Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin," Magic Fire Music from "The Valkyrie," Wagner.

Saturday, June 15—Entrance of the Gladiators, Fucik; Overture to "Oberon," Weber; "Ave Marie," Schubert-Wilhelmj; "Irish Rhapsody," Herbert; Suite, "Peer Gynt," Grieg; Marimba Solos: "The Rosary," Nevin; "Sweet and Low," Barnby; Scherzo, (soloist Lawrence White) Van Goens; Overture to "Tannhauser," Wagner; Selection, "Showboat," Kern; Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," Strauss; "Marche Slave," Tchaikovsky;

HERALD JUNE 9

ays the gallant gondolier Gaylord Ravenel in "Show Boat," about to depart from

POPS PROGRAM

Tonight in Symphony hall the Pop concerts will enter on the seventh week of their 44th season with the first Boston performance of Alfredo Casella's violin concerto, in which Louis Krasner will be the soloist. Mr. Casella will also present at tonight's concert the First Symphony of Beethoven and Rimsky-Korsakov's Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade."

Other evenings of the week will be an all-Wagner program tomorrow; a program featuring American composers on Wednesday to include Carpenter, Hill, Hanson and Chadwick. Tufts night on Thursday and the program of Saturday will both be conducted by Arthur Fiedler. These, like all other nights, will be open to the public; on Friday the first Boston performance of George Gershwin's latest symphonic score, "An American in Paris." This piece had its first performance by the New York Philharmonic orchestra in New York on Dec. 12 last.

The programs this week follow:

MONDAY, JUNE 10

Tannhaeuser, Entrance of the Guests into the Wartburg
A Siegfried Idyll.
The Flying Dutchman, overture.
The Mastersingers of Nuremberg.
Dusk of the Gods, Siegfried's Death Music.
The Valkyrie, Magic Fire Music.
Tannhaeuser, Bacchanale.
Lohengrin, Introduction to Act III.
The Valkyrie, Ride of the Valkyries.

TUESDAY

Overture to "The Secret Marriage"...Cimaroso
Set of Act Tunes and Dances..Purcell-Bliss
Overture to "Semiramide".....Rossini
Overture to "Fingal's Cave"...Mendelssohn
"Sadka," Tone Poem....Rimsky-Korsakov
"La Valse," Choregraphic Poem ... Ravel
"Molly on the Shore".....Grainger
Largo .....Handel
Pomp and Circumstance .....Elgar

WEDNESDAY

Overture to "Cindarella".....Rossini
Set of Act. Tunes and Dances..Purcell-Bliss
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3....Beethoven
"The Lake," from "Adventures in a Perambulator".....Carpenter
March from "Stevensoniana".....Hill
Adagio from the Nordic Symphony—Hanson
Hobgoblin from Symphonic Sketches
.....Chadwick
Suite from the Ballet "La Ciara"....Casella
Hungarian March, "Rakocky" .....Berlioz
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Overture to "The Sicilian Vespers"...Verdi

THURSDAY

March, "Under the Double Eagle"
.....J. F. Wagner
Overture to "Mignon".....Thomas
"Finlandia," Symphonic Poem....Sibelius
Tufts Songs:
Fantasia, "Cavalleria Rusticana"...Mascagni
Andante Cantabile.....Tchaikowsky
Overture to "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner
Tufts Songs:
Selection, "New Moon".....Romberg
American Patrol .....Meacham

FRIDAY

Military March.....Schubert-Casella
Suite, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
.....Mendelssohn
Overture to "William Tell" .....Rossini
Brandenburg Concerto No. 1.....Bach
"An American in Paris," Suite....Gershwin
Prelude to "Lohengrin" .....Wagner
Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin"
.....Wagner
Magic Fire Music from "The Valkyrie"
.....Wagner

SATURDAY

Entrance of the Gladiators.....Fucik
Overture to "Oberon" .....Weber
Ave Maria.....Schubert-Wilhelmj
Irish Rhapsody .....Herbert
Suite, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
Marimba Solos:
The Rosary .....Nevin
Sweet and Low .....Barnby
Scherzo .....van Goens,
Lawrence White
Overture to "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner
Selection, "Showboat".....Kern
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube"
.....Strauss
Marche Slave .....Tchaikovsky

Special interest attaches to the first performance in Boston of Casella's Violin Concerto at the Pop concert tonight. One of the composer's latest scores, having been written in 1928, it had both European and American performances in the season past. The concerto was played by Joseph Szigeti with the orchestras of Chicago and Cincinnati. Its first performance, however, was at Moscow, where Mr. Szigeti played with the conductorless orchestra. He also played it in London, Paris, Rome, Frankfort, Vienna and other European cities, more than 20 times in all. As chance has it, Mr. Casella will on Tuesday night hear his concerto for the first time.

Louis Krasner, the solo violinist at this concert, was born near Kiev, Russia, and was brought to America (and Providence) by his parents at the age of 5. He graduated from the New England Conservatory with the highest honors. He began his public career in Europe last season, giving recitals and playing with orchestras in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, and lesser capitals. His appearance at the Pops is his first in this country since his European tour. He has played Casella's concerts at the recent Siena festival and at Rome with piano accompaniment.

INCORRECT PAGINATION

KRASNER FEATURED AS POPS GO INTO THEIR SEVENTH WEEK

TONIGHT in Symphony Hall the Pop Concerts will enter upon the seventh week of their 44th season with the first Boston performance of Alfredo Casella's violin concerto, in which Louis Krasner will be the soloist.

The composer will then conduct his recent score for the first time, although it was heard in many cities of Europe and America last season when performed by Joseph Szigetti, to whom it is dedicated.

Louis Krasner

Krasner, since graduating from the New England Conservatory, has had a remarkable season in Europe, giving recitals and appearing with orchestras in France, England, Germany, Austria and other countries. He recently returned from Europe, and his appearance tonight at the Pops will be his first in this country since his European success.

MONDAY—WAGNER PROGRAM

Tannhauser entrance of the guests into the Wartburg.
A Siegfried Idyll.
The Flying Dutchman, overture.
The Mastersingers of Nuremberg.
Dusk of the Gods, Siegfried's Death Music.
The Valkyrie, Magic Fire Music.
Tannhauser, Bacchanale.
Lohengrin, introduction to Act. III.
The Valkyrie, Ride of Valkyries.

TUESDAY

Overture to "The Secret Marriage" Cimarosa
Set of Act Tunes and Dances Purcell-Bliss
Overture to "Semiramide".....Rossini
Overture to "Fingal's Cave".Mendelssohn
"Sadko," Tone Poem...Rimsky-Korsakov
"La Valse," Choregraphic Poem...Ravel
"Molly on the Shore".....Grainger
Largo .....Handel
Pomp and Circumstance.....Elgar

WEDNESDAY

Overture to "Cindarella".....Rossini
Set of Act, Tunes and Dances Purcell-Bliss
Overture to "Leonore" No. 3...Beethoven
"The Lake," from "Adventures in a Perambulator" ..... Carpenter
March from "Stevensoniana".....Hill
Adagio from the Nordic Symphony Hanson
Hobogoblin from Symphonic Sketches Chadwick
Suite from the Ballet "La Ciara".Casella
Hungarian March, "Rakocky"....Berlioz
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Overture to "The Sicilian Vespers"..Verdi

THURSDAY

March, "Under the Double Eagle," J. F. Wagner
Overture to "Mignon".....Thomas
"Finlandia," Symphonic Poem...Sibelius
Tufts Songs
Fantasia, "Cavalleria Rusticana" Mascagni
Andante Cantabile.....Tchaikovsky
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Tufts Songs
Selection, "New Moon".....Romberg
American Patrol .....Meacham

AMER. JUNE 9

"FATHER AND SON" IS GLOBE'S FEATURE

COMBINING an unusual plot with excellent character interpretation, "Father and Son," talking and sound production, comes to the Netoco Globe for the first four days of this week. Dorothy Revier, Mickey McBan and Helene Chadwick head the supporting cast. Second on the bill is "Tide of Empire," with Renee Adoree and George Duryea.

"Molly and Me," talking and sound drama of life backstage, with Belle Bennett and Joe E. Brown, heads the bill for the last half of the week. Co-featured is "Office Scandal," with Phyllis Haver and Raymond Hatton.

FRIDAY

Military March.....Schubert-Casella
Suite, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
Brandenburg Concerto No. 1.....Bach
"An American in Paris," Suite.Gershwin
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Introduction to Act III, "Lohengrin" Wagner

SATURDAY

Entrance of the Gladiators.....Fucik
Overture to "Oberon".....Weber
Ave Maria .....Schubert-Wilhelmj
Irish Rhapsody .....Herbert
Suite, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
Marimba Solos:
"The Rosary".....Nevin
"Sweet and Low" .....Barnby
"Scherzo" ..... van Goens
Lawrence White
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Selection, "Showboat" ..... Kern
Waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," Strauss
Marche Slave ..... Tchaikovsky

MUSIC

Herald AT THE POPS JUNE 10

Alfredo Casella's violin concerto in A minor was given its first Boston performance last night at a symphonic program at the Pops. Louis Krasner was heard as the soloist. The concerto is written in three movements, which were last night played without pause. At first hearing it seems that perhaps it would have been wiser to allow pauses; the last movement especially seemed to be a little too long.

But the work itself is interesting, pungent, bold, and vigorous, in classical style, though rishly ornamented and with a wealth of colorful, and frequently, stark and blaring, modern harmony. The first two movements contain passages of noble and tender melody, moments of dramatic intensity, and some rhythmic patterns of originality and effectiveness. The solo instrument is given a part requiring a tremendous technique, delicacy, and passion. There are some passages required of the solo instrument that make one wonder whether the composer really intended to get tone and pitch out of them, or merely percussive effect, and there are other pieces of writing in the part that are entirely hidden by too heavy an orchestration. In the main, the solo instrument sings rhapsodically, intermittently, merely adding poignancy and decoration to the musical ideas carried out by the splendid orchestration. For this reason, the cadenzas were especially logical and beautiful, for they were not merely repetitional developments of theme designed to allow the soloist to prove his mettle. The Rondo (last movement), seemed to be less original and less inspired than the other two movements, though the finale was magnificent.

The playing of Louis Krasner was more than intelligent and adequate, . . . almost all that one could demand at first in a concerto of such difficulty. He has a sure and poised technique that surmounts all difficulties not only accurately, but without ever sacrificing a live and warm tone. In those moments when his instrument was inaudible, it was obviously either the composer's intention, or the fault of the orchestra. It is to be hoped that this young musician, who has so much of feeling, violinistic skill, and intelligence to offer will be heard here soon again and often.

Beethoven's first symphony opened the concert last night, and Scheherazade (Rimsky-Korsakov) concluded it. The symphony was played delightfully on the whole, though the Menuetto got a little blurred, through being taken a trifle too fast. The Scherazade was given a fiery and impressive performance, though in spots it could have stood some polishing.

A large audience applauded the conductor-composer, the soloist, and the orchestra.—E. B.

NEW CASELLA WORK PLAYED

Concerto for Violin Given First Performance Here

POST JUNE 10

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

It is altogether fitting that while Alfredo Casella is established in Boston as conductor of the Pop Concerts he should be heard from time to time as interpreter of his own music. His Rhapsody "Italia" and the suite from his ballet "La Giara" have become firmly established in the current Pops repertory, and as much at the audience's as at the composer's desire. Recently place was found on a Sunday evening programme for Mr. Casella's new Organ Concerto, and last night at Symphony Hall his Concerto for the violin, completed here last spring, had its first performance in Boston, with Louis Krasner as soloist.

There is much in the Concerto of last evening that is immediately attractive. Furthermore, since the piece is long and somewhat involved in structure, embracing several divisions strung together without pause, undoubtedly there are in it merits and beauties that would become more apparent upon a second acquaintance. On this single hearing the final division seemed unduly prolonged and the least ingratiating portion of the work, while the slow section in which is evinced a lyric feeling not always too common in Mr. Casella's music, seemed by far the most arresting. In this Concerto, as in all of his later compositions, Mr. Casella has written as an Italian, he has permitted himself to be influenced by folk idioms; there are dramatic passages that recall, if ever so vaguely, the opera house; there is a Latin clarity in the instrumentation.

Mr. Krasner, a former pupil of the New England Conservatory just returned from a series of European successes, showed himself last evening a virtuoso of high attainments. Mr. Casella's music was far from easy and not always grateful in the conventional sense, but Krasner met its exactions with cool assurance. There was much applause for both composer and violinist from the good-sized audience. Beethoven's First Symphony and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" comprised the remainder of the programme.

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SYMPHONY PROGRAM AT POP CONCERT

Louis Krasner Soloist in Casella's Concerto

Globe June 10

Mr Casella's violin concerto in A minor was the novelty on last night's symphonic program at the Pops. The other numbers were Beethoven's First Symphony, and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherezade." The soloist was Louis Krasner, a graduate of the New England Conservatory who has recently returned from a concert tour of Europe. A large audience seemed much pleased with program and performance.

Mr Casella's concerto is dedicated to Josef Szigeti, the distinguished Hungarian violinist, remembered here from an appearance at the Boston Symphony concerts several years ago. Szigeti has played the concerto during the past musical season in a number of European and American cities. Last night's was the first Boston performance.

There are no pauses between the divisions of the concerto, which are linked by cadenza passages, but the outline of the work follows the usual scheme of a slow movement sandwiched between rapid ones. The solo violinist is set a very difficult task, which Mr Krasner executed successfully. Mr Casella wrote with a virtuoso violinist in mind, yet did not produce a mere show piece. The music has the composer's characteristic virtues of sincerity, seriousness, fineness of taste, and harmonic orginality. The scoring for orchestral is deliberately subdued in color, with no attempt at brilliance.

The whole work is written in a fluently melodic vein, yet there are no salient and memorable themes. The general effect is like a long recitative from which measures could be cut here and there without harming the whole. The slow movement is the weakest section, rather too lusciously harmonized, after the manner of Puccini or Respighi. An admirable performance brought many recalls for conductor and soloist.

Mr Krasner is a skillful violinist, who would doubtless please recital audiences. He did not last night impress one as an artist of the first rank, because of a certain lack of authority and distinction of style, but it is hard to judge a performer in a totally unfamiliar work.

Mr Casella and the orchestra gave an admirable performance of Beethoven's youthful symphony, an ingratiating work despite its obviousness aping of Mozart, and its inferiority to his best work as well as to the later work of Beethoven. One especially admired the fine playing of the strings.

In Rimsky-Korsako's familiar and popular tone poem Mr Casella took several passages rather slower than one expected. His reading was a personal and interesting one, though less brilliant than some others one recalls.

Special nights this week at the Pops, all of them open to the public, include a Wagner program tonight; a program arranged for the National Federation of Music Clubs Wednesday, including works by four well-known American composers as well as European classics, and Tufts College night Thursday, with college songs and pieces like Meacham's "American Patrol," to be conducted by Arthur Fiedler instead of Mr Casella. P. R.

TRANS. JUNE 10

Gershwin Later

"An American in Paris" for the Pops, June 27—Bolm Ballet Next Week

INSTEAD of Friday, as had been planned, Gershwin's "An American in Paris" will have its first performance at the Pops on Thursday evening, June 27. In the meantime Mr. Gershwin will assist at rehearsals, and it is expected that he will be present on the evening of the performance.

Immediately in prospect are Adolph Bolm and his ballet. Beginning next Wednesday and continuing through Tuesday of the succeeding week they will give the following dances each evening with the exception of Sunday as the concluding portion of the program: Strauss's waltz, "Vienna Blood"; Hellenic Dance from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris", Rubinstein Waltz; "The Amazons," Schubert; "The Music Box," Liadov; "Hungarian Dance," Brahms; Polovtsian Dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor." Arrangements will be similar to those for the Duncan Dancers earlier in the season, with Mr. Casella conducting the orchestral part of the program, and Mr. Fiedler, the ballet.

TRAV.

URSDAY, JUNE 13, 1929

SYMPHONY MAY TOUR EUROPE

Koussevitzky, Coming Back for Harvard Degree, Will Urge Plan

Europe may have an opportunity next spring to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra if Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, is able to carry out his plans to take the musicians abroad with him for a concert tour.

Next week he will visit Boston for a few days to receive an honorary degree from Harvard University. Although friends of the conductor and officers in charge of the Symphony hall management last night declined to comment on the possibility of the orchestra's leaving the country, Judge Frederick P. Cabot, president of the trustees, said that it is a matter of raising sufficient funds.

"If some individual or group comes forward with money to pay the expenses of such a trip, then I shall call the trustees together, and I think it probable that they would vote to sanction the tour," he said. "I think it would be a very desirable thing to make the trip."

WOULD "SHOW" PARIS

Mr. Koussevitzky's recent experiences in Paris are said to have added impetus to plans that he has held for several years to take the orchestra abroad.

He cancelled his performance of "Boris Godounoff" at the opera because players who had not rehearsed under his direction were substituted at the last moment for musicians of the orchestra who had other engagements. Rebelling against this custom, he is said to have determined and declared that a year hence he will show Paris what can be done with a properly rehearsed orchestra.

Mr. Koussevizky is quoted as saying that the tour he plans will include Great Britain, France and Germany, with each city of the European circuit to be thought of as a special problem.

"A piece by an American composer at every concert," he said, according to dispatches from Paris, "the modern school of American composition. That's the idea."

CONDUCTOR CONFIDENT

Final decision on the tour rests with the trustees, according to Judge Cabot, who further explained:

"We conceive it to be our duties as trustees to provide for the maintenance of the orchestra at home. Since the orchestra operates at a deficit, which we must ask the public to make up, we would not feel justified in going to the public at the same time to ask for money for a trip to Europe. If somebody chooses to give the money, that is another matter."

Although Mr. Koussevitzky has not disclosed where the money is to come from, dispatches indicate that he is quite confident that he can carry out his plans. The sum required would be much more than $100,000, according to Judge Cabot.

Walter Damrosch succeeded in taking the New York Symphony orchestra across Europe and the Cleveland orchestra has visited Cuba, but in spite of the efforts of Leopold Stokowski to obtain authorization to take his Philadelphia orchestra abroad, the management could not see its way clear to provide the funds.

HAS FREE HAND

The Boston orchestra, with those of Detroit and Minneapolis, have given concerts in Canada, and Arturo Toscanini brought his orchestra from La Scala in Milan to this country, but the New York orchestra is the only American orchestral group that has played across the Atlantic.

Mr. Koussevitzky's artistic control of his musicians is complete and is not subject even to modification by the trustees, by virtue of the tradition established by Maj. Henry Lee Higginson.

The players are not permitted to engage in performances that will interfere with the requirements of the orchestra and the conductor is free to select his own programs and to insist on as frequent and as long rehearsals as he finds necessary.

Performances by the Boston Symphony orchestra already have called forth favorable comment from European visitors who have had an opportunity to compare its work with that of Continental groups.

Orchestra Conductor Urges Europe Tour

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

MALDEN WIFE ASKS SEARCH FOR MATE

Morris Wyman Disappears After Making Call

Mrs. Morris Wyman of 12 Steeves court, Malden, today asked the police of that city to institute a search for her husband, who disappeared lalst night after he had visited the home of Mrs. A. L. Philbrook at 1430 Salem street, Linden, in an effort to arrange a mortgage on a house on Bickford road for Mrs. Smith, who was with him.

The two talked with Mrs. Philbrook for two hours, and left at 8 P. M. They have not been seen since. Mrs. Wyman told the police that she had been married 19 years, and that this is the first time he has been away from her. She said that her husband had no money, and that he had been ill for two years. Wyman is of dark complexion, 5 feet 2 inches tall, and wore a blue suit and a gray hat.

In addition to searching for Wyman the police are looking for Mrs. Smith to learn of she knows anything about Wyman's whereabouts.

At The Pops Tonight

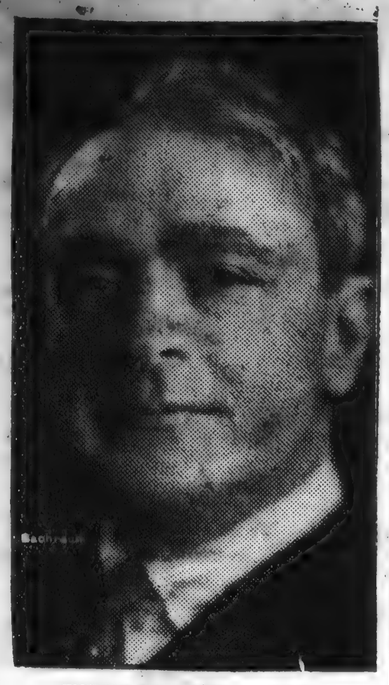
Tufts Night

March, "Under the Double Eagle" J. F. Wagner
Overture to "Mignon".....Thomas
"Finlandia," Symphonic Poem..Sibelius
Tufts Songs
Tuftonia's Day
Brown and Blue
Tufts Today, Tufts for Aye
Fantasia, "Cavalleria Rusticana" Mascagni
Andante Cantabile.....Chaikovsky
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Tufts Songs
Spell It Out
Aren't You Glad
Alma Mater
Selection, "New Moon".....Romberg
American Patrol .....Meacham

Conductor: A. Fiedler

JUNE 13

Plans Foreign Tour



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

SYMPHONY MAY MAKE EUROPEAN TOUR NEXT YEAR

(Continued from Page One)

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BOS. AMER. JUNE 15

FINE FEATURES FOR POPS

Features of interest are announced for the Pop Concerts next week, the last but one of the season. On Sunday, June 23, Alfredo Casella will conduct a Russian program for the last Sunday concert.

Another feature will be the annual Request Night next Tuesday, the numbers determined entirely by the vote of the Pops public, and reveals Handel's Largo as still the favorite in the whole Pops repertory, with Ravel's "La Valse" taking second place.

The program for tonight, in which Arthur Fiedler will conduct the Victor $10,000 prize march as an encore, is as follows:

Entrance of the Gladiators	Fucik
Overture to "Oberon"	Weber
Ave Maria	Schubert-Wilhelmj
Irish Rhapsody	Herbert
Suite, "Peer Gynt"	Grieg
Marimba Solos:	
The Rosary	Nevin
Sweet and Low	Barnby
Scherzo	Van Goens
Overture to "Tannhauser"	Wagner
Selection, "Show Boat"	Kern
Waltz, "By the Beautiful Blue Danube"	Strauss
Marche Slave	Tchaikovsky

TRANS.

Concerts Next Week

JUNE 15

Progress of the Pops

EVEN the best-laid plans sometimes go astray. So it has been with the arrangements for Adolph Bolm and his ballet to dance at The Pops next week. Due to regrettable but unavoidable circumstances it has been necessary to cancel the engagement. So for the most part The Pops will run familiar course.

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In Prospect

Unless further postponement is deemed advisable, Mr. Gershwin's "An American in Paris," which had been announced originally for last evening, will be played at the concert of Thursday evening, June 27. In the meantime, Mr. Gershwin is expected to assist at rehearsals of the piece, and he will probably be present at The Pops when it is played.

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TUESDAY EVENING
(Request Night)

Pomp and Circumstance	E
Largo	H
La Valse	R
'William Tell' Overture	R
Ave Maria	Sch
Italia, Rhapsody	Ca
Peer Gynt Suite	G
Beautiful Blue Danube, waltz	Str
"1812" Overture	Tchaikov
Encores—Liebestraum	Liszt-Her
Kammenoi Ostrow	Rubin

WEDNESDAY EVENING

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor"	Ni
Masque Suite	Ha
Roumanian Rhapsody	En
Marche Joyeuse	Cha
Pastorale d'Ete, and "Pacific 2-3-1"	Hone
Prelude to "Lohengrin"	Wa
Overture to "Rienzi"	Wa
Hungarian March, "Rakoczy"	Ber
Hungarian Dance	Bra
Hungarian Rhapsody (No. 2)	L

THURSDAY EVENING

Triumphal March from "Aida"	V
Three Dances from "Cephalus and Procri	
Overture to "Der Freischutz"	Gretry-M
Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished"	W
Overture to "William Tell"	Schu
Turkish March, from "The Ruins of Ath	Ro
Waltz, "Artist's Life"	Beeth
Polovtsian Dances, "Prince Igor"	Bor

FRIDAY EVENING

Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nu burg"	
A Siegfried Idyll	Wa
Ride of the Valkyries	Wa
Symphony No. 3 in E flat major, "Ero	Wa
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Entrance of the Guests into the Wartb "Tannhauser"	Wa
Minuet	Bocch
Turkish March, "The Ruins of Athens"	Beeth
Overture to "La Forza del Destino"	V
Overture to "The Barber of Seville"	Ros
Concerto for Violoncello and orchestra A minor	Saint-Sa
Soloist, Jacobus Langendoen	
Hungarian March, "Rakoczy"	Ber
Slavonic Dance	Dvo
Intermezzo, "Geyescas"	Gran
Gypsy Dance from "Carmen"	B
Ride of the Valkyries	Wag

SUNDAY EVENING
(Russian Programme)

Symphony No. 4, in F minor	Tchaikov
Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor"	Boro
Night on Bald Mountain	Moussorg
Capriccio Espagnole	Rimsky-Korsa

HERALD June 16

Self-Service at the Theater Ticket Office

Newly Invented Automatic Ticket Seller by Which Patron Makes His Own Selection of Space for Reservation at Symphony Hall Concerts.

'Ticket Cafeteria' Permits Public to Make Own Selection From Board

New Device Proves Success at Boston's Symphony Hall—Concert-Goer Chooses Stubs for Places He Wants and Leaves Them at Box Office as Reservation

Enter: The Portable Automatic Subscription Rack, otherwise known as the "ticket cafeteria."

This latest invention for making ticket buying easy is on view daily at Symphony Hall, Boston.

It's the first of its kind, so far as is known, and it's making a hit with the public.

With it, the buyer may make his own selection of location. Every seat in the house is in view, and its exact distance from the platform is clear.

No more need the seeker for a ticket harbor suspicions that the box office man is "holding out" the best tickets.

Really Application Blanks

This device holds application blanks—which look just like the tickets themselves as they project from their pockets—for a series of six concerts next winter.

Instead of going to the box office to inquire if there are tickets, to such a number and in such a location, the prospective purchaser has only to go to the rack, survey the reproduction of the ground and gallery plan, observe what tickets have not yet been sold and choose for himself.

All the box office man has to do—thankfully enough, no doubt—is to stand in his little window a few feet away and be ready to accept the reservations.

At first sight the rack appears to be filled with genuine tickets. The first half-inch of the little pasteboards is an average stub of an average ticket to a Symphony Hall concert. The remainder, something like six inches in length, is an application blank to be filled in with the name and address of the purchaser.

Payment Before October

Tickets must be paid for and taken up by Oct. 15.

The public has had its curiosity tickled most satisfactorily by the infant invention. Quantities of people have gone in, looked about curiously for some guardian of the rack, smiled at the blank window of the box office, selected a "ticket" or two, or three, or four, finally going over to the box office with casual interjections about "I thought, from the looks, they were the tickets themselves, and this was an 'honor system' thing."

To the staff at Symphony Hall the device has already proved its worth. Certainly it is a plan which might well be copied far and wide, for it saves the public the bore of waiting in line for tickets and saves wear and tear on box office men, a not inconsiderable item in itself.

KOUSSEVITZKY MAPS SYMPHONY TOUR IN EUROPE

MONITOR JUNE 19

Itinerary for Boston Orchestra Starts With London, Ends With Paris

By WINTHROP P. TRYON
SPECIAL FROM MONITOR BUREAU

NEW YORK—Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, coming from Europe for a three-days' stay in America, brings with him an itinerary for a concert tour in May and June, 1930, to include Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Switzerland.

Evidently he has all arrangements provisionally made. For as he talked of the project on board the Ile de France while the liner was steaming up New York harbor, there seemed nothing left to be attended to, except ratification of agreements with the musical bureaus of the various cities chosen.

Yes, one more thing. A couple of official invitations must be accepted; for it appears that the orchestra will be, or already has been, asked to visit France and Germany by the governments of those countries.

Tour Opens in London

According to the proposed schedule, the tour opens in London and closes in Paris, with enough concerts in each place to make a little season. British cities, besides London, noted down are Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh. Among continental cities, Paris is named first and last. Brussels, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Berlin, Prague, Vienna, Zurich and Geneva are between.

To the two regular concerts in Paris there will be added a special meeting in the interest of the university world at the Sorbonne, which will conclude the enterprise.

As Mr. Koussevitzky set matters forth, the time is propitious in many ways for such a tour as he contemplates.

Speaking generally, orchestral performance has taken on extraordinary development in America of late. There is such a thing as the American orchestral idea which deserves to be known internationally. There is an American orchestral taste of a peculiar and exacting sort.

Would Carry Welcome Message

Many orchestras in the United States might with good reason, therefore, undertake a voyage over the water, and would be quite certain to have a pleasurable message for European audiences.

Then, too, speaking particularly, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, having a long tradition of discipline behind it—nearly 50 years—is completely prepared for the adventure of travel.

An itinerary is what Mr. Koussevitzky has brought back for his brief call, and nothing more. Permission to take the Boston Symphony membership across the sea he has yet to secure. But in regard to that, he manifests no uneasiness. The affair evidently impresses him as requiring consideration, but only on the score of ways and means.

Concerning the tour's practicability he showed no doubt at all. Indeed, he seemed inclined to treat a spring European tour as no less natural and inevitable a thing than the winter season in Boston.

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C AND CIANS

GLOBE June 16

Eighth Week of "Pops" in Symphony Hall

One of the features of the coming week which is the last but one of the Pops will be request night next Tuesday, the numbers being determined entirely by the vote of the Pops public, and reveals Handel's Largo as still the favorite in the whole Pops repertory with Ravel's "La Valse" taking second place.

The Monday Pop concert has been entirely taken by Boston University, but all other nights are open to the public. The program of the week follow:

Reqcest Night, Tuesday Evening, June 18—Pomp and Circumstance, Elgar; Largo, Handel; "La Valse," Ravel; overture to "William Tell," Rossini; "Ave Maria," Schubert; "Italia," rhapsody, Casella; suite, "Peer Gynt," Grieg; waltz, "By the Beatutiful Blue Danube," Strauss; overture Solennelle, "1812," Tchaikovsky. Encores: "Liebestraum," Liszt; Herbert; march, "On the Mall," Goldman; "Kammenoi Ostrow," Rubinstein.

Wednesday, June, 19—Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; Masque Suite for string orchestra, Handel; Rumanian Rhapsody, Enesco; "Marche Joyeuse," Chabrier; "Pastorale d'Ete," Honegger; "Pacific 2-3-1," Honegger; prelude to "Lohengrin," Wagner; overture to "Rienzi," Wagner; Hungarian march "Rakoczy," Berlioz; "Hungarian Dance," Brahms; "Hungarian Rhapsody" (No. 2), Liszt.

Thursday Evening, June 20—Triumphal march, from "Aida," Verdi; three dances, from "Cephalus and Procris," Gretry-Mottl; overture to "Der Freischutz," Weber; Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished," Schubert; overture to "William Tell," Rossini; Turkish march, from "The Ruins of Athens," Beethoven; waltz, "Artist's Life," Strauss; Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor," Borodin.

Friday Evening, June 21—Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg," "A Siegfried Idyll," "Ride of the Valkyries," Wagner; Symphony No. 3 in E flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55, Beethoven; ballet suite, "Nutcracker," Tchaikovsky; "Song Without Words," Tchaikovsky; "Marche Slave," Tchaikovsky.

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Sunday Evening, June 23—Russian program, Symphony No. 4 in F minor, op. 36, Tchaikovsky; Polovtsian dances, from "Prince Igor," Borodin; "Night on Bald Mountain," Moussorgsky; "Capriccio Espagnole," Rimsky-Korsakov.

Plans Foreign Tour

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

SYMPHONY MAY MAKE EUROPEAN TOUR NEXT YEAR

(Continued from Page One)

we would not feel justified in going to the public at the same time to ask for money for a trip to Europe. If somebody chooses to give the money, that is another matter."

Although Mr. Koussevitzky has not disclosed where the money is to come from, dispatches indicate that he is quite confident that he can carry out his plans. The sum required would be much more than $100,000, according to Judge Cabot.

Walter Damrosch succeeded in taking the New York Symphony orchestra across Europe and the Cleveland orchestra has visited Cuba, but in spite of the efforts of Leopold Stokowski to obtain authorization to take his Philadelphia orchestra abroad, the management could not see its way clear to provide the funds.

HAS FREE HAND

The Boston orchestra, with those of Detroit and Minneapolis, have given concerts in Canada, and Arturo Toscanini brought his orchestra from La Scala in Milan to this country, but the New York orchestra is the only American orchestral group that has played across the Atlantic.

Mr. Koussevitzky's artistic control of his musicans is complete and is not subject even to modification by the trustees, by virtue of the tradition established by Maj. Henry Lee Higginson.

The players are not permitted to engage in performances that will interfere with the requirements of the orchestra and the conductor is free to select his own programs and to insist on as frequent and as long rehearsals as he finds necessary.

Performances by the Boston Symphony orchestra already have called forth favorable comment from European visitors who have had an opportunity to compare its work with that of Continental groups.

BOS. AMER. JUNE 15

FINE FEATURES FOR POPS

Features of interest are announced for the Pop Concerts next week, the last but one of the season. On Sunday, June 23, Alfredo Casella will conduct a Russian program for the last Sunday concert.

Another feature will be the annual Request Night next Tuesday, the numbers determined entirely by the vote of the Pops public, and reveals Handel's Largo as still the favorite in the whole Pops repertory, with Ravel's "La Valse" taking second place.

The program for tonight, in which Arthur Fiedler will conduct the Victor $10,000 prize march as an encore, is as follows:

Entrance of the Gladiators	Fucik
Overture to "Oberon"	Weber
Ave Maria	Schubert-Wilhelmj
Irish Rhapsody	Herbert
Suite, "Peer Gynt"	Grieg
Marimba Solos:	
The Rosary	Nevin
Sweet and Low	Barnby
Scherzo	Van Goens
Overture to "Tannhauser"	Wagner
Selection, "Show Boat"	Kern
Waltz, "By the Beautiful Blue Danube"	Strauss
Marche Slave	Tchaikovsky

CLOSING WEEKS OF THE POPS

The Pop concerts in Symphony hall start Monday evening on the final fortnight of the present season. Next Sunday evening, June 23, Alfredo Casella will conduct for the last Sunday Pop concert a program of Russian music. A feature of the coming week's programs will be the annual request night of Tuesday evening. The Monday evening Pop concert has been taken entirely by Boston University, but all other nights are open to the public. The programs thereafter in the week follow:

TUESDAY EVENING
(Request Night)

Pomp and Circumstance	Elgar
Largo	Handel
La Valse	Ravel
"William Tell" Overture	Rossini
Ave Maria	Schubert
Italia, Rhapsody	Casella
Peer Gynt Suite	Grieg
Beautiful Blue Danube, waltz	Strauss
"1812" Overture	Tchaikovsky
Encores—Liebestraum	Liszt-Herbert
Kammenoi Ostrow	Rubinstein

WEDNESDAY EVENING

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor"	Nicolai
Masque Suite	Handel
Roumanian Rhapsody	Enesco
Marche Joyeuse	Chabrier
Pastorale d'Ete, and "Pacific 2-3-1"	Honegger
Prelude to "Lohengrin"	Wagner
Overture to "Rienzi"	Wagner
Hungarian March, "Rakoczy"	Berlioz
Hungarian Dance	Brahms
Hungarian Rhapsody (No. 2)	Liszt

THURSDAY EVENING

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Overture to "Der Freischutz"	Weber
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A Siegfried Idyll	Wagner
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Minuet	Boccherini
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Overture to "La Forza del Destino"	Verdi
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Concerto for Violoncello and orchestra in A minor	Saint-Saens
Soloist, Jacobus Langendoen	
Hungarian March, "Rakoczy"	Berlioz
Slavonic Dance	Dvorak
Intermezzo, "Geyescas"	Granados
Gypsy Dance from "Carmen"	Bizet
Ride of the Valkyries	Wagner

SUNDAY EVENING
(Russian Programme)

Symphony No. 4, in F minor	Tchaikovsky
Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor"	Borodin
Night on Bald Mountain	Moussorgsky
Capriccio Espagnole	Rimsky-Korsakov

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HERALD June 16

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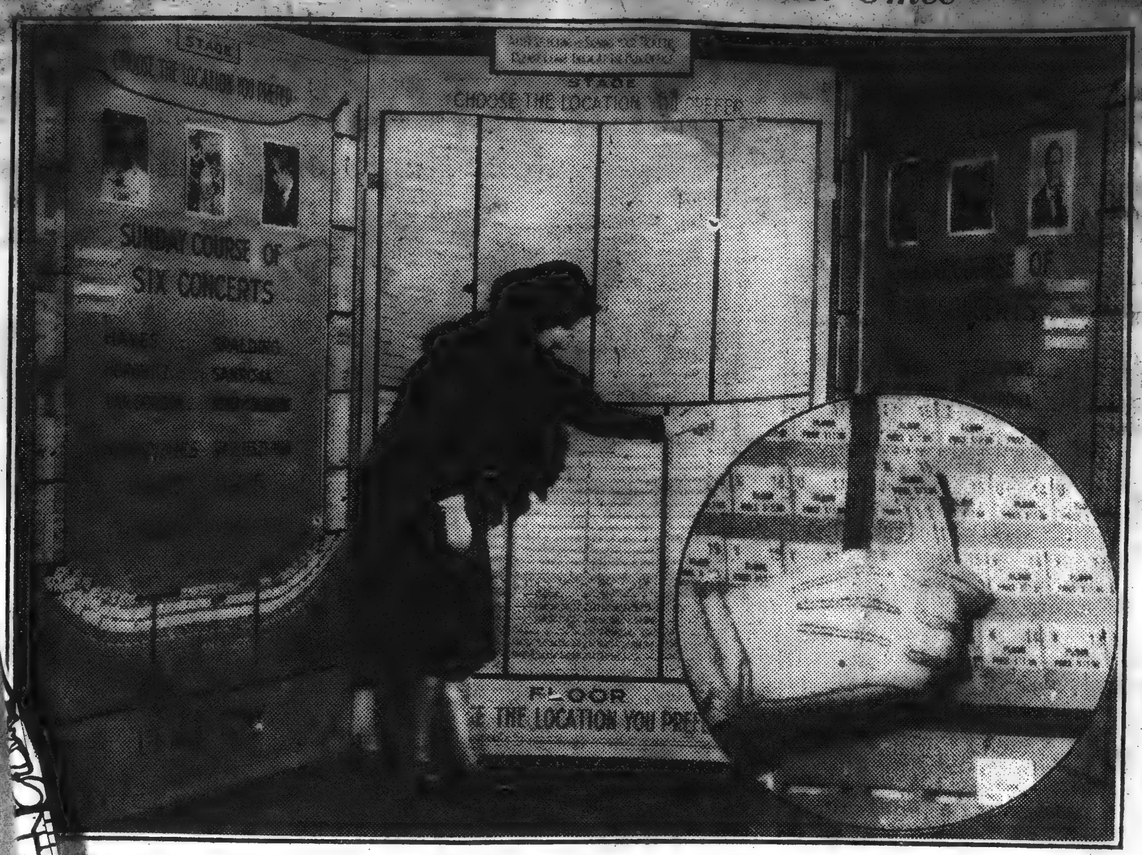

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Sunday Evening, June 23—Russian program, Symphony No. 4 in F minor, op. 36, Tchaikovsky; Polovtsian dances, from "Prince Igor," Borodin; "Night on Bald Mountain," Moussorgsky; "Capriccio Espagnole," Rimsky-Korsakov.

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TRAV. JUNE 22

One More Week of Pop Concerts

Tomorrow night at Symphony hall Pop concerts will enter upon the last week of their 44th season, although there will be two more nights in the following week, the closing night falling upon Tuesday, July 2.

Special nights of interest next week will be a repetition of the request program on Wednesday and Italian night on Friday, at which Alfredo Casella, the distinguished Italian conductor, will present several new scores of his countrymen.

An important novelty will be George Gershwin's "An American in Paris," which will have its first Boston performance next Thursday and which will be repeated on Saturday. This foremost of jazz composers is visiting Boston to supervise the preparation of this piece and to be present at its performance.

The programs for tonight and tomorrow (the last Sunday concert) follow:

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 22

"Entrance of the Guests Into the Wartburg," "Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
Minuet ..... Boccherini
Turkish March, from "The Ruins of Athens" ..... Beethoven
Overture to "La Forza del Destino" ... Verdi
Overture to "The Barber of Seville" .. Rossini
Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra in A Minor, Op. 33 ..... Saint-Saens
Hungarian March, "Rakoczy" ..... Berlioz
Slavonic Dance ..... Dvorak
Intermezzo, "Goyescas" ..... Granados
Gypsy Dance, from "Carmen" ..... Bizet
"Ride of the Valkyries" ..... Wagner

SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 23
Russian Program

Symphony No. 4 in F Minor, Op. 36 ..... Tchaikovsky
Polovtsian Dances, from "Prince Igor" ..... Borodin
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Music Leader
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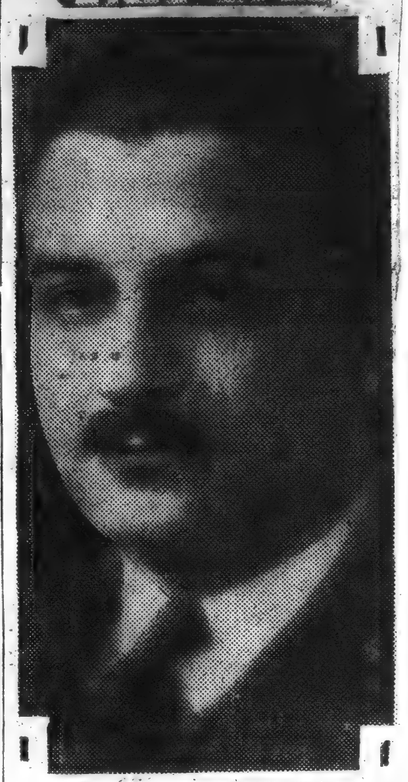

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HER, June 29

MUSIC

"AN AMERICAN IN PARIS"

The storms of applause that broke loose at the conclusion of the final blazing strains of George Gershwin's new suite, "An American in Paris," having its first hearing in Boston last night, demonstrated the heights of enthusiasm that can be reached by a Pop concert audience, given the right incentive. Again and again must the composer bow his acknowledgements to satisfy the throng that so nearly filled Symphony hall. Gracefully he responded to the oft-repeated acclaim, and as graciously indicated his thanks to Mr. Casella and to the orchestra for their fine rendition of this vivid and amusing tonal representation of life in "the City of Light."

There is really but little need for the guidance of the printed description of Yankee's experiences as he saunters down the Champs Elysees on a sunny morning to comprehend that he is somewhat confounded by the swirl of traffic, with the "real Paris taxi horns" bleating out their bellows of warning. He glimpses the cafe life, and the gay dancing holds his eye for a time. Then comes an amusing interlude when he is addressed by a gentle voice—so hints the solo violin—with which (or should we say with whom?) he holds pleasant, though subdued converse.

A wave of nostalgia overtakes him, soon to be swept away by a more joyous sensation indicated by the nonchalant strains of the Charleston, swinging gloriously and riotously along to the final blaze of a full orchestra in all its most rampant hilarity. In fact, this general theme of joviality left the audience in a refreshingly happy mood. There was also a great ovation for the rendition of the Brandenburg Concerto by Bach. The delicate and plaintive dance suite from "Cephalus and Procris" by Gretry-Mottl called forth much enthusiasm.

For the rest, the numbers included Paisiello's overture to "Nina, O La Pazza per Amore," Beethoven's overture to "Leonore," and the three Wagner selections—the Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," the introduction to Act III of "Lohengrin," and "The Ride of the Valkyries."

F. A. B.

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Invitation to the Dance.....Weber-Berlioz
Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini
A Musical Joke.....Mozart
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Bacchanale, "Samson and Delilah," Saint-Saens
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A wave of nostalgia overtakes him, soon to be swept away by a more joyous sensation indicated by the nonchalant strains of the Charleston, swinging gloriously and riotously along to the final blaze of a full orchestra in all its most rampant hilarity. In fact, this general theme of joviality left the audience in a refreshingly happy mood. There was also a great ovation for the rendition of the Brandenburg Concerto by Bach. The delicate and plaintive dance suite from "Cephalus and Procris" by Gretry-Mottl called forth much enthusiasm.

For the rest, the numbers included Paisiello's overture to "Nina, O La Pazza per Amore," Beethoven's overture to "Leonore," and the three Wagner selections—the Bacchanale from "Tannhauser," the introduction to Act III of "Lohengrin," and "The Ride of the Valkyries."

F. A. B.

~~SUNDAY, JUNE 23~~

LAST WEEK OF THE POPS

The Pops concerts at Symphony hall are entering upon what is virtually their last week, although there will be two more concerts next week with Tuesday, July 2, as the closing night of the season. Alfredo Casella will repeat the request program on next Wednesday for the benefit of the many who were unable to gain admission to the request night last Tuesday.

An important novelty will be George Gershwin's "An American in Paris," which will have its first performance in Boston next Thursday. It will be repeated on Saturday. This foremost of jazz composers is visiting Boston to supervise the preparation of this piece. He will be present at its performance. Next Friday will bring the "Italian Night" of the season at which Mr. Casella will introduce several new scores of his country.

There follow the programs of the week, including that of tonight, which is the last Sunday concert of the season:

SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 23

Russian Program

Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 4 in F minor, op. 36.
Borodin, Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor."
Moussorgsky, "Night on Bald Mountain."
Rimsky-Korsakov, Capriccio Espagnole.

MONDAY EVENING

Coronation March from "The Prophet," Meyerbeer
Suite, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn
Overture to "Der Freischuetz" ..... Weber
Overture to "William Tell" ..... Rossini
Suite, "The False Harlequin" .... Malipiero
"Italia," Rhapsody ..... Casella
Suite, "Peer Gynt" ..... Grieg
Dance of the Waves, from "Lorelei," Catalani
Overture to "Nebuchadnezzar" ..... Verdi

TUESDAY EVENING

Marche Militaire ..... Schubert
Suite from "Carmen" ..... Bizet
Overture to "William Tell" ..... Rossini
Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished" Schubert
Overture, "The Roman Carnival" .. Berlioz
Ballet of the Hours, "La Gioconda" Ponchielli
Barcarolle ..... Offenbach
Intermezzo, "L'Amico Fritz" .... Mascagni
Second Hungarian Rhapsody ..... Liszt

WEDNESDAY EVENING

Request Program (Repeated)

Pomp and Circumstance ..... Elgar
Largo ..... Handel
"La Valse," Choregraphic Poem .... Ravel
Overture to "William Tell" ..... Rossini
Ave Maria ..... Schubert
"Italia," Rhapsody ..... Casella
Suite, "Peer Gynt" ..... Grieg
Waltz, "By the Beautiful Blue Danube," Strauss
Overture Solenelle, "1812" .... Tchaikovsky
Encores: Liebestraum, Liszt-Herbert
Kammenoi Ostrow, Rubinstein

THURSDAY

Overture to "Nina, O La Pazza per Amore," Paisiello
Dance Suite from "Cephalus and Procris" Gretry-Mottl
Overture to "Lenore" No. 3 .... Beethoven
Brandenburg Concerto No. 1 ..... Bach
"An American in Paris," Suite .... Gershwin
(First performance in Boston)
Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser" ... Wagner
Introduction to Act III "Lohengrin .. Wagner
"Ride of the Valkyries." ..... Wagner

FRIDAY EVENING

Italian Program

Overture to "Il Matrimonio Segreto," Cimarosa
Concerto for Violin and String Orchestra, in A minor ..... Vivaldi
Overture to "Semiramide" ..... Rossini
"Le Furie d'Arlecchino," Overture, Adriano Lualdi
Three Children's Pieces ..... Santoliquido
Suit from the Ballet, "La Giara," Casella
Ballet of the Hours, "La Gioconda." Ponchielli
Intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni
Overture to "La Forza del Destino," Verdi

SATURDAY EVENING

Overture to "Coriolanus" ..... Beethoven
Invitation to the Dance ..... Weber-Berlioz
Overture to "William Tell" ..... Rossini
A musical Joke ..... Mozart
"An American in Paris" ..... Gershwin
Bacchanale, Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saens
Waltz, "Artist's Life" ..... Strauss
"Espana," Rhapsody ..... Chabrier

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
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BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
MOON-JOURNAL
MAY 4 - 1929

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His appearance brought a roof-lifting ovation and his solo was cheered. Later, in the green room, over 100 Boston music devotees

THIS CLIPPING FROM
DAYTON, OHIO
JOURNAL
1929

Your Broadway and Mine

By WALTER WINCHELL.

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TRIBUNE
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SEE PAGE
184
for MAY 12

N. Y. THIS CLIPPING FROM
TIMES
MAY 12 1929

BOSTON BEGINS THE 'POPS'

Summer Music Plans in Other Centres—Local Band to Start in June

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NEWS

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VARIETY
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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
TRIBUNE

VITZKY AMERICA

Has Most Intense Musical Development in World

Paris, May 23.—(AP)—Serge Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who is here to direct five presentations of the opera "Boris Goudenof" before starting his summer vacation in the Pyreness, believes that America has the most intense musical development of any country in the world and leads in appreciation of good music.

"A phenomenal musical renaissance is in progress in the United States," said Mr. Koussevitzky, who prior to his appointment to the Boston post, was leader of the Russian State Orchestra, "Americans have the active temperament which instead of retarding their artistic perceptions, as is insisted by many, has been the salvation of America's artistic development. They have stimulated orchestral advancement just as they have created immense business enterprises. The American people have an inordinate genius for growth."

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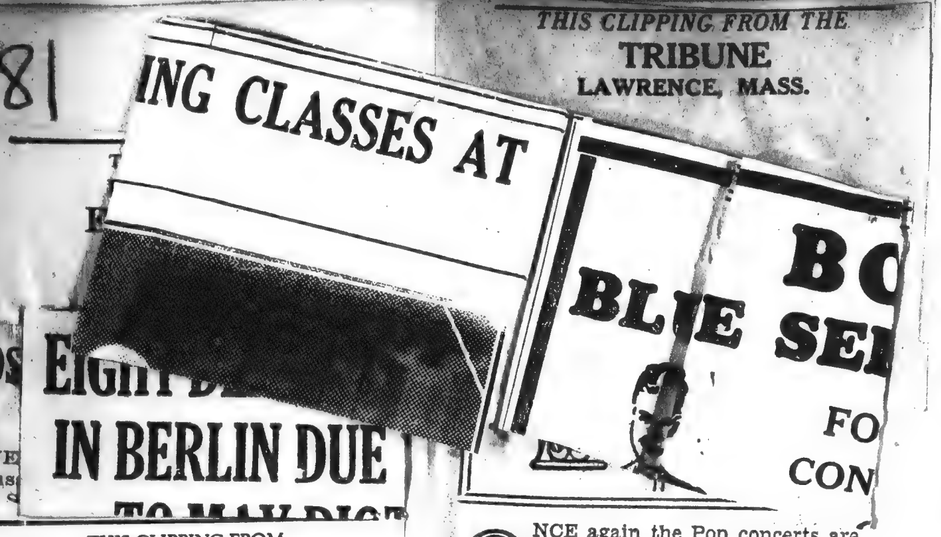

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LAWRENCE, MASS.
EAGLE
MAY 2 1929

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NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
STANDARD
MAY 2 - 1929

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TRIBUNE

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
EVE. UNION
MAY 23 1929

Says U. S. Leads World in Music Appreciation

Koussevitzky, Conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra, Sees Phenomenal Musical Renaissance in America.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN

Koussevitsky in Paris might have said more, and surely he could have said less; but what he did say was that America now leads the world in appreciation of music — not bad music but good music.

Boston customs officials may have confused Voltaire with Rabelais. Or, having heard Voltaire called an "atheist," they may have thought that an atheist was a writer of obscenity.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN
EAGLE
APR 26 1929

Ruth Conniston, New York organist, has been chosen by Alfredo Cassella as soloist, in one of his own compositions to be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Sunday, [illegible] Boston. During the program, Mr. Cassella, guest conductor, will present and conduct his new Concerto Romano, a work composed in 1926 and inspired by a Bach opus which makes generous use of the trombone.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
GAZETTE

The director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, now in Paris directing five presentations of an opera, believes that America has the most intense musical development of any country in the world and leads in appreciation of good music. He not only believes this, but has the courage to say so in France, where, like other European countries, the feeling is probably not very widespread that the United States can assume a leadership in anything as vital as music. It will give Americans a comfortable feeling to know that such seed is being dropped on foreign soil.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
CALL
WOONSOCKET, R. I.
MAY 27 1929

Musical Progress In America

America has the most intense musical development of any country in the world and leads in appreciation of good music, according to Serge Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who so expressed himself in Paris, and this in spite of the jazz which has played such a prominent part in our musical progress in recent years. Seriously, however, we are inclined to believe that what the great conductor says is true. Music today does play a more prominent part in the life of America than most of us realize.

Other countries lay claim to the majority of the greatest composers of all time, but in the appreciation of the works of these composers and of all composers no people on earth excel those in this country.

Radio, we believe, is largely responsible for the great progress which music has made in this country in recent years, and this country having more radio broadcasting stations and more radio receiving sets than any other nation, it is not surprising that our progress should be much faster and that our appreciation of good music should be manifest.

America has always been a music loving nation. The advent of the radio made it more so. There are today, in the United States homes filled with music which never before heard, within their four walls, the strains of a symphony orchestra , a band, or even a jazz orchestra. The average citizen would, no doubt, be inclined to believe that the best liked music in this modern age is jazz music but investigation by those who arrange programs for broadcasting stations stand ready to dispute any such assertion. It may be that what is commonly referred to as high class music is not so much desired as that which might be called of a medium class, but nevertheless where there is a love for music of any sort and appreciation of any music there is bound to be love for and appreciation of the works of the masters.

America, too, has given birth in the last century to composers whose works have been praised throughout the entire musical world and who have had much to do with the general progress noted in this country by such men as Koussevitzky.

It may be that one will not find the so-called man in the street occupying a seat in the concert hall for a symphony orchestra or some big event in the musical world, but it might be interesting to visit the homes of some of these "men in the street." There one might find such of our citizens listening before inexpensive radio sets to some of these works of the great composers as sent over the air by skilled musicians. Applause for the broadcasting of some of the concerts given by symphony orchestras have come, we are told, from many humble homes.

Love of music is an asset to any nation. Music cheers and comforts the soul. It touches a soft spot in human nature. It has made better men and women. It helps to make better nations. The man or woman who has no love for music is difficult to find. Music today is playing a prominent part in the life of this country and all over the world, more so than many of us believe, perhaps. Good music is one of the best things of life. Those who appreciate music are partaking of one of life's joys; those who fail to appreciate it, fail to get much of the sunshine and joy of life to which all human beings are entitled.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LOWELL, MASS.
SUN

MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT

Boston Symphony Director Praises Artistic Advancement of America

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PITTSFIELD, MASS.
EAGLE
MAY 24 1929

RUSSIAN CLAIMS INTENSE MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT HERE

From Yesterday's Latest Edition

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THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
BULLETIN
NORWICH, CONN.
MAY 24 1929

(2)

Finds U. S. Leads World In Musical Appreciation

Koussevitzky Tells Parisians of "Renaissance" Here

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"A prenomenal musical renaissance is in progress in the United States," said Mr. Koussevitzky, who prior to his appointment to the Boston post was leader of the Russian State Orchestra. "Americans have the active temperament which, instead of retarding their artistic perceptions, as many insist, has been the salvation of America's artistic development. They have stimulated orchestral advancement just as they have created immense business enterprises. The American people have an inordinate genius for growth."

Koussevitzky said he found Stravinsky the most outstanding influence in modern music in America. He eulogized "America's promising young composers, such as Aaron Copeland, Homer Sessions and Carpenter." He declared American composers "no longer find jazz a suitable medium."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TRIBUNE

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
UNION
MAY 24

Says U. S. Leads in Love of Music

Koussevitzky Says Great Renaissance Is in Progress.

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BELIEVES U. S. LEADS IN GOOD MUSIC APPECIATION

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The director sailed from New York city on May 1. His wife accompanied him.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
MAY 26

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERT SCHEDULE

Dates for the four Providence concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are more spread out next season than they were last. The series will begin earlier and last later, with the same number of concerts as last year, and in the E. F. Albee Theatre Tuesday nights as usual. The first concert, according to the present arrangement, will be on Nov. 19, and the final one on April 1. Last year the season opened on Dec. 4 and ended March 26. The concerts came once a month. Next season they are scheduled for November, December and January and then a skip to April. The December and January dates for next season are the 17th and 21st, respectively. Subscribers have received the schedule from W. H. Brennan, the manager, and have until June 15 the opportunity to renew their seats for next season.

183

MUSIC

AT THE POPS

The second symphonic program at the Pops concerts attracted an audience that almost filled Symphony hall last night. The main attraction of the evening was undoubtedly Casella's Concerto Romano for organ, trumpets, trombones, kettle-drums, and strings, through Beethoven's Pastorale Symphony and the Second Suite from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" drew many.

Casella's organ concerto, heard for the first time in Boston last night, won most enthusiastic applause. Miss Ruth M. Conniston played the organ. The concerto is a vigorous and original work, making expert use of the organ in ways that reveal its most characteristically beautiful possibilities, as well as new resources that can produce stirring effects. The first movement, sonorous, rich and majestic, rose to moments of passionate intensity and thrilling climax. The slow second movement was fugal, complex and intricate, but pervaded by a churchly exaltation. Very high, reedy designs were traced by the organ against the darkly colored background of celli and double basses. The Cadenza and Toccata riveted attention on unusual effects from the organ. The nobility and rhythmic vigor of the whole concerto culminated in the closing measures, which reached the highest pitch of excitement.

Mr. Casella's conducting, admirable in his own work, was not so well suited to either the Beethoven symphony or the Ravel suite. For the first he seemed not very sympathetic, for the second, without enough interest in nuance . . . the performances were efficient, but a trifle too matter of fact.

The orchestra played especially well on the concerto, and was required to share in the applause with Miss Conniston and the composer. E. B.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LAWRENCE, MASS.
EVE. TRIBUNE
JUN 5 - 1929

* * * * *

The ever popular Pops concerts are now in the full swing of their 44th season and night after night capacity audiences are attracted to Symphony hall in Boston by the excellent programs. The orchestra consisting of members of the Boston Symphony orchestra with about 110 musicians under the direction of Alfred Casella comprises one of the finest musical organizations not only in the country but in the world. The origin of the Pops was brought about in an effort to relieve the presentation of the stiffness of the formality and as a continuance of the regular symphony season and its success was so instantaneous and continued that it soon became an established series.

THIS CLIPPING FROM THE
TRIBUNE
LAWRENCE, MASS.
(2)
JUN 5 1929

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Surgeons of [illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
JOURNAL
JUN 5 - 1929

From Boston Transcript.

Serge Koussevitzky says that America leads the world in musical appreciation—a long journey from Yankee Doodle and Pop Goes the Weasel as symbols of American culture.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

THE NORMAL RHYTHM

(From the Boston Globe)

In Paris, M. Serge Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, expresses the belief that jazz is diminishing in America. Taking the place being vacated, he finds a phenomenal musical renaissance, which, so he believes, is the most intense musical development of any country in the world.

Such an opinion is rather startling from so high a source, but M. Koussevitzky should be in a position to know whereof he speaks. Perhaps this civilization of ours is becoming more civilized, slackening its speed somewhat and elevating its ideals. However, this does not mean that people generally will soon be humming airs from grand opera on their way to work and discussing classical composers during the lunch hour. There was some disappointment in the experiment of putting operatic stars on the radio, possibly because the expense involved was thought too great for the results obtained. But, even if we are some years short of the cultural millennium, there are signs which point to a reduction in the wildness which has been characteristic of the post-war decade. It should be so. The ten years are up, and it is to be expected that overwrought nerves will relax after a time.

There is growing a disposition to take life more quietly, to put more into it, and a great many people seem to be getting more out of it. Take the present college generation—these young people are working more seriously than their predecessors. They, or some of them, put out comic papers which would be startling if they were not so much alike from the Golden Gate to the other end of Maine. But life in the colleges is utterly unlike the incidents pictured by the campus wits. The level of intellectual achievement has been raised steadily during the past few years, so that it is now in some cases rather harder for young folks to get into college than it was for their fathers and mothers to graduate.

When automobile production began to congest the highways, the booksellers ranged themselves on the mourners' bench, bewailing the lost habit of reading. Since then, the publishers have been putting out millions of copies of English classics, which seems to be a most profitable business. New publications, obviously what is called "heavy reading," are printed in editions several times as large as works of the same character appeared in a few years ago.

The playwriters are another happily disappointed group. Serious plays have been finding amazingly good receptions during recent years. The number of people who dare to take up the pictorial arts of painting and sculpture is growing constantly.

Of course there is plenty of jazz to be found, but the raw noises are not holding their own with good music, as programs on the radio give evidence. The belief is increasing that there is demand for more enduring things.

The jazz age has spread the notion among those who are so young that they have known no other, that all ages were like the decade that has followed the war. If it is possible to undeceive them it will be well. The wildness from which we may be emerging had certain definite causes. In the first place there was the great catastrophe, which held most of the world in its grip for four bloody years. It was as natural to take to jazz as it is for many a person with overstrained nerves to take to drink. And then there has been in this country an enormous increase of wealth with an accompanying increase of leisure. Many new toys were brought into the reach of enormous numbers of people whose noses had formerly been held to the grindstone.

It takes time to learn to use the toys so that they will give pleasure to the users instead of doing them harm. The situation has been much the same as in a large family of children who crowd around a heavily laden tree on Christmas morning. Before dinner, they are exhausted and all the new acquisitions look very much alike. By mid-afternoon, there are tears and hair pullings. Prosperity has been too much for the youngsters. They might have managed it better a little at a time.

So it is with many of us. A furious pace has prevailed and nerves are wracked. It is time that we took our lives more quietly. The swing of the pendulum should be away from jazz in a more sane direction.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CHICAGO, ILL.
NEWS
MAY 30 1929

MUSICAL PROGRESS IN AMERICA.

In an interview with a French newspaper representative the other day, Serge Koussewitsky, the eminent director of the Boston Symphony orchestra, asserted that leadership in appreciation of good music, in all its forms and varieties, had passed from Europe to the United States.

Though this may seem to many an extraordinary claim, traveled lovers of music know it is true. The remarkable change has been effected in the last two decades. There are perhaps only two or three orchestras in Europe today that deserve to be placed in the same category with the several first-rate American orchestras. Even the best old-world orchestras cannot achieve the technical and interpretative perfection which is conceded to be characteristic of American performances at their best. And American audiences are conceded to be more critical and more exacting than are those of European music capitals.

These notable and gratifying results are due, of course, to many factors, but the principal one is American generosity. Great orchestras are not self-supporting, and have to be subsidized by governments or private citizens of culture, wealth and public spirit. Without elaborate preparation, thorough rehearsing and painstaking direction, the performances of the best orchestra are mechanical and uninspired. Rehearsals cost money.

American concert and opera audiences demand the best obtainable music regardless of cost, and they are willing to foot the bills, directly or indirectly. The United States is supporting at least ten symphony orchestras and several opera companies. The summer season of opera at Ravinia park, near Chicago, for example, is the wonder of European visitors.

The time has come for the United States to mobilize its musical resources and organize annual music festivals on the model of Salzburg and Munich. It has the artists, the auditors and the means to make such festivals brilliantly successful.

THAT QUESTIONA[illegible]

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE
MAY 12 1929

THE PUBLIC'S CHOICE

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

WHAT music does a symphony concert audience prefer to hear? What, from the point of view of the listener, is "a good program"? Setting aside the matter of skillful arrangement—the art of the program-maker in providing contrast, balance, variety, etc., and considering only the musical raw material itself—it may as well be said at once that there is no such thing as "a good program." There is the sort of program that the Right Wing prefers. There is the sort of program that the Left Wing prefers. There is the sort of program that the Center prefers. They are all different. No one program or type of program will please a body of concert subscribers as a whole; and for any conductor who should be naïve enough or daring enough to attempt so impossible a contrivance there would be but a choice of unpleasant outcomes—madness or resignation.

If you doubt this proposition, go to a Philadelphia Orchestra concert and listen to the comments of the Left Wing among the audience (say the friends and adherents of Mr. Varese) upon a program or that part of a program which Mr. Stokowski may trustfully have devised to placate the embattled dowagers of the Right Wing—or, if you prefer, reverse the process.

* * *

Two Letters of Protest

IN THE managerial office of a certain great American symphony orchestra there are on file two letters of complaint signed by two groups of subscribers. One of the letters reads as follows:

"To the Board of Directors of the ————.

Gentlemen: We, the undersigned subscribers for many years to the ———— Concerts, wish to register our protest against the programs offered by Mr. [the Conductor]. Owing to the predominance of modern music upon these programs, to the exclusion of the great masters, the pleasure and satisfaction which we have derived from the concerts in other seasons have vanished. We urgently request a return to Schumann, Liszt, Dvorak, Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn. We feel that the constant production of modernistic works is unworthy of the great ———— Orchestra. Inquiry among other patrons reveals widespread dissatisfaction with the present programs.

[Here follows an impressive list of signatures.]

* * *

The other letter reads as follows:

To the Board of Directors of the ————.

Dears Sirs: We should like to know how much longer Mr. [the Conductor of the Orchestra] is to be encouraged to place upon his programs such ancient and spavined warhorses as Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique," the "Oberon" Overture, "Les Préludes," Beethoven's Fifth, the "Fingal's Cave" Overture, and Schumann's "Spring" Symphony, when he might be adding instead to the list of outstanding modern works as yet unperformed by the ————, Orchestra. We, the undersigned, want to hear more of the voices of the living age, the musical expressions of our own time, and fewer of the hackneyed standbys which (let us not forget!) were once novelties, disturbing to the grandparents of those who are now disturbed by Honegger and Bartok and Stravinsky. Is it not time that Liszt, Dvorak, Tchaikovsky & Co. were given a rest for a while?

Mr. ———— should not be deceived by the applause of the stand-patters among his audiences, and ignore the presence among them of many music lovers who are sick to death of the chestnuts of the standard repertoire and long for more of the music of our own time, of which Mr. ———— has given us too little.

[Here follows another list of signatures, shorter than the first and considerably less imposing.]

* * *

What Shall the Conductor Do?

NATURALLY, the conductor—assuming that he has, as he should have, the deciding voice in the matter—will try to hold a tactful balance between the familiar works that the Right Wing loves and the novel works that the Left Wing demands; with the inevitable result of giving pain to that section of the audience for whom the opposition's meat is poison.

Two conductors—Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Koussevitzky—at the close of the season just past, took the trouble to ascertain the preferences of their audiences by the ancient, rough-and-ready, but always rewarding procedure of a voting contest. Each conductor promised a final "request program," to be chosen by the ballots of the subscribers.

The custom is one of long standing in Philadelphia, though it was dropped last year while Mr. Stokowski was away on leave of absence. In Boston the expedient, we believe, was unprecedented in the history of the Symphony concerts. It was also, in the case of the New England orchestra, less significant in result, since the voters were restricted in their choice to works played during the last season under Mr. Koussevitzky. In Philadelphia, the subscribers were more wisely permitted to select their favorites "from any works in the orchestral repertory."

Let us therefore glance at the results of the contest in Philadelphia, as indicative of the tastes of a representative American symphony audience familiar (theoretically) with the entire standard orchestral repertoire, from Bach to Prokofieff. Let us also, for purposes of comparison, recall the outcome of the voting in the four previous seasons in which the contests were held. This will take us back over a period of four years, beginning with the close of the season of 1924-'25, and omitting the season of 1927-'28, when no contest was held.

* * *

Philadelphia's Favorites

THE voting was for three types of work: a Symphony, an Overture, and a "Miscellaneous Number": which, with striking liberality, was intended to comprise tone-poems, suites, symphonic preludes, operatic excerpts—anything, in short, that wasn't unmistakably a Symphony or an Overture. As a matter of fact, this category made room, in the voting, for such fantastically diverse items as Bach's "Passacaglia," the "Blue Danube" Waltz, Siegfried's Funeral March, and Mr. George Gershwin's jazz opera, "135th Street."

Confining ourselves to summaries, we discover that the six most popular symphonies, the six most popular overtures, and the six most popular "miscellaneous numbers," as chosen by the audiences of the Philadelphia Orchestra in contests held during the last four years, are as follows:

THE SIX MOST POPULAR SYMPHONIES

COMPOSER.	WORK.	Total No. of Votes in 4 Contests.
Franck	Symphony in D Minor	742
Beethoven	No. 5, C Minor	643
Tchaikovsky	No. 5, E Minor	463
Tchaikovsky	No. 6 ("Pathetic")	419
Brahms	No. 1, C Minor	394
Dvorak	No. 5, ("New World")	322

THE SIX MOST POPULAR OVERTURES

Wagner	To "Die Meistersinger"	517
Beethoven	To "Leonore," No. 3	488
Wagner	To "Tannhaeuser"	443
Wagner	To "Tristan"*	295
Wagner	To "Lohengrin"	250
Wagner	To "Rienzi"	224

*In performances by the Philadelphia Orchestra, the "Tristan" Prelude is always linked with the Liebestod."

THE SIX MOST POPULAR "MISCELLANEOUS NUMBERS"

Rimsky-Korsakoff	"Scheherazade"	455
Tchaikovsky	"Romeo and Juliet"	290
Bach	"Passacaglia"	271
Strauss	"Tod und Verklärung"	270
Sibelius	"Finlandia"	263
Debussy	"L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune"	221

* * *

The Winning Six

FROM this it appears that the six composers most tenderly enshrined in the hearts of symphonic Philadelphia are, in order, these: Wagner (totaling 1,729 votes for five works); Tchaikovsky (1,172 votes for three works); Beethoven (1,131 votes for two works); Franck (742 votes for one work); Rimsky-Korsakoff (455 votes for one work); Brahms (394 votes for one work).

But although Wagner wins hands down as Philadelphia's favorite composer, the Quaker City's favorite work was not composed by Wagner, but by César Franck: a greater number of votes were cast for the Symphony in D minor than for any other item in the list.

* * *

On the whole, it is a choice that we may all take pride in. Of the favorite six composers, two are among the high gods of music; one is a half-god (at the very least); the three others are (shall we say?) second rate, with a possible third rate among them. Half of the Symphonies and Overtures are works of genius. The "miscellaneous" winners do not make so brave a showing; yet the mountainous "Passacaglia" of Bach is among them, and the loveliest inspiration in orchestral music since the death of Brahms—even though it is at the foot of the list.

At least we can say that of the eighteen chosen works only two are musical shoddy. We need not name them; and perhaps in another four years, Philadelphia may have foresworn them, and we shall be throwing our new spring hats in the air to celebrate a choice 100 per cent pure and undefiled.

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NEW YORK
EVENING WORLD
SEP 1 - 1928

IN FORECAST FOR NEXT MUSIC SEASON

GEORGE FLEMING HOUSTON, BASS BARITONE, ENGAGED BY PHILADELPHIA OPERA CO.

TAMAKI MIURA, JAPANESE SOPRANO CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE, OCT 7.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, DOUBLE-BASS PLAYER, CARNEGIE HALL, OCT. 23.

NEW YORK
EVENING WORLD
SEP 1 - 1928

Serge Koussevitsky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will make his first New York appearance as a double-bass soloist at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening, Oct. 23. He will be assisted by Henri Casadesus, performer on the viol d'amour.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
HERALD
SEP 2 - 1928

Gretchaninoff To Arrive Here Early in 1929

Appears With Mme. Koshetz on Jan. 19; Koussevitzky's Bass Recital October 23

Arrangements have been completed for Alexander Gretchaninoff, Russian composer and conductor, to come to this country next January, Richard Copley announces. He will conduct concerts of his own works and appear with Nina Koshetz, Russian soprano, in programs of his songs. His first concert with Mme. Koshetz will be in Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon, January 19. Mme. Koshetz arrives here in the latter part of October to sing with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philadelphia on October 26, 27 and 29. Her first recital of the season will be in Carnegie Hall on Monday night, November 19.

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will give his first recital here on the double-bass at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday night, October 23. He will also play this instrument, on which he became noted as a virtuoso before gaining conductorial fame, in Boston. In both recitals he will be assisted by Henri Casadesus, playing the viola d'amore. The Society of Ancient Instruments of Paris, founded by Mr. Casadesus in 1901, will return here in January, make public and private appearances in New York and travel as far West as Chicago.

Another group which will appear next season under Mr. Copley's management is the Swastika Quartet, a new organization from the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, which has been drilled by Louis Bailly. It will play in New York, Washington and Philadelphia. The Curtis Institute will also send its orchestra of 110 players here for a Carnegie Hall concert. The orchestra, which was first conducted by Leopold Stokowski and later by Dr. Artur Rodzinski, will also give two public concerts in Philadelphia and one in Washington.

CHICAGO, ILL.
HERALD EXAMINER
SEP 3 - 1928

GUNN PROPOSES GIANT MUSICAL FEAST FOR FAIR

Would Build Auditorium Seating 6,000; Suggests Symphony and Song Concerts.

Huge musical presentations, featuring American artists, and held in an especially constructed open air auditorium with a seating capacity of 6,000 or more, were the feature points in the music plan submitted to the trustees of the World's Fair of 1933 by Glenn Dillard Gunn, music critic of The Herald and Examiner.

According to Mr. Gunn's plans, the program of the fair would include:

Ten weeks of music by the United States marine band; ten weeks of opera by the Chicago Civic Opera Company; ten weeks of concerts by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, with concert series also by the Philadelphia and Boston Symphonies.

CHORUS SINGING.

Singing by the amalgamated choruses of Chicago, 2,000 voices; a Welsh Esteddfod, 2,000 voices, and various racial groups, 1,000 voices.

Besides the auditorium for the symphony and choral concerts, Mr. Gunn suggests the erection of an open air stage for opera, modeled after Ravinia, and seating 4,000.

His plan also includes the construction of a band stand and shell for free out-door concerts.

EMPHASIZE CHICAGO.

"The musical program should emphasize Chicago organizations—the Civic Opera, the Chicago Symphony, the local choruses which should serve singly and in amalgamation," said Mr. Gunn in outlining his plan.

"The musical program should underscore native music. Prizes should be offered for American operas, symphonies, choral works, chamber music and lesser compositions.

"There should also be a comprehensive exhibition in concert form showing the astounding musical resources of the nation as represented in the music of the public schools. The National High School Orchestra, band and chorus together with similar organizations representing the city and the state should be included in the concert program.

"The fair should write musical conventions of all kinds. The Federated Music Clubs, 100,000 strong; the United German Chorus, 5,000 strong, and other racial groups. All should be required to emphasize American music."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS
SEP 8 - 1928

Serge Koussevitzky, who comes with the Boston Symphony orchestra October 30 to open the symphony series, has been creating a sensation again this summer with his "Concerts Koussevitzky" in Paris, and with his appearances, solo and with orchestra, at other Continental centers.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
UNDAY AMERICAN
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SEP 9 - 1928

THIS season concerts will be given Friday evenings instead of Thursday, as in the past. There will be two exceptions to this rule. In order to obtain the New York Philharmonic with Toscanini and the Boston Symphony Orchestra it was necessary to accept a date that fits in with their tours. The Boston Symphony Orchestra will be heard Monday evening, October 29, and the New York Philharmonic Thursday, March 7.

The concerts are divided into two series of seven each, and the prices for the series have been scaled at a figure that barely covers the cost of the attractions with every seat sold. In proportion to the number of concerts, prices are lower than last year.

It is expected that the extraordinary excellence of the offerings will insure a series subscription that will exhaust the seating capacity of the house and that there will be few or no seats available for the single concerts.

If purchased in series the best seats in the orchestra may be had for as low as $1.78 a concert, and in the balcony for as low as $1. These prices to hear artists of the caliber included in the two series and in an environment like the Eastman Theater are said to be unduplicated in the country.

Mail orders are now being accepted for one or both series. Box office sale of series tickets opens Monday, September 24.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
SEP 9 - 1928

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New Yorkers are to hear Serge Koussevitzky play his double bass, a recital by the Boston Symphony's conductor being announced for Oct. 23 in Carnegia Hall. He will be assisted by Henri Casadesus whose instrument is the viola d'amore. Mr. Koussevitzky is also to give a recital in Bost

DAYTON, OHIO
JOURNAL
Herald

MUSIC CENTER TO LAND IN AMERICA

Famous Boston Director Predicts Great Future in This Country.

PARIS, Sept. 7.—America will be the future great center of music, according to Serge Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who has recently given a series of concerts in Paris.

Mr. Koussevitzky surprised the French musical leaders when he told them that a large number of Americans are now writing the music of the future and that there is no country in the world where good music is better appreciated.

"One doesn't want music, but bread, when one is hungry," said the director, "and of course everyone knows that America isn't starving these days—only starving for beauty in all its forms. She is now ready for the inner culture, having acquired the outer with prosperity.

"It is almost phenomenal, the great interest that is shown in music. And it is not only the rich adn the highly educated that are crowding the concert hall, but the ordinary large masses. Even twenty large, fine symphony orchestras cannot satisfy the— wonderful."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NDAY AMERICAN
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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SEP 9 - 1928

Serge with th on Oct phony sensatio concerts with his orchestra ters.

CHICAGO, ILL.
HERALD EXAMINER

SEP 14 1928

alented conductor of the ill bring that organization October 29. Mr. Koussevit- t talented conductors now

NEW YORK, N. Y.
EVE. POST
SEP 12 1928

Music

Schubert Prize Symphony to be Played Here in November

KURT ATTERBURG'S $10,000 prize-winning symphony of the Schubert centennial contest will be played during Schubert Week, November 18 to 25, in New York by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Willem Mengelberg. Other performances are under negotiation by the Columbia Phonograph Society and by the Boston, Philadelphia and Detroit Symphony orchestras.

The Roth String Quartet, brought over by Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, has arrived here and will play in Pittsfield, Mass., next week and later in Washington, Boston, Cambridge, Wellesley, Williamstown and in this city. The players are Feri Roth, first violin; Jeno Antal, second violin; Ferenc Molsar, viola; Albert Van Doorn, cello.

The Sunday matinee and night concert season at the Gallo Theatre opens October 21. The regular season opens October 8 with Philip Goodman's production of "The Rainbow," and the San Carlo Opera Company will be heard there later.

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Local Symphony Carries On as Others Fail

BY GLENN DILLARD GUNN.

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THE Chicago Symphony holds its public. The same cannot be said of the orchestras in other cities, Boston and Philadelphia excepted. The famous New York Symphony, which Walter Damrosch has made famous by way of the radio, gave its last concert on August 18 at Chautauqua, N. Y. Despite the fact that hundreds of thousands heard this famous body each week—and heard, too, Mr. Damrosch's illuminating discussions of symphonic music—it has become impossible to maintain it as an independent orchestra giving a series of symphony concerts in New York City. So it has merged with the New York Philharmonic.

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Adolf Philipp, playwright, actor, composer and famous as the creator of the German-American musical comedy, will offer a series of his studies in pre-war German types. His comedy, "Ueber'n grossen Teich" ("Across the Big Pond") displays the corner grocer, his friend the butcher and their friend, the old-time German saloonkeeper, as its heroes. It should strike a responsive note in many hearts.

1 189

NEW YORK
EVENING WORLD
SEP 1 - 1928

IN FORECAST FOR NEXT MUSIC SEASON

GEORGE FLEMING HOUSTON, BASS BARITONE, ENGAGED BY PHILADELPHIA OPERA CO.

TAMAKI MIURA, JAPANESE SOPRANO CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE, OCT 7.

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY DOUBLE BASS PLAYER, CARNEGIE HALL, OCT. 23.

NEW YORK
EVENING WORLD
SEP 1 - 1928

Serge Koussevitsky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will make his first New York appearance as a double-bass soloist at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening, Oct. 23. He will be assisted by Henri Casadesus, performer on the viol d'amour.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
HERALD
SEP 2 - 1928

Gretchaninoff To Arrive Here Early in 1929

Appears With Mme. Koshetz on Jan. 19; Koussevitzky's Bass Recital October 23

Arrangements have been completed for Alexander Gretchaninoff, Russian composer and conductor, to come to this country next January, Richard Copley announces. He will conduct concerts of his own works and appear with Nina Koshetz, Russian soprano, in programs of his songs. His first concert with Mme. Koshetz will be in Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon, January 19. Mme. Koshetz arrives here in the latter part of October to sing with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philadelphia on October 26, 27 and 29. Her first recital of the season will be in Carnegie Hall on Monday night, November 19.

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will give his first recital here on the double-bass at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday night, October 23. He will also play this instrument, on which he became noted as a virtuose before gaining conductorial fame, in Boston. In both recitals he will be assisted by Henri Casadesus, playing the viola d'amore. The Society of Ancient Instruments of Paris, founded by Mr. Casadesus in 1901, will return here in January, make public and private appearances in New York and travel as far West as Chicago.

Another group which will appear next season under Mr. Copley's management is the Swastika Quartet, a new organization from the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, which has been drilled by Louis Bailly. It will play in New York, Washington and Philadelphia. The Curtis Institute will also send its orchestra of 110 players here for a Carnegie Hall concert. The orchestra, which was first conducted by Leopold Stokowski and later by Dr. Artur Rodzinski, will also give two public concerts in Philadelphia and one in Washington.

CHICAGO, ILL.
HERALD EXAMINER
SEP 3 - 1928

GUNN PROPOSES GIANT MUSICAL FEAST FOR FAIR

Would Build Auditorium Seating 6,000; Suggests Symphony and Song Concerts.

Huge musical presentations, featuring American artists, and held in an especially constructed open air auditorium with a seating capacity of 6,000 or more, were the feature points in the music plan submitted to the trustees of the World's Fair of 1933 by Glenn Dillard Gunn, music critic of The Herald and Examiner.

According to Mr. Gunn's plans, the program of the fair would include:

Ten weeks of music by the United States marine band; ten weeks of opera by the Chicago Civic Opera Company; ten weeks of concerts by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, with concert series also by the Philadelphia and Boston Symphonies.

CHORUS SINGING.

Singing by the amalgamated choruses of Chicago, 2,000 voices; a Welsh Esteddfod, 2,000 voices, and various racial groups, 1,000 voices.

Besides the auditorium for the symphony and choral concerts, Mr. Gunn suggests the erection of an open air stage for opera, modeled after Ravinia, and seating 4,000.

His plan also includes the construction of a band stand and shell for free out-door concerts.

EMPHASIZE CHICAGO.

"The musical program should emphasize Chicago organizations—the Civic Opera, the Chicago Symphony, the local choruses which should serve singly and in amalgamation," said Mr. Gunn in outlining his plan.

"The musical program should underscore native music. Prizes should be offered for American operas, symphonies, choral works, chamber music and lesser compositions.

"There should also be a comprehensive exhibition in concert form showing the astounding musical resources of the nation as represented in the music of the public schools. The National High School Orchestra, band and chorus together with similar organizations representing the city and the state should be included in the concert program.

"The fair should write musical conventions of all kinds. The Federated Music Clubs, 100,000 strong; the United German Chorus, 5,000 strong, and other racial groups. All should be required to emphasize American music."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS
SEP 8 - 1928

Serge Koussevitzky, who comes with the Boston Symphony orchestra October 30 to open the symphony series, has been creating a sensation again this summer with his "Concerts Koussevitzky" in Paris, and with his appearances, solo and with orchestra, at other Continental centers.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SUNDAY AMERICAN
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
SEP 9 - 1928

THIS season concerts will be given Friday evenings instead of Thursday, as in the past. There will be two exceptions to the rule. In order to obtain the New York Philharmonic with Toscanini and the Boston Symphony Orchestra it was necessary to accept a date that fits in with their tours. The Boston Symphony Orchestra will be heard Monday evening, October 29, and the New York Philharmonic Thursday, March 7.

The concerts are divided into two series of seven each, and the prices for the series have been scaled at a figure that barely covers the cost of the attractions with every seat sold. In proportion to the number of concerts, prices are lower than last year.

It is expected that the extraordinary excellence of the offerings will insure a series subscription that will exhaust the seating capacity of the house and that there will be few or no seats available for the single concerts.

If purchased in series the best seats in the orchestra may be had for as low as $1.78 a concert, and in the balcony for as low as $1. These prices to hear artists of the caliber included in the two series and in an environment like the Eastman Theater are said to be unduplicated in the country.

Mail orders are now being accepted for one or both series. Box office sale of series tickets opens Monday, September 24.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
SEP 9 - 1928

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New Yorkers are to hear Serge Koussevitzky play his double bass, a recital by the Boston Symphony's conductor being announced for Oct. 23 in Carnegia Hall. He will be assisted by Henri Casadesus whose instrument is the viola d'amore. Mr. Koussevitzky is also to give a recital in Bos[illegible]

DAYTON, OHIO
JOURNAL
Herald

MUSIC CENTER TO LAND IN AMERICA

Famous Boston Director Predicts Great Future in This Country.

PARIS, Sept. 7.—America will be the future great center of music, according to Serge Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who has recently given a series of concerts in Paris.

Mr. Koussevitzky surprised the French musical leaders when he told them that a large number of Americans are now writing the music of the future and that there is no country in the world where good music is better appreciated.

"One doesn't want music, but bread, when one is hungry," said the director, "and of course everyone knows that America isn't starving these days—only starving for beauty in all its forms. She is now ready for the inner culture, having acquired the outer with prosperity.

"It is almost phenomenal, the great interest that is shown in music. And it is not only the rich adn the highly educated that are crowding the concert hall, but the ordinary large masses. Even twenty large, fine symphony orchestras cannot satisfy them. It is wonderful."

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER-EXPRESS
SEP 9 - 1928

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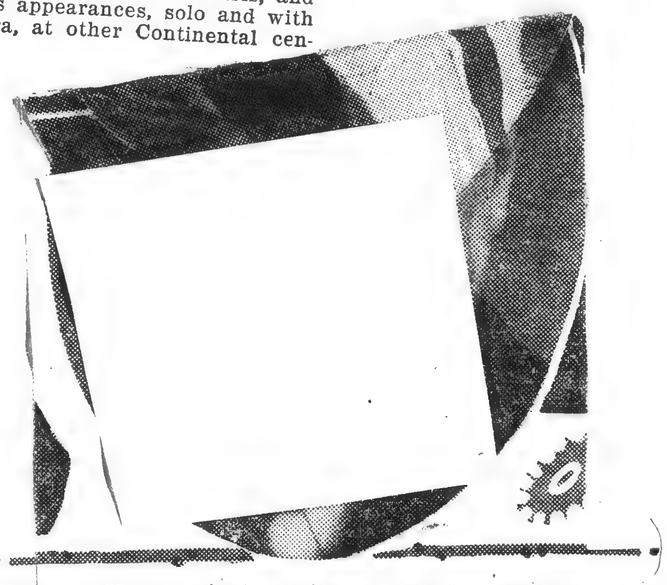

Serge Koussevitzky, the talented conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will bring that organization to the Eastman on the night of October 29. Mr. Koussevitsky is known as one of the most talented conductors now before the public.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.
EVE. POST
SEP 12 1928

Music

Schubert Prize Symphony to be Played Here in November

KURT ATTERBURG'S $10,000 prize-winning symphony of the Schubert centennial contest will be played during Schubert Week, November 18 to 25, in New York by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Willem Mengelberg. Other performances are under negotiation by the Columbia Phonograph Society and by the Boston, Philadelphia and Detroit Symphony orchestras.

The Roth String Quartet, brought over by Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, has arrived here and will play in Pittsfield, Mass., next week and later in Washington, Boston, Cambridge, Wellesley, Williamstown and in this city. The players are Feri Roth, first violin; Jeno Antal, second violin; Ferenc Molsar, viola; Albert Van Doorn, cello.

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Louis Wamure is going to stick by his determination to become a tenor instead of a baritone and will make his operatic debut in America with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company next season, singing Don Jose in "Carmen."

Recital announcements by Beck and Macfarlane are: November 20, Town Hall, Anton Rovinsky, pianist, and March 17, Town Hall, Felix Salmond, cello.

ny Carries Others Fail

LARD GUNN.

RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

SEP 15 1928

theatergoers.

The Boston Symphony.

Richmond is to be the only city south of Washington to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra during the coming season, and although it will not appear before January 29, about 1,000 reservations have already been made at the box office at Walter D. Moses and Company, it was announced yesterday. This great American orchestra, with its 112 musicians led by Serge Koussevitsky, is one of the attractions of the artists' series of five concerts to be presented by Mrs. Wilson-Greene and T. Michaux Moody, who say they have arranged even a more imposing course for this season than that which they gave last year.

N. Y. TELEGRAPH

SEP 16 192

BOGUE-LA BERGE FORECASTS

The Bogue-Laberge Concert Bureau has prepared a statement for The Morning Telegraph concerning its plans for the season, including some very "newsy" bits.

"This bureau always presents at least one novelty during the course of a season. This year we are bringing over the Royal Belgian Guards' Band, which consists of seventy-one members, including the director. This band is particularly interesting because its personnel includes players of string instruments as well as wind instruments. They are more than a 'band' in the American sense of the word as they are what the French would call a 'harmonie.' There is no English equivalent of this word, but it is best described as a combination of band and orchestra.

"Their tour is being arranged under the patronage of His Majesty, King Albert, and of Prince Albert de Ligne, the Belgian Ambassador to the United States. Special permission for this tour was granted to this bureau by the Belgian Government and military authorities. This promises to be a 'hit' of the concert season.

"Pro Arte String Quartet of Brussels will return to America next January for their third American tour. The success of their last two years here is being proven by the number of engagements we have already secured for them. The critics have spoken of this quartet as having no equal today. In Europe their reputation has long been established and America was not long in appreciating their art.

"Arthur Honegger, composer-conductor, will come to America next January for his first American tour. He will be accompanied by his wife, Andree Vaurabourg, who is a splendid pianist. Mr. Honegger is already booked to conduct the Boston Symphony and the Beethoven Symphony, while his wife will appear as soloist at these concerts. They will appear before a number of the other orchestras and will also give a series of chamber music concerts. These latter will prove vastly interesting, due to the versatility of Mr. Honegger, for not only does he write music which he conducts, but he also displays his talent on the piano and violin.

"Cobina Wright, soprano, has recently come under our management. She is a prominent society leader and also is known as a music critic. Madame Wright has been chosen to accompany Arthur Honegger on his tour as the interpreter of his songs. She will prove an added attraction for the chamber music concerts in which Mr. and Madame Honegger will participate.

"Dr. Leigh Henry, the eminent English writer-lecturer-composer, will come to America in October for his first American tour. He is well known in British literary circles and also is a connoisseur of the stage. He is a recognized authority on Welsh and Celtic music and is a member of the executive board of the Welsh Eisteddfods. At a concert the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir recently gave for King George and Queen Mary, Dr. Henry was warmly received and congratulated by the royal family. During the course of his tour in America, he will appear before a number of the prominent colleges and universities. Dr. Henry is also the London correspondent for Musical America.

Meet the Maestro

(Continued from Page 6.)

Milan, Italy, where he is well known as impresario. He is planning to present pupils in Dayton and on tour.

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Arnold Powell, who came to the United States in 1918 and settled in Chicago, for the last six years he has been a resident of New York and is established in the Steinway Building as a teacher of the violin and all theoretical subjects, such as harmony, counterpoint, canon, fugue, composition and orchestration.

As a composer Mr. Powell has achieved signal success. He has just completed a choral and grand fugue, scored for large orchestra, which will be performed by one of the orchestral associations this season. The fugue is highly polyphonic in treatment, a dominant characteristic with the composer. The influence of Brahms is seen in his theme development, and his instrumentation is of the most modern order. He has also written several choral works, such as cantatas with orchestra, two sonatas for piano, a string quartet and many songs and smaller pieces for piano and violin. At present he is at work on a symphony.

Powell was born in the city of Vilna, Russia. At the age of 6 years he commenced the study of the violin with local teachers. Two years later he was accepted as a pupil in the Vilna Royal Music School, where he studied under Professor Malkin, who was also the teacher of Jascha Heifetz. After graduation from the Vilna Royal Music School in 1898 with highest honors, young Powell was taken to Moscow to continue the study of the violin under Professor Hrimaly, widely known as the compiler of the work, "Scale for the Violin." At the same conservatory he commenced the study of the piano.

After completing his studies under Professor Hrimaly, Mr. Powell went to St. Petersburg, where he studied musical theory, harmony, counterpoint and orchestration with Alexander Glazounow, at that time dean of Russian composers. The study of canon, fugue and musical form composition was pursued under the celebrated Russian composer, Anatole Liadoff. Later Powell went to Germany, where he became a pupil in violin of the famous August Wilhelmj, and in composition of the eminent German musical scholar, Dr. Hugo Rieman.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
EAGLE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will give its usual series of five concerts at the Academy this season, beginning Friday evening, Nov. 23. Mr. Koussevitzky sailed from Europe Sept. 19 and will assemble the orchestra for its first rehearsals the last of the month.

NEW YORK TIMES

Serge Koussevitzky was to sail last Wednesday from Europe to begin his fifth year as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which opens its forty-eighth season at Symphony Hall on Oct. 5.

LANCASTER, PA.
NEWS

SEP 16 1928

AMERICA TO BE CENTER FOR WORLD MUSIC, SAYS FAMOUS BOSTON DIRECTOR

Paris—America will be the future great center of music, according to Serge Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who has recently given a series of concerts in Paris.

Mr. Koussevitzky surprised the French musical leaders when he told them that a large number of Americans are now writing the music of the future and that there is no country in the world where good music is better appreciated.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.
JOURNAL

SEP 19

KOUSSEVITZKY TO PLAY BULL FIDDLE AS RECITALIST

By IRVING WEIL.

The bull fiddle, more politely known as the contrabass viol, or double bass, is ordinarily, in spite of its hulking size, the most unassuming instrument of the modern orchestra. But now and then some particularly skillful player discovers that it can be made to do more than merely grunt resignedly, and drags it to the front of the stage for solo honors.

It has long been reported that Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, can do marvelous things with the contrabass, but in the four years or more that he has been in America, no one has ever heard him do it. Now, at last, he has been persuaded to give two recitals on the instrument, and one of them will take place here in New York next month. The other will be given in Boston.

Mr. Koussevitzky was the most famous double bass player in Europe before he took up conducting in a serious way. He gave recitals on the instrument up and down Russia for years, and cities in other parts of Europe heard him, too. But his reputation—and engagements—as an orchestral conductor outgrew his activities as a contrabassist, and for the last fifteen years or so he hasn't done much with the bull fiddle.

OTHER SOLOISTS.

It will be extremely interesting to hear him, for there are really a good many potentialities in the contrabass that one would scarcely suspect from listening to the nine or ten players of the thing in any orchestra. In the last ten or fifteen years we have heard two or three soloists on the contrabass who could make it do almost as much as a 'cello.

The soloists, to be sure, always have cheated a little, insofar as they make use of an instrument smaller than the regulation contrabass, something between a 'cello and the full-size affair. This was so as long ago as the time of the Venetian, Dragonetti, probably the most famous of all contrabassists, who astonished the whole of Europe in the eighteenth century. It was also true of Bottesini, the Lombard, the best known of bassists in the middle nineteenth century. We do not actually know what size instrument Mr. Koussevitzky uses now, but we have been told that he, too, formerly employed one something appreciably less than the normal six feet, six inches.

The contrabass viol, it might be interesting to the more curious concertgoer to know, by the way, is the last survival of a family of instruments that, up to the eighteenth century, made up practically the whole orchestra.

UNLIKE RELATIVES.

If you will take the trouble to notice, during an intermission at an orchestral concert, when the hard-working bassists have stood their big viols up against the rear wall, or leaned them against chairs, you will observe that they have flat backs and sloping shoulders (the viols, of course).

This is quite unlike the arched back and square shoulder of the violin, viola and 'cello. The truth is that when the violin family, with its generally more powerful and finer quality tone began to be made in the eighteenth century, it quickly drove out of use all the smaller viols and left only the biggest one. This, with modifications, seemed to do very well for its modest purpose in the orchestra—chiefly that of doubling bass parts.

Another old instrument, the viola d'amore, a kind of small 'cello with seven gut strings and beneath them, seven metal strings which, however, are never touched by the bow, will be used at Mr. Koussevitzky's concert. This will be played by Henri Casadesus, the head of the Society of Ancient Instruments of Paris. The metal strings sound sympathetically when the gut strings are bowed and the tone, although small, is peculiarly charming.

BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION

SEP 19

MUSIC

Boston Symphony Commences 1928-1929 Season on Oct. 5.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, which will begin the annual series of five Brooklyn concerts at the Academy of Music on Nov. 23, opens its forty-eighth season in Symphony Hall, Boston, on Oct. 5. Serge Koussevitzky will then begin his fifth year as conductor of this famous organization.

During the past summer, Mr. Koussevitzky has been in Europe listening to new music and interviewing comopsers and publishers, with no doubt his usual intuitive perception of what is most vital and significant in the music of the present day. The masterpieces of the past will, however, have their just predominance upon his programmes this season, including a Schubert centennial series.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
HERALD

Serge Koussevitzky is on his way from Europe to begin rehearsals for the forty-eighth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which opens in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, October 5. This orchestra's forty-third New York season will consist of the usual Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoons in Carnegie Hall on November 22 and 24, January 3 and 5, January 31 and February 2, March 7 and 9 and April 11 and 13, and Friday evenings at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on November 23, January 4, February 1, March 8 and April 12.

NEW YORK
EVENING WORLD

Interesting

Gretchaninoff, Noted Russian Composer to Present Program of Works

Koussevitzky to Make First Appearance Here as Double-Bass Soloist

By Richard L. Stokes

THE recital season of 1928-29, which will be formally opened with Miss Esther Dale's program at Town Hall on Tuesday evening, Oct. 2, promises several interesting novelties in addition to the usual torrent of standard events. Foremost among these will be perhaps the American visit of Alexander Gretchaninoff, celebrated Russian composer, who on Jan. 19, at Carnegie Hall, will present a program of his own works, with Mme. Nina Koshetz, soprano, as assisting artist.

Another advent of keen interest will be the first New York appearance of Serge Koussevitzky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as a soloist on the double-bass, an instrument familiarly known as the "dog-house." Before undertaking his distinguished career with the baton, Mr. Koussevitzky was a redoutable virtuoso on the bass viol. His concert will take place at Carnegie Hall on Oct. 23.

CINCINNATI, OHIO
BILLBOARD

SEP 22

A RECITAL of unusual interest announced for Carnegie Hall, New York City, will be that of double bass fiddle by Serge Koussevitzky, eminent director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. For this event, on October 23, the artist will be assisted by Henri Casadesus, viol d'amour player.

DETROIT, MICH.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
HERALD

SEP 2 [illegible]

190

Roth Quartet Heard as Music Festival Ends

Budapest Group Scores at Last of Mrs. Frederick Coolidge Chamber Music Concerts

Mozart Is Featured

Gordon Players Also on Final Program at Pittsfield, Mass.

By Francis D. Perkins

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Sept. 21.—Mrs. Frederick Sprague Coolidge's tenth anniversary chamber music festival of South Mountain closed here to-day with two concerts featured by the first American performances of three compositions and the American debut of a notable chamber music ensemble, the Roth quartet of Budapest.

This group, composed of Feri Roth and Jeno Antal, violins; Ferenc Molnar, viola, and Albert Van Dorn, 'cello, played the morning program, which offered two of the day's novelties, Frank Bridge's third quartet and a quintet by the Czech composer, Bohuslav Martinu, preceded by Mozart's G major quartet, K 387.

Performance Impressive

The appearance of the Roth quartet resulted from a hearing of the group by Mrs. Coolidge last summer in Paris. Its performance to-day provided a strong testimonial for her selective ability. The Hungarian quartet is a young organization, but in the matter of unity and balance of performance, blending of tone, the effect conveyed by the players of a single, thoroughly fused artistic entity, the group made an unusual impression.

The quartet deserves particular praise for its memorable playing of Mozart, perfectly proportioned with delicate variety of color and remarkable finish of detail. The group's tone possesses smoothness and polish; it is not primarily big tone, but is full in quality and sufficient in volume. The modern works showed that Mr. Roth and his colleagues are at home not only in Mozart. Mr. Bridge's quartet in three movements is about half an hour long. It has not designated key and is in a distinctly latter-day vein. At a first hearing it is not readily self-revealing; while certain prominent phrases are discernible, the English composer's plan and the sequence of his musical thought eluded us. There seemed relatively little variety of color, considerable soberness of mood and certain engaging passages, such as a slow interlude near the end. It might well prove more rewarding on a second hearing.

Czech Musical Atmosphere

The quintet of Martinu, whose "The Tumult" was played here last season by the Boston Symphony, is in a lighter vein, graceful and pleasing. While the harmonies are modern, the tuneful themes and their development are conservative. There is considerable liveliness, with a hint or two of Czech musical atmosphere and a closing fugue. Egon Kornstein played the second viola part. The Roth quartet was enthusiastically welcomed by an audience which stood for the final applause. A breaking cello string provided a slight mishap, but the players were not disturbed by this incident.

Arnold Schoenberg's third quartet, dedicated, like the other new works on the day's program, to Mrs. Coolidge, was the afternoon novelty. It is a tonal, of course, its harmonics sound harsh and there is little variety of color. But it proved easier to follow than we had expected. While revolutionary in relation to familiar ideas of harmony and construction, it suggested fidelity to a formula of Schoenberg's own, and attempting to follow and characterize the formula was interesting.

Short principal themes, constantly repeated with relatively little change or development, were one feature of the composition. Another feature was the unemotionality which marks not only this quartet among recent works, but in certain chromatic passages in the middle movements Schoenberg admitted a certain hint of post romanticism.

Garden Quartet Scores

While the quartet provided interest as an intellectual exercise, it may be doubted if it is likely ever to be loved, unless present musical tastes become substantially changed. In to-day's audience, which possessed an unusually high aggregate amount of musical knowledge and culture, Schoenbergites appeared to be considerably in the minority.

The Gordon string quartet, which had appeared in the opening festival program Wednesday night, accomplished its difficult task laudably. Hugo Kortschak conducted the chamber orchestra of Boston, composed of Boston Symphony men, in the first and last numbers of the afternoon, the minuet from Schubert's Fifth Symphony in B flat and Respighi's "Trittico Botticelliano" dedicated to Mrs. Coolidge and commissioned by her for a Library of Congress festival.

At the end Mr. Kortschak led the orchestra in a fanfare for Mrs. Coolidge and thus closed a very successful festival.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
STAR
SEP 23 1928

"Casals of the Double Bass" Will Lead Simfonietta Here

The story of how Fabian Sevitzky, nephew of the Boston Symphony's distinguished conductor, Sergei Koussevitzky, "fell in love with the big fiddle" and became known as the "Casals of the Double Bass," is a triumph of artistic determination and perseverance, and moreover has had its present reward in his conductorship of the remarkable musical organization known as the Philadelphia Chamber String Simfonietta, or more familiarly as just "the Simfonietta," which will have its Washington premiere in the Cooperative Artist Concert Course.

Born in Tver, Russia, he commenced his musical career at the age of 8, and at 12 years determined to enter the conservatory at Petrograd, by winning a scholarship there. Not an easy matter, since no scholarships were available in either piano or violin, the two instruments on which his talent was obvious. Indeed there was but one vacancy—for a double bass player, and at once he set out to play the huge instrument. When a few months later he duly presented himself at the auditions, the youngest of entrants, he was so small that he had to stand on a stool to play. Nevertheless, he won the Cui scholarship and was admitted to the conservatory and on his graduation he received the gold medal, being, incidentally, the only person who ever did win it there for work on the double bass.

In March, 1923, he came to this country and obtained a position in the Philadelphia Orchestra, and between seasons he bridged the gap by going down to Mexico on a concert tour—as player of the big fiddle. He made such a remarkable success in Mexico City that he was hailed all over the country as the "Casals of the Double Bass" and his reputation was made. But he soon found that here in America there is no audience for the double bass as a concert instrument, so he at once began his greater work, the realization of his greatest dream, that had haunted him since boyhood days. Chamber music glorified—to catch the fancy of the great music-loving public by tripling the quintet, by doubling the quartet—and so the Simfonietta was born and its success is musical history. It will be heard here next Winter at Washington Auditorium.

CITIZEN
BROOKLYN
SEP 23 1928

BOSTON SYMPHONY TO GIVE CONCERTS HERE

Usual Series Will Begin on November 23—Serge Koussevitzky to Conduct

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will give its usual series of five concerts at the Academy of Music this season, beginning Friday evening, Nov. 23. Mr. Koussevitzky sailed from Europe Sept. 19 and will assemble the orchestra for its first rehearsals the last of the month. Since the early 80's the Boston Symphony has stood for the utmost in symphonic performance. The best musicians Europe and America could provide were rigorously trained by a succession of conductors into an ensemble which has sent the name and fame of this orchestra out over the world.

In Serge Koussevitzky the Boston Symphony found an inexorable drillmaster and a persuasive artist combined. His magnetic presence and extraordinary imaginative sweep have inspired this illustrious organization to new heights of eloquence and beauty that has electrified the symphony public with the spectacle of a new achievement in symphonic performance.

RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH
SEP 24 1928

Symphony Orchestra To Give Concert Here

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitsky conducting, which has been selected as the third and middle attraction in the series of five artists' concerts presented by Mrs. Wilson-Greene and T. Michaux Moody, will give two concerts in Washington and two in Baltimore this season under Mrs. Wilson-Greene's management. It is possible that the orchestra may in the future pay an annual visit to Richmond, as it does in the other two cities where the same impresario operates. Representations for the course are being made now at Walter D. Moses & Co., where great care is given mail and telephone orders.

AKRON, OHIO
TIMES

New Music Hall To Open In Cleveland

South Wing of Public Has Seating Capacity of 3000

Cleveland will open its newest music hall, the new south wing of the gigantic Public Auditorium, this fall with the Boston Symphony orchestra as the first of the series of recitals and concerts in the new "Cleveland Concert Course" with Grace Denton as the producer.

The hall seats 3000 and is the result of some dissatisfaction at the huge auditorium that serves well for opera but that is far too large for a recital or ordinary concert artist. Something of the same thing may yet come to Akron, if the proposed hall is built as a part of the University of Akron group in J. Ed. Good Park.

The concert course in Cleveland represents a mixture that has become increasingly popular and the prices are as attractive. In addition to the Koussevitsky-conducted Boston orchestra will be Roland Hayes, Maria Jeritza, Jascha Heifitz and Paul Whiteman and his concert orchestra with George Gershwin as soloist. The opening is set for October 31 and then one concert a month will follow.

The move of many of Cleveland's veteran organizations from the older Masonic Hall to the new Music Hall of Public Auditorium is rather significant.

First will be the Singers Club, which for more than 35 years has been singing for the fun of it and which numbers in its chorus of 125 some of the leading business and professional men of the city. It is representative, in this day when music finds more sponsors than actual participants among the social set, of the old time musical organization. Every year for this third of a century they have given three concerts—this year their Wednesday evening concerts will be in the new hall with Giovanni Martinelli, John Charles Thomas and Elsa Alsen as soloists. Each year they sing to capacity houses and yet, so high priced as their soloists and so elaborate the parties that follow each concert, they must meet a deficit.

All the college shows will also be in the new hall, which should be of interest to the Akron alumni of Princeton, Yale and Harvard, who help make up the full houses that greet Triangle, Dramat and Hasty Pudding productions in Cleveland.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL
SEP 23

Music Notes

Outlook for Providence's Music Season at Present Vague.—Music Teachers and Pupils Begin Activities.—Worcester Festival Programs.

Music teachers and their pupils are gathering momentum for the new season. The latch is off the metronome, and pianos, fiddles and voices go in for limbering up exercises. The pipes are calling the music club clans.

What is otherwise in store for Providence concertgoers is only vague foreseen at present. A large group of musically interested people was formed last year for the purpose of bringing artists here, but no definite plans are as yet announced. Smaller groups, such as that which offered a series of programs at the Women's College last season, will function again. The Boston Symphony is to be one, at least, of Providence's major attractions.

No one appears to take the place of the late Albert Steinert, whose series of concerts formed the backbone of the musical season for many years. And even if one did there would be physical reasons to hamper any efforts along that line. Providence still is without an available auditorium large enough to make possible concerts by the more expensive artists. There is a delay in completing the Masonic auditorium which at one time was thought would be ready for the Boston Symphony this year. The larger theatres, where Sunday concerts were once held are filled with movies. Only by special arrangement is the Albee Theatre open to the Boston Symphony on Tuesday nights. The Symphony, by the way, starts its season on Oct. 4 in Boston.

The more active concertgoer will doubtless make pilgrimages to Boston where the Sunday afternoons at Symphony Hall are due to begin Oct. 14 with Kreisler, followed by Farrar and with Galli Curci, Hayes, Heifetz, Rachmaninoff, Homer, Hofmann, McCormack, Schipa, Werrenrath and Casals listed. Mr. Koussevitzky and his double bass are scheduled for a recital on the evening of Oct. 15.

Remindful of what Providence used to have is the series in Hartford provided by Robert Kellogg, an impresario there for six years. His opener will be a concert by Mme. Homer and her daughters, Louise Homer Stires and Catherine Homer, on Oct. 28. After them will come five concerts by Tita Schipa and Alberto Salvi, Galli Curci, Rachmaninoff, Ponselle, Albert Spalding and John Charles Thomas.

NEW YORK TIMES

KOUSSEVITZKY RETURNS.

Will Begin Fifth Season With the Boston Symphony on Oct. 5.

Serge Koussevitzky returned yesterday morning on the Ile de France to begin his fifth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He will lead the first concert of the year in Symphony Hall on Oct. 5. He brought manuscripts of several new compositions which he expects to introduce to American audiences during the coming season.

In addition to his duties as orchestra conductor in several cities of the East and Middle West, Mr. Koussevitzky will once more appear as a recitalist on the double bass in Boston on Oct. 15 and in Carnegie Hall on Oct. 23. He left yesterday afternoon for a short stay in Philadelphia before beginning rehearsals in Boston.

MUSIC

BOSTON SYMPHONY

HER OCT 13
By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Stravinsky, "Apollon Musagete" ("Apollo, Leader of the Muses"), a ballet (first time in Boston); Kodaly, suite from his comic opera, "Hary Janos" (first time in Boston); Schumann, Symphony, B flat, No. 1.

The disappointment of those who seeing the name of Stravinsky went prepared to sulk, pout, rage and find fault with Mr. Koussevitzky for daring to conduct another piece by this son of Belial, flushed with insolence and vodka, this Antichrist in contemporaneous musical life, must have been keen. For in this ballet there was no orgy of dissonances, no thunderous crashes, no drums beaten as if by madmen. There was simple music, often tuneful, often beautiful; when there were commonplace passages they were not disturbing to Stravinsky's admirers; and these commonplaces reassured and pleased the reactionaries who are suspicious of anything they think is mildly or audaciously original. The prevailing spirit of this ballet is of the 18th century.

"Apollo," scored for strings only, was first heard at the indefatigable Mrs. Coolidge's chamber musical festival in the music room of the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C., on April 27, 1928. Mr. Bolm then mimed Apollo. At the later performances in Paris and London Serge Lifar of the Ballet Russe was the god.

Here is the rare instance of ballet music that does not suffer by being transferred to the concert platform. There is hardly any story for the theatre stage; the action is negligible. It would seem as if Stravinsky, now tired of his futile attempt to write in the manner of Bach when that composer was dull and merely a weaver of insignificant patterns, and in the manner of Handel's oratorios—there has been only one Handel—the superb—forgot his piano concerto and his "Oedipus Rex" and bethought him of Lulli and Rameau. Thus he has joined the band of modern Frenchmen who praise these composers of the 18th century and would submit to their influence. Did not Debussy at a performance of a ballet suite from Rameau's "La Guirlande" performed in Paris 25 years ago, stand up and shout: "Hurrah for Rameau! Away with Gluck!" For in Rameau's music Debussy found the pure French musical tradition, tenderly and delicately charming, "without the affectation of German depth, without the italicization with blows of the fist, without long-winded explanations which seem to say: 'You are a parcel of idiots, who understand nothing unless one forces you in advance to accept 'bladders for lanterns.'"

No wonder that the audience yesterday enjoyed Stravinsky's dance tunes which might have served the old leaders of the ballets in the Parisian opera house moving vivaciously or with solemn poses as goddesses or nymphs.

No wonder that the applause was so general, so hearty, so long continued that Mr. Koussevitzky was recalled after the excellent performance; that the players shared in the tribute.

The suite drawn from Kodaly's comic opera, which was produced at Budapest in 1926, is another matter; more dependent, no doubt, on the action, with the effect increased by the scenery, costumes and the dramatic dialogue or soliloquy. This Hary Janos, a boastful peasant, having returned to his village, tells, as an old man of the wonders he has seen, the deeds that he has done. He overthrew in battle Napoleon at Milan—Napoleon trembled and wept as soon as he caught sight of Hary; and Hary rescued Marie Louise and took her to her imperial father in Vienna—hence the boisterous march in the nature of a Hungarian Rhapsody that ends the suite.

The burlesque battle scene is amusing, but how much more entertaining it would be in the opera house! The prodigious orchestral sneeze with which the prelude opens is also amusing, a clever instrumental trick, but what would a hearer make of it, were he not told that in Hungary when any one perpetuates a whopper, an accidental sneeze from man of woman in the company is an assurance of the narrator's truthfulness however incredible the tale may seem. There is beautiful music in the section entitled "Song," where Hary and his sweetheart long to see again their fatherland. Here, as elsewhere in the suite, Kodaly uses Hungarian melody. This suite, as we have said, is entertaining, the work of an accomplished musician, who, while understanding and able to write in the ultra-modern idiom, is not afraid of melody even when it is frankly national or has undergone sophistication. Although Kodaly is known as an enthusiastic lover and collector of folk songs, his hobby has not made him a parochial composer. He is not forced for inspiration to sit in a village belfry.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave a brilliant and eloquent reading of Schumann's symphony; so eloquent that one forgot for the time being the oft repeated slurs on Schumann's orchestration and the oft heard remark that he wrote as if for a piano and then awkwardly handed the music to the orchestra. All in all a delightful concert.

It will be repeated tonight. The program of next week comprises Haydn's Symphony in G major called "The Surprise"; Rubin Goldmark's "Negro Rhapsody" and Cesar Franck's Symphony.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony G major, "The Surprise." Rubin Goldmark, A Negro Rhapsody (first time in Boston). Cesar Franck, Symphony, D minor.

Mr. Koussevitzky is so fortunate in his interpretation of Haydn's music; so intelligently appreciative; so content to let the music speak for itself in its 18th century way; so regardful of the composer's clarity of expression, the finish of his workmanship and his friendly, homelike spirit, one wishes that more symphonies of Haydn, and less familiar ones than those played from time to time, were heard under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction. There are conductors who say to themselves: "I suppose I must play one or two of Haydn's symphonies this season to satisfy the old fogies." And so they select from the few they know and conduct them in a perfunctory way, apologizing, as it were, to the young and voluble amateurs in the audience who think that there was no music before Debussy; that even his music is now "old hat," too obvious and melodic. This symphony as it was conducted and performed yesterday is fresher, more spontaneous, more charming music than many works of the last decade, which, when they were performed here were hailed as "original," "remarkable," even "epoch-making," and now are in the capacious dust-bin of Time.

Mr. Goldmark's Rhapsody, composed in 1921-22, was performed for the first time by the Philharmonic Society of New York in January, 1923. It has been heard in other cities of this country and was recently played in London. The name of Carl Goldmark's nephew was not unknown to our symphony audiences. His overture to "Hiawatha" has been performed twice at the concerts of this orchestra; his tone-poem "Samson" has also been played here. For the thematic material of his "Negro Rhapsody" the composer naturally took what are known as "Spirituals," with the exception of a Tennessee river tune. The themes are inherently interesting; they should lend themselves easily to emotional or rhythmically brilliant treatment.

Mr. Goldmark has composed the Rhapsody in what might be called the post-war orthodox manner. Perhaps it was the only way to treat these themes. He knew that the melodies themselves, the stirring rhythms, at times after the fashion of a negro "break-down," with thunderous climaxes, would excite immediate applause. He is an excellent musician, well grounded in the grammar and rhetoric of his profession. He brought out the effects he wished to make. His labor was rewarded yesterday by enthusiastic applause. He was twice obliged to acknowledge the tribute. He acknowledged it modestly, rising from his seat on the floor; not making a frantic rush with flying coat tails to the platform.

As the "Pelleastres" for a time did Debussy harm; so the "Franckists" injured the reputation of Cesar Franck. They insisted on his aloofness from earthly strife, joy, sorrow, passion. They proclaimed him a mystic, dwelling in the seventh heaven and hearing, if not the celestial choir, at least the music of the spheres. His compositions were of plenary inspiration: not a note could be added; not a note could be taken away.

A reaction was inevitable. Younger composers, escaping his influence, were tired of his alleged perfection. Older composers, envious no doubt of his fame, were wearied by the recital of his private and musical virtues. Was he overestimated soon after his death? For some years it has been the fashion to underestimate him; to speak of "the false mysticism of the old Belgian angel." Too frequent repetitions of his music, even of that masterpiece the violin sonata and of his symphony were not of benefit to him. (It was as with Tchaikovsky and his "Pathetic" symphony.)

Today it is only just to recognize Franck's eminence among composers. To say that his symphony is flawless is not so easy. We believe that in the first movement the return of the sombre introduction, even with a changed tonality, before the full exposition, development and continuance of the main body of the movement, was a mistake. It might reasonably be said that there is in this movement over-elaboration, a surplusage of detail, unnecessary repetitions of thematic fragments given in turn to various instruments or choirs of instruments, a favorite device of Tchaikovsky's. There might something be said with regard to diffuseness in the other movements.

The performance was dramatic. Even a spiritually endowed organist may be pardoned for being dramatic in his music. Too much has been said about Franck's piety and humility. There should be no quarrel with Mr. Koussevitzky about his fiery reading of the work; but, surely, the finale does not admit of the rapid pace at which he, as other conductors in the past, took the movement. The music demands breadth and continuous, stately sonority. Here is not a quick allegro, even though there are two beats in the measure. The rapid playing makes the finale feverish; and gives a certain triviality, even flippancy to passages that should be dignified and imposing.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Prokofieff, "Classical" Symphony. Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun." Michal Kondraczki, Partita. Brahms, Symphony in D major, No. 2.

"NEGRO RHAPSODY" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Rubin Goldmark Hears His Work Performed

Koussevitzky Conducts Brilliant Performances of Two Symphonies

Rubin Goldmark, the well-known composer and teacher long resident in New York, heard at yesterday's Symphony concert an eloquent performance of his "A Negro Rhapsody." At the end he rose in his place near the front of the floor and bowed repeated acknowledgments of the very hearty applause. Mr Koussevitzky had put two symphonies on the program, Haydn's "Surprise" and Cesar Franck's. He gave remarkably brilliant interpretations of both of these familiar classics. If applause is a test yesterday's concert pleased the subscribers far more than either of the earlier ones of the new season.

Goldmark, a nephew of the composer of the "Sakuntala Overture" and numerous other long popular works, was educated in Vienna and New York. A man in his 50s, he is naturally conservative rather than futuristic in his work. "A Negro Rhapsody," written in 1919-22, is based on seven themes, either taken over bodily from Negro tunes, or in the same general style. "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen," "O Peter Go Ring dem Bells," "Oh Religion is a Fortune," "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," "Oh When I come to ...," and an unfamiliar tune collected years ago in Tennessee, provide the principal melodic ideas. The counter themes are of the composer's own invention.

Sonorous Climaxes

Mr Goldmark has treated these now universally popular tunes skillfully, building up enormous climaxes by piling together phrases from several different ones. He has scored his music for orchestra with a rather self conscious ingenuity.

The audience was delighted with the piece even before it discovered the presence of the composer. Such potpouris as this do not of course claim to have profound originality or great imaginative depths. But it is perhaps better to write unpretentious music that succeeds in pleasing an audience than to strive unsuccessfully to produce a masterpiece.

Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave a thoroughly enjoyable and remarkably fine performance of Haydn's "Surprise Symphony." The only attempt at innovation in the conductor's interpretation was the unusually slow pace at which the minuet, marked "Allegro molte" was played. This movement has usually been taken very rapidly by other conductors. It gains notably by Mr Koussevitzky's reading.

One wonders just what "allegro molte" meant in the 18th Century. Dr Muck used to take the first movement of Mozart's G minor Symphony, also marked "allegro molte," more slowly than anyone else plays it. In this case also as with yesterday's Haydn minuet, the slow pace plainly suits the music better than the rapid one.

Haydn has not lost his hold on audiences, as yesterday's applause showed. One may smile at this apparent naivete, and find his "surprise" no longer startling, but the flow of amiable, high spirited melody, the occasional hints at solemnity, the imaginative vitality of the music is unquestionable.

Franck's Symphony

Franck's Symphony Mr Koussevitzky rightly regards as a romantic and energetic piece, with no mysticism or "otherworldliness" about it. Play it as though it were Liszt, as he does, and it gains by what some will call lack of reverence. Passages of this music are strident, boisterous, almost vulgar. Even the slow movement has much more in common with Berliez than with Palestrina. Its real distinction is an originality of style that verges on mannerism, witness the incessant modulations, the curiously characteristic rhythms.

After all, the outstanding French composers since 1830 have been the original men like Berliez, Franck, Debussy, Ravel, Florent Schmitt, Honegger, not the correct and clever people like Saint-Saens, nor the sentimentalists like Gounod and Massenet. One can think of more examples of originality of style among French 19th century writers than among Germans.

There is much more obvious connection between the music of Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Brahms than between that of the Frenchmen named above.

Next week's program is to include Prokefieff's "Classical Symphony," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," a Partita by an unknown Polish composer, Kendraczki, and Brahms' D major Symphony.—P. R.

SYMPHONY EASY UPON LISTENER

Goldmark's "Rhapsody" Wins Rounds of Applause

Post OCT. 20.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

As though in anticipation of the none too stimulating weather conditions, Mr. Koussevitzky had prepared for the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon a programme by no means taxing to the listener.

For beginning and end came two familiar and well-liked symphonies—Haydn's "Surprise" and that of Cesar Franck, while the remaining and novel piece was the readily assimilated "Negro Rhapsody" of Rubin Goldmark.

APPLAUD THE RHAPSODY

Composed between 1919 and 1922, Mr. Goldmark's Rhapsody has already found favor in other cities, and yesterday's audience plainly rejoiced in it. From his seat near the stage the composer, who had come over from New York for the occasion, bowed in acknowledgement of the long-continued applause, nor did the audience rest content till the members of the orchestra had likewise arisen.

That Mr. Goldmark's music should win such immediate response is easily understandable. Going for his thematic material to seven Negro melodies, six of them Spirituals, Mr. Goldmark has used this expressive material with musicianly resource and frequent effectiveness. But on the whole this admirably made piece seems oversuave, sophisticated and polite. One misses the primitive, the ecstatic note. And the orchestral dress, although sumptuous and sonorous, does not always escape the reproach of undue thickness.

The Symphony of Haydn, beloved of Mr. Koussevitzky, was played delightfully. How fresh this music sounds after close on a century and a half. Fresher, it is temptation to write, than that of Franck, which yesterday companioned it.

With Mr. Koussevitzky's conception of this latter work it is still possible here and there to disagree, albeit his version of the music has become somewhat modified, more tempered and restrained, since first it was disclosed to us in Boston. In it the essential Franck is often to be found, his native eloquence heightened and intensified. But in the background there still lurks, and from it now and then emerges, an alien figure, a sort of Belgian Tchaikovsky reveling in frenetic outbursts and sentimental rallentandos. By the audience, consistently enthusiastic throughout the concert, this vivid, gorgeously colored reading of the symphony was rapturously received, and once again the conductor answered his listeners' insistent plaudits by summoning the musicians to their feet.

HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

OCT 6 -

KOUSSEVITZKY OPENS SEASON IN BOSTON

Famous Symphony Conductor Returns From Europe.

Serge Koussevitzky arrived in New York Tuesday from Europe full of plan for a Boston Symphony season of especial interest and musical importance. The Russian conductor opened his fifth season at the head of the famous orchestra in Symphony hall, Boston. He told questioning reporters of some significant new scores which he brought in his trunk from Europe and which are to have their first performances in the course of the season. These include new symphonies by Prokofieff, Martinue (the Czecho-Slovakian) and new scores by the young Americans, Copeland and Sessions. Another American premier will be a symphony by Frederick the Great, the versatile statesman whose symphonies and skill upon the flute were not the least of his abilities. Especial concerts in observance of the Schubert centennial are also announced.

During the summer, Mr. Koussevitzky conducted his annual "Concerts Koussevitzky" in Paris, at which he introduced no less than thirteen works to the Parisian public, including Carpenter's "Skyscrapers." Koussevitzky also listened to much music and conferred with composers. Before returning to America, he had several weeks of well-earned recreation, which he spent mountain climbing with the composer, Prokofieff, in the French Alps.

Koussevitzky, whose extraordinary mastery of the double-bass brought him great fame before his days of conducting, will give his first New York recital upon this unusual instrument this month, October 23. On landing in New York, he devoted several days to making phonograph records of his double-bass solos.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN

OCT 5 -

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its 48th concert season in Symphony Hall, Boston, Friday. Serge Koussevitzky, celebrated conductor, directed this performance, thereby opening his fifth season with the Boston organization.

Koussevitzky and his orchestra will open the symphony series in Columbus with a concert in Memorial Hall November 1, under the auspices of the Symphony Club of Central Ohio. The club is presenting its fifth annual series.

In preparation for the opening of what the club considers the most pretentious and highly artistic group of concerts ever sponsored during its history, members of the Symphony Club will hold a meeting Monday at 2:30 p. m., at the home of Mrs. B. Gwynne Huntington, 292 S. Columbia-av.

Rev. Dr. McIlyar Hamilton Lichliter, pastor of the First Congregational Church, will address the member on the merits of symphony music and the benefits derived from it in Columbus.

Other concerts on the series are by the Cincinnati Symphony, Memorial Hall, Dec. 3. Fritz Reiner, who has not been seen in action in Columbus for several seasons, is to conduct. A matinee concert for children is also scheduled for the Concinnati on the afternoon of the same day. Vladimir Bakaleinikoff will handle the baton. His work in Memorial Hall last season was greatly appreciated by a packed house.

On Feb. 4 the Cleveland orchestra will make its fifth annual appearance in Columbus and again under the direction of Nikolai Sokoloff. Helen Pugh Alcorn, Columbus pianist, who has distinguished herself as soloist with several great American orchestras in recent years, will appear with the Cleveland orchestra.

N. Y. TELEGRAPH

OCT 5 -

News Notes

Serge Koussevitzky, the composer, will be heard when the Boston Symphony conductor gives his recital for the double bass. Several of his own compositions will be included, one of major importance, a concerto in three movements and some smaller pieces in a miscellaneous group.

Henri Casadesus, who is coming to this country to participate in this concert and also in the Boston recital, is scheduled to arrive on the steamer Rochambeau, due Monday.

* * *

PITTSBURG, PA.
POST-GAZETTE

OCT 7 -

Boston Orchestra Here November 2

The Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its season in Boston last Friday night and Saturday afternoon, under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky. Pittsburgh is to be one of the first cities visited by the Boston Symphony this season, opening the orchestral season here Friday night and Saturday afternoon, November 2 and 3, at Syria Mosque. Pittsburgh is to have three visits by the New York Philharmonic, with their leaders, Willem Mengelberg and Arturo Toscanini. The Chicago Orchestra also is included for one evening concert, under Frederic Stock. Others to return are the Cleveland Orchestra, under Nikolai Sokoloff, and the Minneapolis Orchestra, under Henri Verbrugghen.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
CHRONICLE

Chronicle
OCT 7 1926

Cleveland Listed

In its Middle Western tour this winter the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, will also ...

PORTLAND, ME.
SUNDAY TELEGRAM

OCT 7 -

Mr. Serge Koussevitsky, the leader of the Symphony Orchestra, was among the well known passengers arriving on the Ile de France, which docked in New York the middle of the week from Havre.

DETROIT, MICH.
FREE PRESS

KOUSSEVITZKY TO GIVE DOUBLE BASS RECITAL

An event of unusual interest in New York will be the recital for double bass fiddle by Serge Koussevitsky, which will take place in Carnegie hall on Tuesday evening, October 23. Before gaining fame as a conductor, Mr. Koussevitsky, achieved a brilliant reputation throughout Europe as a master performer on this rarely heard instrument. Boston and New York are the only cities in which he will perform this season. For these concerts he will have the assistance of M. Henri Casadesus, master viol d'amour player, who is making a special trip from Boston to participate in these concerts. The Society of Ancient Instruments, founded in 1901 in Paris, by M. Henri Casadesus, will return in January next. This unique organization came to America last April at the invitation of Mrs. E. S. Coolidge. They will make several private and public appearances in New York and travel as far west as Chicago.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
TIMES

OCT 7 -

BOSTON SYMPHONY SERIES

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra promise to give a brilliant opening to the symphony series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation, when they come to Elmwood Music Hall on Tuesday, evening, October 30.

Always a sparkling and vivid programmaker, Mr. Koussevitzky has had an unusually profitable season in Europe discovering music, some of it new and some old. He is to give in Boston this winter the premiere performances of new symphonies by Prokofieff, with whom, by the way, he spent his holidays climbing in the French Alps; also of Martinu, the Czecho-Slovakian, and new scores by the young Americans, Copeland and Sessions. Another American premiere will be a symphony by Frederick the Great, versatile statesman whose symphonies and skill upon the flute were not the last of his abilities.

Incidentally, Koussevitzky will continue his double-bass recitals with a New York concert, on October 23.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
TIMES

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CITIZEN
BROOKLYN

OCT 7 -

Serge Koussevitzky Returns from Europe

Serge Koussevitzky has arrived from Europe, full of plans for a Boston Symphony season of especial interest and musical importance. The Russian conductor opened his fifth season at the head of the famous orchestra in Symphony Hall, Boston, on Friday, Oct. 5.

He told questioning reporters of some new scores which he brought in his trunk from Europe and which are to have their first performance in the course of the season. These include new symphonies by Prokofieff, Martinu (the Czechoslovakian) and new scores by the young Americans, Copeland and Sessions.

The opening program of the Boston Orchestra in Symphony Hall, Boston, last Friday, comprised Beethoven's Leonore Overture, No. 3, and "Eroica" Symphony, Debussy's Nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals" and Hindemith's Concerto, Opus 38.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN
Dispatch
OCT 7

STAGE and STUDIO

THE Boston Symphony orchestra launched into its forty-eighth season, Friday evening, in Symphony hall at Boston. Serge Koussevitzky, celebrated European and American conductor, at the same time began his fifth year as the mentor of the famous band of musicians.

At press time for this page, comments by eastern cities on this concert, which is considered in Boston as the greatest musical event of the season, had not yet reached Columbus.

What the sages have to say, however, is of vital interest in central Ohio, because Koussevitzky and his Boston orchestra will open the symphony season in Columbus at Memorial hall on Nov. 1.

ARRIVES FROM PARIS.

Koussevitzky arrived in America from Paris only ten days ago and in the interim he put his orchestra through a strenuous pace of rehearsals preparatory to the first concert. Recenty he completed his "Concerts Koussevitzky," a series which he has sponsored annually for the past decade in Paris.

The famous conductor is expected to bring some new music in the symphonic category before the public this season. Upon his return from abroad Koussevitzky had in his trunks scores of new symphonies by Prokofieff; Martinu, the Czecho-Slovakian, and new scores by the young Americans, Copeland and Sessions. Another American premier will be a symphony by Freedrick the Great, the versatile statesman whose symphonies and skill upon the flute were not the least of his abilities.

In the meanwhile the Symphony club of Central Ohio, which is sponsoring its fifth season of symphony concerts in Columbus, is preparing for a concerted drive, beginning Tuesday, to sell out Memorial hall for all four concerts in the series.

DRIVE STARTS MONDAY.

Monday, at 2:30, Mrs. B. Gwynne Huntington, president of the club, will preside at a meeting of members of all divisions of the organization, at which plans for the drive will be discussed.

The box office for the sale of seats will open at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets, Monday, Oct. 22. In the meanwhile season reservations can be made with Helen Pugh Alcorn, 34 Linwood avenue, executive secretary of the club.

OTHER CONCERTS.

Second on the series is a children's matinee performance and an evening concert by the Cincinnati symphony, Dec. 3. Vladimir Bakaleinikoff will direct the afternoon appearance, while Fritz Reiner will conduct in the evening.

On Feb. 4 Columbus will hear a return engagement of Nikolai Sokoloff and his Cleveland orchestra. Featuring this concert will be the solo work of Helen Pugh Alcorn, one of Columbus' piano celebrities, who has played with several of America's best orchestras.

Closing the series are a children's matinee and evening concert by the Detroit orchestra under the direction of Victor Kolar, on March 4. Elsa Alsen, prima donna soprano of the Chicago Opera Co., is to be soloist.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER-EXPRESS

Boston Symphony Orchestra

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Incidentally, Koussevitzky will continue his famous double-bass recitals with a New York concert on October 23d. The other six concerts in this notable symphony series in Elmwood Music hall will include the Philharmonic-Symphony, with Mengelberg, on Thursday, November 15th.

Tuesday, December 4th, introduces Victor Kolar to an evening audience as conductor of an entire program. Mr. Kolar, who is Mr. Gabrilowitsch's ass... will conduct 60 per ... symphony con...

"NEGRO RHAPSODY" AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Rubin Goldmark Hears His Work Performed

Koussevitzky Conducts Brilliant Performances of Two Symphonies

Rubin Goldmark, the well-known composer and teacher long resident in New York, heard at yesterday's Symphony concert an eloquent performance of his "A Negro Rhapsody." At the end he rose in his place near the front of the floor and bowed repeated acknowledgments of the very hearty applause. Mr Koussevitzky had put two symphonies on the program, Haydn's "Surprise" and Cesar Franck's. He gave remarkably brilliant interpretations of both of these familiar classics. If applause is a test yesterday's concert pleased the subscribers far more than either of the earlier ones of the new season.

Goldmark, a nephew of the composer of the "Sakuntala Overture" and numerous other long popular works, was educated in Vienna and New York. A man in his 50s, he is naturally conservative rather than futuristic in his work. "A Negro Rhapsody," written in 1919-22, is based on seven themes, either taken over bodily from Negro tunes, or in the same general style. "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen," "O Peter Go Ring dem Bells," "Oh Religion is a Fortune," "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," "Oh When I come to ...," and an unfamiliar tune collected years ago in Tennessee, provide the principal melodic ideas. The counter themes are of the composer's own invention.

Sonorous Climaxes

Mr Goldmark has treated these now universally popular tunes skillfully, building up enormous climaxes by piling together phrases from several different ones. He has scored his music for orchestra with a rather self conscious ingenuity.

The audience was delighted with the piece even before it discovered the presence of the composer. Such potpouris as this do not of course claim to have profound originality or great imaginative depths. But it is perhaps better to write unpretentious music that succeeds in pleasing an audience than to strive unsuccessfully to produce a masterpiece.

Mr Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave a thoroughly enjoyable and remarkably fine performance of Haydn's "Surprise Symphony." The only attempt at innovation in the conductor's interpretation was the unusually slow pace at which the minuet, marked "Allegro molte" was played. This movement has usually been taken very rapidly by other conductors. It gains notably by Mr Koussevitzky's reading.

One wonders just what "allegro molte" meant in the 18th Century. Dr Muck used to take the first movement of Mozart's G minor Symphony, also marked "allegro molte," more slowly than anyone else plays it. In this case also as with yesterday's Haydn minuet, the slow pace plainly suits the music better than the rapid one.

Haydn has not lost his hold on audiences, as yesterday's applause showed. One may smile at this apparent naivete, and find his "surprise" no longer startling, but the flow of amiable, high spirited melody, the occasional hints at solemnity, the imaginative vitality of the music is unquestionable.

Franck's Symphony

Franck's Symphony Mr Koussevitzky rightly regards as a romantic and energetic piece, with no mysticism or "otherworldliness" about it. Play it as though it were Liszt, as he does, and it gains by what some will call lack of reverence. Passages of his music are strident, boisterous, almost vulgar. Even the slow movement has much more in common with Berliez than with Palestrina. Its real distinction is an originality of style that verges on mannerism, witness the incessant modulations, the curiously characteristic rhythms.

After all, the outstanding French composers since 1830 have been the original men like Berliez, Franck, Debussy, Ravel, Florent Schmitt, Honegger, not the correct and clever people like Saint-Saens, nor the sentimentalists like Gounod and Massenet. One can think of more examples of originality of style among French 19th century writers than among Germans.

There is much more obvious connection between the music of Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Brahms than between that of the Frenchmen named above.

Next week's program is to include Prokefieff's "Classical Symphony," Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," a Partita by an unknown Polish composer, Kendraczki, and Brahms' D major Symphony.—P. R.

SYMPHONY EASY UPON LISTENER

Goldmark's "Rhapsody" Wins Rounds of Applause

Post Oct. 20.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

As though in anticipation of the none too stimulating weather conditions, Mr. Koussevitzky had prepared for the Symphony Concert of yesterday afternoon a programme by no means taxing to the listener.

For beginning and end came two familiar and well-liked symphonies—Haydn's "Surprise" and that of Cesar Franck, while the remaining and novel piece was the readily assimilated "Negro Rhapsody" of Rubin Goldmark.

APPLAUD THE RHAPSODY

Composed between 1919 and 1922, Mr. Goldmark's Rhapsody has already found favor in other cities, and yesterday's audience plainly rejoiced in it. From his seat near the stage the composer, who had come over from New York for the occasion, bowed in acknowledgement of the long-continued applause, nor did the audience rest content till the members of the orchestra had likewise arisen.

That Mr. Goldmark's music should win such immediate response is easily understandable. Going for his thematic material to seven Negro melodies, six of them Spirituals, Mr. Goldmark has used this expressive material with musicianly resource and frequent effectiveness. But on the whole this admirably made piece seems oversuave, sophisticated and polite. One misses the primitive, the ecstatic note. And the orchestral dress, although sumptuous and sonorous, does not always escape the reproach of undue thickness.

The Symphony of Haydn, beloved of Mr. Koussevitzky, was played delightfully. How fresh this music sounds after close on a century and a half. Fresher, it is temptation to write, than that of Franck, which yesterday companioned it.

With Mr. Koussevitzky's conception of this latter work it is still possible here and there to disagree, albeit his version of the music has become somewhat modified, more tempered and restrained, since first it was disclosed to us in Boston. In it the essential Franck is often to be found, his native eloquence heightened and intensified. But in the background there still lurks, and from it now and then emerges, an alien figure, a sort of Belgian Tchaikovsky reveling in frenetic outbursts and sentimental rallentandos. By the audience, consistently enthusiastic throughout the concert, this vivid, gorgeously colored reading of the symphony was rapturously received, and once again the conductor answered his listeners' insistent plaudits by summoning the musicians to their feet.

HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

KOUSSEVITZKY OPENS SEASON IN BOSTON

Famous Symphony Conductor Returns From Europe.

Serge Koussevitzky arrived in New York Tuesday from Europe full of plans for a Boston Symphony season of especial interest and musical importance. The Russian conductor opened his fifth season at the head of the famous orchestra in Symphony hall, Boston. He told questioning reporters of some significant new scores which he brought in his trunk from Europe and which are to have their first performances in the course of the season. These include new symphonies by Prokofieff, Martinue (the Czecho-Slovakian) and new scores by the young Americans, Copeland and Sessions. Another American premier will be a symphony by Frederick the Great, the versatile statesman whose symphonies and skill upon the flute were not the least of his abilities. Especial concerts in observance of the Schubert centennial are also announced.

During the summer, Mr. Koussevitzky conducted his annual "Concerts Koussevitzky" in Paris, at which he introduced no less than thirteen works to the Parisian public, including Carpenter's "Skyscrapers." Koussevitzky also listened to much music and conferred with composers. Before returning to America, he had several weeks of well-earned recreation, which he spent mountain climbing with the composer, Prokofieff, in the French Alps.

Koussevitzky, whose extraordinary mastery of the double-bass brought him great fame before his days of conducting, will give his first New York recital upon this unusual instrument this month, October 23. On landing in New York, he devoted several days to making phonograph records of his double-bass solos.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN

Oct 5 - 1926

BOSTON SYMPHONY.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its 48th concert season in Symphony Hall, Boston, Friday. Serge Koussevitzky, celebrated conductor, directed this performance, thereby opening his fifth season with the Boston organization.

Koussevitzky and his orchestra will open the symphony series in Columbus with a concert in Memorial Hall November 1, under the auspices of the Symphony Club of Central Ohio. The club is presenting its fifth annual series.

In preparation for the opening of what the club considers the most pretentious and highly artistic group of concerts ever sponsored during its history, members of the Symphony Club will hold a meeting Monday at 2:30 p. m., at the home of Mrs. B. Gwynne Huntington, 292 S. Columbia-av.

Rev. Dr. McIlyar Hamilton Lichliter, pastor of the First Congregational Church, will address the member on the merits of symphony music and the benefits derived from it in Columbus.

Other concerts on the series are by the Cincinnati Symphony, Memorial Hall, Dec. 3. Fritz Reiner, who has not been seen in action in Columbus for several seasons, is to conduct. A matinee concert for children is also scheduled for the Concinnati on the afternoon of the same day. Vladimir Bakaleinikoff will handle the baton. His work in Memorial Hall last season was greatly appreciated by a packed house.

On Feb. 4 the Cleveland orchestra will make its fifth annual appearance in Columbus and again under the direction of Nikolai Sokoloff. Helen Pugh Alcorn, Columbus pianist, who has distinguished herself as soloist with several great American orchestras in recent years, will appear with the Cleveland orchestra.

N. Y. TELEGRAPH

Oct 5 - 1926

News Notes

Serge Koussevitzky, the composer, will be heard when the Boston Symphony conductor gives his recital for the double bass. Several of his own compositions will be included, one of major importance, a concerto in three movements and some smaller pieces in a miscellaneous group.

Henri Casadesus, who is coming to this country to participate in this concert and also in the Boston recital, is scheduled to arrive on the steamer Rochambeau, due Monday.

* * *

PITTSBURG, PA.
POST-GAZETTE

Boston Orchestra Here November 2

The Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its season in Boston last Friday night and Saturday afternoon, under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky. Pittsburgh is to be one of the first cities visited by the Boston Symphony this season, opening the orchestral season here Friday night and Saturday afternoon, November 2 and 3, at Syria Mosque. Pittsburgh is to have three visits by the New York Philharmonic, with their leaders, Willem Mengelberg and Arturo Toscanini. The Chicago Orchestra also is included for one evening concert, under Frederic Stock. Others to return are the Cleveland Orchestra, under Nikolai Sokoloff, and the Minneapolis Orchestra, under Henri Verbrugghen.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Oct 7 1926

Cleveland Listed

In its Middle Western tour this winter the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, will play in Cleveland.

...RAM

...erge Koussevitsky, the leader of the ...Symphony Orchestra, was among the ... well known passengers arriving on the Ile de France, which docked in New York the middle of the week from Havre.

DETROIT, MICH.
FREE PRESS

KOUSSEVITZKY TO GIVE DOUBLE BASS RECITAL

An event of unusual interest in New York will be the recital for double bass fiddle by Serge Koussevitsky, which will take place in Carnegie hall on Tuesday evening, October 23. Before gaining fame as a conductor, Mr. Koussevitsky, achieved a brilliant reputation throughout Europe as a master performer on this rarely heard instrument. Boston and New York are the only cities in which he will perform this season. For these concerts he will have the assistance of M. Henri Casadesus, master viol d'amour player, who is making a special trip from Boston to participate in these concerts. The Society of Ancient Instruments, founded in 1901 in Paris, by M. Henri Casadesus, will return in January next. This unique organization came to America last April at the invitation of Mrs. E. S. Coolidge. They will make several private and public appearances in New York and travel as far west as Chicago.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
TIMES

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CITIZEN
BROOKLYN

BUFFALO, N. Y.
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COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN
Dispatch
Oct 7 - 1926

92

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In the meanwhile the Symphony club of Central Ohio, which is sponsoring its fifth season of symphony concerts in Columbus, is preparing for a concerted drive, beginning Tuesday, to sell out Memorial hall for all four concerts in the series.

DRIVE STARTS MONDAY.

Monday, at 2:30, Mrs. B. Gwynne Huntington, president of the club, will preside at a meeting of members of all divisions of the organization, at which plans for the drive will be discussed.

The box office for the sale of seats will open at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets, Monday, Oct. 22. In the meanwhile season reservations can be made with Helen Pugh Alcorn, 34 Linwood avenue, executive secretary of the club.

OTHER CONCERTS.

Second on the series is a children's matinee performance and an evening concert by the Cincinnati symphony, Dec. 3. Vladimir Bakaleinikoff will direct the afternoon appearance, while Fritz Reiner will conduct in the evening.

On Feb. 4 Columbus will hear a return engagement of Nikolai Sokoloff and his Cleveland orchestra. Featuring this concert will be the solo work of Helen Pugh Alcorn, one of Columbus' piano celebrities, who has played with several of America's best orchestras.

Closing the series are a children's matinee and evening concert by the Detroit orchestra under the direction of Victor Kolar, on March 4. Elsa Alsen, prima donna soprano of the Chicago Opera Co., is to be soloist.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER-EXPRESS

COLUMBUS, OHIO
STATE JOURNAL
OCT 7 -

Boston Symphony Coming Here, Starts 48th Season

The Boston Symphony Orchestra launched into its forty-eighth season and Serge Koussevitzky his fifth year as its conductor in their concert in Symphony Hall, Boston, Friday evening.

At the time of this writing criticisms of this concert, which is the greatest musical event of the year in Massachusetts, had not reached Columbus. These are anxiously awaited, since the Boston will open the symphony season in Columbus Nov. 1 and Koussevitzky will make his first appe[redacted]entral Ohio.

The Symphony Club of Central Ohio, which is sponsoring its fifth season of symphony concerts in Columbus, is making preparations for starting its seat sale campaign.

Mrs. B. Gwynne Huntington, 292 S. Columbia Ave., president of the Symphony Club, has called a meeting of all divisions of the organization at her home Monday at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. McIlyar Hamilton Lichliter, pastor of the First Congregational Church, will address the members on the merits of symphony music and the benefits derived from it in Columbus.

According to Helen Pugh Alcorn, executive secretary of the club and in charge of the seat sale, a record in the way of attendance at symphony concerts in Columbus will be established. Mrs. Alcorn draws her conclusions from the fact that more season tickets have been sold so far this season than have been during similar periods of previous years. Mrs. Alcorn is handling season reservations at her home, 34 Linwood Ave.

Three other concerts are in the symphony series. The Cincinnati, Fritz Reiner directing, is booked for Dec. 3; the Cleveland, with Nikolai Sokoloff as conductor, Feb. 4, and the [redacted] Symphony Orchestra, under direction of Victor Kolar, is scheduled in Memorial Hall for Mar. 4.

The Symphony Club's box office at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad Sts., will open Monday, Oct. 22.

Serge Koussevitzky, Boston Symphony Conductor, Who Gives Double-Bass Recital Oct. 23.

PITTSBURG, PA.
PRESS
OCT 7

BOSTON ORCHESTRA

Season Opened With Concerts Last Week.

The Boston Symphony orchestra opened its season in Boston last Friday night and Saturday afternoon, under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky. Four new musicians were introduced by Mr. Koussevitzky this season. George Boettcher, the French horn virtuoso of Berlin, will head the horn section. The other new members are Y. Chardon, cello; N. Lauga, violin and L. White, percussion.

Pittsburgh is to be one of the first cities visited by the Boston Symphony this season, opening the orchestral season here on Friday night and Saturday afternoon, Nov. 2 and 3 at Syria mosque. Advance indications are that the symphony season here will surpass previous years in point of attendance, for in addition to the Boston orchestra, Pittsburgh is to be favored with three visits by the New York Philharmonic, with their leaders, Willem Mengelberg and Arturo Toscanini. The Chicago orchestra is also included for one evening concert, under Frederick Stock. Other favorites to return are the Cleveland orchestra, under Nikolai Sokoloff, and the Minneapolis orchestra, under Henri Verbrugghen.

BALTIMORE, MD.
EVE. SUN
OCT 9 - 1928

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is to be heard here in two concerts, opened its new season last Friday and Saturday at Symphony Hall, at the Hub with Serge Koussevitzky conducting and with Beethoven's third "Leonore" overture, Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fetes," Hindesmith's Concerto for Orchestra Opus 38 and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony on the program. In this connection it is also to be stated that Mr. Koussevitzky, who for a time toured Europe, giving recitals on the double bass with great success, will display his virtuosity on this unusual solo instrument in a number of performances in the United States. The first of them is slated October 23.

CINCINNATI, OHIO
BILLBOARD
OCT 13 1928

Boston

Work is being rushed to complet the new Keith Memorial Theater for it early opening. The exact date has no yet been set, but it is now expected tha the premiere performance will be earl in November.

Four new musicians have joined th Boston Symphony Orchestra for its 48t season. They are Georg Boettche French horn virtuoso, from the Berli Royal Opera; Y. Chardon, cello; N Lauga, violin, and M. Lafosse, percussio

Joseph A. Cronin, publicity assistan at the Washington Street Olympia Thea ter, Boston, has returned to work aft a six months' illness.

PITTSBURG, PA.
POST-GAZETTE
OCT 1 [redacted] 1928

Boston Symphony Here November 2-3

The Boston Symphony Orchestra with Serge Koussevitzky as leader will open the symphony season in Pittsburgh on Friday night and Saturday afternoon, November 2 and 3. The programs include Apollon Musagete Ballet, Nocturnes by Debussy, prelude to "Die Meistersinger," Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major, "Eroica"; Cencerto Grosse for string orchestra, Bacchanale (Der Venusberg) from "Tannhauser," "La Valse," Choreographic poem, and Symphony No. 2 in D major.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEWS
OCT [redacted] 1928

CLEVELAND TOPICS
CLEVELAND, OHIO
OCT 13 1928

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Due to unforseen construction delays in the new Music Hall of Public Auditorium, the concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, on October 31st, will be given in Masonic Hall. This is to be the first presentation on the Cleveland Concert Course, the ensuing attractions being Maria Jeritza, Jascha Heifetz, Roland Hayes and Paul Whiteman and his Concert Orchestra.

Cleveland is fortunate in the coming visit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, not only because of the supreme qualities of the organization

(Continued to page 50)
(Continued from page 42)

but because its engagements are strictly limited outside of the eighty-four concerts of the Boston and New York series. Rochester, Buffalo, Columbus and Pittsburgh are the only cities outside of Cleveland that will have an opportunity to hear the Orchestra.

Particular interest is attached to the visit, too, because of Koussevitzky who is considered to be one of the most brilliant of the world's orchestral conductors. This is to be his first Cleveland appearance.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
JOURNAL COURIER
OCT 1 2 [redacted]

A Springfield merchant spent $1,000 a week to have his business mentioned in connection with the Boston symphony broadcasting in addition to royalties but concludes to desist this year. The charge of modernism is alleged as explanation why the concerts did not altogether "go" but while jazz is modern it is not that kind that was sent out by the great organization.

HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
OCT [redacted] 1928

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
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SUN TELEGRAPH
OCT 13 [redacted]

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COLUMBUS, OHIO
STATE JOURNAL
OCT 7 -

Boston S... H...

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Blossom Seel

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PITTSBURG, PA.
PRESS
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POST-GAZETTE
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(Continued to page 50)
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THIS CLIPPING FROM
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

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DOUBLE BASS RECITAL

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Koussevitzky took up the bass as a boy of 14, when, in the Moscow Conservatory, he was required to master some instrument. The first 10 years of his career he toured Europe, giving recitals and playing his own double-bass concerto with orchestra. His bass is a superb product of Gironimo Amati, the great instrument maker of the 17th century Italy. Europe still fondly remembers the recitals in which Koussevitzky and Casadesus played the 17th and 18th century music written for bass and viola d'amore.

Casadesus is coming from Europe especially to appear with Koussevitzky for the first time in America. The two musicians will play at their recital a "Symphonie Concertante" of Lorenziti and a Sonata of Borghi—both written for double-bass and viola d'amore duet. Another 18th century composition will be a little suite for viola d'amore, also by Lorenziti. Koussevitzky will play his own double-bass concerto and a group of shorter solo numbers, to include a "Valse miniature" also of his own composition.

N. Y. TELEGRAPH
OCT 7 1928

When Koussevitzky Plays the Double Bass

One of the outstanding novelties of the season will be the appearance of the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, in a recital of the double bass.

For the benefit of those who do not recognize the title of the instrument may we remind you of the big grandfather of the violin, played with the artist standing and bowing across the long, thick strings. Eight of the ten of the double basses are found in the back of the symphony orchestra.

A soloist double bass?

And the conductor of the Boston Symphony that soloist?

First it should be mentioned that in days gone by double bass soloists were many. It is only as changing musical conditions appeared that the double bass soloists disappeared. But there are still a few. And the greatest of them is Koussevitzky, but his recitals are necessarily infrequent because of his duties as conductor. As a matter of fact the recital on October 23 is only his second in America.

When Serge was 14 he entered the Moscow Conservatory; that institution required for the orchestral class the study of a brass instrument or double bass—and Serge chose the latter. He studied under a great master and soon was recognized as a skilled artist, touring for ten years as virtuoso. He played his own concerto, which, by the way, will be heard at his New York recital.

Koussevitzky does not use a chamber instrument as did Bottesini, nor does he hold his bow 'cello fashion, as did that master of a century past. Koussevitzky's instrument, which he highly prizes, is a rare product of the illustrious seventeenth century family of Amati, of the brother Gironimo, to be exact. Only two others are known to exist. This bass is of full concert size and has four strings. Kousse-[illegible]ard, in [illegible]ayers. [illegible]or the eight-[illegible]th his [illegible]ember [illegible]turally [illegible]desus, [illegible]ments viola [illegible]rthed [illegible]os for which these [illegible]n to-Sas-[illegible]ap-[illegible]ica [illegible]will [illegible]Sam-[illegible]and [illegible]a for [illegible]uet. [illegible]si-[illegible]ola [illegible]own [illegible]ut of [illegible]de a [illegible]own

TRANSCRIPT
Buchold
B OCT 9 1928

Bostonian's Night Off.—Philip Ha[illegible] has been dramatic and music cri[illegible] of the Boston Herald for many yea[illegible] He had not been in New York [illegible] fifteen years until a few days a[illegible] As he was spending only one night [illegible] Gotham, picking his single enterta[illegible]ment was a nice problem.

He chose the Boston Sympho[illegible] concert at Carnegie Hall.—Variety

Inventor's Triumph.—

SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS.
NEWS

OCT [illegible]

BOSTON, Oct. 18.—Alwin Schroeder, first 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the past quarter century, is dead at his Jamaica Plain home in his 74th year.

Schroeder, who was widely known in musical circles, suffered a shock last Friday. He was a native of Germany, coming to Boston in 1891.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
TIMES UNION

Boston Symphony Opens Series B Monday, Oct. 29

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra opens concerts series B in the Eastman Theater on Monday night, Oct. 29, Ravel's second "Daphnis and Chloe" suite will be one of the features of the program. Of the virtuoso performances by the orchestra and Serge Koussevitzky, nothing has made a more remarkable impression than this composition of Ravel's.

When the famous French composer visited this country last year, Koussevitzky paid him the homage of a program consisting entirely of Ravel compositions. As the climax of the afternoon, "Daphnis and Chloe" was played and aroused the audience into according the composer, director and orchestra an ovation. Maurice Ravel, foremost of tone-painters in the contemporary French school, is thought by many to have achieved his masterpiece in "Daphnis and Chloe." It is abundant in his characteristic delicacy. In sheer liveliness and grace, certain woodwin passages in "dawn" and "pantomime" of this suite have perhaps been excelled by no other composer. This score is also probably his largest canvas, and never did he use so broad a brush with such overwhelming effect as in the tumultuous dance which closes the suite.

To quote from Olin Downes of the New York Times: "Mr. Koussevitzky outdistanced any of his present colleagues and his orchestra gave an exhibition hardly to be surpassed in the "Dahnis and Chloe" music of Ravel. We remember no such reading of this now familiar and popular music, none which drew such magic and such throbbing beauty from Ravel's orchestration." And Herman Devries, after the performance in Chicago by Koussevitzky and his orchestra, wrote in the Chicago American: "The audience was bled dry of emotion and nerves of ecstacy. The very silence of the audience was oppressive, a silence of rapt emotion, as though each human soul had forgotten the presence of its neighbor, and the ego was lost in this exhibition of matchless poetic beauty."

The rendition of "Daphnis and Chloe" by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be the first Rochester performance of this composition.

The concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the only event in Series B which has been scheduled for a night other than Friday, Monday being the only night on which the organization could appear in Rochester.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS

SERGE KOUSSEVITSKY, at the head of the Boston Symphony orchestra will open the Buffalo Musical foundation's orchestra series Tuesday evening, Oct. 30, in Elmwood Music hall.

Mr. Koussevitzky will begin his program with a symphony and will end with a symphony. The opening number will be the Classical Symphony of Prokofieff. The final, the Brahms Symphony No. 2, in D major. Works of Debussy and Ravel also will appear on this program.

The Classical Symphony is not long, so the concert will come well within the usual time allowed for symphonic programs. Serge Prokofieff, the "enfant terrible" of contemporary Russian music, shows himself in an amiable mood in this little work, composed in 1916-17. Felix Borowski quotes the composer as saying that his idea in writing this work was to catch the spirit of Mozart, and to put down that which, if he were living now, Mozart might put into his scores. This remark should not be taken solemnly, for it was probably made in the spirit of the music, which sparkles with verve and wit and insouciance. At any rate, in this symphony Prokofieff forgets his barbarians of ancient Scythia and his Babylonian demons. One finds here a pure, spontaneous, melodic vein, unconcealed by terrorisms. The Russian's high spirits and fertile invention play freely and delightfully within the boundaries of the orthodox 18th century form.

The big symphony of the evening, the Brahms Second, will be played at the end, after a ten-minute intermission.

Nov. 15 will bring the great Holland conductor, Willem Mengelberg, with the Philharmonic-Symphony, the first appearance here of the newly merged New York Philharmonic and the New York Symphony orchestras.

The Prague choir, composed of 60 singing teachers of the public and high schools of Czecho-Slovakia who have been giving concerts throughout Europe for the past 20 years, will sing in Elmwood Music hall in the Symphony series. The chorus has been persuaded by a committee of Czecho-Slovakian Americans to visit Canada and the United States in order to make us acquainted with the supreme Bohemian art of singing and with the works of their great composers, who are headed by such internationally known masters as Smetana, Dvorak and Janacek.

The Cleveland orchestra, with Sokoleff conducting, and the Detroit with Sir Thomas Beecham as conductor, add further glories to this season's symphon[illegible]

SUNDAY AMERICAN
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Opening Series B Concert

IN a country from which have come some of the most colorful personalities and greatest artistic geniuses in history, Serge Koussevitzky, the brilliant conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, towers as one of the great musical figures which Russia has produced. Koussevitzky will again hold the baton when the Boston Symphony Orchestra comes as the opening concert event in Series B in the Eastman on Monday night, October 29.

The circumstances surrounding the career of this eminent conductor and virtuoso are as engrossing as a narrative from the pen of Tolstoy. Koussevitzky first conducted as a boy of twelve, when he led the local theater orchestra at his birthplace in the province of Tver, in Northern Russia. Later, at the conservatory at Moscow, he was required to study an instrument, and chose the double bass, and long before he was known as a conductor, had attained a considerable degree of fame on the continent as a soloist of distinction.

Deserting the limited field into which the double bass was leading him, Koussevitzky began in 1909 to devote his entire time to conducting. He organized his own symphony orchestra in Moscow, which soon came to be considered the finest in Russia. In Moscow and Petrograd he conducted the classics, gave Beethoven, Bach, Tschaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff and other festivals each season, and championed works by young composers then unknown but since accepted.

One of the most picturesque undertakings of his entire career resulted from his determination to take music to the people of Russia, to bring it himself into the midst of the great agrarian populations, most of whom had never heard a symphony concert. He chartered an immense steam-

Conductor 4

The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the brilliant young Russian, Serge Koussevitzky. The Boston Orchestra will appear in concert at the Eastman next Monday night, October 29.

er, and cruising down the Volga River with his entire orchestra, together with soloists and a group. Friends, traveled through 2,500 miles to its basin.

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Following brilliant triumphs on the continent Koussevitzky came to America in 1924 to assume the leadership of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Under his inspiring guidance, this organization has attained a peak of musical excellence which brings it to the same high standard set by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and makes it one of the greatest musical organizations in the world.

Although all the other concert events in Series B are scheduled for Friday nights, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will appear on Monday, the change in the regular concert night having been necessitated by the orchestra's itinerary.

A limited number of seats are still available for the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Eastman box office.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER-EXPRESS

* * *

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Opening its program with the Classical Symphony of Prokofieff, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, will appear in Elmwood Music Hall on Tuesday evening, October 30th, at 8.15 o'clock, playing the first concert in the symphony series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation. The Boston will not only open its program with a symphony but will conclude with the Symphony No. 2 in D major by Brahms. Debussy and Ravel will also appear on this program of brilliant quality and generous proportions.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO
NEWS-PRESS
OCT [illegible]

Koussevitzky Orchestra to Be Heard October 31

Schmitt Version of Salome Doings, Respighi Concerto on Sokoloff Program Thursday.

By Archie Bell
Music Critic of The Cleveland News

DUE to construction delays in the new music hall of public auditorium, the concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, on Oct. 31, will be given in Masonic hall.

This is to be the first presentation on the Cleveland concert course, the ensuing attractions being Maria Jeritza, Jascha Heifetz, Roland Hayes and Paul Whiteman and his concert orchestra.

Cleveland is fortunate in the coming visit of the Boston Symphony orchestra, not only because of the supreme qualities of the organization but because its engagements are strictly limited outside of the eighty-four concerts of the Boston and New York series. Rochester, Buffalo, Columbus and Pittsburgh are the only cities outside of Cleveland that will have an opportunity to hear the orchestra.

will present a group of Schubert's songs. Mr. Lautner comes to Cleveland with the acclamation of critics throughout the east who are familiar with his work. His program will consist of some of the best known of Schubert's compositions so arranged as to give a comprehensive appreciation of this composer's range of achievement.

The regular Sunday afternoon organ recitals will be played throughout the month of October by Edwin Arthur Kraft. These are given in the Garden Court at 5:30 and are open to the public.

* * *

[illegible]

THIS CLIPPING FROM
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
UNION

OCT [illegible]

ALWIN SCHROEDER, NOTED CELLIST, DEAD

Member of Boston Symphony Orchestra More Than 25 Years.

BOSTON, Oct. 18—Alwin Schroeder, who for more than 25 years was first 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and well known in the musical world, died last night at his home, 94 Perkins Street, Jamaica Plain. He was 73 years old. He suffered a shock Friday and failed to rally.

Mr. Schroeder was born in Germany and came to the United States in 1891 to join the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the request of Maj. Higginson, who was then managing the orchestra. He played as first 'cellist and soloist for more than two decades. He also was a member of the Kneisel string quartet.

His daughter, who is now Mrs. Elfriede Hamblin of Brookline, inherited the musical talent of her father and for several seasons sang in the Boston Opera Company.

The musical world will regret deeply the death, in his 74th year, of Alwin Schroeder, long first 'cellist of the Boston Symphony orchestra and also for many years a member of the Kneisel string quartet. Showing musical talent at a very early age, he played violin and viola as a child, and surprised everybody by converting himself rapidly into a 'cellist without instruction, becoming first 'cellist in Leipsic and then coming to Boston as solo 'cellist under Gericke. For a time he returned to Europe, expecting to make his home there, but found that his ties with America were too strong and he resumed his work in Boston. Like his associate, Franz Kneisel, he exerted a great influence in this country as a teacher. He continued at work almost to the last, and until a year or two ago kept his place at the first desk of the orchestra, besides now and then giving a recital which always attracted a warmly appreciative audience. A modest, kindly man, with a great gift for friendship, he was also a great artist with a fastidious purity of style.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

OCT 14 1928

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY'S DOUBLE BASS RECITAL

Serge Koussevitzky, who first played the double-bass in public upon receiving the degree of Doctor of Music from Brown University, will gave a double-bass recital, his second in America, in Symphony Hall, Boston, next Wednesday evening at 8:30 o'clock. He will make his New York debut as double-bass virtuoso in Carnegie Hall, on the 23rd of this month. These will be his only appearances of the season, for the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has no time for [illegible] activities.

Koussevitzky took up the bass as a boy of 14, when, in the Moscow Conservatory, he was required to master some instrument. The first 10 years of his career he toured Europe, giving recitals and playing his own double-bass concerto with orchestra. His bass is a superb product of Gironimo Amati, the great instrument maker of the 17th century Italy. Europe still fondly remembers the recitals in which Koussevitzky and Casadesus played the 17th and 18th century music written for bass and viola d'amore.

Casadesus is coming from Europe especially to appear with Koussevitzky for the first time in America. The two musicians will play at their recital a "Symphonie Concertante" of Lorenziti and a Sonata of Borghi—both written for double-bass and viola d'amore duet. Another 18th century composition will be a little suite for viola d'amore, also by Lorenziti. Koussevitzky will play his own double-bass concerto and a group of shorter solo numbers, to include a "Valse miniature" also of his own composition.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
News-PRESS

OCT [illegible]

Ko[illegible]
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Schm[illegible]
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[illegible]tion picture, is being put into production in a New York studio. Crosland is the director and Gardner Sullivan is adapting I Berlin's original story. Also in Considine party will be camera and a complete production Richman will continue to pe on the Broadway stage in "G White's Scandals" while he is pearing before the lens and microphone.

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
UNION

OCT 19 [illegible]

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N. Y. TELEGRAPH
OCT 17 1928

When Koussevitzky Plays the Double Bass

One of the outstanding novelties of the season will be the appearance of the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, in a recital of the double bass.

For the benefit of those who do not recognize the title of the instrument may we remind you of the big grandfather of the violin, played with the artist standing and bowing across the long, thick strings. Eight of the ten of the double basses are found in the back of the symphony orchestra.

A soloist double bass?

And the conductor of the Boston Symphony that soloist?

First it should be mentioned that in days gone by double bass soloists were many. It is only as changing musical conditions appeared that the double bass soloists disappeared. But there are still a few. And the greatest of them is Koussevitzky, but his recitals are necessarily infrequent because of his duties as conductor. As a matter of fact the recital on October 23 is only his second in America.

When Serge was 14 he entered the Moscow Conservatory; that institution required for the orchestral class the study of a brass instrument or double bass—and Serge chose the latter. He studied under a great master and soon was recognized as a skilled artist, touring for ten years as virtuoso. He played his own concerto, which, by the way, will be heard at his New York recital.

Koussevitzky does not use a chamber instrument as did Bottesini, nor does he hold his bow 'cello fashion, as did that master of a century past. Koussevitzky's instrument, which he highly prizes, is a rare product of the illustrious seventeenth century family of Amati, of the brother Gironimo, to be exact. Only two others are known to exist. This bass is of full concert size and has four strings. Koussevitzky holds his bow palm forward, in the usual way of double bass players.

Koussevitzky's fondness for the music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is in accord with his devotion to this last surviving member of the viol family.

A common interest thus naturally allied him with Henri Casadesus, founder of the Société des Instruments Anciens and master of the viola d'amore. The two musicians unearthed together the sonatas and concertos for viola d'amore and double bass which had been composed in the era of these instruments. They played them together to the delight of Paris. Sasadesus is crossing from France to appear for the first time in America with his confrere.

Koussevitzky and Casadesus will play at their coming recital a "Symphonie Concertante" of Lorenziti and a Sonata of Borghi—both written for double bass and viola d'amore duet. Another eighteenth century composition will be a little suite for viola d'amore, also by Lorenziti.

Koussevitzky will play his own double bass concerto and a group of shorter solo numbers, to include a "Valse Miniature," also of his own composition.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
REPUBLICAN

The musical world will regret deeply the death, in his 74th year, of Alwin Schroeder, long first 'cellist of the Boston Symphony orchestra and also for many years a member of the Kneisel string quartet. Showing musical talent at a very early age, he played violin and viola as a child, and surprised everybody by converting himself rapidly into a 'cellist without instruction, becoming first 'cellist in Leipsic and then coming to Boston as solo 'cellist under Gericke. For a time he returned to Europe, expecting to make his home there, but found that his ties with America were too strong and he resumed his work in Boston. Like his associate, Franz Kneisel, he exerted a great influence in this country as a teacher. He continued at work almost to the last, and until a year or two ago kept his place at the first desk of the orchestra, besides now and then giving a recital which always attracted a warmly appreciative audience. A modest, kindly man, with a great gift for friendship, he was also a great artist with a fastidious purity of style.

TRANSCRIPT
Rochester N Y
B OCT 19 1928

Bostonian's Night Off.—Philip Hale has been dramatic and music critic of the Boston Herald for many years. He had not been in New York for fifteen years until a few days ago. As he was spending only one night in Gotham, picking his single entertainment was a nice problem.

He chose the Boston Symphony concert at Carneige Hall.—Variety.

Inventor's Triumph.—

SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS.
NEWS

OCT [illegible]

BOSTON, Oct. 18.—Alwin Schroeder, first 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the past quarter century, is dead at his Jamaica Plain home in his 74th year.

Schroeder, who was widely known in musical circles, suffered a shock last Friday. He was a native of Germany, coming to Boston in 1891.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
TIMES UNION

Boston Symphony Opens Series B Monday, Oct. 29

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra opens concerts series B in the Eastman Theater on Monday night, Oct. 29, Ravel's second "Daphnis and Chloe" suite will be one of the features of the program. Of the virtuoso performances by the orchestra and Serge Koussevitzky, nothing has made a more remarkable impression than this composition of Ravel's.

When the famous French composer visited this country last year, Koussevitzky paid him the homage of a program consisting entirely of Ravel compositions. As the climax of the afternoon, "Daphnis and Chloe" was played and aroused the audience into according the composer, director and orchestra an ovation. Maurice Ravel, foremost of tone-painters in the contemporary French school, is thought by many to have achieved his masterpiece in "Daphnis and Chloe." It is abundant in his characteristic delicacy. In sheer liveliness and grace, certain woodwin passages in "dawn" and "pantomime" of this suite have perhaps been excelled by no other composer. This score is also probably his largest canvas, and never did he use so broad a brush with such overwhelming effect as in the tumultuous dance which closes the suite.

To quote from Olin Downes of the New York Times: "Mr. Koussevitzky outdistanced any of his present colleagues and his orchestra gave an exhibition hardly to be surpassed in the "Dahnis and Chloe" music of Ravel. We remember no such reading of this now familiar and popular music, none which drew such magic and such throbbing beauty from Ravel's orchestration." And Herman Devries, after the performance in Chicago by Koussevitzky and his orchestra, wrote in the Chicago American: "The audience was bled dry of emotion and nerves of ecstacy. The very silence of the audience was oppressive, a silence of rapt emotion, as though each human soul had forgotten the presence of its neighbor, and the ego was lost in this exhibition of matchless poetic beauty."

The rendition of "Daphnis and Chloe" by the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be the first Rochester performance of this composition.

The concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the only event in Series B which has been scheduled for a night other than Friday, Monday being the only night on which the organization could appear in Rochester.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS

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SUN[illegible]
ROC[illegible]

Opening Series B Concert

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER-EXPRESS

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Conductor

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1303 Geneva Avenue
St. Paul, MN 55119

195 NEW YORK TIMES

ON VIRTUOSO CONDUCTING

Stokowski and His School—Three Leaders Who Stand Apart From Their Fellows—The Re-creation of Music

By OLIN DOWNES.

MR. LAWRENCE GILMAN, who touches only to adorn, remarked of Stokowski's recent concert with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall that "there are possibly three conductors now living (some might say four) who impress one with a sense of that blend of consummate technical mastery, imaginative preparation and communicative power which is the hall-mark of the great conductor, and from this lonely group we see no valid reason for excluding Mr. Stokowski."

Why not, at least so far as America is concerned, make it a straight three? Why not mention their names? But we would not misrepresent Mr. Gilman. Possibly he has other names in mind than the ones which immediately emerge in our consciousness. There are three names which we are certain would get the straw vote of the adjacent musical public, and we are perfectly willing to reveal them. They are those of Stokowski, Koussevitzky and Toscanini. These three, each in his own way, wield a magic apparently irresistible to the majority of concertgoers of New York City. This statement is upheld by the crass evidence of the box office. With this majority vote on the part of the musical public we often disagree. In the present instance we unqualifiedly endorse it.

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Now, it is true that all three of these men belong to that somewhat opprobrious type of musician known as "virtuoso conductor." The virtuoso conductor commonly connotes a brilliant if not pulchritudinous orchestra leader, who, with the aid of a tailor and a press agent, subjugates the public of the gallery and the boxes, too, while taking liberties of a more or less sensational kind with the scores he interprets. He is generally supposed to exalt his own ideas, his own pet gestures and orchestral effects above the just deserts of the composer. The element of the pernicious and sensational clings wickedly to him, and there is periodically expressed the desire that he and his kind might be swept for good and all from the boards and some good, steady, honest, reliable, respectful, probably fat and middle-aged conductor (by preference a family man) reign supreme over orchestral music and its destinies. Is this fair to the shining virtuoso person, the fêted visitor or "guest," who comes to lead a limited number of concerts, reap large financial and artistic rewards, and depart trailing glory, envy and malice behind him? We do not think it is entirely fair or exactly proportionate to give him this rating. Certainly, it is not fair if the three great musicians whom we have mentioned are to be included in such category. They are leaders of transcendent gifts, human, and therefore certain to err, but so great and so creative in their works and their influence in music that it would go hard with us, indeed, if we had to do without them.

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How have they become "virtuoso conductors"? Why do they stand in such an isolated position in the public esteem? Why is it so hard to get tickets to their concerts and how much of it all is puffery? Suppose Mr. Stokowski were concealed from the audience by a screen. Would he keep his audience? How many in the audience would know the difference if Mr. Stokowski stepped behind the screen and his place were taken by some other eager seeker for public favor, who came from beneath the stage and emerged from back of the screen after the performance, bowing to the bewildered audience, like the magician's rabbit? Would the audience be put out of countenance? Some think that the audience would not know the difference. Others credit the public with this degree of discrimination, but explain the success of Mr. Stokowski and others of his ilk on the grounds of exaggerated, sensational methods of interpretation. Stokowski makes the broad and excessively heavy strokes, they say, that the most unimaginative and insensitive can grasp, whereas a finer grained performance would pass unnoticed by the multitude. And they bewail the lack of public passion for fine music for its own sake and wonder when orchestral concerts can be made a success without the presence of this objectionable but necessary person, the conductor who is a "virtuoso."

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We are among those who have quarreled and do quarrel with the trade in guest conductors among our orchestras, with the constant whetting, by means of sensational publicity, of the public's curiosity about new conductors, who usually come and disappear without leaving a trace of their presence, save that they have disorganized the orchestra's routine somewhat and cost more money. We profess and maintain an abiding dislike and intolerance for the conductor who is an incompetent or a mere gesticulating charlatan. We believe, and always have believed, that the fewer conductors an orchestra has the better, and can furnish no better evidence of the support this principle receives in high quarters than the manner in which Mr. Koussevitzky continues to be the sole conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; the system according to which Mr. Stokowski, while his health permitted it, followed the same course with the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the fact of Mr. Toscanini's repeated and extended engagements as one of the two permanent conductors of the Philharmonic Symphony. But as to the artistic personalities, technical methods, capacities and ideals of the conductors chosen to train and to represent orchestras—that is another story. Our regret is not that there are so many Stokowskis, Koussevitzkys and Toscaninis extant, but so very few of them.

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It is not so easy to reach eminence as a virtuoso conductor. It is not an easy or a negligible thing to thrill an audience by the performance of a familiar masterpiece, as Mr. Stokowski did the other evening. There are a few conductors who upset precedent and tower among their fellows, not because they misrepresent, but because they interpret music in a more vital, vivid, creative manner than their colleagues, gifted as many of these may be. There is no other reason for the special prominence today in the public eye of the three gentlemen we have mentioned. It has frequently and quite accurately reported of all of them—two of them in particular, Messrs. Koussevitzky and Stokowski, and in a lesser degree Mr. Toscanini—that they are capable of departing considerably in the letter, if not in the spirit, from the intention of composers whose music they discourse. How nearly can the most careful conductor follow a composer's wishes? How completely, at the very best, can he realize them? In the first place, no composer can fully indicate his ideas on music paper. The most careful directions that he can put on the score paper are only signposts of the most general kind. It is for the interpreter of intuitive insight, sympathy and evocative power to bridge the gap that lies between the printed score paper and actual music when it is sounded. Across that gap, like an electric spark, must leap the responsive and creative spirit of the performer. A composition is seldom or never performed exactly as the composer conceived it.

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Incidentally, it would be interesting to compare the alleged transgressions, in the name of subjectivity, of certain conductors who are widely discussed and criticized for their sins of commission with the departures from precedent of colleagues who are counted saner and safer in their interpretive ideas, and assess the results of the calculation. Mr. Koussevitzky's distortion of the Schubert B minor symphony some years ago was certainly no worse or more pronounced than Mr. Mengelberg's variants of the same composer's symphony in C major. We can recall Mr. Furtwängler, commonly counted a classicist, playing ducks and drakes with Schumann's D minor symphony on the one hand and Stravinsky's "Sacre du printemps" on the other. We know of no modern conductor who has laid bolder or more ruthless hands on a well-known work than the hands that Frederick Stock, accounted an uncommonly safe and sane musician, has laid upon the silent and unprotesting score of Schumann's "Rheinish" symphony. It is easy to raise the hue and cry of sensationalism at the door of every conductor who departs from accepted convention and in so doing stirs the public. It is easy to praise for its modesty and self-abnegation a performance which does not even seek to discover the composer's thought and bring it home to the listener. The public is better guided by its instinct.

Music can be under—as well as over—played. A very high-minded and gifted conductor, Wilhelm Gericke, when he led the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under-played, devitalized Strauss or Berlioz fully as much as modern conductors are disposed to over-play Mozart. Who is to determine the degree of justness that the conductor has extended to the great departed? There were those, last Spring, who strongly objected to Ossip Gabrilowitsch's reading of the Bach St. Matthew Passion, which flew in the face of tradition. Yet, to a majority of listeners, this was one of the most moving and dramatic interpretations they had ever heard of Bach's score. Mr. Gabrilowitsch's reading, in fact, was instrumental in revealing to many who had never before been touched by the music, the intense humanity, the deep feeling and the wonderful beauty of the work. For once a conductor saw the score that Bach composed some three hundred years ago eye to eye with the present generation. He bridged the gap of the centuries, and a modern audience stirred to the music as it probably would not have done if Mr. Gabrilowitsch had followed the dead letter instead of the living spirit.

Place a great interpreter in contact with the ideas and emotions of a great composer and see what happens. Inevitably some process which precipitates the expression of two natures. If this precipitation does not take place, there can be at the best but a negative rendering of the sounds indicated by black notes on music paper. If, in the name of righteousness, the performer is going to stop at those boundaries he is never going to be the composer's prophet, and is never going to reveal the real essence of the music. He must follow the path as nearly as he can read the signs blazed through the forest. Then the signs come to an end, and he must strike forward alone for the ultimate destination. He is not very much of a man, he is not worthy of himself, if he still halts and waits for guidance. By this time he is aware of the way that he wants to go. He could not, if he would, keep his eyes to the ground any longer. The interpreter of stature must face the issue and share responsibility with the composer.

These principles, of course, as it was said of the theory of the self-determination of small nations, are loaded with dynamite for the stupid or self-complacent. But we are not talking now of the stupid or self-complacent, but of three great orchestral conductors. They have long since passed their apprenticeships. They have learned by the experience that develops the musician and shapes character. They have proved definitely that they have the right to their ideas, their inalienable independence of spirit, their proud and masterful evocation of great music.

To claim that the public only follows them because of fashion or sensation is not justice to a sound instinct of the public. The public instinctively wishes to come as close as it can to living art. It has neither the scholarship in a particular field nor the historical perspective to be able to assemble for itself the spirit of a great composition. That is the artist's task, to be carried out with the utmost scruple and reverence, but without slavishness or fear.

We owe conductors of true individuality and imagination an immense debt for their will, force and vision. They are indispensable to the consummation of the highest things in music. They make what is routine or pedestrian properly unendurable. They clear immense wastes of complacent slackness or mediocrity and confer upon us all access to new beauty.

NEW YORK TIMES

MASTER OF BASS-VIOL

Koussevitzky as Soloist on Most Ponderous Of Instruments—His Artistic Ancestors

THE appearance of Serge Koussevitzky as a solo performer on the double bass this week at Carnegie Hall will be a unique event in the musical annals of New York. It can be said in advance that those who are at a loss to understand how this ponderous instrument can be made the vehicle for the expression of soulful and pleasing music have a great surprise in store for them. I have heard Koussevitzky play the double bass in public many times in Europe and I never knew him to fail to delight his audiences with his warm cantabile as well as to astonish them with his wonderful virtuosity, a virtuosity comparable to that of Pablo Casals on the 'cello.

It must be admitted, however, that the double bass was not conceived as a solo instrument. It is the backbone, the very foundation of the orchestra, and is an indispensable instrument in all symphonic or operatic compositions, but it offers so little that is alluring from the virtuoso point of view that for the average player it is non-existent for solo purposes. Only at rare intervals, once or twice in a century, does some exceptional genius arise who is capable of transforming this leviathan of the strings into a living, throbbing thing of beauty. The double bass has existed in its present form for more than three hundred years. The most famous example of this stringed Titan, Dragonetti's Casparo da Salo, now preserved in the chapel of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice, was made before the year 1600, and yet in the whole history of the double bass there have been only three men who have attained world-wide fame as solo performers on the instrument—Domenico Dragonetti, Giovanni Bottesini and Serge Koussevitzky. True, there have been other solo players like Laska, Mandenski, Cammi and Goedecke, who have won local fame in their own countries, but only the three above mentioned have possessed that transcendental genius for the unwieldy instrument that enabled them to attain world renown.

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Among the most ardent admirers of Dragonetti's art on the double bass were Haydn, Beethoven, Berlioz, Viotti, Paganini, Sivori and Rossini. Beethoven in particular was astonished and delighted anew every time he heard the Italian's remarkable execution on the double bass. It was his tone and technique, his warmth and fire, that inspired the Bonn master to compose the famous passage for double basses in the scherzo of his C minor symphony. And Beethoven never tired of hearing Dragonetti play in ensemble the 'cello parts of his string quartets, which he executed just as written with all the high notes. But probably the Italian's phenomenal powers were never demonstrated in a more remarkable manner than in his duet playing with Viotti, the greatest violinist of his day. This was just prior to the advent of Spohr and Paganini.

No one could understand how it was possible for Dragonetti to bring out all the high notes of the violin clef with such clearness. Later in Venice Dragonetti explained to Caffi the secret. Because of the enormous strength and stretch of his left hand and because of his remarkable use of the thumb in fingering, he developed a system of artificial harmonics high up on the finger board, producing tones that sounded for all the world like a violin. Dragonetti employed a bridge fully twice the height of the ordinary and he used unusually thick strings, thus being able to bring out effects that no one else could produce. In fact, Caffi relates of attempts on the part of others to play on Dragonetti's bass, and he said that the blood actually spurted from the finger tips because of the pressure they had to bring to bear.

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Dragonetti's instrument was a Casparo da Salo. This has remained the most famous double bass in the world. Dragonetti and his instrument were inseparable companions for more than sixty years. He was several times offered fabulous sums for the instrument which had attained to such fame under his manipulation, but he invariably replied that he would sooner part with his left hand than with his old stringed friend, which so wonderfully responded to his every mood. In 1794, at the age of 31, he settled in London, where he spent the remainder of his days, making, however, frequent visits to the Continent. In 1845 at the age of 82 we find him, still vigorous, leading the thirteen double basses of the immense orchestra of picked musicians which played at the great Beethoven festival at Bonn. Hector Berlioz, who was present, writes in his "Soirées de l'orchestre" with the greatest enthusiasm of Dragonetti's playing, saying: "I have never heard the scherzo of the Fifth Symphony by Beethoven played with such force and perfection." In his will, which is a very quaint and interesting document, Dragonetti bequeathed his beloved instrument to St. Mark's Cathedral, where it is still played on special occasions. I saw it there when on a visit to Venice about fifteen years ago.

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The second great master of the double bass, Bottesini, had during nearly half a century a success as virtuoso similar to that which his illustrious countryman, Paganini, had on the violin. He was the only one of the great double-bass players who traveled and played all his life, leading a virtuoso's career. He was noted for his brilliant virtuoso technique and for his soulful tone as well as for his fire and élan. In public he played his own compositions exclusively. Old programs of his show that the greatest public favorites among his many works were his "Gran Duo Concertant" for violin and double bass, his Fantasy on themes from Bellini's opera "I Puritani," his "Tarantella" and his "Carnival of Venice." These were the compositions in which his powers of execution were most brilliantly displayed. Violinists like Vieuxtemps, Bazzini, Sivori, Wieniawski and Sauret were proud to be his partner in this celebrated duo. It is to be hoped that Koussevitzky, if he gives a second recital, will afford New York an opportunity to hear this once so famous composition. To be sure, it is only a show piece, having little real musical value, but it is melodious, brilliant and effective, and it develops many purely instrumental features of the violin and double bass in a characteristic manner. New York would certainly be interested in hearing the piece that was renowned throughout the length and breadth of the Continent sixty years ago. I have never heard it in public, but I once heard Koussevitzky play it at his home in Berlin with the assistance of Jacques Thibaud, who read the difficult violin part at sight, and of Fritz Kreisler at the piano.

Bottesini also composed many operas which were performed in public, principally in Italy, with success. He himself frequently conducted opera not only in his native country but also in Paris, Mexico, Havana, Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires. His most successful opera was "Hero and Leander," for which his friend, Arrigo Boito, wrote the libretto. All these works, however, have long since been forgotten. His chief interest was always for the double bass. His beloved instrument, a Testore, had remarkable tonal powers. Like Dragonetti, he played on heavy strings and with a very high bridge. Furthermore, he always thoroughly oiled his strings before a concert in order to insure smooth portamenti. He spent the last years of his life at Parma, where he died in 1889, aged 68. His grave at his own request was dug close to that of Paganini, who also spent the last years of his life on his beautiful estate at Parma. Thus do the two illustrious Italian instrumentalists lie side by side in their native soil.

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To come closer to the present, I distinctly remember the furor that Koussevitzky created in Berlin twenty-seven years ago, on the occasion of his début at the venerable Singakademie, as double-bass virtuoso. Even in concert-ridden Berlin, then the musical centre of the world, a recital on the double bass was an event such as had not been heard of since the palmy days of Bottesini. But the youthful, aristocratic-looking young Russian outdid his great Italian predecessor in one respect, for he played on a regular orchestral bass with four strings tuned to fourths, in the regulation orchestral manner, whereas Bottesini played a three-stringed bass tuned to fifths and pitched a whole tone higher to insure greater brilliancy.

Originally Koussevitzky, curiously enough, did not take up the double bass from choice but from necessity, and how he later became enamored of the instrument is an interesting story. Born at Wyschni Wolotschek in the Province of Twer, on the Volga, on June 13, 1874, he came to Moscow in 1880, as a youth of 16, with the intention of entering the Imperial Conservatory, of which Nicholas Rubinstein, the brother of the world-famous Anton, was then director, as a student of theory and composition. But Koussevitzky was too poor to pay the very moderate tuition fees, so his only chance of getting into the institution was through a scholarship. It happened that the only scholarship available was for the double bass; therefore, in order to be enrolled as a student, he was obliged to take up the study of that instrument.

His teacher, Josef Rambousek, who was quite a remarkable musician, at once recognized the genius of his new pupil, and he soon succeeded in rousing in him the keenest interest in this huge member of the viol family, with the result that the pupil finally outshone the master. He grew to be so enamored of the double bass that he first became its slave and finally its master.

It was not until 1906 that Koussevitzky took up conducting, for which he always had a strong inclination. I well remember his first attempts with an orchestra recruited from among the pupils of the Berlin Royal High School. He progressed rapidly and was soon able to make his public début. Then for several seasons he gave a series of concerts with all Russian programs with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, introducing to Germany many then unknown works that have since become famous. In 1909 he returned to Moscow, where he founded his own private orchestra of seventy-three musicians picked from the best talent available in Russia and other countries. Thus he was free to rehearse to his heart's content and to gain the experience which was later to stand him in such good stead.

ARTHUR M. ABELL.

REDUCTION RATIO

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Democrat Chronicle

Boston Symphony's Career of Forty-Seven Years Reviewed

The superlative performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which comes to the Eastman Theater on Monday night, Oct. 29, have elicited the praise of the nation's foremost critics. Back of its present eminence is the story of a development that is an inspiring record of achievement and of a civic pride that is finding its counterpart in Rochester today in the support and encouragement of being given to this city's own orchestra, the Rochester Philharmonic.

In 1881 the late Maj. Henry L. Higginson realized the first dream and aspiration of his life by founding in Boston a full-sized symphony orchestra—a rare phenomenon in those days. This noted musician, soldier, financier and public-spirited citizen believed that there was a musical public for such an undertaking. Sparing no exuense, he engaged the finest musicians then available in Europe to fill up its ranks, and brought to this country one after another of the world's greatest conductors to lend their individual genius to the cumulative improvement of the orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra in its original form had only 60 players, and its conductor was George Henschel, a celebrated musician of the day. The initial aims (always since adhered to) were that the musicians should play under one conductor in one orchestra, and not debase their talents by routine engagements; that the symphony concerts should provide only the finest music; that artistic considerations should always be paramount, and that the conductor be given absolute control. Controversy waxed hot in those days. The policies, the programs, even the venture itself were violently attacked and staunchly defended. But the wisdom of the founder was justified as each succeeding year of the orchestra added growth and success to the last. In 1900 Symphony Hall was built, to become the orchestra's special and permanent home.

The second conductor, Wilhelm Gericke, had two terms (1885-89 and 1898-1906). Through years of tireless training this thorough and arduous musician gradually built up the fine ensemble for which the Boston Symphony Orchestra has since held its special renown. In the interim of Gericke's periods of service came Arthur Nikisch, the great Hungarian leader, and Emil Pauler, who conducted through 1893-98.

Dr. Karl Muck was the conductor from 1906 to 1918, with the exception of the years 1908-12, which were held by Max Fiedler. To Dr. Muck's exacting hand the great orchestra responded like a single, marvelously perfect instrument.

The Boston Symphony next had two French conductors—Henri Rabaud in the season of 1918-19, a distinguished musician and composer, now head of the Paris Conservatoire, and Pierre Monteux (1919-24), who ably carried on the then established tradition of a finelly blended ensemble.

In the Autumn of 1924, Serge Koussevitzky, who will conduct the Ro[illegible] concert, first crossed the Atlantic to become the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. From Europe had come many reports of his remarkable qualities as a leader and as an artist.

Expectations were more than fulfilled. America, having heard perhaps all of the "great" conductors living, has found qualities in Koussevitzky's leadership which are said to be quite without equal.

With such a combination of a great orchestra and a great leader, it is not surprising that a Boston Symphony concert is regarded as one of the finest achievements in the musical performances of our day. There are waiting lists for every subscription series, and seats for any concert are at a premium.

Seats for the performance by the Boston Symphony are now selling at the Eastman concert box office.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

look starts low. The layman, observing crowded houses at symphony and opera, has been told frequently that even so the box office cannot meet the pay envelope. Sponsors and backers have to make up the deficit.

In the case of the Boston Symphony, the Boston Globe reports that all the season tickets for both Fridays and Saturdays were sold last spring, the people on the waiting list taking the small number of places not re-engaged by last season's subscribers. For next season there is already a long waiting list.

Yet the program books of the opening week, the Globe noted, contain an appeal from the trustees for contributions toward an estimated deficit of $134,000 on the current season. This figure, the largest in the history of the orchestra, is produced by an increase in orchestra salaries and by the fact that the broadcasting privilege, for which $32,000 was paid last year, has not been sold this year. Last year's actual deficit is now announced as $87,068.23. It was estimated at $85,000, and contributions of $73,179 were made toward it.

The trustees again remind the public that "These concerts can be carried on only by the generosity of the public." Subscriptions should be sent to E. B. Dane, treasurer, at 6 Beacon street, Boston.

Whatever the financial result, there is no doubt that this season will be among the most brilliant artistically in the orchestra's history.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
TIMES

Boston Symphony Here October 30

Opening its program with the Classical Symphony of Prokofieff, the Boston Symphony Orchestra with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, will appear in Elmwood Music Hall on Tuesday evening, October 30, at 8:15 o'clock, playing the first concert in the Symphony Series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation. The Boston will not only open its program with a symphony but will conclude with the Symphony No. 2 in D major by Brahms.

Debussy and Ravel will also appear on this program of brilliant quality and generous proportions.

The Classical Symphony is not long, so that the concert will come well within the usual time allowed for symphonic programs. Serge Prokofieff, the "enfant terrible" of the contemporary Russian music, shows himself in an amiable mood in this little work, composed in 1916-17. The music sparkles with verve and wit, and insouciance.

The big symphony of the evening, the Brahms Second, will be played at the end, after aten-minute intermission.

November 15th will bring the great Holland conductor, Willem Mengelberg, with the Philharmonic and New York Symphony orchestras.

Among other music to be played by Mr. Mengelberg is the fascinating Till Eulenspiegal of Strauss.

The Prague Choir, composed of 60 singing teachers of the public and high schools of Czecvho-Slovakia, will sing in Elmwood Music Hall in the Symphony Series.

[illegible] Orchestra with Soko-[illegible]

PITTSBURG, PA.
PRESS

March on a Theme by Handel...Guilmant

ORCHESTRA CONCERTS

Boston Symphony Here Early In November.

But a few days remain in which to procure season tickets for the series of symphony orchestra concerts, including the Boston Symphony, the New York Philharmonic, the Chicago Symphony, Minneapolis orchestra and Cleveland orchestra. These orchestras come to Pittsburgh for a series of seven nights and six afternoons during the fall and winter season at Syria mosque, with their complete personnel and distinguished conductors.

The opening concert will be given by the Boston Symphony Friday night and Saturday afternoon, Nov. 2 and 3, and Mr. Koussevitzky has prepared two interesting programs, opening with Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete, Ballet," followed by Debussy's "Nocturnes," Wagner's Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," and Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 in E flat major, "Eroica." On Saturday afternoon, the works to be given include Handel's Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra; Wagner's "Bacchanale" from "Tannhauser;" "La Valse," Choregraphic Poem, by Ravel, and Brahms' Symphony No. 2 in D major.

HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

An Orchestra's Season.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has become a national institution and a record of its activities is of more than local interest in Boston. The list of bookings for the forty-eighth season of the orchestra's existence is at hand and Hartford—on the list for one concert only, on February 3, 1929—may read with somewhat selfish satisfaction, perhaps, that many larger cities are not more favored by the Boston players.

Primarily, of course, the orchestra is of Boston and that city will have sixty-four of its scheduled 108 concerts, all 64 being given in the fine Symphony Hall there. Neighboring Cambridge, at Sanders Theater, will hear nine concerts and the New York and Brooklyn appearances of the orchestra number fifteen in all, Brooklyn having five. The New York concerts are given in "pairs" always, on Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoons, and Brooklyn hears the orchestra on the intervening Friday evenings.

Providence is blessed with four concerts during the season, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburgh with two each and in the single concert class with Hartford are Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Richmond, Montclair, New Haven, Springfield and Northampton. It will be understood, of course, that tours farther afield might readily be arranged for an orchestra of the standing of the famous Boston organization, but the matter of transportation and hotel expenses must be considered and tours are being restricted, more and more, each year.

Hartford is fortunate in having the one concert allotted it. That one concert is possible only as a matter of a "stop-over" between New York and Boston. The hundred and ten players with their instruments and baggage travel by special train and the Sunday afternoon concert here comes between the New York Saturday afternoon performance and that in Boston on Tuesday evening; the orchestra does not, of course, give concerts every day in any week except when it is on its Western and Southern tours.

HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

Boston Symphony Orchestra Opens Its 48th Season

Hartford Concert Scheduled for Feb. 3. Tickets Go On Sale This Week

The historic Boston Symphony Orchestra opened in Symphony Hall, Boston, last Friday, its 48th season. From the evidence of this concert, the coming season may well exceed in brilliance and beauty, in virtuosity and artistic attainment the most glorious seasons of its long and illustrious past. This was the fifth season to be opened by Serge Koussevitzky. When the distinguished Russian conductor stepped upon the stage, he was greeted with a long ovation from a standing audience and a standing orchestra.

The music critics of Boston thus described the occasion in the newspapers of October 6.

Penfield Roberts of the Boston Globe: "There is no doubt that this season will be among the most brilliant artistically in the orchestra's history. The Boston Symphony remains an orchestra unsurpassed by any in the world in the number of first-rate players it contains. Not half a dozen bands can compare with it."

The Hartford concert will be February 3, at the Capitol Theater. The preliminary ticket sale is announced by Frank A. Sedgwick, at McCoy's, Inc., 89 Asylum Street.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN
Dispatch

Symphony Sale Starts

Box office sale of season tickets for the series of symphony concerts in Memorial hall, sponsored by the Symphony Club of Central Ohio, began at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets, Monday morning. The Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, will open the series on Nov. 1. Other concerts are: the Cincinnati orchestra, Dec. 3; the Cleveland, Feb. 4, and the Detroit, March 4. Unpaid for reservations will be held at the box office until Thursday only.

LEWISTON, ME.
SUN

MUSICAL NOTES

New Pieces at Boston Symphony

Two new pieces were introduced a recent Boston Symphony concert. The novelties were suites from Stravinsky's latest ballet, "Apollo Leader of the Muses," and Zotan Kodalsky's opera, "Hary Janos." The Appolo was first performed at the chamber music festival of the Library of Congress in Washington last April, and has since been given in London and Paris as a ballet. The suite suggests the opera ballet music of the 18th and 19th centuries; but there is a reminiscence of plain song as well as of Johann Strauss, of Pergolese and Tchaikowsky, and worn, it is said in Stravinsky's own manner. The grave defect is not lack of conventionality, but lack of emotional intensity and driving power. The apotheosis at the end seems much like memorial music.

The Kodalky suite is of fragments from the opera, Hary Janos, whose tales of his prodigious adventures recall those of Munchausen, or the Paul Bunyan of the American Northwest. The music is brilliantly scored for full modern orchestra in which the pianoforte is very skillfuly used. Themes are said to be taken from Hungarian popular music before it was influenced by Gypsy music. It is tuneful, sprightly, and ought to become a permanent part of orchestral repertory.

SUN
LEWISTON, ME.
OCT 22 1928

MUSICAL NOTES

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COLUMBUS, OHIO
STATE JOURNAL

Seat Sale.

The box office sale of season tickets for the Symphony Club's series of orchestra concerts in Memorial Hall opens this morning at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad Sts. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, will open the series on Thursday, Nov. 1. Unpaid reservation will be held at the box office until Thursday.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN

OCT 23 1928

He Places Boston Orchestra High

Arthur M. Abell, writing in Musical Courier, pays Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston orchestra which he directs, his highest compliment. The Boston orchestra and Koussevitzky will open the Symphony club series of concerts at Memorial hall, Thursday, Nov. 1.

"Today we have in America many fine orchestras and four of them are organizations of the first rank—the Boston, New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia and Chicago orchestras," writes Abell.

"Opinions vary as to which is the greatest, but for me (and I write from a New Yorker's viewpoint) the Boston Symphony, under Koussevitzky, leads for all-around technical perfection, tonal beauty, resonance, instrumental balance and general excellence of ensemble."

Seats for the entire series of concerts are on sale at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
JOURNAL

Koussevitzky Gives Concert on His Bass Fiddle

By IRVING WEIL.

Probably the oddest concert that this season is likely to produce took place last night in Carnegie Hall. It was the long promised performance by Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on the contrabass or, being a bit vulgar, the bull fiddle. And, to make the affair the more unusual, he had to help him, Henri Casadesus, the most expert living player on the viola d'amore, an almost obsolete relic of a bygone age.

There was a very large and what is conveniently called a distinguished audience gathered to listen to these two virtuosi, although one noticed a few empty seats here and there in the hall. About all the violinists, pianists, cellists and sundries who happen now to be in town were among those present, for there could be no heart-burnings in observing someone's else enormous skill on a contrabass and a viola d'amore. These are scarcely competitive instruments.

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COLUMBUS, OHIO
STATE JOURNAL

Serge Koussevitzky

The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, has been criticized in Boston and New York for his introduction and playing of works of modern composers. He considers this music beautiful and representative and is making every effort to popularize it. The orchestra plays here Nov. 1 in Memorial Hall. The box office is at the Carl Koch Co., 102 E. Broad St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Democrat Chronicle

Taught Arts and Industry

The superlative performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which comes to the Eastman Theater on Monday night, Oct. 29, have elicited the praise of the nation's foremost critics. Back of its present eminence is the story of a development that is an inspiring record of achievement and of a civic pride that is finding its counterpart in Rochester today in the support and encouragement of being given to this city's own orchestra, the Rochester Philharmonic.

In 1881 the late Maj. Henry L. Higginson realized the first dream and aspiration of his life by founding in Boston a full-sized symphony orchestra—a rare phenomenon in those days. This noted musician, soldier, financier and public-spirited citizen believed that there was a musical public for such an undertaking. Sparing no exuense, he engaged the finest musicians then available in Europe to fill up its ranks, and brought to this country one after another of the world's greatest conductors to lend their individual genius to the cumulative improvement of the orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra in its original form had only 60 players, and its conductor was George Henschel, a celebrated musician of the day. The initial aims (always since adhered to) were that the musicians should play under one conductor in one orchestra, and not debase their talents by routine engagements; that the symphony concerts should provide only the finest music; that artistic considerations should always be paramount, and that the conductor be given absolute control. Controversy waxed hot in those days. The policies, the programs, even the venture itself were violently attacked and staunchly defended. But the wisdom of the founder was justified as each succeeding year of the orchestra added growth and success to the last. In 1900 Symphony Hall was built, to become the orchestra's special and permanent home.

The second conductor, Wilhelm Gericke, had two terms (1885-89 and 1898-1906). Through years of tireless training this thorough and arduous musician gradually built up the fine ensemble for which the Boston Symphony Orchestra has since held its special renown. In the interim of Gericke's periods of service came Arthur Nikisch, the great Hungarian leader, and Emil Pauler, who conducted through 1893-98.

Dr. Karl Muck was the conductor from 1906 to 1918, with the exception of the years 1908-12, which were held by Max Fiedler. To Dr. Muck's exacting hand the great orchestra responded like a single, marvelously perfect instrument.

The Boston Symphony next had two French conductors—Henri Rabaud in the season of 1918-19, a distinguished musician and composer, now head of the Paris Conservatoire, and Pierre Monteux (1919-24), who ably carried on the then established tradition of a finelly blended ensemble.

In the Autumn of 1924, Serge Koussevitzky, who will conduct the Roc[illegible] concert, first crossed the Atlantic to become the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. From Europe had come many reports of his remarkable qualities as a leader and as an artist.

Expectations were more than fulfilled. America, having heard perhaps all of the "great" conductors living, has found qualities in Koussevitzky's leadership which are said to be quite without equal.

With such a combination of a great orchestra and a great leader, it is not surprising that a Boston Symphony concert is regarded as one of the finest achievements in the musical performances of our day. There are waiting lists for every subscription series, and seats for any concert are at a premium.

Seats for the performance by the Boston Symphony are now selling at the Eastman concert box office.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

[illegible]

SYMPHONY'S ART HIGH
BUT FINANCES LOW.

Although the reviewers of the opening of the Boston Symphony's new season predicted that it looked like the most brilliant musically in the history of the organization, the financial outlook starts low. The layman, observing crowded houses at symphony and opera, has been told frequently that even so the box office cannot meet the pay envelope. Sponsors and backers have to make up the deficit.

In the case of the Boston Symphony, the Boston Globe reports that all the season tickets for both Fridays and Saturdays were sold last spring, the people on the waiting list taking the small number of places not re-engaged by last season's subscribers. For next season there is already a long waiting list.

Yet the program books of the opening week, the Globe noted, contain an appeal from the trustees for contributions toward an estimated deficit of $134,000 on the current season. This figure, the largest in the history of the orchestra, is produced by an increase in orchestra salaries and by the fact that the broadcasting privilege, for which $32,000 was paid last year, has not been sold this year. Last year's actual deficit is now announced as $87,068.23. It was estimated at $85,000, and contributions of $73,179 were made toward it.

The trustees again remind the public that "These concerts can be carried on only by the generosity of the public." Subscriptions should be sent to E. B. Dane, treasurer, at 6 Beacon street, Boston.

Whatever the financial result, there is no doubt that this season will be among the most brilliant artistically in the orchestra's history.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
TIMES

Boston Symphony Here October 30

Opening its program with the Classical Symphony of Prokofieff, the Boston Symphony Orchestra with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, will appear in Elmwood Music Hall on Tuesday evening, October 30, at 8:15 o'clock, playing the first concert in the Symphony Series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation. The Boston will not only open its program with a symphony but will conclude with the Symphony No. 2 in D major by Brahms.

Debussy and Ravel will also appear on this program of brilliant quality and generous proportions.

The Classical Symphony is not long, so that the concert will come well within the usual time allowed for symphonic programs. Serge Prokofieff, the "enfant terrible" of the contemporary Russian music, shows himself in an amiable mood in this little work, composed in 1916-17. The music sparkles with verve and wit, and insouciance.

The big symphony of the evening, the Brahms Second, will be played at the end, after aten-minute intermission.

November 15th will bring the great Holland conductor, Willem Mengelberg, with the Philharmonic and New York Symphony orchestras.

Among other music to be played by Mr. Mengelberg is the fascinating Till Eulenspiegal of Strauss.

The Prague Choir, composed of 60 singing teachers of the public and high schools of Czecvho-Slovakia, will sing in Elmwood Music Hall in the Symphony Series.

The Cleveland Orchestra with Sokoloff conducting and the Detroit with Sir Thomas Beecham as conductors, add further glories to this symphonic series.

[illegible] Early in November.

But a few days remain in which to procure season tickets for the series of symphony orchestra concerts, including the Boston Symphony, the New York Philharmonic, the Chicago Symphony, Minneapolis orchestra and Cleveland orchestra. These orchestras come to Pittsburgh for a series of seven nights and six afternoons during the fall and winter season at Syria mosque, with their complete personnel and distinguished conductors.

The opening concert will be given by the Boston Symphony Friday night and Saturday afternoon, Nov. 2 and 3, and Mr. Koussevitzky has prepared two interesting programs, opening with Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete, Ballet," followed by Debussy's "Nocturnes," Wagner's Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," and Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 in E flat major, "Eroica." On Saturday afternoon, the works to be given include Handel's Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra; Wagner's "Bacchanale" from "Tannhauser;" "La Valse," Choregraphic Poem, by Ravel, and Brahms' Symphony No. 2 in D major.

HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

An Orchestra's Season.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has become a national institution and a record of its activities is of more than local interest in Boston. The list of bookings for the forty-eighth season of the orchestra's existence is at hand and Hartford—on the list for one concert only, on February 3, 1929—may read with somewhat selfish satisfaction, perhaps, that many larger cities are not more favored by the Boston players.

Primarily, of course, the orchestra is of Boston and that city will have sixty-four of its scheduled 108 concerts, all 64 being given in the fine Symphony Hall there. Neighboring Cambridge, at Sanders Theater, will hear nine concerts and the New York and Brooklyn appearances of the orchestra number fifteen in all, Brooklyn having five. The New York concerts are given in "pairs" always, on Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoons, and Brooklyn hears the orchestra on the intervening Friday evenings.

Providence is blessed with four concerts during the season, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburgh with two each and in the single concert class with Hartford are Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Richmond, Montclair, New Haven, Springfield and Northampton. It will be understood, of course, that tours farther afield might readily be arranged for an orchestra of the standing of the famous Boston organization, but the matter of transportation and hotel expenses must be considered and tours are being restricted, more and more, each year.

Hartford is fortunate in having the one concert allotted it. That one concert is possible only as a matter of a "stop-over" between New York and Boston. The hundred and ten players with their instruments and baggage travel by special train and the Sunday afternoon concert here comes between the New York Saturday afternoon performance and that in Boston on Tuesday evening; the orchestra does not, of course, give concerts every day in any week except when it is on its Western and Southern tours.

HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

Boston Symphony Orchestra Opens Its 48th Season

Hartford Concert Scheduled for Feb. 3. Tickets Go On Sale This Week

The historic Boston Symphony Orchestra opened in Symphony Hall, Boston, last Friday, its 48th season. From the evidence of this concert, the coming season may well exceed in brilliance and beauty, in virtuosity and artistic attainment the most glorious seasons of its long and illustrious past. This was the fifth season to be opened by Serge Koussevitzky. When the distinguished Russian conductor stepped upon the stage, he was greeted with a long ovation from a standing audience and a standing orchestra.

The music critics of Boston thus described the occasion in the newspapers of October 6.

Penfield Roberts of the Boston Globe: "There is no doubt that this season will be among the most brilliant artistically in the orchestra's history. The Boston Symphony remains an orchestra unsurpassed by any in the world in the number of first-rate players it contains. Not half a dozen bands can compare with it."

The Hartford concert will be February 3, at the Capitol Theater. The preliminary ticket sale is announced by Frank A. Sedgwick, at McCoy's, Inc., 89 Asylum Street.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN
Dispatch

Symphony Sale Starts

Box office sale of season tickets for the series of symphony concerts in Memorial hall, sponsored by the Symphony Club of Central Ohio, began at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets, Monday morning. The Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, will open the series on Nov. 1. Other concerts are: the Cincinnati orchestra, Dec. 3; the Cleveland, Feb. 4, and the Detroit, March 4. Unpaid for reservations will be held at the box office until Thursday only.

LEWISTON, ME.
SUN

MUSICAL NOTES

New Pieces at Boston Symphony

Two new pieces were introduced a recent Boston Symphony concert. The novelties were suites from Stravinsky's latest ballet, "Apollo Leader of the Muses," and Zotan Kodalsky's opera, "Hary Janos." The Appolo was first performed at the chamber music festival of the Library of Congress in Washington last April, and has since been given in London and Paris as a ballet. The suite suggests the opera ballet music of the 18th and 19th centuries; but there is a reminiscence of plain song as well as of Johann Strauss, of Pergolese and Tchaikowsky, and worn, it is said in Stravinsky's own manner. The grave defect is not lack of conventionality, but lack of emotional intensity and driving power. The apotheosis at the end seems much like memorial music.

The Kodalky suite is of fragments from the opera, Hary Janos, whose tales of his prodigious adventures recall those of Munchausen, or the Paul Bunyan of the American Northwest. The music is brilliantly scored for full modern orchestra in which the pianoforte is very skillfuly used. Themes are said to be taken from Hungarian popular music before it was influenced by Gypsy music. It is tuneful, sprightly, and ought to become a permanent part of orchestral repertory.

SUN
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OCT 22 1928

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COLUMBUS, OHIO
STATE JOURNAL

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Seat Sale.

The box office sale of season tickets for the Symphony Club's series of orchestra concerts in Memorial Hall opens this morning at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad Sts. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, will open the series on Thursday, Nov. 1. Unpaid reservation will be held at the box office until Thursday.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN

OCT 23 1928

He Places Boston Orchestra High

Arthur M. Abell, writing in Musical Courier, pays Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston orchestra, which he directs, his highest compliment. The Boston orchestra and Koussevitzky will open the Symphony club series of concerts at Memorial hall, Thursday, Nov. 1.

"Today we have in America many fine orchestras and four of them are organizations of the first rank—the Boston, New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia and Chicago orchestras," writes Abell.

"Opinions vary as to which is the greatest, but for me (and I write from a New Yorker's viewpoint) the Boston Symphony, under Koussevitzky, leads for all-around technical perfection, tonal beauty, resonance, instrumental balance and general excellence of ensemble."

Seats for the entire series of concerts are on sale at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
JOURNAL

Koussevitzky Gives Concert on His Bass Fiddle

By IRVING WEIL.

Probably the oddest concert that this season is likely to produce took place last night in Carnegie Hall. It was the long promised performance by Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on the contrabass or, being a bit vulgar, the bull fiddle. And, to make the affair the more unusual, he had to help him, Henri Casadesus, the most expert living player on the viola d'amore, an almost obsolete relic of a bygone age.

There was a very large and what is conveniently called a distinguished audience gathered to listen to these two virtuosi, although one noticed a few empty seats here and there in the hall. About all the violinists, pianists, cellists and sundries who happen now to be in town were among those present, for there could be no heart-burnings in observing someone's else enormous skill on a contrabass and a viola d'amore. These are scarcely competitive instruments.

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One of them is to make the bass viol sound as much as possible like a cello, just as the cellist tries to make his instrument sound as much as possible like a violin. This is achieved with a smooth tone in the highest position, which means accomplishing the feat of bending down over the giant length of the contrabass as though the player were about to kiss it on the bridge. And when that isn't enough, there are harmonics, another of the pretty difficulties. Bowing agility, without giving the impression of capering tone, is still another.

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Mr. Casadesus, who is the head of the Society of Ancient Instruments of Paris, came all the way over here for this concert. His art on the viola d'amore is as beautiful as the name of the instrument. And this antique must have its secret trials for the executant, for it possesses seven bowed strings and seven others that sound sympathetically when the first set give forth certain notes. The tone is thus something like that of a harpsichord without the plucked effect. A charming instrument, but it, too, is quickly bedeviled by monotony.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
STATE JOURNAL

OCT 24 1928

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MUSIC

NY. TRIBUNE By LAWRENCE GILMAN Oct 24

Koussevitzky Plays the Double Bass in Recital at Carnegie Hall

Concert by Serge Koussevitzky, double-bass; assisted by Henri Casadesus, viola d'amore; at Carnegie Hall. Pierre Luboshutz, accompanist.

PROGRAM

1. Symphonie concertante.....Lorenziti
   Viola d'amore and double-bass.
2. Concerto for double-bass.....Koussevitzky
3. Sonata No. 1.....Borghi
   Viola d'amore and double-bass.
4. Petite Suite, for viola d'amore...Lorenziti
5. Numbers for double-bass solo:
   (a) Largo from sonata.....Eccles
   (b) Minuet .....Beethoven
   (c) Berceuse .....Lasca
   (d) Valse Miniature.....Koussevitzky

SHORTLY before an audience of celebrities and a few others ceased streaming down the aisles of Carnegie Hall last night, Mr. Serge Koussevitzky, unchaperoned by his Boston Symphony Orchestra, walked a bit nervously across the stage and took his place to windward of an accompanist's grand piano. Behind him came a white-gloved attendant, bearing rather gingerly an instrument that had never in our recollection been played in recital within those fairly ancient walls. This was no less august a vehicle of music than a double-bass—the double-bass of the greatest living virtuoso upon that gargantuan fiddle.

Mr. Koussevitzky was companioned, for his opening number (and one other), by Mr. Henri Casadesus, distinguished specialist in old instruments and old music, on this occasion presented as player of the viola d'amore, that double-stringed fiddle whose tone is as romantic as its name; for the two artists were to discourse together a sinfonia concertante by the little known Luigi Lorenziti from eighteenth century Italy.

The audience attended with lively curiosity as the gracious, courtly duo was traversed—with Mr. Koussevitzky very modestly subordinating himself to his companion. It was not until the next number, when the illustrious *contre-bassiste* had the stage to himself in his own concerto, that Mr. Koussevitzky's hearers really sat up.

* * *

Mr. Koussevitzky, as all the world knows, was an illustrious virtuoso on the double bass before he became even more eminent as a conductor of potent magnetism and vitality. When he first began to give recitals in Russia a quarter century or so ago (assisted by a singer named Chaliapin), the reviewers compared the furor that he provoked with that aroused by Adelina Patti. He toured the world as a conquering virtuoso, with his great fiddle trailing after him; dropped it professionally when orchestral conducting absorbed him, and resumed its public use a few years ago in Providence as a gesture of thanks when Brown University bestowed upon him the honorary degree of Master of Music. Last autumn he gave a double bass recital in Boston, and last week he gave another there. Last night's will surely not be his only appearance here as soloist.

* * *

If there is anything rarer in New York concert halls than a guitar recital was before Mr. Segovia's day, it must surely be a double-bass recital. The bull fiddle, that "dangerous rogue elephant," as Sir Charles Stanford called it, is familiar to most of us only as one of those stalwart beasts of burden who carry the orchestra on their backs. Contemporary American concertgoers are as little accustomed to thinking of the bull fiddle as a soloist's plaything as they are to imagining, say, an afternoon of music for the piccolo.

Double bass soloists are not wholly unknown here; and there have, of course, been famous performers upon the instrument. The eccentric Venetian, Domenico Dragonetti, "gaunt and brown and tough, like one of his own strings," as Chorley described him, amazed the world by his marvelous performances upon the double bass a century ago (he could play on his double bass the violin part of a quartet). Later there was Bottesini, who, like Mr. Koussevitzky, was also distinguished as a conductor, and, again like his Russian successor, composed music for his instrument, when he was not playing with his large and remarkable collection of dolls—for he was an "original" of the purest water. Earlier than either of the celebrated Italian virtuosi was Joseph Kämpfer, who also could play exacting violin passages on his double bass, and who particularly excelled, as Mr. Koussevitzky does, in the expert and delicately beautiful use of harmonics.

Serge Koussevitzky

Who made his first New York appearance as a double bass soloist last night at Carnegie Hall

We do not know if Dragonetti or Bottesini ever visited this country (certainly Kämpfer never did); but if so, the event has long faded out of the public memory—for Dragonetti has been dead for eighty-two years and Bottesini for almost forty. So to Mr. Koussevitzky must go the distinction of having added a new and exciting pleasure to the possible experiences of our music lovers. He has noosed the cumbrous pachyderm of the violin species, has dragged him up out of the orchestral cellar (where Cecil Forsyth warned us not to stable him forever), and has revealed him to us as a creature who does not merely gambol with grotesque ponderosity, or grumble in discontented servitude, or speak oracular solemnities, but who can sing with pride and independence and lyric fervor, with something of the cello's poignantly vibrant utterance in its upper register, yet with a fullness of body, a dark and beautiful austerity, and an amplitude of sombre richness that no cello is able to attain.

From Mr. Koussevitzky's lowest string issues a tone purged of all raucousness, noble and superb, and from thence upward the scale is pure, euphonious, beguiling—upward to the region of the flageolet tones, where Mr. Koussevitzky's harmonics have a clear, etherial and crystalline loveliness that challenges credulity.

* * *

But indeed, every aspect of Mr. Koussevitzky's dealing with the cumbrous, four-tongued, monstrous creature that tops him by a head is a challenge to the listener's credulity. When Pignolet de Monteclair introduced the double-bass into the orchestra of the Paris Opera two centuries and a quarter ago, he characterized it as one which "should be employed for tempests and storms, and for the speech of demons, magicians and lost souls." But Mr. Koussevitzky, a virtuoso doubled by a poet, can make the formidable creature sing with tenderness and intimacy and warmth. One sits enchanted, thinking of the gentler viols and of human throats. For this is a master who not only exerts with suavity and elegance the technique of the super-expert, but who phrases like a great singer, imagines like an architect, and dreams of beautiful surfaces like a designer of fine webs.

* * *

His own concerto was devised, naturally, to exploit his instrument and his art, and for that it served effectively. None of the music of the program, *qua* music, was of the highest virtue. But that is doubtless the prime drawback of being a consummate player of the double-bass. Equipped to sing great music upon a noble instrument, one is balked by the absence of great music to be sung.

Mr. Casadesus was a fit associate of his brother artist. Hearing them play together, one remembered what old Chorley wrote almost a century ago after listening to the fabulous Dragonetti and his artistic partner, Lindley the 'cellist: "They talked to each other on the violoncello and double-bass, bending their heads with quiet, confidential smiles. Nothing has been since heard to compare with the intimacy of their mutual musical sympathy."

A rare evening; a memorable disclosure!

N. Y. TELEGRAPH

OCT 24 1928

BASS VIOLINS REVIVE MUSIC OF OLDEN TIME

Unusual Program Offered by Boston Symphony Thrills Audience.

AIRS HOLD CROWD

Serge Koussevitzky Demonstrates Ability by Work at Carnegie Hall.

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON.

The ancient and honorable order of bass fiddles moved to the center of the musical arena last night and enjoyed the dazzling glare of the spotlight at Carnegie Hall last night.

The contra bass left its accustomed place in the back of the orchestra and took the solo position, in the arms of the conductor himself, the pride of staid Boston's honored symphony—Serge Koussevitzky.

It was the unique event of a lifetime of concert-going. The recital itself was sufficiently unusual to attract attention, but the personality of the recitalist, gave to the program, a combination of so many aspects, that it may be written into music-history as an adventure.

Only the full realization of the whole curious ensemble of backgrounds, can bring out the extraordinary thing which took place. To do that, one must remember the dignity of the Hub, the history of the orchestra, the personages assembled about the life of that noble organization.

Further one must realize the position of the Conductor, himself, his predecessors, his necessarily difficult niche. Add to that the general impression of the Bass-Violin, the grandfather of the violin; the astonishment at the very dream of using the giant, roaring deep-throated, seemingly cumbersome and heavily-speaking voice for solo work. And you have a notion of the contrasting ideas which were flying in droves in the atmosphere.

It was such a program as might have been expected to draw the elect of the art, the understanding, the elite, the initiate and the sacred inner circle. Combined with these listeners, were the admirers of the conductor, Serge Koussevitsky.

Turns Back History.

But for the lovers of the old and deeply stirring music of an ancient day, this was an esthetic treat.

In the imagination of those who listened, pages of history turned back and as Henri Casadesus with the viola d'amore, played to the double-bass of Koussevitzky and the piano of Pierre Luboshutz, we knew what our great grandparents and their grandparents had experienced. That Rondo! Dear readers, it had the spell of long-forgotten incarnate memories wrapped in it. It had something of the roughness of an old dance, and yet was sweet and fragrant and elusive.

Elusiveness was the chief quality of this program. It was realized at the opening notes of the Lorenziti Symphonic Concertante. It grew on the audience, as the moments progressed. There was a vague and haunting mystery to it all.

Well can I understand the love which Koussevitzky holds for his instrument, which he forsook to wave the baton. And well can we understand the fame which he knew as virtuoso.

Full Range of Tone.

The giant was as a violin in his hands; it whispered as well as thundered. It exceeded itself, and it did unbelievable things, yet it never went outside its province. Thank the good taste of a great artist that, with all his powers, he never once asked the instrument to do a single "trick" or perform for the crowds. He never demanded that it be other than itself. Consequently there was the realization that such a recital is really not for general consumption or frequent consumption, perhaps. The voice of the bass violin was given many colors, within its own spectrum.

The artist knew no bounds. His technique was tremendous; he played as a violinist would do. He even brought us harmoniques, which drew overtones, way above the ordinary range. We delighted in Koussevitzky's own Concerto. It was of the bass and for the bass.

Praise is due that indefatigable laborer for the redemption of ancient instruments, M. Casadesus, who came over from Paris for this concert, Pierre Luboshutz shared in the applause as well he deserved to do.

The program included further, Borghi's Third Sonata for Viola d'Amore, and double bass; and Lozensiti's "Petite Suite" for d'Amore, and a group of little numbers transposed and written for the bass violin.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
TIMES
OCT 24 1928

MUSIC

By HAROLD A. STRICKLAND.

THE BULL FIDDLE'S DAY

Not only is a change being effected in musical forms in these days of novelty, jazz, speed, etc., but even our accustomed types of concerts are falling before the assaults of those who desire to offer and do offer "something different."

We have had piccolo sonatas, guitar recitals and, via radio, musical saws and fine-toothed comb concerts, but it remained for one of our hitherto staid gentlemen of music to present last night a form of concert which was entirely new and contrary to what had ever gone before.

Of course the way had been prepared. For some time have we heard and read much concerning the virtuosity of one Serge Koussevitsky, who in the days before he exchanged the garb of a traveling Russian musician for the formal evening attire demanded in the city of culture, was known as an accomplished player of the despised bull fiddle. Mr. Koussevitsky, now risen to the top of our conducting staff, is known to have suffered from pangs of remorse recently, and whenever he surveyed his orchestra and his eye caught the choir of double-bass players, conscience would prick him as though he had forgotten the friend of his youth.

So last season he decided to risk the ire of Boston and offered a recital there. Contrary to expectation, he was not forced to withdraw under a fire of satire, but found that the Bostonese liked his work as much as the Russian peasants in the days when he and one Chaliapin were engaged in gathering rubles.

Thereupon the conductor of the Boston Symphony decided to invade New York, and last night, accompanied by Henri Casadesus, maitre of the viola d'amore, he offered a bull fiddle recital. To those who believe that this instrument is capable only of emitting raucous noises and sonorous shrieks, the recital of Mr. Koussevitsky was a revelation. Never in the experience of this reviewer did the bass viol sound so much like a 'cello as it did under Mr. Koussevitsky's playing—not sawing. That there is required a technique almost as difficult as that for the most noble of the string instruments became evident as this conductor-player continued on his way, and that some beautiful tones are located within the sounding board of this elephantine member of the viol family was shown when the master hand played it.

With a limited repertoire available, it was necessary for Mr. Koussevitsky to compose works for the instrument, and that these were written primarily for the double-bass was apparent in their offering. However, the work of Mr. Casadesus must not pass unnoticed, for when he played with his more distinguished companion we had really a conversation between two gentlemen both of whose voices had matured.

Aside from the novelty of the affair, it was really notable as a musical event, for it showed plainly that genuine musicians, regardless of their media, can always speak noble language.

Mr. Thomas Returns.

It was with regret that I hied downtown to the Town Hall, where the most accomplished baritone of the country was holding forth after another season of opera abroad. John Charles Thomas was in the midst of his aria from Massenet's "Salome" when I reached the hall. Here was drama in the voice, but not an overabundance. He had opened his program with some lieder and Peri's "Invocazione di Orfeo," and then came some French and modern English ballads. At intervals Eric Zardo, who accompanied him, offered some piano numbers.

Mr. Thomas was in rare form, singing superbly, with skilful phrasing, excellent diction and with a warmth of

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
TIMES UNION

OCT 24 28

Boston Symphony Here On Monday

With no concerts scheduled for this week the next musical event will be the appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Eastman Theater Monday night. The change was made from the regular Friday night concert date because the touring itinerary of the famous Boston ensemble would not permit a stopover on Rochester on Friday.

Serge Koussevitzky, the distinguished Russian leader, will be on the conductor's stand. Last season an audience that packed the theater heard Mr. Kousevitzky and his men give a magnificent performance and the program arranged for next Monday night gives assurance of a similar treat. Two of the works on the program will have a first Rochester hearing—the "Classical" Symphony of Prokofieff and excerpts from Raval's "Daphnis and Chloe" suite.

The concert opens Series Band the complete program follows:

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
JOURNAL

OCT 24 28

Again the Double-Bass

Serge Koussevitzky, double-bass, assisted by Henri Casadesus, viola d'amore; Bernard Zigera, accompanist, played on the evening of October 17 a unique concert in Symphony Hall, Boston, the like of which only the chosen of time and circumstance have been fortunate enough to hear. A man of Mr. Koussevitzky's art does not appear in every generation, while the association of two such as he and the connoisseur of instruments of centuries long past is as rare as the transit of Venus.

It was no new experience for Mr. Koussevitzky, and the enthusiasm that greeted him made clear that his skill was not unknown to his audience. His appearance brought a long and continued uproar of applause, which at the conclusion of his concerto was augmented by another, when he was fairly inundated with flowers, as though he were a prima donna of the first magnitude. He balked, man-like, at the floral tribute, but finally took the bouquets with as much grace as he could command and put them on the piano.

The virtuoso had never shown better form. He handled the huge instrument with a firmness and tenderness of the iron hand in the velvet glove. His tone, all golden, was spun with an amplitude whose variety suggested nothing more inaccurate than a micrometer. It rose from the gossamer film of a silken thread and grew to the stout rotundity of a ship's hawser on a graduation that tested the accuracy of the most delicate ear.

There is no greater test for player or instrument than this—the gradual and accurate shading of a tone by beginning with the bow at the end of the fingerboard, gradually and almost imperceptibly drawing it onward and downward, the while just as gradually increasing its speed and its pressure until the hairs seem to touch the edge of the bridge at the very crest of the wave of sound. Then begins the decrescendo on a change of stroke, ending pianissimo at the point where the tone begun. This feat Koussevitzky did again and again, to the wonder and amazement of all who play on strings.

Where his marvellous left hand gets its delicacy, its unerring accuracy, and its might, is a question that has always bothered men of stronger hands which they have always found too weak. The bow is more a matter of fine nerve and synchronous adjustment; it is a matter of temperament and brain. But the fingers are concerned with quick, sudden, and clean-cut leverage, for which the prime requisite is might.

Mr. Koussevitzky's tone was always that of a strong man certain of his strength. He could descend to the lowest levels and mount to the greatest altitudes with equal ease, while in running rapid arpeggios he was as infallible as the most accomplished pianist. In his lyric chant he could start with the voice of the rude cyclops and change it to the gentlest tones of Galatea without sign or gesture. His 'cello tones were richer, broader, and more covered than those of the finest 'cello while his violin tones gave no indication of parody but were as round and clear and delicate as those of the violin itself. In his duets with the viola d'amore whether tonally above or below that instrument, his sense of proportion, emphasis, and variety was equally just.

The viola d'amore, on the other hand, justified its own passing before the dominance of the greater violin; for the viola d'amore tone is more like the voice of a woman grown old in her art—hard and stiff and nasal and glassy, whose singing days are numbered.

M. C. W.

CITIZEN
BROOKLYN

Konssevitzky Gives a Double Bass Recital

That rarity of rarities—a double bass recital—charmed and delighted the Carnegie Hall audience last evening, when Serge Koussevitsky, famed conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, returned to the instrument of his youth.

Mr. Koussevitzky, it will be remembered, was a virtuoso on the double bass long before he took over the leadership of the Boston Orchestra, and it was self-evident last night that he had returned to an early love. Boston, for a few times during the past year, has heard Mr. Koussevitzky in double bass recitals, but it was New York' first opportunity. In the early part of the program Henri Casadesus assisted.

NEW YORK
EVENING WORLD
OCT 24 1928

MUSIC

By Richard L. Stokes

ONLY four men in history have been celebrated as virtuosi of the contrabass, popularly known as the "doghouse," and one gave a recital with that cumbrous instrument last night at Carnegie Hall. He was Serge Koussevitzky, redoubtable director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As assistants appeared Henri Casadesus, performer on the viole d'amore, and Pierre Luboshutz, pianist.

This was Mr. Koussevitzky's first solo concert in New York and his second in America, his introductory recital having occurred last season in Boston. There was a large, curious and affable gathering, to most if not all of whom the program offered, as it did to the writer, a totally new experience.

Between the pianoforte and the footlights an attendant placed a chair which, as it proved, was not intended for Mr. Casadesus but for the bass viol, which reclined upon it during intermissions with a half-human and jauntily august repose. Another servitor, wearing the embarrassed air of a footman, burdened with a gargantuan infant larger than himself, staggered in with the instrument.

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Those of us unfamiliar with the bass fiddle save through the projection of a tier of necks at the rear of orchestras, seized the opportunity for a closer examination. It was a handsome and glistening creation, bearing in every line the mark of race. According to advance information, it was the handiwork of Gironimo Amati of Cremona

In that case, the instrument had apparently been remodeled, for it was of the four-string species which did not come into use until the beginning of the nineteenth century. In the flat back and sloping shoulders, it preserved features of the primitive viol, but the f-holes and arched belly were those of the violin clan. This was a full-size orchestral bass, instead of the smaller basso di camera, with three strings, employed by Dragonetti and Bottesini; and its accordiatura was presumably that of the standard symphonic instrument—E, A, D, G.

The performer himself, quickly following his instrument, was applauded for some minutes. When he grasped the contrabass, with his left arm about its shoulders, the neck towered far above his head. He employed the usual squat and heavy bow, held not in violoncello position, but with the palm grasping its butt. That the physical labor of manipulating the varnished colossus was no sinecure appeared from the industry with which, during interludes, Mr. Koussevitzky mopped a dripping brow.

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Instantly markworthy was the strength and spread of the left hand. Since the vibrating string-length of the doublebass is twice that of the violoncello, the distance between adjacent semitones on the two instruments is in the proportion of 2 to 1. When the hand is closest to the nut, the maximum stretch between the first and fourth fingers compasses only a whole tone. In order to negotiate these spaces, Mr. Koussevitzky's hand had developed such prodigious elasticity that it seemed to envelop the great fingerboard like the jaws of an anaconda.

As for the energy of the member, more than once, unless my eyes were deceived, he fretted the ponderous E string with the little finger, and the pressure required must have been many pounds. Besides employing the four fingers, the performer seemed habitually to use the thumb, which is utilized only occasionally with the violoncello. The bow was flourished with a delicacy and speed belying its club-like bluntness.

* * *

Sir Charles Stanford once exclaimed against the contrabass as "a dangerous rogue-elephant," but Mr. Koussevitzky's pachyderm was a model of gentleness and placidity. The tone was unexpectedly mild-mannered; instead of the bad-tempered twang of the smaller violoncello we heard an equable drone, a nasal buzz of genial majesty. The old three-stringer, one is told, was far more sonorous, obstinate and irascible.

As the violoncello has steadily approached the violin's fleetness, so Mr. Koussevitzky's giant instrument encroached in turn upon the violoncello's technique. He used the G-string as a chanterelle, and, moving often in the highest region of the fingerboard, sent fractional notes scampering at a dizzy pace. Melodies were made to sing with smoothest cantabile and legato, much elegance of phraseology and no small approximation to expressiveness.

* * *

The opening number was listed as a Symphonie Concertante for viole d'amore and double bass, with piano by A. Lorenziti, a worthy of the eighteenth century, so obscure that his name does not appear in the dictionaries of Grove or Baker. The work bore every mark of having been composed for violin and violoncello. Certainly the bass viol sojourned wholly, so far as I could discover, inside the violoncello's range.

Tempering the force of his bow to the fragility of the viole d'amore, an instrument designed for a small chamber rather than Carnegie Hall, Mr. Koussevitzky produced a tone resembling a warm caramel. The combination of a piano with these two instruments, rather than a harpsichord, was acoustically to be reprehended.

A work sincerely in the idiom of the base viol was Mr. Koussevitsky's own Concerto for Doublebass, composed in 1902. Here for the first time was brought into play that abysmal scale from low C down to E by which the bass fiddle surpasses the violoncello in depth. Here also was displayed the larger instrument's extreme facility in gamboling with harmonics—a feat in which the performer was not always successfully accurate. As to the musical value of the work, it may be remarked that the sentimental theme of the slow movement possesses no slight resemblance to the melody of "Mighty Lak a Rose."

* * *

The next offering, entitled "Third Sonata for Viole d'Amore and Double Bass," also bore many stigmata of a transcription from violin and violoncello. The composer was Luigi Borghi, a violinist of the later eighteenth century. Mr. Casadesus followed with a Petite Suite, ascribed to the aforesaid A. Lorenziti. The viole d'amore, with its seven sympathetic strings, uttering a tinkling and toy-like murmur in response to the seven bowed strings, was admirably played, but in itself inspired mostly an antiquarian interest.

The program ended with a group of frank transcriptions for the contrabass—the largo from Henry Eccles's 'cello sonata in G Minor, Beethoven's Minuet, G. Laska's Berceuse and Koussevitzky's Valse Miniature.

* * *

While this revelation of the bass fiddle as a solo instrument was an engaging tour de force, and reflected high credit upon Mr. Koussevitzky as an artist and executant, the final impression left was that musicians have shown a sound instinct in reserving the contrabass for its great function as the basis of the orchestra. A second recital would no doubt prove endurable, and a third probably a bore.

It is perhaps significant that Mr. Koussevitzky and Bottesini owed their choice of this instrument to accident. Both were too poor to pay their own tuition at a conservatory, and both discovered that the only scholarships untenanted were those for the double bass.

The other three celebrities of the "doghouse" were Domenico Dragonetti (1763-1846), intimate of Haydn and friend of Beethoven, who was compelled to go in hiding when Napoleon occupied Vienna because the Emperor wished to carry him off by force to Paris; Giovanni Bottesini (1822-1889), who invented the bow used by Mr. Koussevitzky, and August Mueller (1819-1867), a German master.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS
OCT

CONCERTS OPEN OCT. 30

Boston Symphony Orchestra to Start Foundation Series Here.

With Serge Koussevitzky conducting, the Boston Symphony orchestra will open the Buffalo Musical Foundation series of concerts at Elmwood Music hall Oct. 30 and will be followed at short intervals throughout the season by the Hollander, Mengelberg, Metod Dolezil, the Bohemian conductor, coming with the Prague chorus; Sir Thomas Beecham, the British orchestra conductor; Nikolai Sokoloff, the Russian of American training and education; and Victor Kolar, also a Bohemian.

The programs will thus bring to Buffalo music of all the principal countries where symphony music abounds. Mr. Koussevitzky is especially interested in the new music and will include some on his program. Mr. Mengelberg leans toward the so-called classic composers; the Prague choir will present the Czecho-Slovakian composers for American consideration; while Mr. Sokoloff keeps a classic composer as the backbone of his programs, but is interested in young Americans and their work.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
POST
OCT 24

Music : By Oscar Thompson

Koussevitzky in Double Bass Recital Converts Bulky Instrument Into Expressive Medium for Beauty

THE DOUBLE BASS is not a solo instrument. So eminent an authority as Grove's Dictionary establishes that. The amazing performances of Domenico Dragonetti and Giovanni Bottesini in the last century were merely the exceptions that prove the rule. Besides, Bottesini used the basso di camera, which is not the full-sized orchestral double bass. Therefore, when Serge Koussevitzky came to Carnegie Hall last night in the role of recital contrabassist, possessed of an instrument that yielded nothing in bulk to those that provide an undertone for his Boston Symphony,, he was predestined to clinch the case for the writer in Grove. He did so, by providing another exception after the fashion of Dragonetti and Bottesini. One was reminded of what Spontini said to Wagner; he had done better than he could do. Without a solo instrument, the Boston conductor supplied the most astonishing solo playing. His double-bass was not for such purposes; it merely achieved them like the violin of Fritz Kreisler or the 'cello of Pablo Casals.

A notable audience awaited this first revelation in New York of the art which occupied Mr. Koussevitzky almost exclusively in Europe for some thirteen years, when he was feted and acclaimed as a virtuoso of the concert platform. If it had expected him to carry in his own double bass, it was disappointed. His bow might have been his baton, as he emerged amid plaudits, followed by one in white gloves whose part of the program it was to get the goliath of fiddles on and off the stage. Also, if the curious looked to him to occupy the chair that stood significantly in the center of the platform, they were disappointed again. Even virtuoso contrabassists liberate the most ecstatic of their reveries standing up. The chair was there for the pampered instrument to lean against when its lord and master communicated with whomsoever he communicated with between his groups, behind the scenes.

OF DRAGONETTI it is related that he found his priceless Di Salo in the convent of St. Pietro, and that he tested its powers on the monks of San Giustina by imitating a thunderstorm and bringing them out of their cells at night. There were no thunderstorms in Carnegie last night, though it rained outside. The Koussevitzky double bass neither rumbled nor growled. But it sang a berceuse by G. Laska like the fondest and gentlest of mothers, and it not only stepped lightly in the Beethoven minuet in G (fiddler's choice) but flung up its heels in a gigue by Luigi Borghi.

For the most part, it was playing to suggest a somewhat under-resonant cello, sweet and velvety of tone, freer than most cellos of surface buzz, tender and a little remote—with something even wraithlike in its grace of phrase. Saint-Saens may have been joking the jokester when he gave the "Dance of the Sylphes" to the double basses in his elephantine parody of Berlioz in the "Carnival of the Animals." Cheek by jowl, Mr. Koussevitzky and his gargantuan viol produced rapid passages that were clean and crisp, and harmonics that were essentially musical if not so disembodied as those of the violin.

That everything the contrabassist played possessed the style and finesse of a very superior artist was not so surprising as these technical feats. Manhattan has not known Koussevitzky the conductor without acquiring knowledge of his status as a musician. Incidentally, it may be recalled that Bottesini, too, achieved success as a conductor. Both he and Dragonetti were composers, Bottesini not chiefly for his instrument.

NOT to be less versatile than his artistic antecessors, Mr. Koussevitzky proffered his own concerto for double bass, composed in 1902, seven years before he realized his dream to conduct an orchestra of his own. The concerto served its purpose agreeably, and, if not great music, or music without indebtedness to men who wrote more momentously, it is conceivable that Fritz Kreisler may yet transcribe its andante for the violin!

A generous part of the program was shared with Henri Casadesus, player of the viola d'amore and leading spirit of the Paris Society of Ancient Instruments. He played with Koussevitzky in Lorenziti's Symphonie Concertante and Borghi's Third Sonata, innocent enough examples of eighteenth century string writing, and had his individual success with a suite by the former of the two composers. Pierre Luboschutz played admirable accompaniments, though it appeared not always easy for him to subdue the piano to the small dimensions of the double bass tone. In using the four strings of the ordinary orchestral instrument Mr. Koussevitzky sacrificed something of brilliance, it being the common experience of contrabassists that the three-string instrument used by Bottesini yields a fuller resonance.

To remark that there were much enthusiasm and prodigious applause last night is only to append the inevitable.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Democrat Chronicle

Boston Symphony Brings New Music; Flonzaley's Last Visit

Serge Koussevitski to Conduct Great Orchestra in Opening of Series B Concerts at Eastman; Two Works to Have First Hearing Here

Concert Calendar

TOMORROW

Baptist Temple—The Hall Johnson Negro Choir of New York in a program of spirituals, folk and work songs, 8:20 p. m.

MONDAY, OCT. 29

Eastman Theater—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitsky conducting. First concert in Eastman Theater's Series B, 8:20 p. m.

THURSDAY, NOV. 1

Kilbourn Hall—The Flonzaley String Quartet. Second concert the Kilbourn Hall Monday series. Farewell appearance in Rochester of the Flonzaley Quartet.

The Hall Johnson Negro Choir is composed of singers gathered by its leader from the southern states. At its first appearance in New York last Spring the choir achieved marked success. It sang at the stadium concerts in New York last Summer and by request made a second appearance at those concerts. It sings here in Rochester under the management of the Mount Olivet Baptist Church, to the interest of which the proceeds of the concert will be devoted.

Boston Symphony

There will be no Eastman Theater concerts this week, the motion picture, "Wings," holding the screen through Friday night. The world-famous Boston Symphony Orchestra will be heard next Monday evening, with Serge Koussevitzky, the distinguished Russian leader, on the conductor's stand.

The Boston Symphony opens Series B concerts, and the event takes place on Monday instead of the regular Friday concert night because of the orchestra's touring itinerary. Two years ago an audience that packed the theater heard the Boston Symphony and a program that is fully as attractive has been arranged by Mr. Koussevitzky for the forthcoming visit. Two of the works will have a first Rochester hearing—Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony and excerpts from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" suite.

The complete program follows:

"Clasical" Symphony, Op. 25..... Prokofieff
- Allegro
- Larghetto
- Gavotte
- Finale

"Prelude a l'Apres-midi d'un Faune" (The Afternoon of a Faun) ..... Debussy

Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloe" Ballet (Second Suite)

"Lever du Jour"—Pantomime—"Danse Generale" .....Ravel

(Promenade Intermission.)

Symphony No. 3 in D Major, Op. 73 ..... Brahms

Flonzaley Quartet

For 24 years the Flonzaley Quartet has been playing publicly in this country and in Europe. It has played many times in Rochester. Music lovers of the city have memories of its superb performances. On Thursday night, Nov. 1, the quartet will play here for the last time. The quartet is to disband. Certainly the future would add little to its reputation; this is and has been for years the highest. There are many other string quartets now active in this country. Twenty-four years ago the Flonzaleys and the Kneisels alone did yeoman work for string quartet music and performance of the best. For a time the Flonzaleys carried on alone. They came to see every season entirely filled with engagements long before it opened. They became the greatest introducer of new music to the American public that has ever been before that public, and one of the greatest performing ensembles of the classics. The Flonzaley Quartet has a record to justify pride and full satisfaction. Tickets for its concert on Nov. 1 are for sale at the Kilbourn Hall box office.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
JOURNAL
OCT 24 1928

ORCHESTRA TO BE HEARD MONDAY

With no concerts scheduled for this week the next musical event will be the appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Eastman Monday night. The change was made from the regular Friday concert date because the itinerary of the famous Boston ensemble would not permit a stopover in Rochester on Friday.

Rather than deny the music lovers of the community opportunity to hear this great orchestra, the Eastman concert management decided to switch the concert date to Monday, which fits in with the schedule of the Bostonians.

Serge Koussevitsky, distinguished Russian leader, will be at the conductor's stand. Last season an audience that packed the theater heard Mr. Koussevitsky and his men give a magificant performance, and the program arranged for Monday night gives assurance of a similar treat.

The concert opens Series B. The complete program follows:

Classical Symphony, Opus 25 ..... Prokofieff
- Allegro
- Larghetto
- Gavotte
- Finale

Prelude a l'Apres-mide d'un Faune (The Afternoon Debussy of a Foun)

Eclogue by S. Mallarme

Orchestral Excepts from "Daphnis et Chloe" .....Ravel (Second Suite)

INTERMISSION

Symphony No. 3 in D major, Opus 73 ..... Brahms
- Allegro non troppo
- Adagio non troppo
- Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino
- Allegro con spirto

Seats are now available for the concert.

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK WORLD

handling of the unwieldy fiddle that, trusting to the sound of the instrument in the middle and upper registars, one could have sworn that he was playing on a cello. Watching Mr. Koussevitzky's fingers scampering with incredible rapidity over the strings even strengthened this illusion. In rapid passages, in scales and appeggios, in double stopping, in the whole bag of virtuoso tricks which one had always associated with violinists and cellists, the versatile conductor proved himself no whit behind a Heifetz or a Casals.

With the excellent assistance of Henri Casadesus, who plays the viola d'amore, and Pierre Luboshutz, who supplied the piano accompaniments, Mr. Koussevitzky offered a "symphonie concertante," by A. Lorenziti, an obscure composer of the eighteenth century, and a sonata by L. Borghi, also of that period, while his solos included a concerto by himself, composed in 1902, and some small pieces by H. Eccles, Beethoven and others.

A large number of Mr. Koussevitzky's local admirers turned out to see whether the esteemed conductor could do as much with a double-bass as with the Boston orchestra, and finding that he could, they raised the roof of Carnegie Hall with vociferous hand-clapping.

NEW YORK
EVENING WORLD
OCT 24 1925

MUSIC

By Richard L. Stokes

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The performer himself, quickly following his instrument, was applauded for some minutes. When he grasped the contrabass, with his left arm about its shoulders, the neck towered far above his head. He employed the usual squat and heavy bow, held not in violoncello position, but with the palm grasping its butt. That the physical labor of manipulating the varnished colossus was no sinecure appeared from the industry with which, during interludes, Mr. Koussevitzky mopped a dripping brow.

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* * *

Sir Charles Stanford once exclaimed against the contrabass as "a dangerous rogue-elephant," but Mr. Koussevitzky's pachyderm was a model of gentleness and placidity. The tone was unexpectedly mild-mannered, instead of the bad-tempered twang of the smaller violoncello we heard an equable drone, a nasal buzz of genial majesty. The old three-stringer, one is told, was far more sonorous, obstinate and irascible.

As the violoncello has steadily approached the violin's fleetness, so Mr. Koussevitzky's giant instrument encroached in turn upon the violoncello's technique. He used the G-string as a chanterelle, and, moving often in the highest region of the fingerboard, sent fractional notes scampering at a dizzy pace. Melodies were made to sing with smoothest cantabile and legato, much elegance of phraseology and no small approximation to expressiveness.

* * *

The opening number was listed as a Symphonie Concertante for viola d'amore and double bass, with piano by A. Lorenziti, a worthy of the eighteenth century, so obscure that his name does not appear in the dictionaries of Grove or Baker. The work bore every mark of having been composed for violin and violoncello. Certainly the bass viol sojourned wholly, so far as I could discover, inside the violoncello's range.

Tampering the force of his bow to the fragility of the viole d'amore, an instrument designed for a small chamber rather than Carnegie Hall, Mr. Koussevitzky produced a tone resembling a warm caramel. The combination of a piano with these two instruments, rather than a harpsichord, was acoustically to be reprehended.

A work sincerely in the idiom of the base viol was Mr. Koussevitsky's own Concerto for Doublebass, composed in 1902. Here for the first time was brought into play that abysmal scale from low C down to E by which the bass fiddle surpasses the violoncello in depth. Here also was displayed the larger instrument's extreme facility in gamboling with harmonics—a feat in which the performer was not always successfully accurate. As to the musical value of the work, it may be remarked that the sentimental theme of the slow movement possesses no slight resemblance to the melody of "Mighty Lak a Rose."

* * *

The next offering, entitled "Third Sonata for Viole d'Amore and Double Bass," also bore many stigmata of a transcription from violin and violoncello. The composer was Luigi Borghi, a violinist of the later eighteenth century. Mr. Casadesus followed with a Petite Suite, ascribed to the aforesaid A. Lorenziti. The viole d'amore, with its seven sympathetic strings, uttering a tinkling and toy-like murmur in response to the seven bowed strings, was admirably played, but in itself inspired mostly an antiquarian interest.

The program ended with a group of frank transcriptions for the contrabass—the largo from Henry Eccles's 'cello sonata in G Minor, Beethoven's Minuet, G. Laska's Berceuse and Koussevitzky's Valse Miniature.

* * *

While this revelation of the bass fiddle as a solo instrument was an engaging tour de force, and reflected high credit upon Mr. Koussevitzky as an artist and executant, the final impression left was that musicians have shown a sound instinct in reserving the contrabass for its great function as the basis of the orchestra. A second recital would no doubt prove endurable, and a third probably a bore.

It is perhaps significant that Mr. Koussevitzky and Bottesini owed their choice of this instrument to accident. Both were too poor to pay their own tuition at a conservatory, and both discovered that the only scholarships untenanted were those for the double bass.

The other three celebrities of the "doghouse" were Domenico Dragonetti (1763-1846), intimate of Haydn and friend of Beethoven, who was compelled to go in hiding when Napoleon occupied Vienna because the Emperor wished to carry him off by force to Paris; Giovanni Bottesini (1822-1889), who invented the bow used by Mr. Koussevitzky, and August Mueller (1819-1867), a German master.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS
OCT

CONCERTS OPEN OCT. 30

Boston Symphony Orchestra to Start Foundation Series Here.

With Serge Koussevitzky conducting, the Boston Symphony orchestra will open the Buffalo Musical Foundation series of concerts at Elmwood Music hall Oct. 30 and will be followed at short intervals throughout the season by the Hollander, Mengelberg, Metod Dolezil, the Bohemian conductor, coming with the Prague chorus; Sir Thomas Beecham, the British orchestra conductor; Nikolai Sokoloff, the Russian of American training and education; and Victor Kolar, also a Bohemian.

The programs will thus bring to Buffalo music of all the principal countries where symphony music abounds. Mr. Koussevitzky is especially interested in the new music and will include some on his program. Mr. Mengelberg leans toward the so-called classic composers; the Prague choir will present the Czecho-Slovakian composers for American consideration; while Mr. Sokoloff keeps a classic composer as the backbone of his programs, but is interested in young Americans and their work.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
POST
OCT 24 1925

Music : By Oscar Thompson

Koussevitzky in Double Bass Recital Converts Bulky Instrument Into Expressive Medium for Beauty

THE DOUBLE BASS is not a solo instrument. So eminent an authority as Grove's Dictionary establishes that. The amazing performances of Domenico Dragonetti and Giovanni Bottesini in the last century were merely the exceptions that prove the rule. Besides, Bottesini used the basso di camera, which is not the full-sized orchestral double bass. Therefore, when Serge Koussevitzky came to Carnegie Hall last night in the role of recital contrabassist, possessed of an instrument that yielded nothing in bulk to those that provide an undertone for his Boston Symphony,, he was predestined to clinch the case for the writer in Grove. He did so, by providing another exception after the fashion of Dragonetti and Bottesini. One was reminded of what Spontini said to Wagner; he had done better than he could do. Without a solo instrument, the Boston conductor supplied the most astonishing solo playing. His double-bass was not for such purposes; it merely achieved them like the violin of Fritz Kreisler or the cello of Pablo Casals.

A notable audience awaited this first revelation in New York of the art which occupied Mr. Koussevitzky almost exclusively in Europe for some thirteen years, when he was feted and acclaimed as a virtuoso of the concert platform. If it had expected him to carry in his own double bass, it was disappointed. His bow might have been his baton, as he emerged amid plaudits, followed by one in white gloves whose part of the program it was to get the goliath of fiddles on and off the stage. Also, if the curious looked to him to occupy the chair that stood significantly in the center of the platform, they were disappointed again. Even virtuoso contrabassists liberate the most ecstatic of their reveries standing up. The chair was there for the pampered instrument to lean against when its lord and master communicated with whomsoever he communicated with between his groups, behind the scenes.

OF DRAGONETTI it is related that he found his priceless Di Salo in the convent of St. Pietro, and that he tested its powers on the monks of San Giustina by imitating a thunderstorm and bringing them out of their cells at night. There were no thunderstorms in Carnegie last night, though it rained outside. The Koussevitzky double bass neither rumbled nor growled. But it sang a berceuse by G. Laska like the fondest and gentlest of mothers, and it not only stepped lightly in the Beethoven minuet in G (fiddler's choice) but flung up its heels in a gigue by Luigi Borghi.

For the most part, it was playing to suggest a somewhat under-resonant cello, sweet and velvety of tone, freer than most cellos of surface buzz, tender and a little remote—with something even wraithlike in its grace of phrase. Saint-Saens may have been joking the jokester when he gave the "Dance of the Sylphes" to the double basses in his elephantine parody of Berlioz in the "Carnival of the Animals." Cheek by jowl, Mr. Koussevitzky and his gargantuan viol produced rapid passages that were clean and crisp, and harmonics that were essentially musical if not so disembodied as those of the violin.

That everything the contrabassist played possessed the style and finesse of a very superior artist was not so surprising as these technical feats. Manhattan has not known Koussevitzky the conductor without acquiring knowledge of his status as a musician. Incidentally, it may be recalled that Bottesini, too, achieved success as a conductor. Both he and Dragonetti were composers, Bottesini not chiefly for his instrument.

NOT to be less versatile than his artistic antecessors, Mr. Koussevitzky proffered his own concerto for double bass, composed in 1902, seven years before he realized his dream to conduct an orchestra of his own. The concerto served its purpose agreeably, and, if not great music, or music without indebtedness to men who wrote more momentously, it is conceivable that Fritz Kreisler may yet transcribe its andante for the violin!

A generous part of the program was shared with Henri Casadesus, player of the viola d'amore and leading spirit of the Paris Society of Ancient Instruments. He played with Koussevitzky in Lorenziti's Symphonie Concertante and Borghi's Third Sonata, innocent enough examples of eighteenth century string writing, and had his individual success with a suite by the former of the two composers. Pierre Luboschutz played admirable accompaniments, though it appeared not always easy for him to subdue the piano to the small dimensions of the double bass tone. In using the four strings of the ordinary orchestral instrument Mr. Koussevitzky sacrificed something of brilliance, it being the common experience of contrabassists that the three-string instrument used by Bottesini yields a fuller resonance.

To remark that there were much enthusiasm and prodigious applause last night is only to append the inevitable.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Democrat Chronicle

Bos… between Taft and Roosevelt. T… same is true of New Jers… Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rh… Island and Delaware. All th… states are industrial. The pr… perity and protection issues we… heavily with them. The comn… judgment is that in these states… the present campaign, prosper… and protection compose the is… more to the front than any ot… This issue is the basis of the … diction that most of these st… will go Republican.

Serg…

Wet Sentiment

All these states have a large … sentiment, though not so great … is often supposed. It is fair ju… ment to say that Massachusetts … the whole is dry. The wetness … these states, and therefore … probability that Smith could c… them on this issue, was the p… cipal political reason for Sm… nomination. Nevertheless Sm… has allowed all but the last … weeks of the campaign go by w… out making any wet speeches … plea in these states. Smith's … barrassment lies in the diffic… of making a wet speech in t… states without endangering him … in the South, the border and … West. Meantime in the wet … ern centers, many of the wets … come to think of Smith's wet … gram as not very practicable, … to think of prosperity and stat… as paramount.

With respect to the bearing … Smith's present drive on the … tion as a whole, it is imper… for Smith to carry practically … these states. His chance of …

Baptis… son … a pr… work…

Eastma… Symp… sevits… in E… 8:20 …

Kilbour… String… the … ries. … Roch… tet.

The H… compos… leader … its first … last S… marked… stadium…

Summer and by request made a second appearance at those concerts. It sings here in Rochester under the management of the Mount Olivet Baptist Church, to the interest of which the proceeds of the concert will be devoted.

Boston Symphony

There will be no Eastman Theater concerts this week, the motion picture, "Wings," holding the screen through Friday night. The world-famous Boston Symphony Orchestra will be heard next Monday evening, with Serge Koussevitzky, the distinguished Russian leader, on the conductor's stand.

The Boston Symphony opens Series B concerts, and the event takes place on Monday instead of the regular Friday concert night because of the orchestra's touring itinerary. Two years ago an audience that packed the theater heard the Boston Symphony and a program that is fully as attractive has been arranged by Mr. Koussevitzky for the forthcoming visit. Two of the works will have a first Rochester hearing—Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony and excerpts from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" suite.

The complete program follows:

"Clasical" Symphony, Op. 25 ..... Prokofieff
- Allegro
- Larghetto
- Gavotte
- Finale

"Prelude a l'Apres-midi d'un Faune" (The Afternoon of a Faun) ..... Debussy

Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloe" Ballet (Second Suite)

"Lever du Jour"—Pantomime—"Danse Generale" ..... Ravel

(Promenade Intermission.)

Symphony No. 3 in D Major, Op. 73 ..... Brahms

Flonzaley Quartet

For 24 years the Flonzaley Quartet has been playing publicly in this

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
JOURNAL
OCT 24 1925

ORCHESTRA TO BE HEARD MONDAY

With no concerts scheduled for this week the next musical event will be the appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Eastman Monday night. The change was made from the regular Friday concert date because the itinerary of the famous Boston ensemble would not permit a stopover in Rochester on Friday.

Rather than deny the music lovers of the community opportunity to hear this great orchestra, the Eastman concert management decided to switch the concert date to Monday, which fits in with the schedule of the Bostonians.

Serge Koussevitsky, distinguished Russian leader, will be at the conductor's stand. Last season an audience that packed the theater heard Mr. Koussevitsky and his men give a magificant performance, and the program arranged for Monday night gives assurance of a similar treat.

The concert opens Series B. The complete program follows:

Classical Symphony, Opus 25 ..... Prokofieff
- Allegro
- Larghetto
- Gavotte
- Finale

Prelude a l'Apres-mide d'un Faune (The Afternoon Debussy of a Foun)

Eclogue by S. Mallarme

Orchestral Excepts from "Daphnis et Chloe" ..... Ravel (Second Suite)

INTERMISSION

Symphony No. 3 in D major, Opus 73 ..... Brahms
- Allegro non troppo
- Adagio non troppo
- Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino
- Allegro con spirto

Seats are now available for the concert.

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK WORLD

MUSIC

By Samuel Chotzinoff

The Double-Bass Comes Into Its Own

Mr. Serge Koussevitzky, the celebrated conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave a recital on the double-bass at Carnegie Hall last night.

The occurrence seems to me to come within Mr. Dana's definition of what is news. Had Mr. Koussevitzky given a recital on the piano or on the violin, even on the cello, it wouldn't have been news, for most conductors have been virtuosi on one or another of these instruments. But an orchestra leader who plays the lowly and cumbersome double-bass is a phenomenon extraordinary enough to catch the interest of almost any one.

The double-bass is an instrument which one knows to be difficult, and hopes that it were impossible. Although it is conceded to be the backbone of the orchestra, the idea of it as a solo vehicle is generally as unthinkable as the use of the tympani for the same purpose. It is known that Beethoven was fascinated by the playing of the double-bass player Dragonetti, whose skill inspired the great symphonist to write the difficult passage for the basses in the scherzo of the Fifth Symphony. But it has always been my sneaking belief that it takes all the bass players in an orchestra to negotiate the passage creditably

Last night Mr. Koussevitzky proved conclusively that the double-bass is a solo instrument—at least it is in his hands. So amazingly deft was his handling of the unwieldy fiddle that, trusting to the sound of the instrument in the middle and upper registars, one could have sworn that he was playing on a cello. Watching Mr. Koussevitzky's fingers scampering with incredible rapidity over the strings even strengthened this illusion. In rapid passages, in scales and appeggios, in double stopping, in the whole bag of virtuoso tricks which one had always associated with violinists and cellists, the versatile conductor proved himself no whit behind a Heifetz or a Casals.

With the excellent assistance of Henri Casadesus, who plays the viola d'amore, and Pierre Luboshutz, who supplied the piano accompaniments, Mr. Koussevitzky offered a "symphonie concertante," by A. Lorenziti, an obscure composer of the eighteenth century, and a sonata by L. Borghi, also of that period, while his solos included a concerto by himself, composed in 1902, and some small pieces by H. Eccles, Beethoven and others.

A large number of Mr. Koussevitzky's local admirers turned out to see whether the esteemed conductor could do as much with a double-bass as with the Boston orchestra, and finding that he could, they raised the roof of Carnegie Hall with vociferous hand-clapping.

INFORMATION OBSCURED

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.
EAGLE

Music of the Day

By EDWARD CUSHING

The English Singers Visit Brooklyn at the Behest of the Institute—A Double-Bass Virtuoso.

BEFORE an audience alternately deeply interested and amused, the English Singers gave last evening their first Academy of Music concert this season. Disposed about their table, part-books in hand, they presented a familiar spectacle, and the program, too, that they gave was familiar, though only in its character a survey of Elizabethan music. The madrigals, ballets, folk songs and duets that it comprised were those selected during the past summer to increase the repertory of the Singers and to add to the interest of novelty to their concerts in America.

It would be superfluous to praise lengthily the work, individual and collective, of the Singers. The excellent quality of the vocal material devoted in the interests of this ensemble is widely known and admired, and the virtuosity disclosed in its performance of excessively difficult a capella music has many times been enthusiastically, though never extravagantly, represented to the public. Nor is it necessary to stress the uniqueness of the English Singers, to whom we are indebted for the restoration of a musical treasure long enjoyed only by the student and the historian of the greatest of the arts. Since the English Singers made their first appearance in New York, a number of similar groups have been organized, and there has been a marked revival in the interest in English music of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries. For these services, if not for the entertainment afforded by their performances, we should be obliged to be grateful.

According to his custom, Mr. Kelly interspersed the program with remarks and digressions on the numbers sung, explaining the origin as well as the characteristics of the various musical forms represented in the selections. The composers of the evening included Weelkes, Bateson, Ward, Morley, Dowland Bartlet, Jones and Bennet. Two Shakesperean settings by Henry Purcess and John of Fornsete's "Sumer Is Icumen In" appeared on the latter half of the program, and here also room was found for several duets.

* * *

Unfortunately, we were unable to enjoy the full program offered by the Singers, for, while they appeared at the Academy of Music, a recital of unique interest, if of negligible importance, was taking place at Carnegie Hall. Mr. Koussewitsky, the majesterial conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was presenting himself to New York as a double-bass virtuoso, a role in which he was once continentally known and admired.

It would be difficult, and it is unnecessary, to determine the amount of skill with which Mr. Koussewitsky played Borghi, Eccles, Beethoven and Lasca on the least favored and most utilitarian of the stringed instruments. Mr. Koussewitsky is probably the only or at least one of the very few musicians alive who publicly profess double-bass virtuosity. His recital was without parallel in our memory, or in available records of the musical activities of this city, and for this reason, as well as out of compliment to the distinguished rank of the soloist, called for recognition.

Mr. Koussewitsky was assisted by Henri Casadesus, who played the viola d'amore, and Pierre Luboshutz, accompanist. His program included, in addition to music by the composers whom we have already named, a Concerto of his own composition. This, unfortunately, we did not arrive in time to hear. Perhaps some one of these days Mr. Koussewitsky may be prevailed upon to perform it with the Boston Orchestra, resigning his baton for the occasion into the hands of Mr. Burgin, the concert-master.

OTHER MUSIC.

A single impression stands out from among the many made upon the writer by John Charles Thomas' recital in the Town Hall last evening: the impression that slowly but surely Mr. Thomas is learning how to sing. The extraordinary beauty of his voice, which no one has thought to question, has in the past shown to poor advantage owing to Mr. Thomas' lack of skill and taste in its management. He was apparently content with the favor of an undiscriminating and easily satisfied public, caring little for the opinion of those who deplored his carelessness of musical effect. Last evening Mr. Thomas sang intelligently, considerate of the poetic and emotional values of the better songs on his program. Should he persevere with humanity in this direction, he should soon find himself among the two or three foremost singers of the day.

R. Z.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
STATE JOURNAL

OCT 2

* * *

Boston Director

Olin Downes of The New York Times ranks Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, as one of the three

BOSTON, MASS.
HERALD

NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

There have been two changes in the program of the Boston Symphony concerts of Friday and Saturday this week. An Introduction and Fugue by Pick-Mangiagalli was announced for performance. This was put aside because the orchestral parts did not arrive in time. It was said that a Partita by Kondracki, a young composer born in the Ukraine region, now living in Paris, would be substituted. For some reason or other the performance of this Suite has been postponed. Ibert's "Feerique" for orchestra will be played for the first time in Boston, if not for the first time in this country. The first performance was in Paris three years ago. The other numbers on the program are Prokofieff's pretty little "Classical" symphony; Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and the Symphony in D major (No. 2) by our old and esteemed friend, Johannes Brahms.

The orchestra next week will give concerts in Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus and Pittsburgh. The next concerts in Boston will be on Nov. 9 and 10.

Jean Bedetti, solo violinist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, assisted by Felix Fox, pianist, and Arthur Fiedler, conductor and pianist, will give a concert tonight in Jordan hall. The program is one of unusual interest. C. P. Bach's Concerto No. 3, A major, accompanied by strings, will be performed for the first time in Boston. The sonata for violoncello and piano by Alfano, whose opera "The Resurrection" was performed here by the Chicago Civic Opera Company, will also be heard for the first time in this city. Other compositions are Kodaly's Sonata for the violoncello alone; a Chant Elegiaque by Gaston Elcus, a valued violinist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and pieces by Granados and Popper. In Kodaly's Sonata, which will be played here for the second time, the G and C strings are lowered a half tone.

SUN
Oct 24

Serge Koussevitzky in Recital

Boston Symphony Conductor Pleases Vast Audience at Carnegie Hall.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave a recital last night in Carnegie Hall, playing superbly on a double bass, and a great audience went into raptures over the achievements of a man who became a virtuoso on the ponderous fiddle in spite of himself.

For Mr. Koussevitzky went to a conservatory to study something quite different, but as he was too poor to pay he was glad to accept a scholarship. The only one open was for the double bass. He became a double bass player, and learned to love it. There are writers who declare that he is one of the three great masters the instrument has had, the other two being Dragonetti and Bottesini.

The double bass was at one time said to have been invented by Gaspar di Salo, the famous violin maker, in 1580, but probably it was not invented at all. It was a lineal descendant of the violone, the low bass of the viol family. By making the body thicker and the strings heavier, a bigger volume of tone was obtained, but doubtless at the expense of some of the suavity and mellowness of the older instrument. However, the double bass was more serviceable in the orchestra.

Dragonetti lived from 1763 to 1846 and was celebrated for his magnificent tone, which may have been largely due to his exceptionally fine bass made by Di Salo. Bottesini played on a three-stringed basso da camera with a bow resembling that of the cello. Many double bass players use such a bow now, but the prevailing bass has four strings. Some have five and, as Arnold Dolmetsch grumbled, the bass may get back to the original six of the violone. Why not? The more strings the more technic.

Mr. Koussevitzky was content with a conventional bass of moderate size and having four strings, of which the upper two did the major portion of the work. He played with a bow such as all our orchestral players formerly used, called the "underhand" bow, and not the cello type adopted by the Parisian bass players about 1830. But his bowing was entirely free from the "ripping" effect observed in old fashioned bass playing. It was suave and elegant and caressed the strings so that they responded with their loveliest tonal secrets.

The program began with a "Symphonie Concertante" by Lorenziti, in which Henri Casadesus of the Society of Ancient Instruments, Paris, joined Mr. Koussevitzky, playing on a viola d'amore, member of the obsolete viol family. The same composer was also represented later by a "Petite Suite," played by M. Casadesus. There were two Lorenzitis—Antoine, born in The Hague in 1740, and his brother and pupil, Bernard, born in Kircheim in 1764. Both wrote chamber music. The works heard last evening were by the younger. The second number on the program was Mr. Koussevitzky's own concerto for double bass, and this was followed by Borghi's sonata for viola and bass. Luigi Borghi, a distinguished pupil of Pugnani, was principal second violin at the Handel commemoration in London in 1784. He left, among other works, six sonatas for violin with bass. Four shorter numbers, including Mr. Koussevitzky's "Valse Miniature," completed the list.

Of Mr. Koussevitzky's concerto it can be said that, while it was not intrinsically music of distinguished character, it disclosed fastidious taste in its demands upon the instrument and a fondness for flowing melody with sentiment behind it. The harmonics with which the slow movement ended were extraordinarily beautiful and must have brought a new tonal tint to the ears of most listeners. There are bass harmonics in the Nile scene of "Aida," but they are lost in the general harmony. Mr. Koussevitzky's stood out in all their nakedness and had no reason to be ashamed. Furthermore the concerto made no foolish attempt to display the possibilities of the bass in rapid passages. There was a bit of floridity just before the close, but it was most discreetly written.

The charms of Mr. Casadesus's viola d'amore were not lost upon the audience. It was easy to recognize the presence of a master playing upon an instrument of peculiarly well-marked individuality. He too worked some magic with his harmonics. Pierre Luboschutz was at the piano and at times furnished somewhat more tone than was advisable. The concert was interesting partly because of its archaic contributions, partly by the use of unusual instruments, and mostly by its disclosure of musicianship and fine taste. Mr. Koussevitky's conception of virtuosity did not construe it as a display of technical fireworks, but of perfect command of the most captivating resources of the double bass as a singer of cantilena. The audience was of course as large as the h[illegible]

COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN

Wields Baton and Plays Viol Solos

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of Boston Symphony orchestra, gave a most remarkable concert Tuesday evening in New York city on his double bass viol. The renowned director is but one of a few masters on this cumbersome instrument, having started his career with it at the age of 14. He gained widespread fame in this field before winning laurels as a symphony conductor.

Shortly after his arrival in America for the season with the Boston orchestra, Koussevitzky played for phonograph recordings of his favorite solos. He will conduct the Boston Symphony orchestra's concert in Memorial hall, Thursday, Nov. 1.

Season tickets for the Boston, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Detroit concerts are on sale now at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets. Unpaid-for reservations will be released Thursday.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
JOURNAL

OCT 28

COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN
Dispatch

His Orchestra Opens Symphony Club Season Thursday at Memorial.

FROM a Boston correspondent comes excerpts from an interview with Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who will appear with the world-famous band of musicians in Memorial hall next Thursday evening.

The scribe visited Mr. Koussevitzky at his home at Jamaica Plain, a suburb of Boston.

"There was nothing Slavic about the old colonial house which bore the assigned number, nor about the entry hall, which was hung with a canvas of a Union general, a sword and other Civil war relics," says the Boston writer.

"The conductor entered to extend a courteous welcome. His tweeds and spats bespoke a good tailor, and perhaps a shade more attention to dress than is customary with Americans.

"Asked what he thought of his audiences in America, he spoke with quick enthusiasm.

"'I have come in contact with a number of American audiences,' he said, 'not only in Boston and New York and the cities of our regular visits, but further afield in the orchestra's occasional tours into Canada, New York state and the South. The audiences everywhere I have found particularly responsive, their reactions interesting. The only measure of success in a symphony concert is a close sympathy between orchestra and audience. I usually find there is an intimate contact, a close "rapport".'"

CLEVELAND, OHIO
NEWS

PROBABLY you'll be interested to know what the celebrated Boston Symphony orchestra will play when it comes to Masonic hall next Wednesday evening, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, noted for his daring in presenting unusual works. The first number will be the Prokofieff "Classical Symphony." Second, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faune," which is very familiar to a Cleveland audience. Third, excerpts from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe." The second part of the program will be devoted to Brahm's Second Symphony.

* * *

NOTHING on the above program is startling to a Cleveland audience. We heard Prokofieff in [illegible]

THE CHAPERON'S COMMENT ON SOCIETY

Early Fall Society Interests of Matrons and Debutantes Are Varied

By The Chaperon

A VARIETY of interests holds the attention of the Fashionable World these days as matrons and debutantes attend benefit card parties and charity bazars, matinee lectures and Chatterbox rehearsals.

The concert that ordinarily would be given tonight in the series of the Eastman Theater will take place Monday night, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting, will be heard. The date was changed to meet the demands of the tour of the orchestra.

The social world also is looking forward to the second lecture in the series by Dr. Arthur J. May of the history department of the University of Rochester, Tuesday afternoon from 3 to 4 o'clock in the parish house of Christ Episcopal Church, East Avenue. Tea will be served at the close of his lecture.

The committee of hostesses in charge is composed of Mrs. Robert Holmes, Mrs. George W. Stafford, Mrs. Leonard M. Gard and Miss Grace Schneider.

* * *

[illegible] as one of the favorites of our own symphony regulars.

* * *

N. Y. TELEGRAPH

1920

WHEN Serge Koussevitzky played his contra-bass [illegible] the other evening, he came on the stage with his bow, and a gentleman carried out the big 'fiddle." It would not have been so strange, except that the keeper of the instrument had on white gloves (evidently to keep him from smudging the wood or from touching the strings.) A chair on the stage awaited an occupant, but finally Koussevitzky rested the fiddle against it.

In front of me, there sat two well known violinists, who repeatedly looked toward each other, shook their heads as if to say, "I never thought it possible," and went on listening.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Democrat Chronicle
OCT 26 1920

Magnificent liner Lapland like atmosphere, sailing (22 days); Feb. 25. (16 April 6, (11 days).
RED STAR
INTERNATIONAL MERC
J. C. Kalbfleisch Co., Gilbert, Powers Bldg., or any authorized. ste

chestra brought to a standard of playing artistry equal to any it has achieved, and that artistry seems justly described as a heritage of the conductors who succeeded.

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INFORMATION OBSCURED

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EAGLE

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COLUMBUS, OHIO
STATE JOURNAL
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N. Y. TELEGRAPH
1928

WHEN Serge Koussevitzky played his contra-bass recital the other evening, he came on the stage with his bow, and a gentleman carried out the big 'fiddle." It would not have been so strange, except that the keeper of the instrument had on white gloves (evidently to keep him from smudging the wood or from touching the strings.) A chair on the stage awaited an occupant, but finally Koussevitzky rested the fiddle against it.

In front of me, there sat two well known violinists, who repeatedly looked toward each other, shook their heads as if to say, "I never thought it possible," and went on listening.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Democrat Chronicle
OCT 2 8 1928

Memories of Boston Symphony and Its Conductors Playing under

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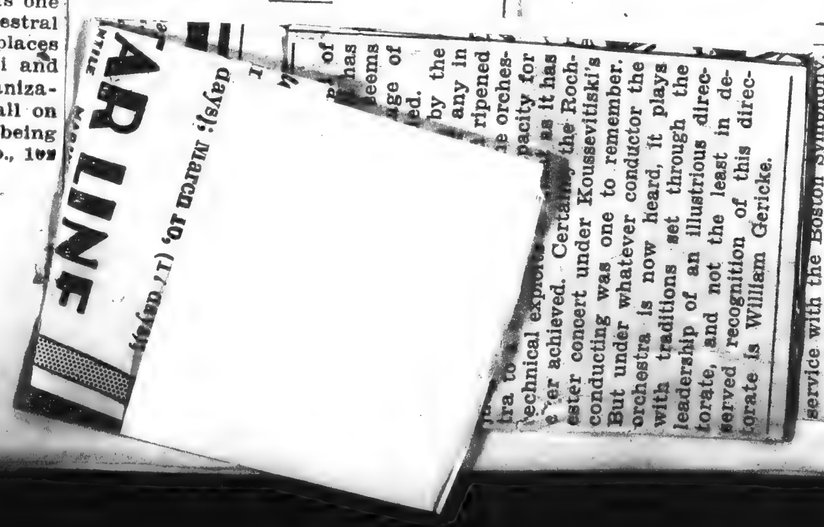
N. Y. TELEGRAPH
1926

WHEN Serge Koussevitzky played his contra-bass recital the other evening, he came on the stage with his bow, and a gentleman carried out the big 'fiddle." It would not have been so strange, except that the keeper of the instrument had on white gloves (evidently to keep him from smudging the wood or from touching the strings.) A chair on the stage awaited an occupant, but finally Koussevitzky rested the fiddle against it.

In front of me, there sat two well known violinists, who repeatedly looked toward each other, shook their heads as if to say, "I never thought it possible," and went on listening.



COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN

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The program to be played by the Boston, under the world-famous conductor, Serge Koussevitzky.

Two of the numbers on the program have never been played before by a symphony orchestra in the Ohio capital. These are the "Classical Symphony," by Prokofieff, and the orchestral excerpts from the second ballet suite of "Daphnis and Chloe," by Ravel.

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In view of the fact that the various movements of a symphony are integral parts of a masterpiece, delicately linked together, the Symphony Club of Central Ohio, which is sponsoring the series of concerts, has given orders to its ushers not to permit any one to take their seats between movements of a number.

The program will commence promptly at 8:15 p. m. and all patrons are urged to be in their seats at that time. The single seat sale for the Boston will not be opened at the box office at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets, until Wednesday morning. Until that time season tickets for the entire series, including the Cincinnati, Cleveland and Detroit orchestras will be sold exclusively.

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...Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Op. 72
Prokofieff .....
....."Classical" symphony, Op. 25
I. Allegro
II. Larghetto
III. Gavotte
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(First time in Columbus)
Ravel ..... Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis and Chloe" ballet (Second Suite)
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Intermission
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I. Allegro non troppo
II. Adagio non troppo
III. Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino
IV. Allegro con spirito

Dr. M. H. Lichliter of First Congregational Church will lecture at 7:30 p. m. Sunday at the church on the composers whose works are to be presented Thursday evening by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. G. G. Grabill, organist, will play the first movement from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and also several compositions by Brahms.

Madame Gray - Lhevinne who will sing in concert Tuesday evening at Capital University.

NEWARK, N. J.
NEWS

Musical Art Jumps A Difficult Hurdle

ONE, it would seem, who attended the recital in Carnegie Hall of a virtuoso accomplished on the double bass, received the full worth of his money in novelty as well as comfort to the ear. This Serge Koussevitzky, it appears from the accounts of startled and admiring commentators, has attained a degree of expertness which enables him to extract melodious, even brilliant, effects from the instrument most unlikely of all, with the possible exception of the bass drum.

In the orchestra, as everybody knows, the double-bass—or bass viol or bull fiddle, as it is otherwise known—serves its valuable, indispensable end. With sepulchral zoom-zooming, it does its portion to impart balance and completeness to the effect. Considered, and heard, by itself, the double-bass part of any orchestral composition imaginably would be uneventful, monotonous and without stirring appeal. An expert double-bassist, intimately acquainted with the great orchestral masterpieces, is said to derive great pleasure from playing over his parts in solo manner, being enabled to hear those seraphic harmonies of his long acquaintance. But the casual auditor is not so blessed.

There is a little lesson, doubtless, in this performance which has been described as extraordinary. One took in hand a most unpromising implement and from it brought surprising results. So with all of us, the writer of inspirational articles probably would say. With the means available, be they ever so humble, and with resolve and application, we can accomplish great, even amazing, things.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
TIMES UNION

Boston Symphony Here On Monday

"No nation has done more than North America in the cause of music" declares Serge Koussevitzky, Russian conductor, who will direct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in concert Monday night at 8:30 in the Eastman Theater as the opening event in series B. The concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the only one in Series B. which has been scheduled for a night other than Friday.

Koussevitzky's glowing praise of America's efforts in the cause of good music have been the source of inspiration during the past five years that he has been connected with the Boston organization. His approval of American endeavors to sponsor the creative genius of this country, his ready appreciation of every advance being made, his realization of the nation-wide interest in music, and his wholehearted sympathy with American musical tastes, aside from his brilliance as one of the greatest orchestra leaders in the world, have made him one of the most popular conductors who has ever come to this country.

This eminent Russian orchestral genius has deplored the opinion that Europeans have concerning American musical progress. "Europeans generally confound American music with jazz," Koussevitzky says, and on the continent the terms "jazz" and "American music," are often used synonpmously," Koussevitzky has been one of the most rigouous defenders this country has yet had, endeavoring to correct this erroneous impression of our musical status abroad.

"Jazz," declares Koussevitzky [illegible]s on the wane in the [illegible]ates." Of negro origin, [illegible]uct of dancing, spread by [illegible]ular taste but of little repute [illegible]h the higher strata of life, it has been the object of a passing vogue, where in Europe, and France in particular is outlasting America. Its origin alone would have been enough to turn true Americans from it; moreover, they have quickly sensed the monotony inherent in jazz."

Seats for the concert by the Boston Orchestra are now on sale at the Eastman Theater box office.

The Program

"Classical Symphony," Op. 25 ..... Prokofieff
(a) Allegro
(b) Larghetto
(c) Gavotte
(d) Finale
(First time in Rochester)
Prelude a l'Apres-midi d'un Faune" (The Afternoon of a Faun) Eclogue by S. Mallarme ....Debussy
Orchestral Excerpts from "Dephnis et Chloe" Ballet (Second Suite)
Lever du Jour—Pantomime—Dance Generale ..... Ravel
(First time in Rochester)
Promenade Intermission
Symphony No. 3 in D major, Op. 73 ..... Brahms
(a) Allegro non troppo
(b) Adagio non troppo
(c) Allegretto grozioso, quasi andantino.
(d) Allegro con spirito

Fortunate City

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Music and Musicians

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It is an unfortunate fact that public performers usually follow the line of least resistance in selecting their music. We hear the same works year after year. But there must a mass of full grown chamber music, such as the sonata of Borghi on the Koussevitky program, that has never been heard here. Sam Franko used to unearth treasures for his concerts of old music and quite recently Sir Thomas Beecham delighted New York with some novelties by Handel.

It is not difficult to get Handel music, but scores by the Lorenzitis and Borghi have not benefited by the affectionate labor of any learned "gesellschaft.' There must be hundreds of scores quite worthwhile, all written by men whose very names have disappeared from the dictionaries of music. For example, there is not a line about the two Lorenzitis in Grove's Dictionary and a bare dozen about Borghi, who got in probably because he settled in London and played in the Handel commemoration concerts.

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PITTSBURG, PA.
POST-GAZETTE

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Serge Koussevitzky, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is not only a conductor, but a player of the double-bass instrument. His mastery of this instrument brought him fame before his debut [illegible]n-ducting [illegible]

WITH THE ORCHESTRAS

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, opened its season in Symphony Hall Oct 5 with Beethoven's overture "Leonore, No. 3" and "Eroica" symphony; two of the Debussy nocturnes and Paul Hindemith's concerto for orchestra, op. 38. Philip Hale of The Boston Herald, referring to the compositions of Debussy and Hindemith, said in part:

"Objection was made some seasons ago by a stickler for literal interpretation to Mr. Koussevitzky's conception of 'Festivals,' especially the dazzling vision of a procession—'Debussy never wanted it to go that way.' Now, no one of us in Boston knows exactly how Debussy wished 'Festivals' to be played. A printed score is at the best only a suggestion to a conductor. It is the conductor's duty—as has been wisely said—to find out and express what is not in the printed page. The composer may have thought better than he knew, but failed to make his thoughts clear. Eloquent in thought, he may have stammered in writing. It is our own belief that if Debussy could have heard his 'Festivals' yesterday he would have gone on the platform and, in the face of the public, embraced Mr. Koussevitzky.

"Hindemith's concerto was produced here—for the first time in this country—in March, 1926. Eminent critics in Europe believe that Hindemith is the coming man; equally eminent critics look upon him as a fresh and arrogant person who strives to make the bourgeoisie sit up. Some insist that his music is interesting only for its rhythmic intensity and fire; that his melodic ideas are thin; his polytonality confusion and the abomination of desolation. To us the first movement of this concerto is chiefly a waste of energy; in itself as conventional as any academic allegro of a third-rate sweating German Kapellmeister. Let it be noted that 'Kapellmeister' mus is often written by extreme modernists The uninspired Kapellmeist[illegible] in of

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Democrat Chronicle

It is interesting to note that Olin Downes, of the New York Times selects as the three outstanding musical personalities among present day conductors Stokowsky, Toscanini and Koussevitski. The interest is accentuated for Rochester music lovers in that two of the three are to conduct concerts here in the Eastman Theater this season, Koussevitski tomorrow night.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Democrat Chronicle

200

Rochester to Hear Ravel's Masterpiece

Koussevitski Rated Best Interpreter of This Music

Of the virtuoso performances by the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra under the baton of its gifted Russian leader, Serge Koussevitzky, nothing has made a finer impression than Ravel's second "Daphnis and Chloe" Suite which will have its first Rochester performance when the noted organization opens Series B concerts at the Eastman Theater tomorrow night. Last season when the distinguished French composer had only just landed in America he went to Carnegie Hall, New York, and sat in a box while Koussevitzky and his orchestra surprised him with the homage of a "Ravel" program. After the "Daphnis and Chloe" suite in particular, composer, conductor and orchestra were given an ovation by the great audience.

Maurice Ravel, foremost of tone painters in the contemporary French school, is thought by many to have achieved his masterpiece in "Daphnis and Chloe." It is abundant with his characteristic [illegible] and [illegible]ages this [illegible]l by no other composer. This score is also probably his largest canvas.

Writing in the New York Times Olin Downes said: Mr.Koussevitzky outdistances any of his present colleagues and his orchestra gave an exhibition hardly to be surpassed in the "Daphnis and Chloe" music of Ravel. We remember no such reading of this now familiar and popular music; none which drew such magic and such throbbing beauty; none which brought into existence again as by magic, the most subtle and precise essence of the composer's thought. And here of course, was special opportunity for the orchestra which Mr. Koussevitsky has perfected, sensitized and energized so remarkably in a few seasons, to show itself in all its glory."

The Boston Symphony comes to Rochester on a Monday evening instead of Friday night because its touring schedule permits only a Monday engagement in Rochester. Rather than deny the music lovers of the city the opportunity to hear one of the first three greatest orchestras in the world the Eastman concert committee decided to deviate from the rule of concerts on Friday nights only.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER-EXPRESS

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FRIDAY NIGHT.
Apollon Musagete, Ballet .....Stravinsky
Nocturnes .....Debussy
Prelude to "The Mastersingers".....Wagner
Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major, "Eroica" ..... Beethoven

SATURDAY MATINEE.
"Classical" Symphony, Op. 25....Prokofieff
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COLUMBUS, OHIO
STATE JOURNAL
OCT 2

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NEW YORK TIMES

Seats $1.00 to $2.50 at Box Off. (Chickering Mgt. Wolfsohn Music Bureau of N. Y. Inc

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NEW YORK WORLD

Concert Pitch

Koussevitzky and His Bull Fiddle; Youmans and Gershwin

By Samuel Chotzinoff

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It is said that in the great manor-houses, when the table was cleared after dinner, the family and its guests would still sit at the table and sing madrigals. The music had been handed out to them, and each person would sing at sight from a copy that contained his own part only, like the separate violin or oboe part in an orchestra today. These present-day English singers probably sing better than those average people did then, but they do not pretend to be great vocalists, and they sit around a table in the traditional manner with the music before them and enter into the spirit of this Elizabethan music-making with informality and enthusiasm.

In the New York papers the day after this concert that I have just heard the critics were overflowing with praise—all but one, who among other dissatisfactions found one humorous thing no better than modern vaudeville. But this critic has an unmistakeably Russian name, and probably has but little understanding of the subtleties of Anglo-Saxon humour. This concert which I heard in New York last Sunday makes me look forward with keen anticipation to this coming Thursday night, when I shall hear the English Singers again—this time in the Jefferson Auditorium.

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Two Concerts By Symphony

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will be the first of a group of celebrated conductors to come to Pittsburgh this season, under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association. Friday night and Saturday afternoon he will lead the Boston Symphony Orchestra when it will give the following programs: Friday — Stravinsky's Apollon Musagete, ballet; Debussy's Nocturnes; Wagner's prelude to "The Mastersingers;" Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 in E flat major, "Eroica." Saturday—Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony, Op. 25; Debussy's prelude a l'Apres-midi d'un Faune; Ravel's orchestral excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloe;" Brahms' Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73.

Symphony Visit

FRIDAY—Serge Koussevitzky, with his Boston Symphony Orchestra, will open the series of visiting orchestra concerts next Friday night and Saturday afternoon at Syria Mosque. Other orchestras to appear here this season include the New York Philharmonic for three visits, with Willem Mengelberg and Arturo Toscanini, conductors; the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, with Frederick Stock; the Cleveland, with Nikolai Sokoloff, and the Minneapolis, with Henri Verbrugghen.

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COURIER-EXPRESS

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Classical Symphony, Op. 25....Prokofieff
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Orchestral excerpts from Daphnis et Chloe Ballet (Second Suite)...Ravel
Lever du Jour-Pantomime—Danse Generale
Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 7 ..... Brahms

There will be an intermission of ten minutes before the symphony. The character of the Brahms symphony has peaceful, tender, but not effeminate, serenity, which, on the one side, is quickened to joyous humor, and, on the other, is deepened to mediative seriousness.

Maurice Ravel, foremost of tone-painters in the contemporary French school, is thought by many to have achieved his masterpiece in Daphnis and Chloe. It is abundant in his characteristic delicacy. In sheer loveliness and grace, certain woodwind passages in "dawn" and "pantomine" of this suite have, perhaps, been excelled by no other composer. This score is also said to be probably his largest canvas.

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NEW YORK WORLD

Horowitz Comes Here For Concert Friday

Vladimir Horowitz makes his first appearance in New York this year in a recital at Carnegie Hall on Friday night. The young Russian pianist's program opens with the "Appassionata" Sonata of Beethoven (F minor, op. 57). The second group is devoted to Brahms and includes three intermezzi (Op. 117, 118, 119) and the rhapsody (Op. 119). Chopin follows, represented by the F Minor Fantasy, two mazurkas and the Etude in C Minor (Op. 25). The last two numbers are the Schubert-Liszt "Liebesbotschaf" and the Liszt Rhapsodie Espagnole. Preceding his recital Mr. Horowitz will have played in the following cities: Mount Holyoke College, Oct. 12; Pittsburgh, Oct. 16; with the Detroit Symphony, Oct. 18 and 19; with the Boston Symphony, Oct. 21 and 23; with the Cincinnati Symphony, Oct. 24; Louisville, Oct. 25; Milwaukee, Oct. 29; St. Paul, Oct. 30.

NEW YORK WORLD

Concert Pitch

Koussevitzky and His Bull Fiddle; Youmans and Gershwin

By Samuel Chotzinoff

LAST Tuesday night at Carnegie Hall, Mr. Koussevitzky gave a concert on the double-bass, and an audience that had come out of curiosity found itself enthralled by as beautiful and noble playing on the most unwieldy member of the string family as it had ever listened to on the more delicate and graceful representatives of the violin family.

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NEW YORK WORLD

Horowitz Comes Here For Concert Friday

Vladimir Horowitz makes his first appearance in New York this year in a recital at Carnegie Hall on Friday night. The young Russian pianist's program opens with the "Appassionata" Sonata of Beethoven (F minor, op. 57). The second group is devoted to Brahms and includes three intermezzi (Op. 117, 118, 119) and the rhapsody (Op. 119). Chopin follows, represented by the F Minor Fantasy, two mazurkas and the Etude in C Minor (Op. 25). The last two numbers are the Schubert-Liszt "Liebesbotschaf" and the Liszt Rhapsodie Espagnole. Preceding his recital Mr. Horowitz will have played in the following cities: Mount Holyoke College, Oct. 12; Pittsburgh, Oct. 16; with the Detroit Symphony, Oct. 18 and 19; with the Boston Symphony, Oct. 21 and 23; with the Cincinnati Symphony, Oct. 24; Louisville, Oct. 25; Milwaukee, Oct. 29; St. Paul, Oct. 30.

PITTSBURG, PA.
SUN TELEGRAPH

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will be the first of a group of celebrated conductors to come to Pittsburgh this season, under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Orchestra Association. Friday night and Saturday afternoon he will lead the Boston Symphony Orchestra when it will give the following programs: Friday — Stravinsky's Apollon Musagete, ballet; Debussy's Nocturnes; Wagner's prelude to "The Mastersingers;" Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 in E flat major, "Eroica." Saturday—Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony, Op. 25; Debussy's prelude a l'Apres-midi d'un Faune; Ravel's orchestral excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloe;" Brahms' Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73.

Symphony Visit

FRIDAY—Serge Koussevitzky, with his Boston Symphony Orchestra, will open the series of visiting orchestra concerts next Friday night and Saturday afternoon at Syria Mosque. Other orchestras to appear here this season include the New York Philharmonic for three visits, with Willem Mengelberg and Arturo Toscanini, conductors; the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, with Frederick Stock; the Cleveland, with Nikolai Sokoloff, and the Minneapolis, with Henri Verbrugghen.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CLEVELAND, OHIO
PLAINDEALER

Gifted Boston Players to Be in Town Also

BY JAMES H. ROGERS.

HOLD steady. The Bolsheviks are upon us. At any rate, Serge Prokokieff, Russian composer, whose "Classical" symphony is to be played this week in Masonic Hall by the Boston Symphony orchestra, has always been reputed to be in sympathy with the Soviet regime—in sharp differentiation from his compatriot Rachmaninoff, high in the favor of the American public, whose allegiance to the Romanoff dynasty has never been questioned.

JULIA BUTLER SANKER PHOTO
JAMES H. ROGERS

Then, on the evening after the one marked by the performance indicated, we shall hear the Cleveland orchestra in some simon-pure music of the revolution: "March of the Orient," by a young Russian composer, Joseph Schillinger, who has been connected both with the Charkoff Music Institute and the Leningrad Institute of Art.

What puts the unmistakable stamp of the new order of things on his composition is the fact that it is issued by the Soviet government, which may be, one would guess, a pretty hard-boiled publisher. However, this sort of thing strikes me as quite peaceful penetration.

As for the youthful fire-eater Prokokieff, he has been much in the public eye for a number of years. He has visited America several times, if I mistake not. Once he was heard in Cleveland, as pianist and composer. He did not do anything horrific, even in the works of his own that he played.

I remember that he included in his program some Schubert music. That shows a mind not incapable of being attuned to the gentler phases of the art. And I understand that this "classical" symphony we are to hear springs from a like mood.

The program of the Boston Orchestra concert, which will be given in Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening, is uncommonly interesting and artfully varied. But after all, this occasion, anyway, it will be the conductor and the orchestra that will most engage the attention of the music lovers, who should most certainly be present en masse. For it will be a big night.

Russian Brings Orchestra Back.

Serge Koussevitzky, who has, almost needless to say, never appeared in Cleveland, has just entered upon his fifth season with the Boston Orchestra. This great organization, for many a year the American standard of orchestral perfection, fell upon unhappy days in war time and succeeding years. The deplorable Muck episode seemed to leave it high and dry.

Two capable men came, in successive terms of two or three years each, to conduct the once conquering Bostonians. But perhaps because of a lack of sympathy between leader and players, the orchestra entered upon what is known in baseball parlance as a slump. And presently found itself, to continue the analogy, in the second division. It really looked as though Bay State culture were due to receive a distressing jolt.

But along came the Russian Koussevitsky, and with his coming the sparks began to fly. The ancient glories were not only revived, they were lent added splendor. By all accounts Mr. Koussevitsky is the most stimulating, the most versatile and the most brilliant conductor the Boston Orchestra has ever possessed, even in its palmiest days. Olin Downes, the New York Times critic, ranks him with Stokowski and Toscanini as a "virtuoso" conductor.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
TRIBUNE

It is of interest to learn that Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston sympathony orchestra, is to give a recital this winter in Carnegie hall on the double bass fiddle. Mr. Koussevitsky is a remarkable performer on this, his chosen instrument, through it he won his way to fame in Europe many years ago, appearing with all the leading orchestras and commanding the unswerving support of all who heard his performance.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
STATE JOURNAL

In the World of Music

By Thos. Sparks

THE most interesting musical event of the week here was the recital given by Serge Koussevitzky in Carnegie Hall. Long before this distinguished musician entered the business of orchestral conducting he was known throughout Europe as a virtuoso performer on the double-bass; he was classed as one of the three greatest performers on this instrument the world has ever known.

Mr. Koussevitzky for many years startled the musical world abroad by his artistic playing upon an instrument not usually associated with solo performance, an instrument one thinks of as the backbone of orchestral structure. It is well known, of course, that for some years past Mr. Koussevitzky has been the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In the time he has been associated with this great organization he has brought it back to the high standing it had for many years.

This recent appearance of Mr. Koussevitzky as a solo performer on the double-bass was at once of interest and attracted music lovers in great number to Carnegie Hall. Naturally, there was great curiosity to hear what this eminent musician and conductor could accomplish on this instrument.

USING an Amati double bass, which is smaller than ones seen in the usual orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky astounded his audience with a

That sounds alluring to the prospective listener.

Furthermore, the Boston Orchestra, now said to be in top form, has not played here in ten years. The reasons for hearing the following program seem to be abundant:

"Classical" Symphony, Op. 25..Prokofieff
(a) Allegro
(b) Larghetto
(c) Gavotte
(d) Finale.
Prelude, A l'Apres-Midi d'un Faune ("The Afternoon of a Faun")..Debussy
Orchestral excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloe".....Ravel
Ballet (second suite)
Lever du Jour, Pantomime, Danse Generale
Symphony No. 2 in D Major, Op. 73.....Brahms
(a) Allegro non troppo
(b) Adagio non troppo
(c) Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino
(d) Allegro con spirito

Cleveland Orchestra Concerts.

One of the most memorable eve[nts] in the symphony concrts of last [sea]sons was the performance of Ern[est] Henri Bloch's "Schelomo" by the pr[in]cipal viola d' cellist of the Cleveland Or[ches]tra, pian- Victor de Gomez. A rich and [ex]ceptional work. Mr. de Gomez reve[aled] his own conself, even more than on an [ear]lier occasion, an interpreter, [a]lso. The recital technician, of singular [dis]tinction and unique musical

He will play the S[aint-Saens] long time.

minor concerto in thi[s] certs of the Clevelan[d] Masonic Hall, Thursd[ay] Friday afternoon.

A feature of the [program] by reason of its j[uxtaposition] the Boston orchest[ra] preceding evening [in] the Brahms C m[inor] concluding numb[er] major symphony which Mr. Kous[sevitzky] his final item.

The luminous [quality] of the C min[or] known to all c[oncert] two works ar[e] symphonic m[asterpieces] between—or the old era.

The prog[ram] Overture, "[Leonore] ..... Symphony Orchestra, in Concerto ..... hth season and its fifth Op. 33 March of leadership of Serge Kous- Symphony as a busy schedule for ..... with its usual Symphony

Ch of twenty-four Friday aft-

The c[on]d Saturday evening pairs, the ope[ra] evenings and five Tuesday Music besides occasional pension Wade [Hall] Clevel[and] certs also in Symphony as pr[ivate] concerts in Sanders Theater, [Harvar]d University, Cambridge. The orchestra will also give single concerts at Smith, Wellesley and Yale.

During the first week in November the Boston Symphony will visit Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus and Pittsburgh. The usual five Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon concerts in Carnegie Hall and Friday evenings at the Brooklyn Academy of Music will be given on November 22-24, January 3-5, January 31-February 2, March 7-9 and April 11-13.

Mr. Koussevitzky has already introduced this season Stravinsky's "Apollo Musagetes," Kodaly's "Hary Janos" suite and a new partita by Michal Kondraczki, young Polish composer. Novelties to be offered include new symphonies by Prokokieff and Bohuslav Martinu and works by Aron Copland and Roger Sessions. A symphony by Frederick the Great is to have its American premiere, and special Schubert Centennial concerts are also announced.

PITTSBURG, PA.
PRESS

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Serge Koussevitzky Opens Series Friday.

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony orchestra will open the Pittsburgh Orchestra association concert series in Syria mosque Friday night and Saturday afternoon of this week.

Serge Koussevitzky is not only a famed conductor, but a talented player of the double-bass instrument. His mastery of the instrument brought him acclaim before his days of conducting. Since coming to America he has had many requests to give a recital on this instrument, and last Tuesday he finally acceded.

Mr. Koussevitzky is the first of the celebrated conductors to come to Pittsburgh under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Orchestra association.

The Boston Symphony programs:

FRIDAY NIGHT.
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Nocturnes .....Debussy
Prelude to "The Mastersingers" ...Wagner
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Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloe" .....Ravel
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The Boston Symphony comes to Rochester tonight instead of the regular Friday concert date because its touring schedule made only a Monday date practicable. Rather than rob the music lovers of the community of the opportunity of hearing one of the world's greatest orchestras, the Eastman concert management changed the date for this occasion.

Motion picture performances will hold the screen this afternoon and will be resumed tomorrow, following tonight's concert interruption.

PITTSBURG, PA.
PRESS

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MUSIC COMMENT

Boston Symphony to Open Pittsburgh Orchestra Association Season—Local Organization Plays Tonight—Other Activities in Offing.

By WILLIAM R. MITCHEL.
Press Music Critic.

INAUGURATING the thirteenth season of the Pittsburgh Orchestra association, the Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will play in Syria mosque, Friday night, Nov. 2, and Saturday afternoon, Nov. 3. This will mark the only appearance of the Boston organization during the present season, it is understood, but other offerings on the list, in that line, are on an equally high plane, that should mark the fall and winter series one long to be remembered, artistically and otherwise.

Three pairs of concerts will be given by the New York Philharmonic, with the dynamic Willem Mengelberg conducting the first two pairs, and Arturo Toscanini wielding the baton in the third set. Dates for the New York Philharmonic are Nov. 16-17, Jan. 11-12, and March 8-9. The Cleveland orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff, conducting, plays here Dec. 7-8, I am told, and the Minneapolis orchestra, Henri Verbrugghen, conductor, will be at the mosque Feb. 15-16.

Likely the most interesting event of the Pittsburgh Orchestra association's present season will be the first appearance here in 15 years of the Chicago symphony, the date being Jan. 28, a red-letter day to be marked in your calendar. Frederick Stock, I believe, will conduct this concert. The Pittsburgh Orchestra association, of which Mrs. William Thaw, Jr., is president, has made it possible for students of music to hear these fine organizations for a very nominal outlay in the past, and this season it is continuing the policy that has been in force during former years. And in its existence the association certainly has brought to Pittsburgh the world's greatest orchestras, with complete personnel and a rather pretentious list of distinguished conductors.

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By the way, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, is gifted in another way aside from his genius in conducting. He is a soloist of high repute, his instrument being the cumbersome and much-maligned double bass. That man, according to all reports, is a virtuoso, with marvelous technic, and can accomplish about anything with this unwieldy "dog house" of an instrument as other artists can with the violoncello. Which brings to mind that the double bass as it now is has existed under its present form more than three centuries. History fails to record of more than a scant half dozen men who attained the rank of a virtuoso (in solo work) on the double bass, and of these perhaps the most famed include Koussevitzky himself, whom we will be privileged to see in the role of conductor once more, Friday and Saturday.

• • •

music of the American Negro, the symphony being the outgrowth of his researches in this fertile field.

Between Dvorak and Anton Seidl, then conductor of the Philharmonic orchestra, was a great bond of friendship. There is a story that at the final private rehearsal of the "New World" Seidl played each movement without a break, and that between the movements he left his desk and wended his way to the back part of the hall to exchange felicitations with the composer. The first public performance was given Friday afternoon, Dec. 15, 1893, at Carnegie hall, New York, which was crowded with enthusiastic admirers of the noted Bohemian. At the close of the "Largo," with its haunting English horn solo—the outpouring, evidently, of Dvorak's own homelonging—the great audience was so profoundly moved that in the boxes, filled with women of fashion, and all about the hall, people sat with the tears rolling down their cheeks. This same "Largo" will be played tonight, as it forms the second movement of the E minor.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Democrat Chronicle

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COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN

WHEN KOUSSEVITZKY PLAYS DOUBLE-BASS.

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which will play in Memorial hall Thursday evening, gave New York the surpise of its life Tuesday evening in Carnegie hall, when the celebrated master presented America its first double-bass viol concert.

Olin Downes, critic of the New York Times, expresses astonishment at Koussevitzky's mastery. In his review he says:

"Everything the double-bass is supposed to do, and many things it was not expected to do, were brought to pass, and this without the suggestion of ostentation or technical gymnastics. . . . Mr. Koussevitzky was compelled to add to the program. The audience was loath to let him go. Those who have not heard him have probably little conception of what the double-bass can become in the hands of a master. In other hands, of course, it remains an element of instrumental ensembles. A man of genius last night gave it momentarily a great significance."

—VOTE YES AIRPORT—
VERNON Double Mil[l]

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BY JAMES H. ROGERS.

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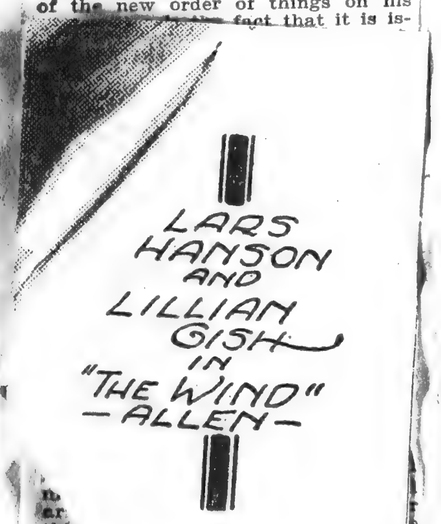

[illegible] there is the only daughter, will be tall and lovely, with en- mond eyes, who is a stu- Russia. Cleveland School of Art. Serge [illegible] had an antique shop in most [illegible] ll summer, which she peared in [illegible] foster mother, Mrs. upon his [illegible] The first Mrs. Ball ton Orches[illegible]us music in the east tion, for ma[illegible]den name, Jessie standard of [illegible]e "How to Pray," upon unhappy finest hymnal ever succeeding [illegible]untry. Muck episode and dry.

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VARI[illegible] VARIE[illegible]
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COLUMBUS, OHIO
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USING an Amati double bass, which is smaller than ones seen in the usual orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky astounded his audience with a remarkable performance; it is astonishing the remarkable effects Mr. Koussevitzky extracted from this ungainly instrument. He made of it a solo instrument quite as much as is the cello. Naturally, the literature for the double-bass is very limited.

OLEY SPEAKS.

The player, however, grouped together a program which held the interest of the audience at all times. He had the assistance of Henri Casadeus, player of the Viola d' amore, and Pierre Luboshutz, pianist. One of the numbers on the program was Koussevitzky's own concerto for double-bass. The recital was one of the most unique musical events heard here in a long time.

* * *

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, the American baritone, fresh from [illegible]

NEW YORK, N. Y.
HERALD-TRIBUNE

The Boston Symphony Starts 48th Season

In Fifth Year of Regime of Koussevitzky

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, in its forty-eighth season and its fifth under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky, has a busy schedule for 1928-'29, with its usual Symphony Hall series of twenty-four Friday afternoon and Saturday evening pairs, five Monday evenings and five Tuesday afternoons, besides occasional pension fund concerts also in Symphony Hall and nine concerts in Sanders Theater, Harvard University, Cambridge. The orchestra will also give single concerts at Smith, Wellesley and Yale.

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Democrat Chronicle

Boston Symphony on Eastman Bill Tonight

Rochester will have another musical opening at the Eastman Theater tonight when Series B concerts are ushered in with the appearance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra with its famous conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, wielding the baton. The advance sale of seats indicates another large audience approaching in size the big outpouring of music lovers who heard Rosa Ponselle ten days ago.

The Boston Symphony comes to Rochester today instead of the regular Friday concert date because their touring schedule made only a Monday date practicable. Rather than rob the music lovers of the community of the opportunity of hearing one of the world's greatest orchestras the Eastman concert management changed the date for this occasion. Motion picture performances will hold the screen this afternoon and will be resumed tomorrow following tonight's concert interruption.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN

WHEN KOUSSEVITZKY PLAYS DOUBLE-BASS.

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which will play in Memorial hall Thursday evening, gave New York the surpise of its life Tuesday evening in Carnegie hall, when the celebrated master presented America its first double-bass viol concert.

Olin Downes, critic of the New York Times, expresses astonishment at Koussevitzky's mastery. In his review he says:

"Everything the double-bass is supposed to do, and many things it was not expected to do, were brought to pass, and this without the suggestion of ostentation or technical gymnastics. . . . Mr. Koussevitzky was compelled to add to the program. The audience was loath to let him go. Those who have not heard him have probably little conception of what the double-bass can become in the hands of a master. In other hands, of course, it remains an element of instrumental ensembles. A man of genius last night gave it momentarily a great significance."

——VOTE YES AIRPORT——
VERNON [illegible]

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
JOURNAL
OCT 30 1928

TONE QUALITY OF SPMPHONY UNUSUAL

By WILLIAM P. COSTELLO

Last night the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under its eminent leader, Serge Koussevitzky, played a concert in the Sastman which must have more than satisfied all the listeners, who just about filled the large auditorium.

W. P. COSTELLO

It was a concert which will be long remembered, and it proves well that a few years in back of an orchestra go a long ways towards mellowing the tone and in giving the members of it the ability to respond to every wish of their leader.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is now in its forty-eighth season, and our own Philharmonic is only five years old. Therefore, we can hardly compare the two. The Boston musicians play with such a tone quality as we have seldom heard before in the playing of symphonic organizations.

The only other orchestra we have heard in the past few years that can be compared with the Boston Symphony is the New York Philharmonic, which also is scheduled to appear here this season.

QUIETLY EFFECTIVE

Mr. Koussevitzky is one of the most interesting leaders before the public. He leads his men in a quiet way, but nevertheless gets results. Some of the effects he achieved last night with an orchestra which numbers well over a hundred were astounding.

The program last night was in two divisions, the first of which consisted of music of the modern school, and the second half of it was composed of one symphony, Brahm's graceful No. 2 in D Major, Opus 73, which goes back many, many years.

Of the modern selections, two of the numbers came as new to most of the audience. They were Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony, Opus 25, and Orchestral Excerpts fro mRavel's Balelt, "Daphne et Chloe." The third of the modern group was Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," which has been played by the Rochester Philharmonic.

Prokofieff had the idea in writing the "Classical" Symphony of writing something that a composer such as Mozart might write were he living today. He has been eminently successful in getting this into his score, and his "Classical" Symphony stands out as a gay and graceful bit of writing. It is in four short movements, full of melodious passages and beautifully orchestrated. We liked best of the four movements th esecond or Larghetto.

SURPRISES AUDIENCE

The Ravel ballet music, which was new to Rochester, came as a great surprise to the listeners. A good description of what Ravel meant to convey in it was given in the book of program notes. But no writing can convey all the beauty, the sheer melody and the wonderful ordchestration of the number. No wonder that the audience demanded Mr. Koussevitzky come back four or five times tc take bows.

He played the charming Debussy prelude beautifully. We are quite familiar with this number, but never before have we heard it played so well as Mr. Koussevitzky and his men played it last night.

But we liked his work in the Brahms symphony best of all. Certainly, Brahms had a great deal to say in his symphony, and he says it in such musical phrases that everybody can understand it.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
JOURNAL
OCT 30 1928

THE CHAPERON'S COMMENT ON SOCIETY

Boston Symphony Concert Brings Throng of City's Elite to Eastman

By The Chaperon

The lure of a feast of superb music offered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting brought the social world and music lovers in general out in the first snow storm of the season. Society hugged fur draps and velvet cloaks tightly about itself and sped quickly from its limousines to the warm foyer of the theater, where the cold blasts of an early winter did not penetrate.

It was a capacity audience which greeted this great musical organizatton and an audience quick to appreciate the mastery and power of a great conductor with enthusiastic and prolonged applause. It was an evening which strongly appealed to the older generation and it was noticeable that many of the white haired dowagers, soon to depart for Southern climes, were on hand to enjoy this offering.

It was undoubtedly due to the winter weather that so many of our fashionables donned velvet and heavy taffetas and crepes. Mr. and Mrs. John W. Force, who have recently returned from a motor trip, were in promenade last evening, Mrs. Force wearing a frock of rose colored moire with long, full skirt, following the latest of fashion's dictates, the uneven hemline.

MRS. J. FOSTER WARNER

There was also, in the Art Gallery promenade, Mrs. William E. Werner, in a somplay fashioned dinner frock of black lace. She was accompanied by Mrs. Charles W. Weis in a black velvet evening gown. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Peck Curtis were greeted by a host of friends as they passed the intermission in the gallery. Mrs. Curtis wore a frock of deep pink crepe. There also was to be seen Miss Mary C. Sage in a taffeta frock of rose and blue over which she wore an ermine coat, en promenade with Thaddeus Newell.

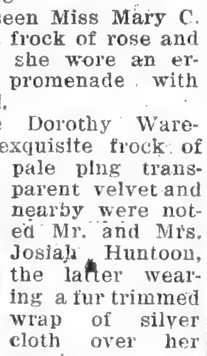
MRS. W. E. WERNER

Lovely blonde Dorothy Wareheim wore an exquisite frock of pale ping transparent velvet and nearby were noted Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Huntoon, the latter wearing a fur trimmed wrap of silver cloth over her evening gown. Miss Isabelle Buell, in a black velvet frock, was among the younger set present.

MRS. H. W. MORGAN

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morgan, the latter in a gown of deep purple transparent velvet, joined a group of friends, as did also George Eastman and the Rev. and Mrs. George E. Norton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kirk Knowlton were among those who chose to leave their seats during the intermission for a short tour of the theater and following their example were also Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Curtis, the latter looking very smart in a gown of delft blue and silver georgette; Miss Henrietta Rhees, who wore a gown of pale blue georgette, Miss Henrietta Rhees, who wore a gown of pale blue georgette, over which she later placd her wrap of green velvet, and Mrs. James Howard Kidd Jr., whose gown of black velvet was covered by a wrap of midnight blue velvet, with large roll collar of self material.


MISS H. RHEES

Among the early arrivals at the theater were Mrs. Gordon C. Baird, her gold wrap trimmed with a large collar of white fur, and Miss Marietta Dryer, who kept her fur trimmed wrap of green velvet snugly about her. Mrs. Leon D. Lewis, in a gown of black lace, followed closely after accompanied by her daughter, Miss Janet Lewis, in a frock of taffeta in two tones of blue.

MISS M. DRYER

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Dunn, the latter in brown lace, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur See, Dr. and Mrs. J. Craig Potter, Mrs. Frank S. Bidwell, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Charles Challice, were also present, as were also Mr. and Mrs. J. Clifford Kalbfleisch, and their son in law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Clarence P. Thomas, Mrs. F. Harper Sibley, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Allen Stebbins, Professor Clarence King Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wright Dodge.

Mrs. Edward S. Ellwanger, Miss Helen Ellwanger, Miss Sarah Creswell, Miss Louise Devine, Miss Miss Adelaide Devine, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wright Dodge, Miss Annette Munro, Dr. Charles Hoeing, Mrs. John J. Finucane, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Jacobstein, were among those present.

Also noted during the evening were: Mr. and Mrs. Gilman Perkins, Dr. and Mrs. John Aikman, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Brown, Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart, Dr. and Mrs. Rush Rhees, Mrs. J. DeWitt Butts, Miss Laura Hawkes, Mr. and Mrs. Buell P. Mills, Augustine Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Beckley, Dr. and Mrs. George Whipple, Miss Marion Weed, Mrs. J. Foster Warner, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Barker.

MISS MARY SAGE

MRS. FRANCIS BOTTOME

Miss Eva Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Baum, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bottome, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Gehrken, Isaac Adler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Meulendyke, Harold Gleason and Mrs. William Craig.

* * *

MISS DOROTHY WAREHEIM, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wareheim of Oxford Street, who was one of the several attractive members of society to attend the concert last evening at the Eastma nTheater.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
Dispatch
OCT 30 1928

Fact and Figure of the Boston Symphony

Here are some facts about the Boston Symphony orchestra, which will appear in concert at Memorial hall, Thursday at 8:15 p. m.:

Contains 110 musicians.

In its 48th season.

Koussevitzky's first appearance in Columbus.

Boston's first in 16 years.

Rated as one of the greatest symphony orchestras and conductors in America.

Will visit only five cities outside of Boston and New York this season.

Columbus is one of the five.

Two symphonies on program never played in Columbus before.

Will arrive in Columbus, Thursday noon, from Cleveland.

Tickets for Boston concert go on sale, Wednesday morning, at Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets.

Season tickets for Boston, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Detroit concerts now on sale.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN
OCT 30 1928

Mr. Koussevitzky to Be Honor Guest at Reception

AFTER the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Thursday night, in Memorial hall, Mr. and Mrs. B. Gwynne Huntington will entertain at their home, 292 South Columbia avenue, in honor of the conductor, Mr. Serge Koussevitzky. They have invited the guarantors of the Symphony Club of Central Ohio, their wives and husbands, members of the executive committee and their husbands, and chairmen of divisions and their husbands.

Other guests will be Mr. R. Burgin, concertmaster of the orchestra; Mr. J. Bedetti, cello; Mr. J. LeFranc, viola; Mr. G. Laurent, flute; Mr. F. Gillet, oboe and Mr G. Boetcher, horn. All are first chair men in the orchestra.

HERALD
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
OCT 30 1928

One thing about the Boston Symphony Orchestra must be good. With Serge Kussevitzky conducting it can make more noise than ten jazz orchestras and do it more artistically. Herr Kussevitzky believes it is a conductor's bounden duty to try out the modern horror music regardless of how it affects an audience, and has given notice he doesn't intend to stand still in this world. That shouldn't bother his musicians, however, as sour note sound exactly like the others.

25 Years Ago Today

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS
OCT 30 1928

BOSTON SYMPHONY OPENS CONCERT SERIES TUESDAY

Serge Koussevitzky will lead his celebrated Boston Symphony orchestra in the program to be presented Tuesday evening in Elmwood Music hall at 8:15 o'clock, opening the symphony series of the Buffalo Musical foundation.

The Boston orchestra, richly endowed by music lovers of that city anxious for it to maintain the high standard it reached under Dr. Karl Muck as conductor, is rated by music critics as among the few superlative orchestras of the world. Koussevitzky, a Russian and a double bass viol virtuoso before he became a conductor, is given much of the credit for the organization's reputation.

Boston Symphony Plays First Concert in Eastman Series B

By STEWART B. SABIN

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Serge Koussevitski, gave last evening the first of the Eastman Theater Series B concerts. The program consisted of Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" suite, three movements, and Brahms' Second Symphony.

It was a program that at casual glance looked to be decidedly modern in slant in its first section, with a Brahms finale to tilt it back toward older music—all the more this impression because two of the first three numbers had not previously been played in Rochester. As an experience, it proved a program that had balance and proportion, if it lacked, in one particular, contrast.

Prokofieff is a most versatile personage among the present-day composers; he can be as declamatory and vociferous as any, and is on occasion. But his classical symphony proves that he can be in spirit and expression direct, clear, charming and consistent in mood with the title he chose for this composition. It is not a symphony large lines; if its extension reat, its ideas are e expressed elabor-

tor's notion of that thought clearly given. The result was a performthat was exceedingly lovely much of the time, but which made seem to the writer that Brahms "loafed" in this symphony more than in his others; that there are a goodly number of passages in this score which are plain writing against space, not adding to the musical message.

The Boston Symphony seemed to the writer to be as worthy of encomium as ever it was. It gave a performance leaving the hearer satisfied with its technical and tonal excellence. The audience of the evening seemed to indicate this satisfaction by its reception of the conductor and players.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
COURIER-EXPRESS

OCT 3 0

OPEN SYMPHONY SERIES

Koussevitzky and orchestra to give concert tonight

With very few changes in its personnel, the Boston Symphony Orchestra with its leader, Serge Koussevitzky, will appear at Elmwood Music hall this evening at 8.15 o'clock, playing the first program in the symphony series of the Buffalo Musical Foundation.

The orchestra has acquired a new virtuoso at the head of its horn section since its appearance here last year. He is Georg Boettcher, who has had a notable career as horn soloist of the Breslau Royal Opera theater, the Dortmund Symphony orchestra and in the Berlin Royal Opera orchestra, having been in the last position for sixteen years. Other new members are in the 'cello, violin and percussion sections. Bernard Zighera, familiar as pianist of the orchestra last season and as second harp, now takes his place as first harp.

Mr. Koussevitzky, the Russian conductor who is responsible, according to critics, for bringing the orchestra to the finest pitch of its career, is said to be unique among conductors not only in his choice of programs but in his instinctive method. He seems to be aware only of the opportunity which his post gives him of enjoying great sound. While some conductors are said to be to their men a moving hand and others, a seeing eye, Mr. Koussevitzky is said to be a listening ear an ear that is sensitive to the charm of the instrumental sonorities, rather than merely keen to detect a false note. He takes deep personal pleasure in every concert his orchestra gives. His concert this evening has been carefully planned to give conservative and modern tastes each their full share of enjoyment.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
CLEVELAND, OHIO
NEWS

OCT 3 0

* * *

THE Boston Symphony orchestra will give its only concert of the season in Cleveland, and the first in ten years, at Masonic hall Wednesday evening. Serge Koussevitzky, celebrated Russian conductor, will be at the desk.

The Cleveland orchestra gives its regular pair of concerts at Masonic hall Thursday evening and Friday afternoon. Victor de Gomez, leading cellist of the orchestra, will be the soloist.

* * *

COLUMBUS, OHIO
STATE JOURNAL

OCT 3 1 1928

MUSIC World Leader in Columbus Thursday

SERGE KOUSSEVITZSKY.

SYMPHONY BRINGS IN 110 MUSICIANS

First Concert of Boston Orchestra Here Since Two Years Before War.

One of the greatest personalities in the music world today will come to Columbus Thursday to direct the performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Memorial Hall.

Serge Koussevitzsky, a Russian nobleman with the appearance and manner of a statesman, has for four years successfully led the greatest orchestra in America. Without the long hair and the usual flourishes which mark the efforts of many of his contemporaries, Koussevitzsky, critics say, commands the mammoth 110-piece organization as if it were a single instrument, and he the artist.

Koussevitzsky is the champion of young composers, the "enfants terrible" whose modern music frequently startles and outrages the conservative ears of concert-goers. He believes in them, publishes their work, and when it is worthy, introduces it himself.

Last summer he conducted his annual "Concerts Koussevitzsky" in Paris, where he introduced 13 works to the Parisian public. One of these was Carpenter's "Skyscrapers."

When he returned from Europe, packed in his trunk were new symphonies by the youthful Prokofieff, Martinu, Copeland and Sessions. Some of these will have their first public hearings this season.

Stravinsky, now firmly entrenched in the favor of music lovers here and in Europe, was discovered by Koussevitzsky, who still publishes his works.

With the orchestra will be a stranger, Georg Boettcher, from Berlin, French horn virtuso, persuaded into the ranks of the American orchestra by Koussevitzsky.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra made its last appearance in Columbus two years before the world war, when the organization boasted only 80 members. Since then its growing popularity has held it in the east, where it plays before packed houses in its own Symphony Hall, Boston.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

OCT 3 1

Boston Orchestra Is Coming for Concert

First Appearance of Symphony Group in City for 16 Years.

Columbus will be host, Thursday, to the Boston Symphony orchestra and its conductor, Serge Koussevitsky, whom critics hold to be one of the greatest personalities in the world today as leader of the finest symphony organization in America.

The orchestra, including 110 musicians, will arrive at the Union station by special train from Cleveland for a concert in Memorial hall at 8:15. At Cleveland the Boston will give a concert in Masonic hall and from Columbus the famous band will journey to Pittsburgh for a two-day stand in Pittsburgh.

Columbus is only one out of five cities in the United State outside of Boston and New York which will be honored with a visit by the Boston orchestra this season. Other cities on the week's tour are Buffalo and Rochester.

FIRST IN 16 YEARS

Included in the special train is a baggage coach entirely filled with precious instruments worth thousands of dollars. This coach is in charge of a special baggage master.

The visit to Columbus by the Boston orchestra is the first in 16 years, the celebrated Carl Muck being conductor of the orchestra on the last occasion. Koussevitzky will give his premier performance in Columbus.

This celebrated conductor rose to fame via the double bass, or commonly known "bull fiddle." He began his career as a musician on this pachyderm of the species of violins at the age of 14 in Moscow. A week ago Koussevitzky gave to America its first concert on the double bass. He is the only concert soloist on that instrument in the world.

CHAMPIONS MODERNS

Koussevitzky, a Russian nobleman, owned his own orchestra and publishing house in Moscow prior to the revolution and he lost everything in the ensuing turmoil.

For his Columbus program, Koussevitzky has selected two symphonies which have never been played in central Ohio. He is the champion of the modern composer, having introduced 13 new works in Paris during the past summer, one of them being the American composer Carpenter's "Skyscrapers."

Koussevitzky according to those who have seen him in action, commands the mammoth 100-piece orchestra as if it were a single instrument and he the artist.

The concert is under the auspices of the Symphony club of central Ohio, of which Mrs. B. Gwynne Huntington, 292 South Columbia avenue, is president. Proceeds of the Boston concert, as well as those by the Cincinnati, Cleveland and Detroit, also on the club's series, will be applied to a scholarship fund to provide a musical education for talented children unable to acquire it themselves.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
NEWS

OCT 3 1

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Boston Symphony

Orchestra, Under Koussevitzky, Opens Foundation's Season Here in Notable Performance

By EDWARD DURNEY

Serge Koussevitzky, distinguished Russian, who has been guiding the destinies of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the past four seasons, returned with the Boston aggregation and gave the opening program of the Buffalo Musical foundation's season orchestra series Tuesday evening, in Elmwood Music hall. Each year Mr. Koussevitzky presents his organization to us in such rarely perfect form that the concert goer now takes for granted the superb performance that unfailingly comes to pass. It would be difficult to conceive of a more artistically significant opening to the series than Tuesday evening's concert. The talented Koussevitzky presented an absorbing program, and both conductor and players must have experienced gratification at the response of the large, appreciative audience.

Koussevitzky seems to electrify his players quite as much as he does his hearers; the music he reads takes on life and its every beauty is enhanced. True, the Russian is an individual, and for this the listener must need give thanks, for the undeniable Koussevitzky touches bestowed upon an interpretation are authoritative and always artistic.

He began his program with the "Classical" symphony of the modern, Prokofieff. In this work the composer is said to have attempted to write a modern score in classic form. Whether he has succeeded fully may be a matter for question. Certainly he has written an engaging work; one which betrays little of modern tendency, but which imitates frankly an earlier style, or better, earlier styles; a work revealing itself as a composite whole but remaining, nevertheless, an imitation. The four movements of the Prokofieff opus are of cheerful mood, and the spirit of the music was communicated faithfully in the admirable performance of the Boston forces.

The French creators, Debussy and Ravel, followed, the former represented by his "Prelude a l'Apres-midi d'un Faune." This exquisitely poetic work was read with rare finesse and with the keenest appreciation of its impressionistic significance. Each instrumental solo voice was a thing of beauty and the whole orchestral utterance was pleasing. The listener constantly was aware of the delicately lined pictures of soft hues, of the fragrance of nature, the light and shade of the wood. It was an interpretation of the Debussy work destined to linger in the memory.

The Ravel excerpts were from the composer's second "Daphnis et Chloe" ballet suite, music fully attesting the Ravel creative talent. The composer here is eloquently descriptive, his score is glamorous and he writes to a tremendous climax at the finale of the Danse Generale. The presentation of the Ravel music left nothing to be desired.

The evening's formal symphony was the Brahms, No. 2, D Major. This offering made up the second half of the program and its four movements, of pervading loveliness, so beguiled the listener that the performance seemed to occupy but a moment. In this symphony Brahms gives us a wealth of melody and his varied and detailed treatment of his material charges the work with that indispensable quality, interest. In spite of its more than considerable evidence of workmanship the idea of simplicity holds sway in this work, and portions of it, the Allegretto in particular, are of pastoral fragrance.

It seems almost needless to mention the Koussevitzky performance. It was eminently skilful, musicianly, and the effect was charming from beginning to end. Again the orchestra was the master's pliable instrument; his medium for the authentic communication of the music's message.

The tribute of prolonged, enthusiastic applause was the reward of the conductor and his players at the close of the symphony, as it had been after each performance of the evening. The gracious leader shared honors with his men.

Chamber Music Concert.

A group of Boston Symphony orchestra members, the Chamber Music society, gave a delightful program Tuesday afternoon, in the auditorium of Mt. St. Joseph academy. The full ensemble numbered nine instruments, strings, woodwinds and piano, and pleasantly remembered from last season were George Laurent, flutist, whom one is tempted to pronounce incomparable; Paul Mimart, clarinetist; Raymond Allard, bassoon player, and Bernard Zighera, pianist.

Music for the full ensemble and for different ensemble combinations made up a program of variety and great interest. The entire body of players gave the four numbers of a ballet suite, Gluck-Motti; a Bach English suite prelude and the Schubert "Marche Militaire." A Beethoven suite for flute, violin and viola, a Mozart quintet movement for clarinet and strings, two movements of the Borodin String quartet, in D, and a Loeillet Sonata, for flute, oboe and piano, completed the list. The entire performance was of high musical caliber, was thoroughly artistic, and both as individuals and as a group the men distinguished themselves and won the enthusiastic plaudits of an audience which packed the auditorium.

Musical treats of the kind are all too rare. Tuesday afternoon's event provided opportunity for a hearing of music not included in the average program, and, too, for an advantageous hearing of several of the instruments as played by experts.

The concert was under the auspices of the music department of the academy.

Among those in the audience at the orchestra concert were Mrs. Thomas F. Cooke wearing a black velvet evening wrap and Mrs. Bradley Gaylord in black velvet gown with evening wrap to match with white fox collar and cuffs. Mrs. Frederick G. Crane of Dalton, Mass., was with Miss Marion Himmelsbach, the former in a white chiffon gown, the latter in cherry red georgette. Mrs. Charles L. Gurney was with her son, Charles. She wore a green gown. Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Potter Jr. attended, the latter in a beige lace gown with coral sash and slippers.

Others noticed were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donner, Dr. and Mrs. John G. Stowe, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold B. Watson, Mrs. E. G. Spaulding and her mother, Mrs. W. Caryl Ely of New York, Dr. James W. Putnam, Roger Putnam, Miss Harriet Keating, Miss Ruth Bryant, Mrs. George Bleistein, Mrs. George Bleistein Jr., Robert E. Leake, Miss Gertrude Smith, Mrs. George I. Seney, Dr. Howard Osgood, Mrs. Howard Osgood, Mrs. Lewis J. Surdam, Mrs. Daniel Strickland, Jack Strickland, Mrs. William A. Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Sprague, Roswell Park, Dean and Mrs. Julian Park, Mrs. Frank F. Henry, Mrs. George Dudley Enos, Mrs. Frank F. Spitzmiller and Mrs. Rogers N. Armstrong.

Mrs. Robert L. Gallagher, Miss Martha Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Morey, Miss Betty Welch, Mrs. Stephen M. Clement, Mrs. Charles Frost, William A. Ramsdell, Mrs. A. J. Elias, Miss Maud Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Jameson, Mrs. Alfred H. Schoellkopf, Harold W. Hunsicker, Mrs. Dexter P. Rumsey, Mrs. William C. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Keating, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Gratwick, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Mathews.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN

OCT 3 1 1928

SYMPHONY COMING

Boston Orchestra to Appear Thursday at Memorial Hall.

The Symphony Club of Central Ohio begins its season of concerts Thursday night when the Boston Symphony Orchestra with the renowned Russian, Serge Koussevitzsky, directing, will present a program in Memorial Hall.

The Boston Symphony comprises 110 musicians. At the orchestra's last appearance in Columbus, several years before the World War, there were only 80 members.

The program will include "Classical Symphony" by the modern composer, Serge Prokofieff, and orchestral exerpts from "Daphnie and Chloe" by the French modernist, Maurice Ravel.

The last half of the program will be given over to the "Symphony No. 2 in D Major, Opus 73," by Brahms.

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The Concert REVIEWED

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

At the Eastman Theater

ROCHESTER TIMES-UNION Oct 30

By A. J. WARNER

The Program

"Classical" Symphony, Op. 25 ..... Prokofieff
Allegro
Larghetto
Gavotte
Finale
Prelude a L'Apres-Midi D'un Faune" (The Afternoon of a Faun) ..... Debussy
Eclogue by S. Mallarme
Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloe" Ballet ..... Ravel
(Second Suite)
Lever du Jour—Pantomime—Danse Generale
Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73 ..... Brahms
Allegro non troppo
Adagio non troppo
Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino
Allegro con spirito.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor, paid one of its all too infrequent visits to Rochester last night and gave a concert of memorable beauty in the Eastman Theater before a large and rapturous audience. Under the baton of a musician who has been wisely characterized as challenging, provocative and alive, New England's venerable and distinguished band has assumed a new and quickening splendor which has made its performances a synonym for orchestral "Eventfulness."

The conductorial qualities of Mr. Koussevitzky do not lend themselves readily to definition. They are by no means of a sort that calls forth unanimous approbation, especially among reactionary music lovers, and much has been said and written concerning his manner of dealing with the classics. Yet boredom takes flight at Mr. Koussevitzky's concerts and the magic of an amazingly arresting personality ensnares his listeners. He has a complete faith, so it seems, in his own interpretive point of view and he proceeds to proclaim it with an irresistible intensity.

The assertion of those who hail him as a sensationalist is difficult, I have always felt, to credit. Rather is he a master of communicative individualism, passionately eager to convey, through the medium of his players what he is sure each composer means to say. Mr. Koussevitzky is almost invariably interesting and his orchestra—generally acknowledged to be one of the three or four greatest in the world—leaves behind it these days what Mr. W. J. Henderson has referred to as a resplendent trail of glory. Certainly last night's concert was a magnificent revelation of the present high attainments of the Boston Symphony in regard to technical proficiency—as an instrument whose various choirs sing as a single celestial voice.

Mr. Koussevitzky has a genius for choosing engrossing and harmonious programs. On this occasion he began with the "Classical" Symphony, op. 25, of Serge Prokefieff, the modern Russian, whose works he has so often elected to play for his Boston public. It was given a performance that was as transparent and spirited as the music is humorcus, innocuous and facile. Nowhere to be found were the raucous and bizarre characteristics of the Prokofieff of the ballet "Chout" or the "Scythian Suite," and in their stead is an attempt—according to Felix Borowski, compiler of the program notes of the Chicago Orchestra — "to catch the spirit of Mozart and to put down that which, if he were living now, Mozart might put into his scores." But, as Olin Downes has remarked, it would take at least a Mozart to imagine what Mozart would put into his scores if he were living today. To imitate the Mozartian idiom is indeed a rather "tall order." Mr. Prokofieff has, however, contrived some entirely agreeable music that is melodious and easy to hear. "Ersatz Mozart," Lawrence Gilman called it.

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HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

OCT 1 1928

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The orchestra will appear in Hartford at the Capitol Theater February 3. Reservations may be made by phone, 2-2251, or by mail direct to Frank A. Sedgwick, 89 Asylum Street, care of McCoy's, Inc.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
PRESS

OCT 3 1 1928

Symphony Concert

Among the patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra who were to occupy boxes at Wednesday evening's concert at Masonic Auditorium are:

Mr. and Mrs. Chester C. Bolton, Mrs. Adelia Prentiss Huges, Mr. Nikolai Sokoloff, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Bulkley, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln G. Dickey, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Halle, Mrs. Leonard C. Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dittmar, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Feather, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Hiss, Mr. David P. Hyman, Mr. George Clark Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Norvell, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Smith, Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Stephan, Mrs. J. Tracy and Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Wall.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
POST-GAZETTE

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COLUMBUS, OHIO
STATE JOURNAL

OCT 3 1 1928

luncheon at her home Wednesday.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. B. GWYNN HUNTINGTON will entertain at their home, 292 S. Columbia Ave., following the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Thursday evening, honoring the conductor, Mr. Serge Koussevitzsky. Guests will be guarantors of the Symphony Club of Central Ohio, their wives and husbands, members of the executive committee and their husbands, chairmen of divisions and their husbands; Mr. R. Burgin, concert master of the orchestra; Mr. J. Bedetti, cello; Mr. J. LeFranc, viola; Mr. G. Laurent, flute; Mr. F. Gillet, oboe, and Mr. G. Boetcher, horn.

* * *

BUFFALO, N. Y.
TIMES

OCT 3 1 1928

Boston Symphony Orchestra Lead by Koussevitzky Heard In Modern Classic Program

The concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Elmwood Music Hall last evening under the auspices of the Buffalo Musical Foundation, reached a point of perfection that left a large and brilliant audience unable to express its satisfaction in mere applause. Fortunately, there were music-lovers present to whom the sheer beauty of the entire presentation appealed so powerfully that they were content to sit in absolute silence, wrapped around with gorgeous harmony. No higher tribute could be paid Serge Koussevitzky and his band of musicians than the little breath of ecstasy that seemed to come from every listener at the close of each number. Sometimes it was a happy sigh, sometimes a delighted exclamation, sometimes a contented silence, but always sympathy and deep feeling.

Several engrossing features marked this first of the symphony concerts of Marian de Forest's series. One was the choice of an unusual and fascinating program; the second, Serge Koussevitzky's masterly phrasing, and third, the eloquent and impressive reading of Brahm's Symphony No. 2 in D major.

The program opened with the Classical Symphony of Prokofieff, the four movements, all very short, played with delicacy of tone and ease of execution that the Boston organization seems to achieve beyond all others. The leader's natural, simple way of conducting his band was as effective and striking as ever; and those delights which hearers enjoyed in the past from his intensive and delicate interpretation and the carefully-tutored response of his orchestra were in full evidence last evening. The tuneful lines of his readings sang with rich beauty; and not an opportunity for dramatic eloquence and contrast of mood but was seized with complete effect. But always his quiet taste and dignified scholarship were a restraining, artistic influence; the climax was reached in every case by way of exquisite tone and crescendo of deep feeling rather than by means of volume or speed. In fact one wondered were there any cymbals in the band, they were so conspicuously absent for a time, but when they did come, one learned just how fine could be their restrained effect. The Brahms Symphony had a superb hearing; the strings in perfect ensemble, the lighter passages done with fine, furtive skill, the climaxes full and inspiring. The four movements beautifully co-ordinated and worked into one poetic whole ended in a wonder of orchestral power, which brought the audience to its feet in spontanecus appreciation.

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It was here that the orchestra proved that the beauty of tone for which it is famous is never sacrificed for volume. This final movement ending in tremendous strength maintained all the liquid purity of tone and fine shading of the most delicate passages.—M. W.

PITTSBURG, PA.
PRESS

OCT 3 1 1928

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LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER-CITIZEN

OCT 3 1 1928

Boston Programs.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra last Sunday started out on its first long tour of the season, so that there will be no symphony concerts in Boston this week. The orchestra was heard in Rochester, N. Y., on Monday, played in Buffalo on Tuesday and tonight will give a program in Cleveland, a new place on its musical journeyings. Concerts in Columbus tomorrow and in Pittsburgh on Friday and Saturday will complete the week's trip. Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct the two concerts in Boston next week and the program will include the Third Symphony of Sibelius, to be heard for the first times there. November 18 will come a performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony for the benefit of the orchestra's pension fund. Jeannette Vreeland, well known in Lowell, will be one of the soloists.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
PITTSBURG, PA.
SUN TELEGRAPH

OCT 3 1 1928

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN

OCT 3 1 1928

SYMPHONY ARRIVES HERE ON THURSDAY

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra will arrive in Columbus Thursday at 1 p. m. in a special train from Cleveland for its concert in Memorial Hall at 8:15 p. m.

One baggage coach in the special will be entirely filled with instruments of the orchestra.

While in Columbus, Serge Koussevitzky, celebrated conductor of the Boston Orchestra, and the management will be guests at the Deshler-Wallick Hotel. After the Columbus concert, its first in 16 years, the Boston band will go to Pittsburgh for a two-day engagement, Friday and Saturday.

Tickets for the Boston concert went on sale Wednesday at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN

BOSTON BAND COMES FROM CLEVELAND

Preparations are being made to receive the Boston Symphony orchestra, which will arrive in Columbus, Thursday, at 1 p. m., by special train, for its concert in Memorial hall at 8:15 p. m. The orchestra and its heavy baggage will arrive from Cleveland, where a concert is scheduled in Masonic hall, Wednesday evening.

While in Columbus, Serge Koussevitzky, celebrated conductor of the orchestra, and its management, will be guests of the Deshler Wallick hotel.

Tickets for the Boston concert went on sale, Wednesday morning, at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets. Season tickets for the Cincinnati, Cleveland and Detroit concerts also are available.

SYMPHONY IN FIRST OF EXTRAS

POST Nov 13

Monday Audience Listens to Stravinsky's Gentle Ballet

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Last evening saw the first of the season's extra Symphony Concerts, which, as in past seasons, are to fall five on Monday evenings, five on Tuesday afternoons. The capacity audience was but to be expected, and the same comment might be made concerning its air of enthusiasm. The subscribers to these extra series have no cause to be sated with symphonic music, and in preparing his programmes for them Mr. Koussevitzky avoids compositions that through strangeness of idiom or extreme complexity might prove difficult of ready comprehension.

SCHUMANN'S FIRST

To be sure, the concert of last evening afforded one of the season's novelties, Stravinsky's music to his ballet "Apollo, Leader of the Muses." But this "Apollo Musagetes" reveals a Stravinsky wholly different from the author of the "Sacre du Printemps" or even of "Petrushka." In this, his latest music to be heard in America, Stravinsky has courted and captured classic simplicities. A gentle music, for the most part, is this; at times sweetly melancholy, and at times verging close to the more obvious type of ballet-music.

For the rest there came last evening only accepted masterpieces: Beethoven's Overture to "Leonore" No. 3; Debussy's Nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals," and Schumann's First Symphony. In all of them conductor and orchestra were at their best, and in the case of the Symphony above even their better selves. No one not privileged to hear it at his hands could appreciate the degree in which Mr. Koussevitzky has rejuvenated, transformed and idealized the score that in the hands of others has seemed a music somewhat imperfectly realized, none too skillfully orchestrated, its one-time romantic freshness fast fading from it.

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The Concert REVIEWED

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

At the Eastman Theater

ROCHESTER TIMES-UNION OCT 30

By A. J. WARNER

The Program

"Classical" Symphony, Op. 25 .. Prokofieff
Allegro
Larghetto
Gavotte
Finale

Prelude a L'Apres-Midi D'un Faune" (The Afternoon of a Faun) ..... Debussy
Eclogue by S. Mallarme

Orchestral Excerpts from "Daphnis et Chloe" Ballet ..... Ravel
(Second Suite)
Lever du Jour—Pantomime—Danse Generale

Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73 ..... Brahms
Allegro non troppo
Adagio non troppo
Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino
Allegro con spirito.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor, paid one of its all too infrequent visits to Rochester last night and gave a concert of memorable beauty in the Eastman Theater before a large and rapturous audience. Under the baton of a musician who has been wisely characterized as challenging, provocative and alive, New England's venerable and distinguished band has assumed a new and quickening splendor which has made its performances a synonym for orchestral "Eventfulness."

The conductorial qualities of Mr. Koussevitzky do not lend themselves readily to definition. They are by no means of a sort that calls forth unanimous approbation, especially among reactionary music lovers, and much has been said and written concerning his manner of dealing with the classics. Yet boredom takes flight at Mr. Koussevitzky's concerts and the magic of an amazingly arresting personality ensnares his listeners. He has a complete faith, so it seems, in his own interpretive point of view and he proceeds to proclaim it with an irresistible intensity.

The assertion of those who hail him as a sensationalist is difficult, I have always felt, to credit. Rather is he a master of communicative individualism, passionately eager to convey, through the medium of his players what he is sure each composer means to say. Mr. Koussevitzky is almost invariably interesting and his orchestra—generally acknowledged to be one of the three or four greatest in the world—leaves behind it these days what Mr. W. J. Henderson has referred to as a resplendent trail of glory. Certainly last night's concert was a magnificent revelation of the present high attainments of the Boston Symphony in regard to technical proficiency—as an instrument whose various choirs sing as a single celestial voice.

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COLUMBUS, OHIO
STATE JOURNAL
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...luncheon at her home ...

* * *

MR. AND MRS. B. GWYNN HUNTINGTON will entertai at their home, 292 S. Columbia Ave., following the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Thursday evening, honoring the conductor, Mr. Serge Koussevitzsky. Guests will be g... of the Symphony Club of Central Ohio, their wives and husbands, members of the executive committee and their husbands, chairmen of divisions and their husbands; Mr. R. Burgin, concert master of the orchestra; Mr. J. Bedetti, cello; Mr. J. LeFranc, viola; Mr. G. Laurent, flute; Mr. F. Gillet, oboe, and Mr. G. Boetcher, horn.

* * *

LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER-CITIZEN
OCT 3 1 1928

Boston Programs.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra last Sunday started out on its first long tour of the season, so that there will be no symphony concerts in Boston this week. The orchestra was heard in Rochester, N. Y., on Monday, played in Buffalo on Tuesday and tonight will give a program in Cleveland, a new place on its musical journeyings. Concerts in Columbus tomorrow and in Pittsburgh on Friday and Saturday will complete the week's trip. Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct the two concerts in Boston next week and the program will include the Third Symphony of Sibelius, to be heard for the first times there. November 18 will come a performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony for the benefit of the orchestra's pension fund. Jeannette Vreeland, well known in Lowell, will be one of the soloists.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
COLUMBUS, OHIO
CITIZEN
OCT 3 1 1928

SYMPHONY ARRIVES HERE ON THURSDAY

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra will arrive in Columbus Thursday at 1 p. m. in a special train from Cleveland for its concert in Memorial Hall at 8:15 p. m.

One baggage coach in the special will be entirely filled with instruments of the orchestra.

While in Columbus, Serge Koussevitzky, celebrated conductor of the Boston Orchestra, and the management will be guests at the Deshler-Wallick Hotel. After the Columbus concert, its first in 16 years, the Boston band will go to Pittsburgh for a two-day engagement, Friday and Saturday.

Tickets for the Boston concert went on sale Wednesday at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
PRESS
OCT 3 1 1928

Symphony Concert

Among the patrons of the Boston Symphony Orchestra who were to occupy boxes at Wednesday evening's concert at Masonic Auditorium are:

Mr. and Mrs. Chester C. Bolton, Mrs. Adella Prentiss Huges, Mr. Nikolai Sokoloff, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Bulkley, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln G. Dickey, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Halle, Mrs. Leonard C. Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dittmar, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Feather, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Hiss, Mr. David P. Hyman, Mr. George Clark Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Norvell, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Smith, Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Stephan, Mrs. J. Tracy and Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Wall.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
Dispatch
OCT 3 1 1928

BOSTON BAND COMES FROM CLEVELAND

Preparations are being made to receive the Boston Symphony orchestra, which will arrive in Columbus, Thursday, at 1 p. m., by special train, for its concert in Memorial hall at 8:15 p. m. The orchestra and its heavy baggage will arrive from Cleveland, where a concert is scheduled in Masonic hall, Wednesday evening.

While in Columbus, Serge Koussevitzky, celebrated conductor of the orchestra, and its management, will be guests of the Deshler Wallick hotel.

Tickets for the Boston concert went on sale, Wednesday morning, at the Carl Koch Co., Third and Broad streets. Season tickets for the Cincinnati, Cleveland and Detroit concerts also are available.

SYMPHONY IN FIRST OF MONDAY SERIES

Varied Program Selected From Recent Concerts

GLOBE—NOV 13

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, opened last night its current series of Monday evening concerts with a varied program of works selected, as usual, from those already offered at recent concerts of the Friday and Saturday series. Beethoven's "Leonore" overture, No. 3, opus 71, opened it characteristically; Stravinsky's new ballet music, "Apollon Musagete," provided the element of intriguing novelty. Debussy was represented by the two nocturnes, "Nuages" and "Fetes," and Schumann's first symphony, in B flat, whose popularity Mr Koussevitzky has proved by frequent repetition, provided a cheerful conclusion.

Mr Koussevitzky's evident attachment to the "Leonore" overture is neither surprising nor discreditable. The nobility and dignity of the work need no description. Its slightly naive program does not detract from its beauty. Its impressive opening measures, no doubt, influenced the conductor in choosing it as the opening piece of both this and the regular series of concerts. It may be wished, however, that the conductor did not exaggerate their breadth so unduly, and mar by other vagaries of tempo what was in many ways a finely expressive reading of the work.

Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete" is another step away from the prodigal brilliance and the uncompromising starkness of the composer's earlier styles. It is another step toward simplicity, but the simplicity of the Viennese ballroom and the classic ballet, as filtered through the mind of an unsentimental man. Stravinsky is here flirting rather condescendingly with the commonplace, and the result is some unusually graceful writing for string orchestra, and some pleasant, occasionally pungent, but not very important, music. It was admirably performed.

Mr Koussevitzky is improving his command of such nebulous beauty as that of Debussy's "Nuages," but it is with more pointed rhythms and more sparkling colors that he is most at ease. "Fetes," therefore, drew from him the more confident, the more successful performance—one which roused the audience to enthusiasm by its colorful gaiety.

Schumann's B flat symphony is a delightful work, but it has not the kind of beauty which Mr Koussevitzky seeks to impart to it by his characteristically dramatic method, full of violent contrasts and of emphasis. It suffers by his attempt to dress it in conventional symphonic pomp.

The usual applause rewarded the efforts of the orchestra and its conductor.

Music Notes and Comment

GLOBE NOV 11

Mr Koussevitzky has chosen different programs for the Friday and Saturday concerts in the regular Boston Symphony series this week, contrary to custom. He feels, apparently, that Schubert will be most fittingly honored here on the centenary of his death, by playing as much of his music as possible. The Friday audience will hear the familiar "Unfinished" and the "Tragic Symphony," remembered by some from a single performance some years ago. The Saturday subscribers will hear the great C major Symphony, and an unfamiliar early one in B major. At both concerts there will be groups of songs, of which the titles were not announced when this column went to press, sung by that admirable artist, Mme Hulda Lashanska, a Sembrich pupil, remembered here with enthusiasm by those who have heard her in former seasons.

It is announced from Symphony Hall that both the "Unfinished" and C major Symphonies of Schubert will be repeated this season, so that the subscribers to both series may hear both works. But there are those in the audiences more eager to hear the early works, now almost never performed.

And the Day's Pay

TRANS NOV 16

Commemorative Coin
(Two Schillings)
Struck in Austria for the Schubert Centenary

Franz Schubert died on Nov. 19, 1828, publishers of music, makers of records for mechanical musical instruments, lecturers on music and writers about music are busy in celebration of the centenary, all sweating and working overtime and in shifts. It was to be expected that orchestras would present Schubert programs to their audiences.

The Boston Symphony orchestra will perform on Friday afternoon the "Unfinished" and "Tragic" symphonies and Mme Hulda Lashanska will sing a group of songs. For Saturday evening, the program will be wholly different: The symphony in B flat major No. 5; the great—and long—one in C major and other songs than those of Friday.

Mme. Lashanska, born in New York, in 1892, studied in that city and in Paris. In 1913 she was married to Harold A. Rosenbaum. She sang for the first time in Boston at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra on Jan. 28, 1921 (Pamina's air from "The Magic Flute" and "Depuis le jour" from "Louise.")

HER —NOV 15

Eugene Gruenberg who died last Sunday night in Cambridge City Hospital, had undergone a severe operation, so serious a one that in a letter we received from him, while he was hopeful of recovery, he wrote in a semi-ironical way about the possibilities. We knew him first as a viola player in the Boston Symphony orchestra. His associates in that section when he left the orchestra in 1895 or 1896, were Messrs. Svecenski, Zach, H. Heindl, Saur, Kolster, Hoyer, Kluge, Krauss, Barleben.

Our friend was not only a well-grounded, excellent musician, he was a man of liberal education, versed in ancient and modern literature, interested in branches of science, a lover of all that is beautiful in art and nature. He was an entertaining companion, witty, anecdotical, but never boresome. It was his pleasure, and the pleasure of some now living, to sit with Arthur Nikisch, Franz Kneisel, Anton Hekking, the violinist, in the back room of the Old Elm after a concert. There was then good talk about music; there was gossip about musicians, nor was the conversation always thus narrowed.

In his later years Gruenberg led a useful life in Boston as a teacher. His work as editor of music and instructive writer was highly valued; his companionship was sought by those who could appreciate frankness of opinion, original views, hatred of injustice, and faithfulness and tolerance in friendship.

Sunday will [illegible] those who feel it their duty to attend concerts, though it is the Lord's day. Many will look upon the performance of the Ninth Symphony in the afternoon as a religious ceremony, and not without reason. The Boston Symphony orchestra will then be assisted by the Harvard Glee Club and the Ratcliffe Choral Society. The soloists will be Mmes. Vreeland and Van Der Vere; Messrs. Althouse and Gange. Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct this concert in aid of the pension fund of the orchestra.

Programs to Hand

TRANS

From Symphony Hall, announcing the songs to be sung with piano-accompaniment by Mme. Lashanska at the commemorative Symphony Concerts this week for Schubert. On Friday afternoon:

NOV 15

Des Mädchen's Klage
Du bist die Ruh'
Heidenrös lein
Der Tod und das Mädchen
Hark, Hark, the Lark

On Saturday evening:

Litaney
An die Musik
Ungeduld
Der Neugierige
Die böse Farbe

Mr. Koussevitzky reasonably believes that Schubert expressed himself more characteristically in his songs than in any other medium. The conductor's original plan for the centenary concerts left room for eight to be sung on Friday afternoon, and eight more on Saturday evening. Each list was also to include pieces undeservingly neglected. When, however, he cast about for an available singer capable of sixteen, he could find none, much less one willing to enlarge the familiar repertory. Only Miss Gerhardt could have fulfilled his purpose—and she is in Berlin.

From Mr. Burgin, as assistant conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, for its concerts of Nov. 30 and Dec. 1:

Overture to the Opera, "Rouslan and Ludmilla" ..... Glinka
Concerto, No. 5, in E-flat major for Piano and Orchestra ("The Emperor")... Beethoven
(Pianist: Mr. Ganz)
Symphony, No. 8..... Miaskovsky

Miaskovsky's Symphony was announced by Mr. Koussevitzky for performance last April. No parts, however, were obtainable. Now Mr. Burgin will undertake it—the first music of an eminent Russian in next to the last generation to be heard in Boston.

Incidents and Prospects

Last summer, in Vienna, whither various errands called him, Mr. Koussevitzky laid in a stock of the commemorative two schilling pieces, struck by the Austrian mint to mark the centenary of Schubert's death. On one face, reproduced in another column, they bear a relief of the composer's head; on the other, the arms of the eight provinces that make the present Republic. Yesterday, at the rehearsal, before conductor and orchestra set to Schubert's Symphony in C major, he handed each player one of these coins as memento of the anniversary and keepsake of "the Schubert Year."

SCHUBERT MUSIC AT SYMPHONY CONCERT

Centenary of Composer's Death Commemorated

GLOBE—NOV 17

Hulda Lashanska Heard as Soloist In Five of Schubert's Songs

The centenary of the death of Schubert, which occurred Nov 19, 1828, is commemorated at this week's Boston Symphony concerts. Mr Koussevitzky has chosen two programs of his music. Yesterday the Friday subscribers heard an unfamiliar early work, the "Tragic Symphony"; five songs sung by Mme Hulda Lashanska to pianoforte accompaniment, and the "Unfinished Symphony."

Tonight the Saturday subscribers are to hear a different early symphony, in B flat; five songs, not the ones sung Friday, and the C-major symphony. It it hard to fathom the reason for offering two programs where but one was expected. A note in the program promised that both the "Unfinished" and the C-major symphonies will be repeated this season, so that all subscribers will eventually hear both works. But there are those who would like to hear more of the early symphonies, now almost never played. If two programs were thought necessary they should have been given in successive weeks, so that the two subscription series, announced as identical, might remain so.

The difference between the boyish, groping Schubert of the "Tragic Symphony," written when he was 19, and the full-fledged genius of the "Unfinished Symphony," written when he was 24, is startling. The early work is full of the influence of Beethoven, crude, immature, and, save for the lovely theme of the andante, not distinguished by that melodic invention which is the most notable quality in Schubert's work.

It is of doubtful service to Schubert's memory to disinter from oblivion such things as this "Tragic Symphony." Only a perfect performance could now make it appealing. But yesterday's performance was far from perfect. Mr Koussevitzky, as usual, gave a reading that had eloquence and vigor, but the orchestra played with ragged attacks and uncertain phrasing which betokened scanty rehearsal.

The "Unfinished Symphony," on the other hand, was very beautifully played. Mr Koussevitzky when he first conducted this masterpiece in Boston departed, and not fortunately, from all traditions, in a misguided endeavor to make music essentially lyric portentously dramatic. Though he seldom alters his readings, he has now abandoned that conception of the work. Yesterday, except that the andante con moto was taken somewhat too slowly, one could pick no flaws in his interpretation. There was much to praise, much to enjoy. Every measure was given full value without detracting from the whole composition. Each of many felicitous details contributed to the general impression. The orchestra played the familiar music with exquisite euphony. Maj Higginson, with whom this symphony was a favorite, would have been pleased with the performance.

Mme Lashanska, one of the earliest of Mme Sembrich's pupils to achieve a notable success in the concert hall, greatly pleased the audience by her singing of five Schubert songs, "Des Madchen's Klage," "Du bist die Ruh," "Heidenroeslein," "Der Tod und das Maedchen" and "Hark, Hark the Lark." All but the first of these were, of course, familiar to everyone, so that the omission of the texts from the program book, necessitated by a late choice of program, did not greatly matter. Tonight Mme Lashanska will sing "Litany," "Der Veugierige," "Ungeduld," "An die Musik" and "Die Bose Farbe," a list distinctly less familiar.

The program announced Mme Lashanska as a soprano, and she plainly wishes to be so considered. Yet nature has gifted her with an exquisite mezzo-soprano voice. Yesterday her singing of "Death and the Maiden," with its sustained low notes, was of startling beauty. In the other songs, as for instance, "Du bist die Ruh'" she was obliged to force her tone to an unpleasant and at moments breathless shrillness on high notes, though when she sang not more than mezzo forte, and not beyond her natural voice range, her tones were of rare loveliness. Her interpretations were unaffected and in the right spirit, though they lacked the distinction of style found in the work of such specialists in Schubert as Lena Gerhardt.

Schubert is pre-eminently the lyricist among composers. It is the songlike quality of the B-minor and C-major symphonies that makes them immortal. It is the exquisite romanticism of the best songs, such as "Du bist die Rur'" and "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen," the blending of melody into mood, that touches the heart of the listener. These qualities would win enduring fame for a composer with faults far graver and more numerous than Schubert's.

There are no subscription concerts here next week, as the orchestra goes on tour. Mr Burgin will conduct the next pair of concerts here, Nov 30 and Dec 1.

P. R.

HER MUSIC NOV 17

BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

As Franz Schubert died on Nov. 19, 1828, Mr. Koussevitzky arranged two programs: one for the concert of yesterday afternoon; the other for the concert tonight. Mme. Hulda Lashanska, soprano, was chosen for the singer of the songs; Pierre Luboshutz as the pianist. Yesterday's program was as follows: Symphony No. 4, C minor, the "Tragic"; these songs: "Das Maedchen's Klage," "Du bist die Ruh," "Heidenroesein," "Der Tod und das Maedchen," "Hark, Hark, the Lark." The "Unfinished" symphony, B minor.

The program for tonight will comprise the symphony in B flat major, No. 5. Songs: "Litaney," "Der Neugierige," "Ungeduld," "An die Musik," "Die boese Farbe." Symphony No. 7, C major.

The "Unfinished" symphony and the great one in C major would naturally find a place on the program of any concert in memory of Schubert. The choice of the fourth and fifth symphonies in addition to them gave the audience the opportunity of noting the composer's development as a symphonist. There was historical interest attending the selection, yet some would have gladly heard excerpts from the charming music for "Rosamunde," as being more Schubertian.

When it came to the songs it seemed as if there should have been three singers if the composer were to be well represented in this field: a dramatic soprano, a lyric soprano, and a baritone. Few of the great songs are on the programs of this week. One misses "Die Allmacht," "Die junge Nonne," "Gretchen am Spinnrad," "An Schwager Kronos," "Der Doppelgaenger," "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus," "Am Meer," "Der Atlas," "Der Wanderer," "Die Stadt," "Erkoenig," and others, not forgetting "Der Zwerg." Mme. Lashanska is a lyric soprano. She naturally chose the songs she thought best suited to her voice; yet she was most successful yesterday as a singer and an interpreter in "Tod und das Maedchen," which brought out the richest notes of her voice. And it is not purely lyrical.

She was first heard in Boston at a Symphony concert nearly eight years ago. Her voice was then even and beautiful. Yesterday the upper tones lacked agreeable quality, and in "Heidenroeslein," flexibility, spontaneous delivery were missed. "Du bist die Ruh" calls for a sustained mood of calmness, an absence of emotional stress. This was lost by reason of the evident labor in producing the upper notes of ascending phrases. There was always intelligent conception of the songs; the excellent intention was evident, but the voice did not always lend itself to the carrying out of the aesthetic purpose. Mr. Luboshutz played the accompaniments musically. The singer was loudly applauded.

The "Tragic" symphony as a whole was first performed by the Boston Symphony orchestra seven years ago. The word "Tragic" can justly be applied only to the first movement if emotional intensity is demanded, though the headlong rush of the Finale is not without dramatic force in spite of certain melodic lines that might be found in Italian overtures of Rossini's fecund period. The slow movement in the aria form is suave in its tunefulness, while the Scherzo has little of a pronounced character. With the exception, then, of the first movement with its sombre introduction, the symphony hardly answers to its title.

The performance of the "Tragic" and the "Unfinished" was of noteworthy excellence. It would be late in the day to rhapsodize over the latter miracle of musical poetry. Yet M. Bourgault Ducoudray, writing of the first movement some years ago, found that at the return of the "funereal shadow which overspreads the initial theme" after the enchanting song first sung by violoncellos, "the spectre of death rises before us! Mortal joys are fleeting; the roses of earthly happiness are soon faded, and Nature has put into man's heart a craving for a bliss which knows no satiety." Fine words, but it is better to hear the music and forget what has been said about it. The noblest music is not to be explained nor translated. The "Unfinished" symphony—who would have had even Schubert complete it; or Coleridge his "Kubla Khan"?

If Mr. Koussevitzky brought out the exquisite romanticism of this symphony, he did not forget to emphasize the passages of mournfulness that once at least are those of wild despair.

SCHUBERT IS HONORED AT SYMPHONY

HER NOV 17

By MOSES SMITH

One hundred years ago—to be exact, on November 19, 1828—Franz Schubert, of immortal memory, died in Vienna. This week's pair of concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra are in the nature of a centenary celebration. Each program contains two symphonies and a group of songs, done by Hulda Lashanska. And the programs are distinct, to provide the opportunity to render the largest possible number of compositions.

As we write, we can refer only to the Friday afternoon concert as an established fact. Judging from it, the present centenary is not to be classed at all with the Beethoven centenary festival in Symphony Hall two years ago. Naturally the latter was a longer affair. It is not so natural and just that it should have been better prepared than the present pair of programs.

Schubert's symphonies are no harder to play than Beethoven's. If yesterday's performance fell below the expected level the cause is obviously to be found in insufficient rehearsal, which is a poor way of paying homage to the gentle and songful Franz. Mr. Koussevitsky's conception of the fourth symphony, the "Tragic," seemed adequate to the nobility of the music, but the orchestral execution was by no means on the same plane.

The "Unfinished" symphony went much better, but not with the brilliance of Mr. Koussevitsky's previous readings of that work here. Both in this symphony, and even more in the "Tragic," the orchestra was by no means the virtuoso instrument that we have begun to expect it to be.

Miss Lashanska's share in the festivities was also less than the nature of the occasion demanded. Her artistry is mature and often profound, but not always unmannered. Her voice, especially in the lower section, has lovely tones; but the high ones tend to a disconcerting shrillness. Her work was intelligent, carefully, sometimes movingly done, and that was all.

Symphony

Anniversary Rites Begin For Schubert

TRANS Nov 17

Two Symphonies, Five Songs, from Mr. Koussevitzky and Mme. Lashanska

THE CEREMONIAL of a Beethoven Centenary sorts ill with the marking of a hundredth anniversary for the smaller-voiced and homelier Schubert. Who has forgotten that memorable Monday evening, eighteen months ago in Symphony Hall, when a bust of the great Ludwig overlooked the scene; the eminences of music in Boston sat in august array on the stage; while Mr. Ernest Newman, imported from London for the occasion, divided Beethoven's life and works into three periods—division not unknown to at least a hundred previous commentators? No bust of Schubert stood above the orchestra yesterday afternoon; that excellent band, in the diminished numbers proper to the music before it, filled its usual place. Dignitaries, if any were present, distributed themselves unobtrusively about parquet or balcony; Mr. Koussevitzky went about his conducting business as though the Friday in 1928 nearest to the nineteenth of November, were any other Friday on the concert-calendar. So true to rule and custom was the occasion that eleventh-hour prophecies stood fulfilled. No sooner had sundry young gentlemen from the university discovered "The Unfinished Symphony" at the end of the program than they declared with one voice that when the slow movement was sighing saddest and sweetest, there would be audible departures from the hall. There were.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 207

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This or that circumstance, however, seemed out of the common. With its reduced ranks the orchestra looked hardly itself. Empty was the corner of the percussion-instruments—dear to the modernists. The harps had gone on holiday. Five trumpets and five trombones—not forgetting eight horns—would have alarmed the ghost of Schubert as seven days before they had solaced the shade of Skriabin. In the eighteen-twenties, to which we were all supposed to be harking back, Schubert was magical hand upon the wood-winds, drawing from them euphonies and tints, sighs and tears of song, unknown to his predecessors; but in each group two—and not Debussy's three or Strauss's four—sufficed him. By their own fit spirits, upon a few instruments, did the singing composers work their miracles. . . . For the first time, also, since Mr. Koussevitzky took over the Symphony Concerts—the record-keepers said in the intermission—songs to piano-accompaniment had place upon a program, five in all, out of Schubert, sung by Mme. Lashanska. . . . Finally, not a sign was discoverable in the audience that it was celebrating centenary rites for "le plus poëte que jamais." Even the usually over-flowing editor of the program-book double-leaded his pages, as though he, too, were experiencing shortage of matter.

Mr. Koussevitzky chooses "The Faun" or the frequenter suite out of Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloë," and we listeners say one to another: "Now we shall hear and know the virtuosity of the orchestra." He leads in Strauss's Eulenspiegel or Stravinsky's Petrushka and again we perk up our ears "for to see and to admire." Yet, in kind, Schubert's "Tragic" and "Unfinished" symphonies—still more the symphony in C major of this evening—may test and disclose the players. They have need of their choicest shaping of phrases, balancing and blending of voices; must modulate with sensitive lips and fingers; keep both swift and fluent inexhaustibly; cultivate a tone unflecked; pass at the composer's will from the Andante of "The Unfinished"—through sundry periods "la plus triste musique que jamais"—to the Rossinian glint of the earlier Finale. As this and that standard or novel piece goes its way in the course of a season, we praise the orchestra for poignancy, pungency or delicacy through measures of "instrumental song." Put by the Schubert of the perfunctory or the careless repetitions, and his orchestra must be perpetually sensitive and accomplished singer. It was such throughout the concert yesterday, at the bidding and under the stimulus of Mr. Koussevitzky's skill, discernment and devotion. In plastic progress, transparent tone, lyrical voice, Mozart himself could not have been better served.

Making centenary programs the conductor confined himself to the symphonies and the songs of Schubert. He had no mind to excursions among curiosities or to adventures among resurrections both of which anniversary pastimes usually evoke the commoner, cheaper, locally Viennese Schubert, prone to dance-tunes, military rhythms and choir-gallery formulas. Even the theater-pieces with which Schubert outfitted "Rosamond, Queen of Cyprus"—sleazy play that endured through one performance—did not tempt him, though most conductors have found them the only off-set to the symphonic Schubert. Back to the Symphony in C minor, written in the composer's twentieth year; somehow, somewhere, sometime labelled "The Tragic," Mr. Koussevitzky went for beginning; with the inevitable "Unfinished" made his end; between set not too fortunate songs.

Had any other name than Schubert's been signed to this Fourth Symphony, long since it would have descended into oblivion. Probably symphonies quite as meritorious were known to the Vienna of 1816 from hands that even the learned doctors of music nowadays hardly recognize. Yet it has moments. Underneath surface-suavities, the slow introduction gains a gravity of substance and motion not too frequent in the music of a superficial time and city, though Beethoven himself wrote for them. Play of feeling, deeper than songful fertility, may be detected in the ensuing first movement. The slow division now and then breathes a sweet-sad melancholy and escapes, for the most part, tempting lapses into formula and commonplace. The minuet and trio are nothing else, while the finale, speedy, fluent and bright, suggests a youthful Schubert frequenting the Italian opera, in his day at high vogue in Vienna. Consider also the adroit playing of the orchestra and these centenary twenty-five minutes were not wasted.

At the end of "The Unfinished," it were possible to write Donne's line: "This is a melting heart, and a troubled heart, and a wounded heart." Then count the reviewer's task done. For the record—that precious shibboleth—he might add that Mr. Koussevitzky read the piece with fewer singularities than he sometimes ventures; responded to it more deeply and less sentimentally; yet will still lead in significant or returning themes, notably the first, as though Chaikovsky, a composer of quite another kidney, were looking over his and Schubert's, shoulders. If more is needed, this "torso" confirmed the belief that it is a finished statue in tones; that Schubert had sounded, in these two movements, the depths of the matter and the moods within him; that he would not and could not further go; that those sketches for a Scherzo were the warning and the discovery.

Be it also said that those who descant upon the dramatic and the pathetic content of "The Unfinished Symphony" possibly overdo discretion. Schubert could not put action into music—the action, for example, that thrills out of Beethoven's first movements, say in "The Eroica," and sends his finales upleaping; the more reflective, less turbulent action that stirs through similar movements of Brahms, in the first Allegro of the Symphony in C minor, in the Passacaglia-Finale of the fourth. No more could Schubert release the depths of woe or wring the heart with pity. He could muse sadly; muse longingly; infuse his measures with the wistful melancholy that is one phase of the romantic temperament. He could give voice to these moods with the unfolding tenderness suffusing the "Unfinished Symphony." Throughout, it was this subdued and melting note that Mr. Koussevitzky sounded yesterday in a truer, more objective version of a symphony in which, at his first coming, he surprised us all. Yet Schubert's melancholy passes quickly. In his heart he is all for the major keys. This evening we shall hear them at longest and fullest.

The conductor believes with reason that Schubert's genius flowered in the best of his songs, particularly in some that are seldom heard in the current, hackneyed, repertory. He would have had eight sung—a few rarities and masterpieces among them—at either centenary concert. Miss Gerhardt, the one singer capable and ambitious for the task—he discovered regretfully—is spending the autumn in Berlin. His second choice, Mme. Rethberg, was deep in rehearsals at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mme. Lashanska was his refuge in time of embarrassment. Her voice, however, is too light and thin for the depths or the heights of Schubert song-writing. It lacks the necessary warmths, elasticities, colors. She misses the Schubertian felicities, animations, divining strokes. What is there to say of a singer of Schubert, though she succeed in degree with the contrasts of "Death and the Maiden," who somehow misses the heart-wringing transition, when the melodic curve pauses, stays, then remounts at deeper concentration in "Du bist die Ruh'?" Or whose lark wings the earth rather than the skies? And is "Heiden Röslein," lilting song though it be, representative of any but the too fluent, too careless Schubert?

H. T. P.

Post Nov 18

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is this week making its first New York trip of the present season. On its return, Mr. Koussevitzky will have a week's respite from conductorial duties, and Richard Burgin, the concert-master and regular assistant conductor of the orchestra, will direct the concerts of Nov. 30 and Dec. 1. At these concerts, too, Rudolph Ganz will be heard with the orchestra as pianist in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto.

Every ticket for today's pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchester was sold far in advance. Mr Koussevitzky has very wisely decided to perform the "Leonore No. 3" overture by way of prelude to the Ninth Symphony, so that late-comers need not disturb the interval between the first and second movements of the symphony.

GLOBE Nov 18

The Boston Symphony Orchestra pays this week the first of its annual visits to New York and way stations. Mr Koussevitzky, who has been very busy with the Ninth Symphony and the making of several phonograph recordings, as well as his routine duties, is going to take a week's vacation after the New York trip. Mr Burgin will conduct the next pair of Boston concerts Nov 30 and Dec 1. His program includes Miaskovsky's Eighth Symphony and Glinks overture to "Russian and Ludmilla." As soloist, Rudolph Ganz, former conductor of the St Louis Symphony, will play Beethoven's "Emperor Concerto." One wonders why Mr Ganz was not invited to conduct the concert.

The new phonograph records of the Boston Symphony will be the first since the days of Dr Muck. The present orchestral records, made by the new electric process, are certain to be an astonishing improvement over the former ones. The titles cannot yet be released for publication. There will be in the next few years a number of Boston Symphony records, as the trustees of the orchestra have made a long term contract with the Victor Company.

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

The next regular pair of Boston Symphony concerts in Symphony hall will take place a week from Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. This week will see the orchestra's first visit to New York. The concerts of Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, will be conducted by Richard Burgin, who is the regular assistant conductor of the orchestra. As soloist at these concerts, Rudolph Ganz, the pianist, will play Beethoven's fifth concerto in E flat, "The Emperor." Mr Burgin will introduce to Boston the Eighth Symphony of Miaskovsky. He will open the concert with Glinka's overture to "Russian and Ludmilla."

PENSION FUND CONCERT

Nov 18

This afternoon in Symphony hall, at 3:30, the Boston Symphony orchestra will give its annual autumn Pension Fund concert. Mr. Koussevitzky will then conduct Beethoven's Ninth symphony, Boston Symphony orchestra in combination with the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. The soloists will be Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass. As in introductory number, Beethoven's Overture to Leonore, No. 3, will be played.

NINTH SYMPHONY FOR PENSION FUND

Harvard and Radcliffe Choruses Assist

Koussevitzky Conducts Eloquent Performance of Masterpiece

GLOBE —— Nov 19

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society gave Beethoven's Ninth Spmphony yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall for the benefit of the orchestra's pension fund. Mr Koussevitzky conducted an unusually eloquent and compelling performance of the familiar masterpiece.

At the end there was a remarkable enthusiastic and prolonged outburst of applause, in which Dr A. T. Davison, who had trained the Harvard Glee Club, and G. Wallace Woodworth, who had prepared the Radcliffe Choral Society shared with Mr Koussevitzky, the orchestra, the chorus, and the four professional soloists. The hall had been sold out weeks in advance. Several thousand would-be purchasers of tickets were disappointed.

Mr Koussevitzky repeated his brilliatn reading of Beethoven's "Lenore No. 3" overture before the Ninth Symphony. The dramatic quality of this work deeply stirs his imagination. One again admired especially the way he brought out the famous melodic phrase that follows the trumpet call off stage; and his handling of the exuberant close of the overture.

Not since the days of Dr Muck have the instrumental movements of the Ninth Symphony been played in Boston anywhere nearly as well as they were yesterday. Never within the memory of the writer, which extends back to a performance in 1910 under Mr Fiedler, has the choral finale been as thrilingly and perfectly sung here as it was yesterday by an eager and well-schooled group of college students.

The four professional soloists were inadequate, as they always are in American performances of the Ninth Symphony. What Beethoven wanted was a quartet of phenomenal voices; a quartet of first rate musicians. Suppose that Florence Austral, or Dusolina Giannini, had been the soprano; Mme Schumann Heink in her best days the contralto; Jean de Reszke the tenor; and Alexander Kipnis the bass and you get a notion of what is really needed for this quartet. Of the singers named, one is dead; and one too old. Can the names of singers now flourishing be substituted for those of Schumann Heink and de Reszke without loss? Have we a contralto and a tenor vocally and musically adequate, as the soprano and bass named would be?

In fairness to the four singers heard yesterday it should be said that they were above the average of vocalists commonly heard in choral works here. The kind of quartet one would like to hear would, if it could be assembled, cost these days about as much as the total receipts of the concert, unless the singers gave their services, as the chorus yesterday did.

This time Mr Koussevitzky succeeded in getting the chorus to carry out his strikingly individual conception of how the choral sections should go. No doubt there had been much previous consultation with the conductors of the two choruses, and adequate full rehearsal. The resulting performance was so thrilling, so movingly beautiful that even listeners convinced that the finale of the Ninth Symphony is inferior to the instrumental movements could not but be deeply impressed.

P. R.

SYMPHONY PENSION CONCERT

Post Nov 19

Beethoven's 9th Given With Harvard and Radcliffe Choirs

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Thanks to the devotion of Mr. Koussevitkzy and the co-operation of the choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe and of their conductors, Dr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth, Beethoven's stupendous Ninth Symphony, once a rarity in these parts, may now be heard at Symphony Hall every second season. Yesterday afternoon, for a third time since his coming to Boston, Mr. Koussevitzky led these combined forces through a performance of this colossal work in a concert dedicated to the Symphony Orchestra's Pension Fund.

VOICES BETTER THAN EVER

At this late date it were idle to comment in detail upon Mr. Koussevitzky's vital conception of Beethoven's masterpiece or upon the ready response of singers and instrumentalists to his wishes. Yet it may be set down as one listener's impression that the performance of yesterday, particularly on the vocal side, even surpassed its predecessors.

When the Ninth Symphony was given here two years ago, in connection with the Symphony Orchestra's Beethoven Centenary celebration, a distinguished English visitor suggested that the youthful singers from Harvard and Radcliffe, however eager and well disciplined, lacked the maturity and consequent body of voice essential to the fullest realization of Beethoven's wishes. Yesterday, however, such criticism would have been less applicable, for body of tone these young men and women most assuredly did provide. And there was besides this, the enthusiasm and, in the soprano choir, the freshness of voice, to mitigate Beethoven's cruel exactions of their upper register that few mature and professional choruses might provide. And in the Ninth Symphony, more than in most other compositions, proficiency is only half the battle. The spirit that inflames must, above all else, be present, if the work's true meaning is to come to fulfillment.

As before, the audience filled every available place, and at the end there was the marked enthusiasm that has greeted previous performances, with applause for conductor, chorus and orchestra, for the excellent soloists, Mmes. Vreeland and Van Der Veer and Messrs. Althouse and Gange. Once more, too, when Dr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth were brought to the stage, enthusiasm already great waxed greater.

As preface to the Ninth Symphony the orchestra was heard in a stirring performance of Beethoven's Overture to Leonore No. 3.

PENSION FUND CONCERT

For the fall concert in aid of the Symphony orchestra's pension fund Mr. Koussevitzky evidently concluded he could scarcely do better than to repeat Beethoven's ninth symphony, a work with which he roused high enthusiasm at the Beethoven centenary a year and a half ago. To assist him in his endeavor he called in the help of the Harvard Glee club, Dr. Archibald T Davison, conductor; the Radcliffe Choral society, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor; Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass, and because he felt the symphony something too short for a full afternoon's entertainment he preceded it with the overture to Leonore, No. 3.

In his choice of attractions Mr. Koussevitzky showed sound judgment. Every seat was occupied, and most of the possible standing room. For the overture the audience expressed approval extremely hearty, and for the symphony they proceeded to demonstrations more emphatic still, for all three conductors concerned. The concert proved an occasion.

HER Nov 19

About an occasion it is rarely necessary to write many words of critical comment.

Let it answer, therefore, to set down the opinion that Mr. Koussevitzky, in quite his highest form, made the drama of Leonore more operatically dramatic than even is his wont. The symphony's scherzo, judiciously paced, he threw off with amazing brilliance. Taking, too, the adagio, at a normal tempo, he read it nobly, with an inspiring sensitiveness to its beauty of color scheme and, of greater importance, to its extraordinary beauty of melody.

In robuster mood when he approached the first movement and the last, Mr. Koussevitzky chose to present them both as a music of mass, of bulk; by the pyramids along the Nile they might have been suggested, or the great Chinese wall we read about. Although not everybody hears these great movements so merely massive and big, there is no denying that Mr. Koussevitzky, who does so hear them, is a master hand at swelling bigness to something truly enormous.

He had excellent help yesterday. The soloists stood secure and firm. The choruses, admirably trained, were able to give Mr. Koussevitzky, at the instant he made the signal, the vast waves of sound he wanted—even as they gave Mr. Monteux, a few years ago, the finer shading he called for. They sang, it should be recorded, accurately in tune. Valuable help, in very truth, they lent Mr. Koussevitzky. And the audience approved.

R. R. G.

Shouts and Murmurs

TRANS Nov 26

Mr. Koussevitzky in New York

UPON the concert in New York of the Boston Orchestra last Thursday, the reviewers concentrated themselves. It was Mr. Koussevitzky's first visit to Manhattan in the current season, and a quasi-novel number, Stravinsky's ballet, "Apollo," played as concert-piece, stood on the program. Besides, there were no distractions; whereas on Saturday afternoon, when conductor and orchestra gave a second concert, Respighi's opera, "The Sunken Bell," was undergoing first performance in America at the Metropolitan Opera House. For the matinée, as well, Mr. Koussevitzky assembled only "repertory pieces"—Prokofiev's Classical Symphony; the abridged Suite from Stravinsky's ballet, "Petrushka"; Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," Brahms's Symphony in F major. Consequently the deputized reviewers were no more than perfunctory, remarking that the conductor excelled with the numbers from Prokofiev, Stravinsky and Debussy; but was less fortunate in his version of Brahms. They noted also that the "Classical Symphony" bore repetition well.

Warmths

Back, then, to the concert of Thursday at which, we are told, Mr. Koussevitzky was received with a "protracted demonstration." The Sun enjoyed it all saying:

> The title [of "Apollo"] indicates a desire to create a classic atmosphere and this Stravinsky has done with signal success. The employment of strings unassisted affords a delightful clarity and serenity; and his recent return to earlier ideals of musical beauty than those in "Le Sacre de Printemps" gives us tonalities which would have found favor among the fathers. There is nothing harsh, nothing eccentric, nothing bizarre. The music is chaste, dignified, restful, and it is genuinely beautiful.

Furthermore, it is Stravinsky's own. His classic fields are not those of Gluck yet they have the fragrance of Greece and suggest the academic grove. This ballet-suite seems likely to outlive several immediate predecessors in the Stravinskian catalogue, works in which the musician was apparently not quite certain of his path or his destination. He has come happily out of the woods into the sunlight of a better day.

Following the ballet-suite was Schumann's symphony in B flat. Its maker intended at one time to call it the "Spring" Symphony and it glows and throbs with the rising blood of the vernal season. Assuredly Mr. Koussevitzky felt that it did. There has not been such a full-throated delivery of this pasionate instrumental song in years. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether the composition was ever read with more intensity, more thrill, more palpitating spirit. The orchestra gave a performance which was superlatively fine in opulence of tone and finish of style. The old work rose to new life. When it was played as it was last evening it puts on the shining garb of immortality.

The Evening Post was nearly as well disposed: "There were no dancers [in 'Apollo'], no visual action, but, instead, the nobly sonorous strings of the Boston Orchestra and the exceedingly sensitive and vital leadership of Mr. Koussevitzky to concentrate attention on the score. The performance was one to disclose all this music may possess of aristocratic workmanship and perhaps to seem to invest it with qualities more truly those of the performers than of the pages their performance brought to life. Like the other ballets of Stravinsky 'Apollo' fared much better, musically, out of the theater than in it. Poor as much of the material still seemed, it boasted of such richness and delicacy of string-sonorities as could only be contemplated with ungrudged admiration. Perhaps this was due chiefly to the playing of Mr. Koussevitzky's band. But Igor Stravinsky provided them with the substance it was their lot to play."

Questionings

Of course, the professionally "earnest" in and out of the concert-hall, dissented and, as usual The Times speaks for them: "The piece ['Apollo'] is plausible. It affords a polished and empty imitation of styles and models that it is fashionable to imitate in musical Paris of today, which Stravinsky, expatriated, makes his home, and where he is flattered and fêted. The emptiness and facility of the music soon become a weariness to the flesh. Why should it stop? Why not write a dozen more dance-pieces that posture and prattle of nothing." Nor did Mr. Koussevitzky's version of Schumann's Symphony content all hearers. Again The Times shall be spokesman: "If Mr. Koussevitzky had been less inclined to bestow a gratuitous prominence on insignificant details of the accompaniment [in the slow movement] the result would have been still more felicitous. His tempi in parts of the scherzo and of the finale were unconventional, and perhaps excessively fast. . . . This writer would have welcomed less of the virtuoso element in certain pages and more of the adorable simplicity native to the Schumann of the 'Spring' Symphony.

Epilogue

As for the final number, Skriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," The Herald-Tribune said it all in a single sentence: "Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston players almost succeed in endowing it with a resemblance to truly great music," while even The Times heard an audience "applaud and applaud and applaud."

Music Notes and Comment

Globe Nov 25

Richard Burgin, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, now given in announcements from Symphony Hall the title of "assistant conductor," will conduct the concerts in the regular Friday and Saturday series this week. Mr Koussevitzky's present contract entitles him to entrust three of the 24 pairs of concerts to other hands. Mr Burgin's program includes the first performance here of Miaskovsky's Eighth Symphony. The composer, now living in Moscow, is a Russian in his 40s, with a considerable reputation in his own country. None of his music has hitherto been heard in Boston, but several of his earlier symphonies have been played in other American cities. The soloist will be the noted pianist, Rudolph Ganz, who for some seasons was conductor of the St Louis Symphony, a post he resigned last year. Mr Ganz will play the greatest of the five Beethoven concertos, the one in E flat called "The Emperor."

SYMPHONY CONCERTS

The Eighth Symphony of Nicholas Miaskovsky, a contemporary Russian as yet unknown to Boston, and the "Emperor" Concerto of Beethoven, with Rudolph Ganz as the pianist, are the two pieces announced for the symphony concerts of this week, to be directed by Richard Burgin, concert-master and regular assistant conductor of the Boston orchestra.

TRANS Nov 24

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Richard Burgin, as conductor of the next pair of Boston symphony concerts to be given in Symphony hall, next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, will introduce to Boston a composer of world renown, Nicholas Miaskovsky, conducting the Eighth Symphony of the Russian composer. Rudolph Ganz, the pianist, and former conductor of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra, will be the soloist at this pair of concerts.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Praise Indeed

TRANS Nov 27

LONG able and fair-minded reviewer is the opera house and the concert-hall for the New York Times, Mr. Richard Aldrich returns occasionally to the practice of his calling. Last Saturday afternoon he listened to the concert in New York of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; took pen in hand; wrote warmly of much that he had heard. His praise is the more significant since he belongs to an earlier musical generation than Mr. Koussevitzky's and to a different generation from that which most acclaims the conductor. After demur to Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony" as composition, Mr. Aldrich proceeds:

Mr. Koussevitzky gave it a very crisp and brilliant performance, which would have been good enough for Mozart, if there had been anything remotely resembling Mozart in the score. The other modern pieces were Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," played in an extraordinarily beautiful poetic spirit and with all sorts of shimmering tonal half-lights and opalescences; and the somewhat overworked suite from Stravinsky's "Petrushka." . . . Much of the latter, especially the second of the two divisions in which the suite is played, is, on the concert stage, unintelligible and tiresome in its repetitions. But Mr. Koussevitzky conducted it with immense verve and gusto, made all its points, filled it full of effects that ought to have meant something if they had had anything outside of themselves to refer to. And there was much applause, to which the conductor made his men, here and elsewhere, rise and bow.

The performance of Brahms's Second Symphony put all this orchestral skill and amazing virtuosity to their highest uses. It was a noble and beautiful performance, full of poetry and eloquence and overflowing with tonal beauty. Such a performance shows how far Brahms's orchestration is from the "muddiness" and "grayness' that were once attributed to it. Mr. Koussevitzky set forth its deep, glowing richness of orchestral color in a miraculous way; and he made this color a means to disclosing the true eloquence of the music. The performance was as splendid and sonorous in its larger proportions as it was finished and ornate in detail; exquisitely adjusted in phrasing, free in its carefully considered nuances of tempo and dynamics—all achieved with a consummate art that concealed art and that made the whole seem a natural and an inevitable expression of Brahms's thought.

PITTSBURG, PA.
POST-GAZETTE

Music Notes and Comments

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—the Boston Symphony Orchestra—the Passing . . Of Vincent B. Wheeler.

By HARVEY GAUL.

208

Celebrated Orchestra Conductors To Be Here This Season

From left to right above are Henry Verbrugghen of the Minneapolis Orchestra; Frederic Stock of the Chicago Orchestra; Arturo Toscanini of the New York Philharmonic, and Nikolai Sokoloff of the Cleveland Orchestra. Below from left to right are Willem Mengelberg of the New York Philharmonic, and Serge Koussevitzky of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Boston Symphony To Play This Week.

Serge Koussevitzky brings his brilliant Boston Symphony to open the orchestra association series. It is a tradition that he shall be the first and he is a worthy lead-off man.

Next Friday night the Mosque should be jammed by people who want distinguished music rendered in a distinguished manner. Mr. Koussevitzky has drawn up two of the best programs Pittsburgh has been offered. They are high in contrast and embrace many schools. They are excellent in taste and marvelous in their catholic appeal.

Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete Ballet" begins the concert. At one time Igor Stravinsky was considered an ultra modernist, but in these zig-zag days of cacophony, the ultra part is forgotten. The work will be found to be agreeable and the instrumentation enticing. This will be followed by Debussy's engaging nocturnes, "Nuages," and "Fetes," two impressions that are purple and mauve in Debussyian overtones. Wagner's prelude to "Die Meistersingers" will evoke a round of applause, and as often as this work is played—once a year at least—it is always welcome. The program will close with that Titan, Beethoven in the stunning "Eroica."

Good as is Friday's concert, that of Saturday afternoon is better. It opens with Serge Prokoffief's "Classical Symphony," which may be classical in title and perhaps in form, but we'll bet a whole tone scale to a book of half-tones that it becomes an adventure in contemporary discords.

Again does M. Debussy's faun sport himself in our sylvan midsts. It will be interesting to see the difference between Mr. Koussevitky's and Mr. Goosen's "L'Apres Midi d'un Faune." They undoubtedly have different views as to how woodland folk should spend an afternoon. It is perhaps unfortunate that we should have the same work within a week, and perhaps it is most fortunate.

Following this comes Ravel's gorgeous excerpts from the ballet, "Daphnis et Chloe." He was once the "enfant terrible" of French music, but since he has been sojourning in this country he has been found to be most mild mannered. These morceaux are rich in Ravel's ravellings.

The concert will close with Brahms' stupendous D major symphony, a work that would make any program.

The Boston Symphony deserves the best we can give them in the way of audiences. Programs like these seldom come in pairs.

* * *

Nov KOUSSEVITZKY— 28 BRUMMEL OF THE BATON

Mr. Koussevitzky, performing on the rostrum, possesses all the physical eloquence of a ballet master. Mordkin himself would appreciate the graceful sweeps of the Koussevitzky wrists. And other conductors who would acquire some of this conductor's facade might take to imitating his dress, for Mr. Koussevitzky is, without doubt, the best appareled man in music. As a visitor, he even threatens the laurels of New York City's mayor. None but a man deeply conscious of the elegancies of masculine garb would conceive of a collar which rises to such glorious heights above that part of Mr. Koussevitzky's coat which his audiences are privileged to observe.

Mr. Koussevitzky conducts the season's first Brooklyn concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music next Friday night.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
PLAIN DEALER

BOSTON SYMPHONY CHARMS AUDIENCE

Orchestra of 110 Swayed by Dynamic Baton of Koussevitzky.

BY JAMES H. ROGERS.

A concert of many thrills and many artistic delights was given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Masonic Auditorium. And Serge Koussevitzky, leader of this great company of players—great in more senses than one, for it numbers 110 performers—was the hero of one of the most exhilarating musical evenings that memory recalls.

To begin with, this is a magnificent orchestra, of outstanding excellence in all its sections. In balance and blend of tone, in splendor of volume, in swift and pliant response to the demands of their conductor, in a word, in all orchestral virtues, the Bostonians compel our unstinted admiration. We heard the Boston Orchestra redivivus, after a period of sackcloth and ashes. And that was not an unpleasant thing to think about, either.

Mr. Koussevitzky possesses a marvelous control over his musicians. An autocrat, maybe. But, I believe, a benevolent despot, winning his men by imparting to them his own enthusiasm, which is plainly apparent. A vivid personality. And this imbues his readings. Every piece he sets before his hearers pulses with ardent life. Each one seems newly created. He summons an astonishing dynamic range from his players.

Watches Delicate Phases.

In this the more delicate phases are far from coming off second best. This was exemplified in the opening item of the program, the "Classical" symphony of the Russian, Prokokieff. The quotation marks are the composer's own. I think he wrote them down with the tongue in the cheek, and a twinkle in the eye. New stuff, from the fearsome music workshops of Moscow.

And behold the Bolshevist decked out in the costume of olden days at Versailles, perruque, snuff box and all. Prokokieff has gone back to the French clavecinists, Rameau, Couperin and the rest, for his models. One cannot say that he has beaten them at their own game; but he has not lagged far behind them.

This is delicious music, sparkling with gayety and animation. It was played with an airiness and a crisp and light precision that made it quite enchanting. And at the close of the symphony—which is really a suite of four short pieces—the listeners were all smiling broadly. Which betokens enjoyment convincingly enough.

Lovely Rendition.

To the Prokokieff work succeeded Debussy's familiar "Afternoon of a Faun," which was accorded a lovely and expressive rendition. And after this there were some excerpts from Ravel's ballet, "Daphne and Chloe." An exciting, breath-taking affair this performance was, too. Indeed, a tour de force of overwhelming brilliancy. A tempest of hand-clapping followed it.

The concert closed with the Brahms second symphony, with which, it strikes me, it would have been better to begin the program. However, it was beautifully played, and authoritatively played, too. Not exactly in the manner we are used too, now and then. Mr. Koussevitzky goes his own way. He gives us the composer plus a bit of Koussevitzky, greatly, to my notion, adding to the hearer's interest in the music under way.

The audience was only of moderate size, which, when we consider the attraction offered, was rather discouraging to the friends of music present. It is to be hoped that the extreme cordiality and the manifest pleasure of the listeners caused Mr. Koussevitzky to overlook the relative smallness of their numbers.

N. Y. TELEGRAPH

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, comments on the conductorless orchestra:

"A conductorless orchestra is a wonderful idea, which I really welcome, not because such an orchestra may play better, but because its members get used to brilliant discipline—through their own will, and accustom themselves to an assiduous and diligent work.

"And later, when these musicians play under a conductor, they facilitate his task, being a good material for the conductor-virtuoso. They understand much more easily his intentions and wishes."

Of course, the American Symphonic Ensemble is really not preparing for a conductor, if we may guess their intent. Speaking of the organization, it is interesting to know that it is a manifestation of the Communistic idea. Its famous progenitor of the American conductorless orches-

tra, the Persimphans Orchestra of Moscow, was organized in 1922 as an outgrowth of the Communistic glorification of the mass rather than of the individual. Its spectacular performances were immediately praised by such musicians as Glazounoff and Milhaud, and the career of the First Symphony Ensemble of Moscow was so successful that ensembles of the kind have been formed in five other cities in Russia, one in Leipzig and another in Berne, Switzerland.

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"And later, when these musicians play under a conductor, they facilitate his task, being a good material for the conductor-virtuoso. They understand much more easily his intentions and wishes."

Of course, the American Symphonic Ensemble is really not preparing for a conductor, if we may guess their intent Speaking of the organization, it is interesting to know that it is a manifestation of the Communistic idea. Its famous progenitor of the American conductorless orches-

tra, the Persimphans Orchestra of Moscow, was organized in 1922 as an outgrowth of the Communistic glorification of the mass rather than of the individual. Its spectacular performances were immediately praised by such musicians as Glazounoff and Milhaud, and the career of the First Symphony Ensemble of Moscow was so successful that ensembles of the kind have been formed in five other cities in Russia, one in Leipzig and another in Berne, Switzerland.

Nov 28

KOUSSEVITZKY— BRUMMEL OF THE BATON

Mr. Koussevitzky, performing on the rostrum, possesses all the physical eloquence of a ballet master. Mordkin himself would appreciate the graceful sweeps of the Koussevitzky wrists. And other conductors who would acquire some of this conductor's facade might take to imitating his dress, for Mr. Koussevitzky is, without doubt, the best appareled man in music. As a visitor, he even threatens the laurels of New York City's mayor. None but a man deeply conscious of the elegancies of masculine garb would conceive of a collar which rises to such glorious heights above that part of Mr. Koussevitzky's coat which his audiences are privileged to observe.

Mr. Koussevitzky conducts the season's first Brooklyn concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Academy of Music next Friday night.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CHARMS AUDIENCE

Orchestra of 110 Swayed by Dynamic Baton of Koussevitzky.

BY JAMES H. ROGERS.

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Mr. Koussevitzky possesses a marvelous control over his musicians. An autocrat, maybe. But, I believe, a benevolent despot, winning his men by imparting to them his own enthusiasm, which is plainly apparent. A vivid personality. And this imbues his readings. Every piece he sets before his hearers pulses with ardent life. Each one seems newly created. He summons an astonishing dynamic range from his players.

Watches Delicate Phases.

In this the more delicate phases are far from coming off second best. This was exemplified in the opening item of the program, the "Classical" symphony of the Russian, Prokokieff. The quotation marks are the composer's own. I think he wrote them down with the tongue in the cheek, and a twinkle in the eye. New stuff, from the fearsome music workshops of Moscow.

And behold the Bolshevist decked out in the costume of olden days at Versailles, perruque, snuff box and all. Prokokieff has gone back to the French clavecinists, Rameau, Couperin and the rest, for his models. One cannot say that he has beaten them at their own game; but he has not lagged far behind them.

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209

HERALD
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
NOV 1 1928

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COLUMBUS, OHIO
[redacted]
Dispatch
NOV 1 - 1928

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PLAIN-DEALER
CLEVELAND, O.
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COLUMBUS, OHIO
STATE JOURNAL
NOV 2 - 1928

Boston Symphony, in Master's Hands, Makes Musical Holiday That Will Live in Memories

BY KARL B. PAULY.

For the first time in 16 years Columbus Thursday night heard the Boston Symphony orchestra and thrilled to its performance under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky, who in those intervening years has come out of the east to drench the western world with his musical eloquence.

It was an event of the first magnitude in the city's musical history and Memorial Hall was virtually filled for the occasion. M. Koussevitzky's appearance was the signal for an ovation in which the audience rose and applauded for nearly a minute.

The great conductor, leader of orchestras in Moscow and Petrograd, first conductor of the Russian State orchestra under the Soviet regime, and still annually conductor of orchestras in London and Paris, ruled the 110-piece symphony orchestra with vigor and yet with restraint.

Always he seemed to hold the power of the orchestra between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand as he drew from them with the baton in his right that great wealth of tonal color. The orchestra responded as one man to his least gesture.

Two of the numbers presented Thursday night never before had been played in Columbus. These were Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony, Op. 25, and excerpts from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" ballet.

The first of these seemed not the complicated thing of which the laity stands in awe but an understandable work of art built up, developed and embellished before one's eyes, so to speak. Indeed, in its playing Thursday night, the audience heard it presented under the direction of one of Prokofieff's particular champions, M. Koussevitzky.

Early in the allegro movement it was easy to see why some critics have said that "the composer's idea in this symphony was to catch the spirit of Mozart and to put down that which, if he were living now, Mozart might put into his scores." There were moments particularly reminiscent of the great composer.

The first violins, predominant in the allegro, recurred again in episodes in the larghetto movement, and were joined in the gavotta by the wood-winds and eventually the violincellos and double basses, working toward the splendid finale.

In this work, if not earlier, it was apparent how large a part of M. Koussevitzky's distinction as a virtuoso of the double bass plays in his handling of the great orchestra.

It is probable that nothing so tremendously magnificent has ever been heard in Columbus as the tumultuous close of "Daphnis and Chloe" ballet.

At the outset the Ravel number is exquisite and bizarre. Throughout it is coursed with pathos and fervence. It is idyllic at the point at which Daphnis fashions a flute and plays a melancholy tune, to which Chloe, appearing later, dances in imitation.

In the joyous tumult of the finale are massed the orchestra's full brass complement, together with kettledrums, bass drum, cymbals, tambourines, harp and double basses with the low C. There is a veritable blizzard of strings, punctured with cymbalic crashes and the whipping of other strings.

The number was the most impassioned on Thursday evening's program, approached only by the last movement of the Brahms symphony.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
[redacted]
Dispatch
NOV [illegible]

Symphony Club Opens Season with Close to Capacity House.

By H. E. Cherrington.

COLUMBUS is loosening up its purse-strings for music. Here the Music club starts off with a huge house for Jeritza in mid-October; Mr. O'Leary sets new house records for Kreisler and Galli-Curci; the opera has sufficient guarantors for the spring; Capital's and the chamber music courses are well started. And then comes the Symphony Club of Central Ohio with the Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, and very nearly fills the hall. That, too, on the eve of a week-end of expensive football and celebration.

The [illegible] at Me- [illegible] t of the [illegible] h series, [illegible] lled, by [illegible] ts from [illegible] ballet; we may by the [illegible] ozartian [illegible] y. Opus [illegible] played in varying measures with the opening Beethoven overture and the concluding Brahms.

Koussevitzky's entrance is dramatic. He walks like one born to command and he conducts in the same way. There is at times austerity about his manner and at times a hint of romanticism, and yet, withal, it is marked by simplicity, a simplicity that sometimes even ignores continuance of the beat in passages that are purely transitional or elementary. We like him, which means the present writer and thousands of hearers. In fact, he easily wins his place in the ranks of the three or four leading conductors whom America has seen in this decade.

The overture to "Leonore," No. 3, marked by the twice-repeated trumpet calls off-stage, was beautifully played. It gave an auspicious start to the program. Then came the "Classical" symphony by the contemporaneous Russian, Prokofieff, something molded much more in the older forms than most of his product. It has a delightful opening movement, graceful and well scored by this composer 11 years ago, when he was but 26 years of age. On that work alone he could base a considerable reputation. The airy delicacy of the larghetto and the even working out of the two other measures make for a harmonious ensemble, from the composer's standpoint. The movements are short and the whole is a sort of symphony in miniature, a well chiseled bit of orchestral bric-a-brac.

"DAPHNIS AND CHLOE."

The composition that set the audience into a tumult of enthusiasm, however, was the one that immediately preceded the intermission. This was the three orchestral fragments from the second series from Maurice Ravel's one-act ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe," which Diaghileff and others have done with such great success. The first part was an exquisite pastoral, in which a flute solo of ravishing clarity of tone was played—we suppose by G. Laurent. Later there were spread upon the canvas broad splashes from the conductor's brush, drawn from a lavish palette of orchestral color. Some of these sweeping bits of virtuosity, ending with glissandi on the harps, and again bits of vibrato that seemed to shake the whole orchestra, were spine-chilling. It was one of the most glowing performances of a modern orchestral work ever done in this fair city.

BRAHMS' D MAJOR.

The Brahms D major symphony, his No. 2, has been done here by at least one other orchestra, though we can't recall which one. It has much of interest and it was well, if not ideally, played. But it seemed a bit dull after Ravel, even considering the difference in their moods and modes.

The Boston orchestra is a glorious organization of 110 men. Imagine the results one can obtain, for examples, with a score and half of violins, more than a dozen violas, ten cellos and ten basses, on which Koussevitzky plays with such skill as soloist. Strings, brass, woods, percussion, all are well chosen. After such artistry, we can only applaud and long for a return engagement.

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HERALD
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
NOV 1 1928

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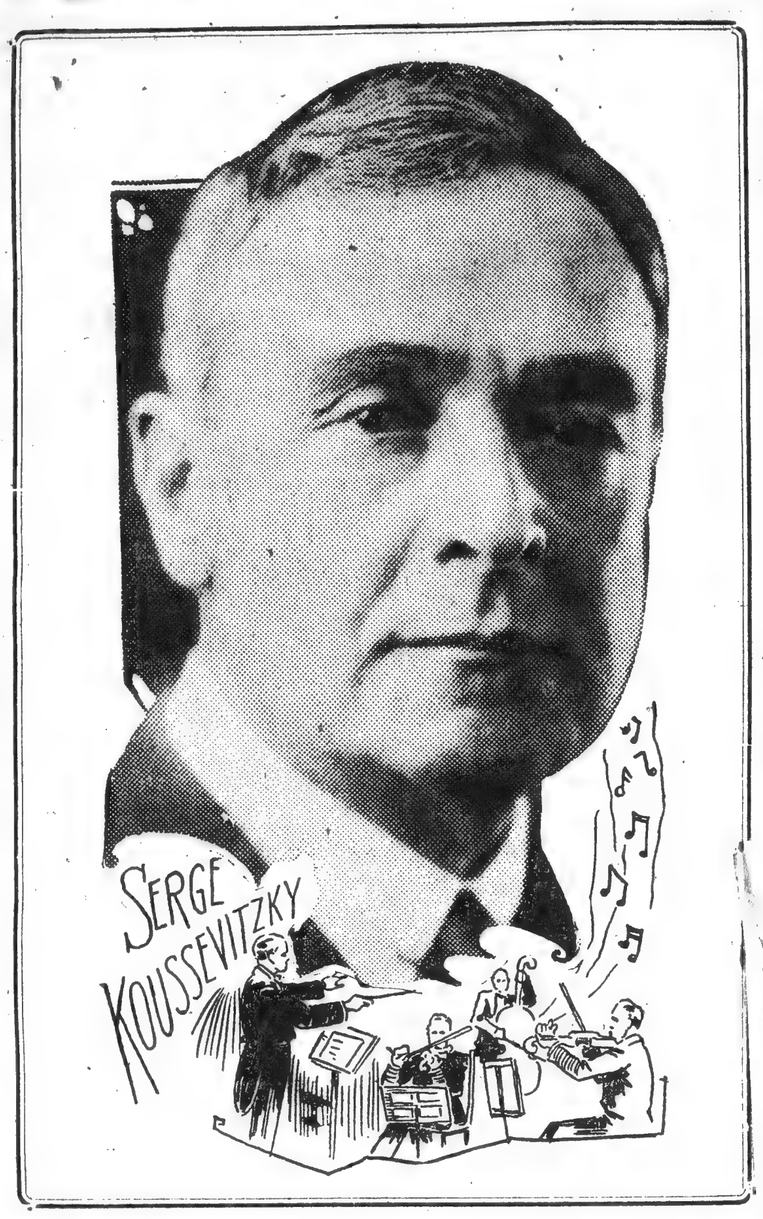

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The seat sale is in progress at McCoy's, inc., No. 89 Asylum street.

[illegible]-3,561,8

COTTON.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—(AP)—F[illegible] tures closed steady 2 to 8 poin[illegible] higher; December 19.35-36; Janua[illegible] 19.32-33c; March 19.30-31c; M[illegible] 19.22-23c; July 19.03. Spot stead[illegible]

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The great conductor, leader of orchestras in Moscow and Petrograd, first conductor of the Russian State orchestra under the Soviet regime, and still annually conductor of orchestras in London and Paris, ruled the 110-piece symphony orchestra with vigor and yet with restraint.

Always he seemed to hold the power of the orchestra between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand as he drew from them with the baton in his right that great wealth of tonal color. The orchestra responded as one man to his least gesture.

Two of the numbers presented Thursday night never before had been played in Columbus. These were Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony, Op. 25, and excerpts from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" ballet.

The first of these seemed not the complicated thing of which the laity stands in awe but an understandable work of art built up, developed and embellished before one's eyes, so to speak. Indeed, in its playing Thursday night, the audience heard it presented under the direction of one of Prokofieff's particular champions, M. Koussevitzky.

Early in the allegro movement it was easy to see why some critics have said that "the composer's idea in this symphony was to catch the spirit of Mozart and to put down that which, if he were living now, Mozart might put into his scores." There were moments particularly reminiscent of the great composer.

The first violins, predominant in the allegro, recurred again in episodes in the larghetto movement, and were joined in the gavotta by the wood-winds and eventually the violincellos and double basses, working toward the splendid finale.

In this work, if not earlier, it was apparent how large a part of M. Koussevitzky's distinction as a virtuoso of the double bass plays in his handling of the great orchestra.

It is probable that nothing so tremendously magnificent has ever been heard in Columbus as the tumultuous close of "Daphnis and Chloe" ballet.

At the outset the Ravel number is exquisite and bizarre. Throughout it is coursed with pathos and fervence. It is idyllic at the point at which Daphnis fashions a flute and plays a melancholy tune, to which Chloe, appearing later, dances in imitation.

In the joyous tumult of the finale are massed the orchestra's full brass complement, together with kettledrums, bass drum, cymbals, tambourines, harp and double basses with the low C. There is a veritable blizzard of strings, punctured with cymbalic crashes and the whipping of other strings.

The number was the most impassioned on Thursday evening's program, approached only by the last movement of the Brahms symphony.

COLUMBUS, OHIO
[redacted]
News Dispatch

Symphony Club Opens Season with Close to Capacity House.

By H. E. Cherrington.

COLUMBUS is loosening up its purse-strings for music. Here the Music club starts off with a huge house for Jeritza in mid-October; Mr. O'Leary sets new house records for Kreisler and Galli-Curci; the opera has sufficient guarantors for the spring; Capital's and the chamber music courses are well started. And then comes the Symphony Club of Central Ohio with the Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, and very nearly fills the hall. That, too, on the eve of a week-end of expensive football and celebration.

The audience last night at Memorial hall, hearing one unit of the Boston orchestra's forty-eighth series, was thrilled, genuinely thrilled, by the performance of excerpts from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" ballet; surprised and delighted (if we may judge from frequent remarks) by the Prokofieff excursion into Mozartian classicism with his Symphony, Opus 25, and pleased in varying measures with the opening Beethoven overture and the concluding Brahms.

Koussevitzky's entrance is dramatic. He walks like one born to command and he conducts in the same way. There is at times austerity about his manner and at times a hint of romanticism, and yet, withal, it is marked by simplicity, a simplicity that sometimes even ignores continuance of the beat in passages that are purely transitional or elementary. We like him, which means the present writer and thousands of hearers. In fact, he easily wins his place in the ranks of the three or four leading conductors whom America has seen in this decade.

The overture to "Leonore," No. 3, marked by the twice-repeated trumpet calls off-stage, was beautifully played. It gave an auspicious start to the program. Then came the "Classical" symphony by the contemporaneous Russian, Prokofieff, something molded much more in the older forms than most of his product. It has a delightful opening movement, graceful and well scored by this composer 11 years ago, when he was but 26 years of age. On that work alone he could base a considerable reputation. The airy delicacy of the larghetto and the even working out of the two other measures make for a harmonious ensemble, from the composer's standpoint. The movements are short and the whole is a sort of symphony in miniature, a well chiseled bit of orchestral bric-a-brac.

"DAPHNIS AND CHLOE."

The composition that set the audience into a tumult of enthusiasm, however, was the one that immediately preceded the intermission. This was the three orchestral fragments from the second series from Maurice Ravel's one-act ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe," which Diaghileff and others have done with such great success. The first part was an exquisite pastoral, in which a flute solo of ravishing clarity of tone was played—we suppose by G. Laurent. Later there were spread upon the canvas broad splashes from the conductor's brush, drawn from a lavish palette of orchestral color. Some of these sweeping bits of virtuosity, ending with glissandi on the harps, and again bits of vibrato that seemed to shake the whole orchestra, were spine-chilling. It was one of the most glowing performances of a modern orchestral work ever done in this fair city.

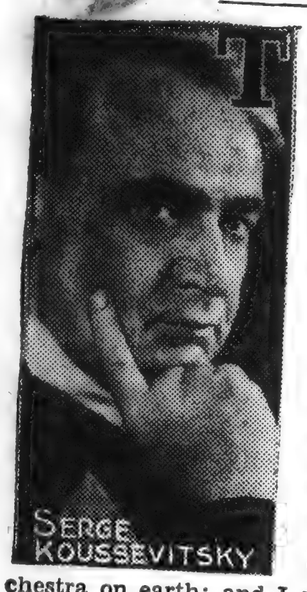
BRAHMS' D MAJOR.

The Brahms D major symphony, his No. 2, has been done here by at least one other orchestra, though we can't recall which one. It has much of interest and it was well, if not ideally, played. But it seemed a bit dull after Ravel, even considering the difference in their moods and modes.

The Boston orchestra is a glorious organization of 110 men. Imagine the results one can obtain, for examples, with a score and half of violins, more than a dozen violas, ten cellos and ten basses, on which Koussevitzky plays with such skill as soloist. Strings, brass, woods, percussion, all are well chosen. After such artistry, we can only applaud and long for a return engagement.

NEWS
NOV 2 - 1928

Symphony Orchestra, With Koussevitzky, Score Success



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And there was a large crowd to hear and to praise. I noticed a few vacant seats, but not many. The auditorium was filled with music lovers who knew that they were hearing music rendered as well as it can be by human powers.

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PRESS

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It was something of a gala event, this initial concert of the new season. One might speak of the throng that filled the greater part of the mosque; of the brilliant audience in which wealth mingled and rubbed shoulders with the struggling student, but it was the music that occupied the place of honor, and it is of the music we will speak.

Judging by the cordial reception accorded both conductor and players, the program was enjoyed to the fullest extent. Opening with Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete, Ballet"—a series of sketchy, sometimes eerie, numbers—it proceeded to Debussy. Followed Wagner's "Prelude to the Mastersingers," and then the greatest number of all, the Beethoven Symphony.

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As for the "Scherzo," it reminded one of a terrific downpour of rain on the roof, with the biting staccato of the strings, and the vivacious repartee between these and the wood winds. Outstanding features, to me, were the wonderfully effective playing of the horns in that haunting woodland refrain and the compelling answer from the strings, with changes of rhythm that foreshadowed Brahms. The finale—part of the wind

NEW YORK
NEW YORKER

PITTSBURG, PA.
PRESS
NOV 3

PITTSBURG, PA.
SUN TELEGRAPH
NOV

Prominent Folk Attend BostonSymphonyConcert

Miss Elizabeth McCullough Is Introduced At Afternoon Function—Weddings and Betrothals Made Known.

SMART society formed a capacity audience last night in Syria mosque to hear the Boston Symphony orchestra. Many distinguished guests were present among whom was Mrs. Robert Goheen, of Vengurla, India, daughter of Sir James Ewing who was knighted by the English government for service in India. Mrs. Goheen has been a resident of India practically all her life and is the wife of one of the leading surgeons of a missionary hospital in India. She was a guest in the box of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel M. Clemson. The latter wore a silver gray evening wrap topped with a huge fox collar of blending hue. Other guests in the Clemson box were Mr. and Mrs. John G. Clemson of Los Angeles. Mrs. Clemson was strikingly attractive in her wrap of ermine with fox collar. Her hair of silver added to her perfect ensemble. Mr. and Mrs. Hallock Sherard were also guests of the Clemson's and Mrs. Sherard wore a gown of heavy satin of a rose-pink shade. Mrs. Goheen wore a gold metallic wrap with sable trimmed collar and cuff effect.

Others present were Mrs. W. C. Dierks of Edgewood, who wore a black lace gown. Miss Jane McEldowney was seen wearing an apple green taffeta frock, and her sister, Mrs. Walters, wore a black net creation. Miss Elizabeth Hogue was in company with Mrs. Robert Lee Wilson of Baird st. Miss Hogue was wearing a black velvet wrap with huge white fox collar and Mrs. Wilson wore a semi-formal gown of a gold metallic and brown combination. Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Morton were also entertaining in their box. Mrs. Morton was attired in a peach colored gown with sequined bodice.

Other boxholders for last night's concert were: Mrs. Charles Bruckman, John F. Casey, Mrs. Donald G. Clark, Mrs. S. G. Cooper, Dr. Ogden M. Edwards, Mrs. L. Girard Firth, Mrs. Ralph Flinn, T. J. Gillespie, Mrs. William H. Hall, Mrs. George Harwood, Mrs. H. K. Hitchcock, Mrs. W. J. Holland, Mrs. A. L. Humphrey, Mrs. Roy A. Hunt, Mrs. Alfred E. Hunt, Mrs. John Lawrence, Mrs. J. E. Lewis.

and the Muses); Variation of Polymnia; Variation of Terpsichore; Variation of Apollo; Apollo and Terpsichore; Coda (Apollo and the Muses); Apotheosis.

Nocturnes ..... Debussy
(a) Nuages; (b) Fetes.

Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg" ..... Wagner

Symphony No. 3 in E flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55 ..... Beethoven
I. Allegro con brio. II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai. III. Scherzo; Ollegro vivace; Trio. IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

As customary, the Boston Symphony Orchestra opened our Pittsburgh Orchestra Association's concerts in Syria Mosque, and once again set standards that will be hard to approach. One may well regret the vacant places at these concerts, for nowhere else in the world is one privileged to hear such music.

Interest at first centered about a new Stravinsky work, ballet music for strings alone, and music that always will remind us of the fine quality of Boston's violins, seldom of Stravinsky. If the dancing was only passable, when the ballet was produced in Paris, it is no wonder the audience paid little attention to the orchestra. It is only momentarily interesting, lacks all richness that one hears in the Bach concertos for string orchestra, and makes us suspect that Stravinsky makes more colorful instrumentation than musical designs.

Debussy's "Nocturnes" are old acquaintances here, but never have we heard them more delicately played. Wagner's "Meistersinger" Prelude was a fine climax for the first part of the program; for once all the voices could be heard, for the Boston soloists, the French horns and English horns, the rest of the woodwinds, are virtuosos. But Koussevitsky played them a bit too strongly last evening and lost the main line of the prelude. It was too analytical; it moved heavily.

Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, however, showed Koussevitsky at his very best. There were no heroics in imitation of Italian or Dutch conductors; there was merely straightforward classic reading of a magnificent score, and played by America's most representative orchestra.

J. FRED LISSFELT.

THE NEW YORKER

MUSICAL EVENTS

A Double Bass Says "Uncle"—Recitals Sans Casualties—This Symphonic Jazz Age

ALMOST all of the orchestra conductors were at one time solo instrumentalists, but most of them have put their virtuoso careers behind them. Mr. Mengelberg occasionally directs from a pseudo-harpsichord, and Mr. Damrosch illustrates his lectures with a bit of piano-playing, but up to last week Mr. Gabrilowitsch was the only licensed director whose solo performances were something more than excursions from his regular business. Mr. Stokowski used to be an organist, but he has not been heard here in that capacity since his early days. I never heard him perform during his term of service at a New York church, but I have learned from a gentleman who directed many funerals in the Stokowski régime that few organists of his acquaintance were so helpful.

This, as you may have surmised, is by way of prelude to a report of Mr. Koussevitzky's local début as a double bass virtuoso, and I might as well set down now that Mr. Koussevitzky's virtuosity with the bull fiddle is as great as his virtuosity with an orchestra, and perhaps greater. His concert, in which he had the assistance of M. Henri Casadesus, who played viola d'amore, and Mr. Pierre Luboshutz, whose piano accompaniments were the best that I have heard so far this season, had the air of a great artistic revelation; but it actually was merely a demonstration of Mr. Koussevitzky's ability to make his Amati bass say "Uncle." "Uncle" is a pretty good transcription of the sound that a double bass makes when it is treated to some vigorous bowing on the lower strings.

NEWS
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NOV 3 - 1928

...DIVISION ...ERS TO MEET

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PITTSBURG, PA.
SUN TELEGRAPH
NOV 3 - 1928

MUSIC

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Syria Mosque

PROGRAM

Apollon Musagete, Ballet ..... Stravinsky
Scene I. Birth of Apollo.
Scene II. Variation of Apollo (Apollo and the Muses); Variation of Polymnia; Variation of Terpsichore; Variation of Apollo; Apollo and Terpsichore; Coda (Apollo and the Muses); Apotheosis.

Nocturnes ..... Debussy
(a) Nuages; (b) Fetes.

Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg" ..... Wagner

Symphony No. 3 in E flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55 ..... Beethoven
I. Allegro con brio. II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai. III. Scherzo; Allegro vivace; Trio. IV. Finale: Allegro molto.

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Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, however, showed Koussevitsky at his very best. There were no heroics in imitation of Italian or Dutch conductors; there was merely straightforward classic reading of a magnificent score, and played by America's most representative orchestra.

J. FRED LISSFELT.

THE NEW YORKER

MUSICAL EVENTS

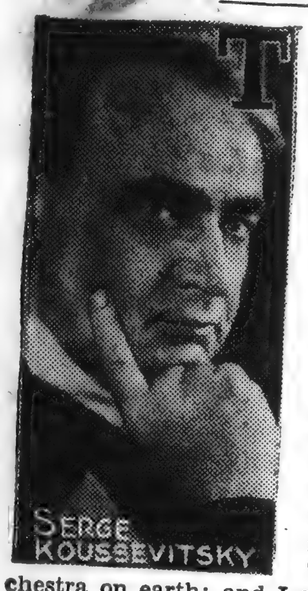
A Double Bass Says "Uncle"—Recitals Sans Casualties—This Symphonic Jazz Age

ALMOST all of the orchestra conductors were at one time solo instrumentalists, but most of them have put their virtuoso careers behind them. Mr. Mengelberg occasionally directs from a pseudo-harpsichord, and Mr. Damrosch illustrates his lectures with a bit of piano-playing, but up to last week Mr. Gabrilowitsch was the only licensed director whose solo performances were something more than excursions from his regular business. Mr. Stokowski used to be an organist, but he has not been heard here in that capacity since his early days. I never heard him perform during his term of service at a New York church, but I have learned from a gentleman who directed many funerals in the Stokowski régime that few organists of his acquaintance were so helpful.

This, as you may have surmised, is by way of prelude to a report of Mr. Koussevitzky's local début as a double bass virtuoso, and I might as well set down now that Mr. Koussevitzky's virtuosity with the bull fiddle is as great as his virtuosity with an orchestra, and perhaps greater. His concert, in which he had the assistance of M. Henri Casadesus, who played viola d'amore, and Mr. Pierre Luboshutz, whose piano accompaniments were the best that I have heard so far this season, had the air of a great artistic revelation; but it actually was merely a demonstration of Mr. Koussevitzky's ability to make his Amati bass say "Uncle." "Uncle" is a pretty good transcription of the sound that a double bass makes when it is treated to some vigorous bowing on the lower strings.

CLEVELAND, OHIO
NEWS
NOV 2 - 1928

Symphony Orchestra, With Koussevitzky, Score Success



THERE'S truth as well as poetry in "music lends enchantment." It is possible for music to be so beautiful that an entire audience feels the spell and falls under the influence. It was demonstrated at Masonic hall Wednesday evening when the Boston Symphony orchestra returned to Cleveland after an absence of ten years and played a program under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. Probably most of us have heard that the Boston orchestra has deteriorated since those ante-bellum days when Karl Muck held the baton. Well, we know now that any such statement is a malicious lie or an error in judgment. Under Koussevitzky, it remains the same marvelous ensemble. To me it is the best symphony orchestra on earth; and I say this, comparing it to most of the famous ones in this country and in Europe. It seems to be one wonderful instrument from which come tones such as no other orchestra seems to produce. Strings superb, but so are the woodwinds and brasses. A sublime aggregation of virtuosity. And when this huge instrument of 110 pieces sits around the platform on which stands a genius of a conductor, like Koussevitzky, the result may be imagined by all who were not present last evening. It was one of those musical events beside which one puts a mark to prompt the memory as the fog of time comes on.

I think I never have heard such an enthusiastic outburst of praise as followed the first and second part of this symphony concert. The lobby fairly echoed from the comments of approval.

And there was a large crowd to hear and to praise. I noticed a few vacant seats, but not many. The auditorium was filled with music lovers who knew that they were hearing music rendered as well as it can be by human powers.

* * *

ONE may agree or disagree with M. Koussevitzky's readings. Some of them seem to be a bit "individual." But one may not doubt that he accomplishes exactly the thing that he wants to accomplish with the instrumentalists.

For example, I though his "Afternoon of a Faune" was rather slow in tempo. I have seen it danced in Paris, heard it played by many conductors; and never so slow before. But the effect was gorgeous in color and very beautiful.

His Prokofieff "Classical" symphony was played here for the first time. A work that might be called pretty, and without any of the "modernisms" that we sometimes expect from this composer. It seemed not a notable composition; but a most comfortable piece to hear, almost like a Mozart symphony, so far as melodies go.

The orchestral excerpts from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" were wonderfully well presented. One rarely hears such a perfect melodic representation of a pagan dance—and of romantic love. Ravel rises in one's estimation, after hearing Koussevitzky reveal his work.

The second part of the program was devoted to Brahms' second symphony—one of the familiar works on its scale of modern musical literature. And with this, the conductor again was penetrating and revealing; both of himself and of Brahms. It was a masterpiece of conducting and of playing.

It is to be hoped that the Bostonians will put us back on the list of "cities visited each year" and keep us there.

* * *

THEY gave DeWolf Hopper a banquet to celebrate his fiftieth anniversary as an actor. One of the speakers toasted "the greatest husband of them all" and a telegram came from Edna Wallace Hopper saying: "Heartiest congratulations from one of your wives and one who ought to know."

* * *

CERTAINLY, there are droll happenings in New York. Now they will give a Duncan festival at the Manhattan Opera house in memory of Isadora Duncan, the dancer. Last time Isadora was in America, she was snubbed, left and right, unappreciated, almost ignored as an artist, and a politician was quoted as saying: "That woman should never be allowed to return to America." It happens that "that woman" was a great-granddaughter of a soldier of the revolutionary war!

* * *

LAST winter we heard reports of the remarkable singing of the Russian Kedroff quartet. Later the Women's City club brought the quartet to Cleveland; and the vocalists lived up to the praise that had been lavished upon them in the east. The Women's City club is bringing them back for a concert Nov. 17. . . . The Fortnightly Musical club will present Severin Eisenberger in a piano recital at Hotel Statler the evening of Nov. 7. . . . Edwin Arthur Kraft will give an organ recital at Trinity cathedral next Monday evening. . . . The Stratford Players, booked for an engagement later in the season at the Hanna theater, are scheduled to give a performance of "Julius Caesar" at Glenville auditorium this evening, under the auspices of the Drama club.

* * *

CHANGES in some of the vaudeville-film house programs take place today: Billy Dess and company share topline honors with Kelly and Jackson in "Oh May" at the Park theater. The Victoria troupe features a brass band on wheels. Others: Jean Granese, and Cowan and Gray. The film is "Beggars of Life."

Jimmy Lucas in "Vampire and Fool of 1928" is topliner at Keith's 105th theater, assisted by Geraldine Herbert. Others: the Wyoming Four, Paulo, Paquita and Chiquita, the Nevines, Gordon and company and Adelaide Nelson and her baby elephants. Film: "Win That Girl."

Five acts of vaudeville are offered, commencing today at Loew's Granada, the program topped by the Royal Welsh Gleeman and including O'Dunn and Day, Palermo's Canines, Marcus Berta and Abbot and Bisland in "A Night at a Night Club." Film: "The Patent Leather Kid."

* * *

SEVERAL inquiries have been received in regard to that excellent actor, A. E. Matthews in "Interference" at the Ohio. Yes, he has appeared here before—several times, I believe. Last time with Ina Claire in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney." He is as much at home on the London stage as in the American theater, having appeared over there frequently in American plays and this side in English plays. He is an Englishman by birth.

PITTSBURG
PRESS
NOV - 1928

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Boston Symphony Opens Season, Here

Initial Event of Pittsburgh Orchestra Association's Thirteenth Year Gala Occasion. Koussevitsky and His Men Given Cordial Reception in Syria Mosque. Beethoven's "Eroica" Proves Gem of Evening—Debussy Pleases.

By WILLIAM R. MITCHEL.
Press Music Critic.

REGARDLESS of the number of times one has heard Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, always new beauties, hitherto unsuspected, unfold themselves to the listener. And always one can count on an orchestra like the Boston Symphony—which opened the thirteenth season of the Pittsburgh Orchestra association's concerts in Syria mosque last night—to give just the right touch to the master composer's work. Especially so under the inspiring direction of such a conductor as Serge Koussevitzky.

It was something of a gala event, this initial concert of the new season. One might speak of the throng that filled the greater part of the mosque; of the brilliant audience in which wealth mingled and rubbed shoulders with the struggling student, but it was the music that occupied the place of honor, and it is of the music we will speak.

Judging by the cordial reception accorded both conductor and players, the program was enjoyed to the fullest extent. Opening with Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete, Ballet"—a series of sketchy, sometimes eerie, numbers—it proceeded to Debussy. Followed Wagner's "Prelude to the Mastersingers," and then the greatest number of all, the Beethoven Symphony.

* * *

IN the Stravinsky offering, scored for stringed instruments, one encounters varied moods—sometimes dreamy, sometimes hazy—with the peculiarly baffling cadences that leave us in doubt as to whether there is more to come. There are expressive incidental soli for different members of the string family, but some rather wide gaps, three or four octaves apart, lead one to wonder just what impression the composer meant to convey. As a whole, though, the music is, after all, satisfying, with its rapidly changing gallimaufry, keeping the listener keyed up to the height of expectancy that sometimes fails to altogether materialize. Mr. Koussevitzky extracted from the Stravinsky all that was in it, with his splendid body of players.

Debussy was rather more satisfying in his nocturns, "Clouds" and "Festivals." The wood wind and stringed ensemble kept up a continual badinage, the cold quality of the lower tones in the first named section being dissipated by the genial warmth of the strings, in answer, during the "Clouds" number, which was real "tone painting." In the second there is a particularly lovely melody for solo viola. Effective combinations in harp and flute lent a charming color to this number, one of the most entrancing on the program.

* * *

WAGNER'S overture, leading off with that great C chord, is based on the principal themes in the opera from which it takes its name, and introduces about all the devices to be found in the modern orchestra, up 'till within a few years ago at least. It has been given here so often that everybody is tolerably familiar with the general character of the music which, in spots, verges upon the ironic. The more tone you get out of the orchestra the better goes the overture, it seems, and the Boston Symphony went at it, hammer and tongs, and tympani and brass, to be sure, which made for a rather glowing performance.

After that, what a relief to listen to the Beethoven, especially as played by this orchestra. The first movement, "Allegro con brio," was given with a verve that would have delighted the composer himself. Mr. Koussevitzky never forces his players, but never allows things to lag either, and the well balanced ensemble was pleasing. The "Marcia funebre" was given a reading that did not overlook any of the essentials in this quite lengthy movement.

As for the "Scherzo," it reminded one of a terrific downpour of rain on the roof, with the biting staccato of the strings, and the vivacious repartee between these and the wood winds. Outstanding features, to me, were the wonderfully effective playing of the horns in that haunting woodland refrain and the compelling answer from the strings, with changes of rhythm that foreshadowed Brahms. The finale—part of it in the free fugue style, the wind instruments pitted against the strings—with its rousing climax, was given with the assurance that only such an orchestra as the Boston can command.

PITTSBURG, PA.
PRESS
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PITTSBURG, PA.
SUN TELEGRAPH
NOV

MUSIC

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Syria Mosque

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THE music of the evening was of no importance. The Big Event was Mr. Koussevitzky's home-made concerto for double bass, a twenty-six-year-old work which did not betray its composer's predilection for modernism, and which might easily have been mistaken for a collaboration between

Tschaikowsky and Paganini. Somebody might rearrange it for violin and have a highly serviceable concerto to add to the small group of show bits that fiddlers enjoy playing. There are two themes in it that must have been stimulating to any popular songwriters in the audience, and it gave Mr. Koussevitzky every possible opportunity to demonstrate his agility and his skill in making a double bass sound almost as canorous as a slightly hoarse 'cello. The duos with M. Casadesus proved again Mr. Koussevitzky's musicianship and taste, but the whole evening was more interesting as a show than as a musical adventure.

There was one fine piece of theatricalism which deserves special attention. The double bass was brought on by a young man who obviously was in awe of the instrument and who handled it delicately with white gloves at least eight sizes too large for him.

EXCEPT for Mr. Koussevitzky's legerdemain, there has not been much excitement in the early recital season. Mme. Hempel returned in fine voice and with a program hardly worthy of an artist who has to her credit so many fine achievements. Mme. Hempel is much more interesting as Mme. Hempel than as a postponed Jenny Lind. John Charles Thomas, who has been singing in opera almost everywhere except in New York, gave a concert which indicated that he is growing constantly, not only in vocal skill but in program-making as well. The Beethoven Association began its season by celebrating the Schubert death centennial with a characteristic mélange of well-rehearsed

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and almost impromptu chamber music and songs.

Mr. Damrosch's first session with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, which is more Philharmonic than Symphony, was marked by a genuinely jazzy performance of John Alden Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" music. The jazz of the score is rather academic, but Mr. Damrosch went Ben Bernie with it and made more of it than any of his predecessors. The only other noteworthy event of the pre-opera week was a demure bit of drollery by a somewhat weighty lady who sang "Would God I Were The Tender Apple Blossom." —R. A. S.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
POST-GAZETTE

NOV 3 - 1928

MUSIC

Boston Symphony-Mosque.

By HARVEY GAUL.

A large, representatve and appreciative audience greeted Serge Koussevitzky and the admirable Boston Symphony last night at the Mosque, when they appeared to open our Pittsburgh season of visiting orchestras.

Appreciative did we say? After the Debussy composition there was a demonstration that amounted to an ovation. Indeed so vast was the applause that one is tempted to think that Schenley Farms is becoming modernized and really prefers post impressionism to so-called classicism.

The orchestra played better than it ever did before, there was a gorgeous sonority to the strings, and as for the French horns, we thought them superlative. The ensemble, whether it was pianissimo or a rushing forte, had glow and warmth, and speaking of fortissimo, one wonders whether there is any conductor coming here who has a larger range, a greater spread of crescendo than Mr. Koussevitzky?

In many respects it was a marvelous program and while one might have wished for a transposition of numbers, a Beethoven earlier in the evening and a joyous postlude, nevertheless it was an invigorating list. To many in the audience Stravinsky was a distinct disappointment.

It was Igor Fedorvitch forgetting the vow of chromatic celibacy and harking back to Cesar Cui and Borodin. Here was no Bad Boy from Moscow but a rather formal, stilted ballet composer. Whatever may be said for his "Apollon Musagete," at least it was a sec performance. It served as an ample opportunity for a fiddle solo, a set of unexciting episodes and much listless slow-tempoed writing.

If a first performance of this Stravinsky work was unimpressive a tenth-time hearing of the Debussy "Nocturnes" was a revelation. We have always known that Mr. Koussevitzky enjoyed Debussy, but last night he caught new timbres, he gave us new effects and some of us think it was the finest piece of Debussyian interpretation we have heard. There was a ravishing tinting of "Nuages" and a finely regulated pulsation in "Fetes." Shimmering strings, dissolving cadences and that was the first, jagged accents, stunningly suppressed and developed rhythms and that was the second. No wonder the house applauded it to a bravo.

Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude concluded the first half, and that, we think, was an architectonic mistake. It should have served as it often does and that is as an overture. It was brilliantly played, with the indomitable march theme grandly blared, with the lyric moments finely sung, and in all ways was it a commensurate reading, but one wishes it had opened the concert.

A great deal has been said of Beethoven's "Eroica," both by biographers and program annotators, and while we yield to no one in admiration of this colossal genius, nevertheless we wish some monumental editor, says Hans von Bulow, could have re-edited the work. We agree with Czerny, who remembered that some uncouth wight in the gallery yelled, "I'd give another kreuzer if they would stop." Always the tiresome rondo pattern, the boresome sonata form, the countless reiterations, the fatiguing coda. There are marvelous moments in the second movement, the sotto voce strings, the low-voiced fugatto opening to an impressive end, and perhaps it is this movement that gives color to the whole work. Personally we prefer the scherzo with its folk-theme motive and witty dialogue. No one could write a better scherzetto than Beethoven, and by the same token no one could sing a better cantilena, but having heard them both one wishes the work would end.

If last night's program was notable the one to be presented this afternoon at the Mosque is twice as appealing. First there is Serge Prokofieff, followed by Debussy's "L'Apres Midi d'un Faune" (which we heard last Sunday) and then comes Maurice Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" suite, and the whole finishing with Brahms D major symphony. That is a program, and it is one that deserves the largest kind of audience.

ST. PAUL, MINN.
PIONEER PRESS

MUSIC

...audience which arrived in a state of puzzled anticipation, and left in one of something more than satisfaction.

Long before M. Koussevitzy visited these shores he was known in Europe as a virtuoso on the bass viol—the last item in the orchestral ensemble to suggest its use for solo purposes!

And now America knows him for such, too. The leading critics manifest interesting unanimity on the various points of his recital. They agree wholeheartedly that he manipulates the instrument with extraordinary skill, and contrives to elevate its appeal into the 'cello class; they unite in expressing real enjoyment of the tonal qualities he elicits and the phrases he makes. And they combine in a realization that there is very little interesting music available for use in this way.

Altogether, this occasion seems to have cemented all the more firmly the exceedingly cordial relations between New York's music-lovers and this maestro of Boston's symphonic forces.

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ALBANY, N. Y.
Knickerbocker Press

A Solo Bull Fiddle.

Let no person inveigle you into attending a recital on the double-bass (also known as the contra-bass, likewise the "bull-fiddle"). I went to one the other night. The performer was our old friend Serge Koussevitzky who, before his ascendency to the conductor's rostrum of the Boston Symphony, was regarded in Europe as the virtuoso of all who play this unwieldy instrument.

There is very little to say regarding this recital, beyond its being novel and extremely dull. Mr. Koussevitzky unquestionably is an exceptional double bassist, but who wants to hear an instrument which ...a ? ...e ...y

TIME

NOV 1928

MUSIC

In Unison

Three years ago *Musical America* offered a $3,000 prize for the best symphonic work submitted by a U. S. composer. Last spring Judges Walter Damrosch, Serge Koussevitzky, Leopold Stokowski, Alfred Hertz and Frederick Stock voted the prize to Ernest Bloch for a symphony named *America*. In late December, almost simultaneously, the five conductor-judges will give *America* its first performances—Dec. 20 in Manhattan and San Francisco, Dec. 21 in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago. Other major orchestras may lift their voices in unison.

Koussevitzky's Double-bass

A young Russian, no money in his pocket, trudged up the steps of the Moscow Conservatory and asked for a scholarship. Scholarships were scarce, they told him. There was just one left—and that for the double-bass. The boy hesitated, turned as if to go and then came back, asked if they would teach him the double-bass.

Twenty years ago there was no greater contrabassist in all Europe than Serge Koussevitzky but he outgrew even that colossal instrument, became a conductor. Not until last year did he gather his admiring Bostonians around him and show them what he used to do with the double-bass. Boston rhapsodized but Manhattan waited to form her own judgment. In Boston King Koussevitzky can do no wrong.

Neither could he last week in Manhattan. Of his first double-bass recital there, Critic Lawrence Gilman wrote in part:

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WESTERLY, R. I.
SUN

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PITTSBURGH, PA.
POST-GAZETTE

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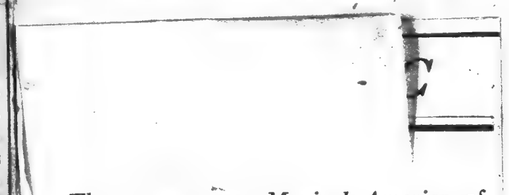

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Mr. Damrosch's first session with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, which is more Philharmonic than Symphony, was marked by a genuinely jazzy performance of John Alden Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" music. The jazz of the score is rather academic, but Mr. Damrosch went Ben Bernie with it and made more of it than any of his predecessors. The only other noteworthy event of the pre-opera week was a demure bit of drollery by a somewhat weighty lady who sang "Would God I Were The Tender Apple Blossom." —R. A. S.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
POST-GAZETTE
NOV 3 - 1928

By HARVEY GAUL.

A large, representatve and appreciative audience greeted Serge Koussevitzky and the admirable Boston Symphony last night at the Mosque, when they appeared to open our Pittsburgh season of visiting orchestras.

Appreciative did we say? After the Debussy composition there was a demonstration that amounted to an ovation. Indeed so vast was the applause that one is tempted to think that Schenley Farms is becoming modernized and really prefers post impressionism to so-called classicism.

The orchestra played better than it ever did before, there was a gorgeous sonority to the strings, and as for the French horns, we thought them superlative. The ensemble, whether it was pianissimo or a rushing forte, had glow and warmth, and speaking of fortissimo, one wonders whether there is any conductor coming here who has a larger range, a greater spread of crescendo than Mr. Koussevitzky?

In many respects it was a marvelous program and while one might have wished for a transposition of numbers, a Beethoven earlier in the evening and a joyous postlude, nevertheless it was an invigorating list. To many in the audience Stravinsky was a distinct disappointment.

It was Igor Fedorvitch forgetting the vow of chromatic celibacy and harking back to Cesar Cui and Borodin. Here was no Bad Boy from Moscow but a rather formal, stilted ballet composer. Whatever may be said for his "Apollon Musagete," at least it was a sec performance. It served as an ample opportunity for a fiddle solo, a set of unexciting episodes and much listless slow-tempoed writing.

If a first performance of this Stravinsky work was unimpressive a tenth-time hearing of the Debussy "Nocturnes" was a revelation. We have always known that Mr. Koussevitzky enjoyed Debussy, but last night he caught new timbres, he gave us new effects and some of us think it was the finest piece of Debussyian interpretation we have heard. There was a ravishing tinting of "Nuages" and a finely regulated pulsation in "Fetes." Shimmering strings, dissolving cadences and that was the first, jagged accents, stunningly suppressed and developed rhythms and that was the second. No wonder the house applauded it to a bravo.

Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude concluded the first half, and that, we think, was an architectonic mistake. It should have served as it often does and that is as an overture. It was brilliantly played, with the indomitable march theme grandly blared, with the lyric moments finely sung, and in all ways was it a commensurate reading, but one wishes it had opened the concert.

A great deal has been said of Beethoven's "Eroica," both by biographers and program annotators, and while we yield to no one in admiration of this colossal genius, nevertheless we wish some monumental editor, says Hans von Bulow, could have re-edited the work. We agree with Czerny, who remembered that some uncouth wight in the gallery yelled, "I'd give another kreuzer if they would stop." Always the tiresome rondo pattern, the boresome sonata form, the countless reiterations, the fatiguing coda. There are marvelous moments in the second movement, the sotto voce strings, the low-voiced fugatto opening to an impressive end, and perhaps it is this movement that gives color to the whole work. Personally we prefer the scherzo with its folk-theme motive and witty dialogue. No one could write a better scherzetto than Beethoven, and by the same token no one could sing a better cantilena, but having heard them both one wishes the work would end.

If last night's program was notable the one to be presented this afternoon at the Mosque is twice as appealing. First there is Serge Prokofieff, followed by Debussy's "L'Apres Midi d'un Faune" (which we heard last Sunday) and then comes Maurice Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" suite, and the whole finishing with Brahms D major symphony. That is a program, and it is one that deserves the largest kind of audience.

ST. PAUL, MINN.
PIONEER PRESS

When Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, bowed [illegible] last week in the capacity of double-bass soloist, he found an audience which arrived in a state of puzzled anticipation, and left in one of something more than satisfaction.

Long before M. Koussevitzy visited these shores he was known in Europe as a virtuoso on the bass viol—the last item in the orchestral ensemble to suggest its use for solo purposes!

And now America knows him for such, too. The leading critics manifest interesting unanimity on the various points of his recital. They agree wholeheartedly that he manipulates the instrument with extraordinary skill, and contrives to elevate its appeal into the 'cello class; they unite in expressing real enjoyment of the tonal qualities he elicits and the phrases he makes. And they combine in a realization that there is very little interesting music available for use in this way.

Altogether, this occasion seems to have cemented all the more firmly the exceedingly cordial relations between New York's music-lovers and this maestro of Boston's symphonic forces.

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ALBANY, N. Y.
Knickerbocker Press

A Solo Bull Fiddle.

Let no person inveigle you into attending a recital on the double-bass (also known as the contra-bass, likewise the "bull-fiddle"). I went to one the other night. The performer was our old friend Serge Koussevitzky who, before his ascendency to the conductor's rostrum of the Boston Symphony, was regarded in Europe as the virtuoso of all who play this unwieldy instrument.

There is very little to say regarding this recital, beyond its being novel and extremely dull. Mr. Koussevitzky unquestionably is an exceptional double bassist, but who wants to hear an instrument which belongs exclusively in the orchestra brought forth in a solo capacity? There also is little literature for the double bass. And so—why, one may rightly inquire, a recital for it?

Distinguished Singing

Three years ago *Musical America* offered a $3,000 prize for the best symphonic work submitted by a U. S. composer. Last spring Judges Walter Damrosch, Serge Koussevitzky, Leopold Stokowski, Alfred Hertz and Frederick Stock voted the prize to Ernest Bloch for a symphony named *America*. In late December, almost simultaneously, the five conductor-judges will give *America* its first performances—Dec. 20 in Manhattan and San Francisco, Dec. 21 in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago. Other major orchestras may lift their voices in unison.

Koussevitzky's Double-bass

A young Russian, no money in his pocket, trudged up the steps of the Moscow Conservatory and asked for a scholarship. Scholarships were scarce, they told him. There was just one left—and that for the double-bass. The boy hesitated, turned as if to go and then came back, asked if they would teach him the double-bass.

Twenty years ago there was no greater contrabassist in all Europe than Serge Koussevitzky but he outgrew even that colossal instrument, became a conductor. Not until last year did he gather his admiring Bostonians around him and show them what he used to do with the double-bass. Boston rhapsodized but Manhattan waited to form her own judgment. In Boston King Koussevitzky can do no wrong.

Neither could he last week in Manhattan. Of his first double-bass recital there, Critic Lawrence Gilman wrote in part:

"He has noosed the cumbrous pachyderm of the violin species, has dragged him up out of the orchestral cellar and has revealed him to us as a creature who does not merely gambol with grotesque ponderosity, or grumble in discontented servitude, or speak oracular solemnities, but who can sing with pride and independence and lyric fervor, with something of the cello's poignantly vibrant utterance in its upper register, yet with a fullness of body, a dark and beautiful austerity, and an amplitude of sombre richness that no cello is able to attain.

"From Mr. Koussevitzky's lowest string issues a tone purged of all raucousness, noble and superb, and from thence upward the scale is pure, euphonious, beguiling—upward to the region of the flageolet tones, where Mr. Koussevitzky's harmonies have a clear, ethereal and crystalline loveliness that challenges credulity."

WESTERLY, R. I.
SUN
NOV 6 - 1928

Smiling Music

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SENTINEL
KEENE, N. H.
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NEWS
GARDNER, MASS.
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LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER-CITIZEN

NOV 7 -

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Boston Programs.

Back from a week's tour the Boston Symphony orchestra resumes its home series of concerts on Friday and Saturday. The programs, unless Mr. Koussevitzky changes his intentions, will include the Five Indian Dances, Jacobi; the Symphony No. 3 in D major by Sibelius to be played for the first time in Boston; The Poem of Ecstasy, Scriabine.

HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

SUN
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
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SUN
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Big Orchestra Goes Through.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, traveling in three large buses, passed through the city late yesterday afternoon, going west.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
POST-GAZETTE

Music News, Views and Comment

Yost String Quartet to Inaugurate Series—Pittsburgh Symphony Calls Rehearsals; New York Philharmonic—Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete" Ballet; Here's Opportunity for Composers.

By WILLIAM R. MITCHEL,
Press Music Critic.

ONE may listen with pleasure, through an hour and a half, or so, to a string quartet ensemble, and derive considerable enjoyment therefrom. But when it comes to a stringed orchestra, meaning the usual string quintet, multiplied to eight basses, about four times that number of violins, eight violoncelli and a dozen violas, the time of enjoyment—that is, of real enjoyment—would be pared down very considerably. That's just what happened when the Boston Symphony orchestra, a week ago Friday, played Stravinsky's "Appollon Musagete" ballet, in two scenes and some eight different moods. After a half hour of music from such a combination, although no one could find fault with the playing, nor with the effects that were gotten by this very fine stringed section of the orchestra, it was rather tiresome long before the close of the offering, which seemed interminably lengthy, without the relief colorings provided by wind and percussion instruments.

Igor Fedorovitee Stravinsky is a capable musician and composer, doubtless, but in putting out a work like the one under discussion it seems to us that at least he was sadly lacking in judgment. Possibly much better effects could be gotten with the same combination of instruments, but with a fewer number, say a double quintet, which would have given us greater clarity and more the effect of chamber music. Of course, considered as "ballet" music, with the stage settings, colorful costumes and other things that go with it, usually, possibly a different conception of the Stravinsky opus might be received, through eye as well as ear. But as it is the impression conveyed to us was that it is, at best, a "muddy" composition, not detracting from Mr. Stravinsky's ability as a composer. Then, again, it just might improve on a second hearing.

RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER-CITIZEN

NOV 14 -

Boston Programs.

To the music of Schubert, in commemoration of the centenary anniversary of the composer's death, Mr Koussevitzky turns for the programs for the Boston Symphony concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening this week. This time, contrary to the usual custom, there will be different programs on each occasion Mme. Lashanska will give songs with piano accompaniment at both of them. On Friday afternoon two Shubert symphonies will be played the Unfinished in B minor and the Symphony No. 4 in C minor, the "Tragic."

For Saturday evening the orchestral numbers will be the Symphony No. 5, in B-flat major and the Symphony No. 7 in C major. Thus will the anniversary be fittingly recognized.

THE OUTLOOK

PERHAPS the most interesting recital of the season so far was that given by Serge Koussevitsky. Mr. Koussevitsky has long been known here as the *chef d'orchestre* of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but this time he chose to appear before us as a virtuoso of the double-bass, an instrument not generally regarded as a solo medium.

As a matter of fact this distinguished conductor was known to fame as a double-bass player long before he began to wield the bâton, and while Boston had had the opportunity to hear him in the rôle of soloist, it was the first time he had revealed that side of his musicianship to New York.

The audience, a large part of which came out of pure curiosity to see what could be done with the double-bass as a solo medium, was astonished at the beauty of tone extracted from the unwieldy-looking instrument by the maestro. The upper register had the quality of an exquisitely played cello and the most effective numbers were those utilizing that part of the instrument. Altogether the concert was a revelation of the hitherto unsuspected

THE SPUR

WHEN he came over here Serge Koussevitzky made such a hit in the conductor's chair, as the head of the great Boston Symphony Orchestra, that only those with long musical memories thought of him as being a virtuoso in another field. So he made up his mind to show them, in both Boston and New York, that there were good enough reasons why he should have been introduced to the New World years ago as a player of the double-bass. The only thing against his appearance here then was apparently the feeling on the part of American managers that the double-bass, being larger than a 'cello and smaller than a piano, fell between two stools in the matter of concert size-rating.

Music Not and Comments

The Coming of the New York Philharmonic, Willem Mengelberg, Conducting—Shapiro String Quartet—Wagnerian Grand Opera To Be Here —Metropolitan Opera Conductors— Bolm Ballet to Appea...

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One marvelous orchestra finishes and another comes in. Last week we had the superb Boston Symphony and this week, Friday and Saturday, we are to have the New York Philharmonic with Willem Mengelberg, conducting.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
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SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY
CONDUCTOR
BOSTON SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA
CITY AUDITORIUM - JAN - 30

HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

Boston Symphony

Frank A. Seymour is offering the Boston Symphony tickets at this time in order to give the musical public a choice of seats. In bringing the Boston Symphony Orchestra to Hartford, a real musical event is promised which will stand out pre-eminent among the season's musical attractions. Mr. Koussevitsky can be relied upon to furnish a most interesting program.

The musical sensation of the year in New York was the first appearance of Serge Koussevitsky as a virtuoso of the double bass in Carnegie Hall October 23d. New York had heard fabulous tales of the Boston Symphony conductor's unbelievable power of coaxing the loveliest and most delicate tones from this unwieldy giant of the string instruments. Perhaps no one in the audience had heard the double-bass except in the background of symphony concerts. It was a huge, a curious and a musically distinguished audience which awaited Koussevitzky's appearance Tuesday night. The endless applause and the rhapsodies of each critic tells how completely Koussevitzky conquered New York.

Olin Downes, New York Times:

"As soon as Mr. Koussevitzky played his opening phrase, he had commanded the attention of the audience. Thereafter the listener surrendered himself to an astonishing exhibition. Everything the double-bass is supposed to do, and many things it was not expected to do, were brought to pass, and this without the suggestion of ostentation or technical [illegible] as at

ASBURY PARK, N. J.
PRESS

NOV [illegible]

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Has the Bass Viol B...

HOW many have read that delicious review of a Jascha Heifetz recital by Frank Sullivan in which the critic, foreseeing a glorious future for the violinist, prophesied that he would soon be able to play the 'cello and in time, if he persevered, would be able to master even the bass viol?

This calls to mind, for no reason at all, that Serge Koussevitzky, talented leader of the Boston Symphony orchestra, carries the lone distinction of being the greatest player of the contra-bass in the world, and that he recently presented a successful recital on the ungainly fiddle in New York.

We had always conceived the bass viol as a grumpy, growling instrument doing all the heavy labor of the orchestra, but if we can believe Lawrence Gilman, Gotham critic, the contra-bass in the hands of Koussevitzky can "sing with pride and independence and lyric fervor, with something of the 'cello's poignantly vibrant utterance in its upper register, yet with a fullness of body, a dark and beautiful austerity, and an amplitude of somber richness that no 'cello is able to attain."

We would like to hear a bass viol do that. It's difficult to overcome our conviction that the viol's vocabulary is not confined to "Ugh-ugh." What enterprising entrepreneur will be the first to sign up Koussevitzky for a Minneapolis recital?

BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony concert for Hartford will be given in the Capitol theater on the afternoon of February 3, and Frank A. Sedgwick, who is presenting this concert, is offering tickets at this time in order to give the musical public a choice of seats, for this supreme musical event. Koussevitzky will offer an interesting program.

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Ticket sale now in progress at McCoy's, inc., No. 89 Asylum street.

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PRESS

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By WILLIAM R. MITCHEL,
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RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY
CONDUCTOR
BOSTON SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA
CITY AUDITORIUM - JAN. [illegible]

HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

BOSTON SYMPHONY

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LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER-CITIZEN

NOV 14 1928

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
KENNE, N. H.
SENTINEL

NOV 6 - 1928

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SUN
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

NOV 9 1928

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POST-GAZETTE

Music Not[illegible] and Comments

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We would like to hear a bass viol do that. It's difficult to overcome our conviction that the viol's vocabulary is not confined to "Ugh-ugh." What enterprising entrepreneur will be the first to sign up Koussevitzky for a Minneapolis recital?

Music News, Views and Comment

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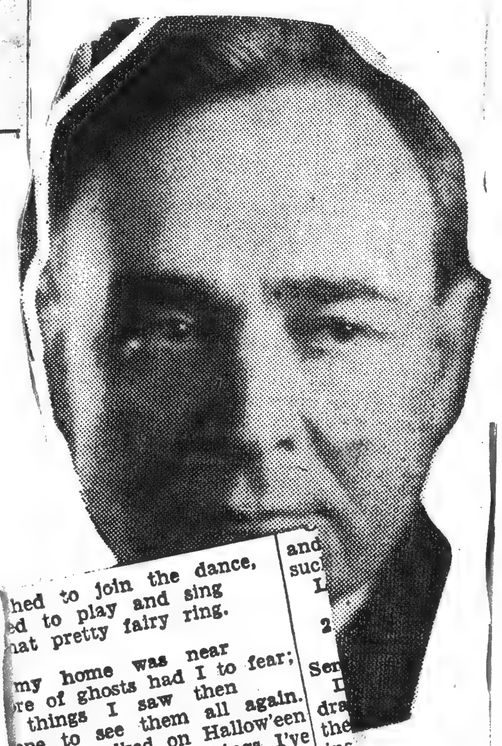
TIMES DISPATCH



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NOV 6 - 1928

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LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER-CITIZEN

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SUN
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PITTSBURGH, PA.
POST-GAZETTE

NOV 10

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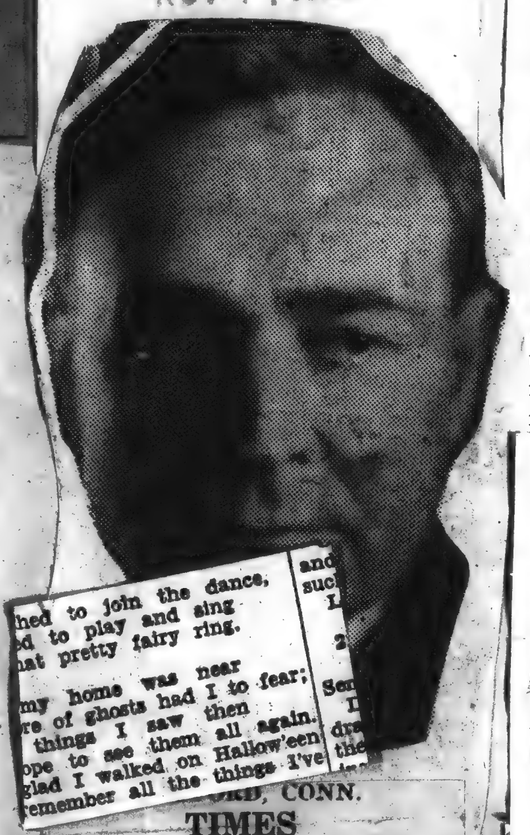
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH

NOV 11 1928



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NOV 15 1928

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As a matter of fact, more people are going to such concerts these days than ever before. Jazz thrives, but so, also, does the more classical variety of music. This is a great age for "trying anything once," even to symphony music, art and literature. The best part of it is that, having tried some of these things, of which it used to be afraid, the public is finding unexpected enjoyment.

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Cleveland Town Topics

MUSIC

Edited by ALICE BRADLEY

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

SUCH enthusiasm as is seldom manifested in a Cleveland concert hall stirred the echoes in Masonic Auditorium on Wednesday evening when Serge Koussevitzky, at the head of the one hundred and ten players of the Boston symphony orchestra, presented music of Russian and French composers for the program's first half, and after the intermission, read for us in thrilling fashion the symphony in D Major by that giant who stood at the end of the German romantics, Johannes Brahms. Koussevitzky is a conductor of vivid imagination, evidently a drill master with absolute authority over his men, and his musicians are virtuosos of the first rank. With the most delicate balance between the orchestral choirs, perfect precision, roundness and smoothness of tone, there seemed to be but one voice in the entire mass.

The program was fascinating in its contrasts. Prokofieff's suite of short numbers which he dubs a "classical" symphony is a delicious bit of imitative fantasy. Played with the utmost delicacy and abandon, it at once puts the audience in cheery mood. Next came Dubussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun" in a highly poetic reading, then the second Ballet Suite from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" which in Koussevitzky's New York concerts has created a veritable furore—and with good reason, for a more brillaint piece of orchestral virtuosity it would be hard to imagine. Koussevitzky plays upon his band as on a solo instrument and the response of his musicians is as marvelous as the conception of the conductor.

The same enchanting effect came in the Allegretto of the symphony where the rapidly changing moods were beautifully contrasted in gradations of light and shade. They faded away—they arose in fresh color—there was utmost flexibility in the orchestral performance and Brahms plus Koussevitzky is a delectable combination, something new even in music that has long stood the test of time.

A word for the Cleveland audience—one of much distinction, it is educated by the superlatively fine performances at its own symphony concerts to appreciate the transcendant beauty in the playing of this world famous group of musical giants. It applauded as never before, recalling the conductor again and again, who shared the applause many times with his expert players. It was an exciting concert and an artistic joy to be a part of it.

TIMES
Montclair N.J.
1
NOV 17 1928

BOSTON SYMPHONY HERE NEXT WEEK

Annual Visit to Montclair Being Made Under Auspices of Unity Institute.

LED BY KOUSSEVITZKY.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give its annual concert next Wednesday evening in Unity Concert Course at the Montclair High School. This great orchestra is appearing under its magnetic leader, Serge Koussevitzky. The house is sold out except for standing room, which can be had at No. 67 Church street or at the door the night of the concert. The concert begins at 8:30 promptly and the doors will be closed against all late comers until such time as the director permits a pause in the program.

Following is the program: Beethoven: Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72. Schumann: Symphony in B-flat major, No. 1, Op. 38; I, Andante poco maestoso, allegro molto vivace; II, Larghetto; III, Scherzo, molto vivace; trio I, molto piu vivace; trio II; IV, Allegro animato e grazioso. Stravinsky: "Apollon Musagete" (Apollo, Leader of the Muses), ballet; Scene I, birth of Apollo; scene II, variation of Apollo (Apollo and the Muses)—variation of Polymnia—variation of terpsichore—variation of Apollo—Apollo and terpsichore—Coda (Apollo and the Muses)—Apotheosis. Wagner: Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

NEW YORK
EVE. POST

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BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION
NOV 17 1928

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The program will open with Beethoven's "Overture to Leonore, No. 3" Overture and close with the "Eroica" Symphony. French music will be represented by Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," inspired by the verses of Mallarme, and Russian music by the "Classical" Symphony of Serge Prokofieff.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN
NOV 17 1928

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This is the 48th season of the orchestra, and the fifth under the leadership of Serge Koussevitsky. It is expected the present season will be one of the most brilliant in the history of the organization.

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The orchestra's New York season will open with a concert Thursday evening.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.
TIMES
NOV 17 1928

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NEWS

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PROV JOURNAL NOV 18

New York Telegraph
NOV 17 1928

BOSTON SYMPHONY

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At the Thursday concert, Koussevitsky will introduce to New York the music which Stravinsky composed last season for his ballet, "Apollo Musagete," "Apollo, Leader of the Muses." The score is for string orchestra and had its first concert performances in Boston under this conductor. The Thursday programme also includes Schumann's Symphony in B-flat major, No. 1, and Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy."

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Scene I. Birth of Apollo.
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Symphony in B Flat Major, No. 1, Op. 38.....Schumann
I. Andante poco maestoso. Allegro molto vivace.
II. Larghetto.
III. Scherzo: Molto vivace, Trio I. Molto piu vivace, Trio II.
IV. Allegro animato e grazioso.
"The Poem of Ecstasy," Op. 54..Scriabin

There will be an intermission after the symphony.

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TRIBUNE

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Schumann ..... Symphonk in B-flat
Strawinsky ..... "Apollo, Musagetes"
Scriabin ..... "La poeme de l'extase"

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Koussewitsky and his orchestra will offer the following selection:

Prokofieff ..... Classical Symphony
Debussy ..... "L'apres-midi d'un faune"
Strawinsky ..... "Petrouschka"
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The program for the Friday evening concert of the Boston Symphony at the Brooklyn Academy of Music will be found elsewhere on this page.

* * *

NEW YORK TIMES

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BROOKLYN
STANDARD UNION
NOV 17 1928

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
BULLETIN
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PROV JOURNAL Nov 18

New York Telegraph
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"The Poem of Ecstasy," Op. 54..Scriabin

There will be an intermission after the symphony.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph
NOV 18 1928

SERGE KOUSSE-VITZKY, Boston Symphony, Carnegie, Thursday. ducting Boston

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
TRIBUNE
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BROOKLYN EAGLE

NOV 18

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Strawinsky .....'Apollo, Musagetes"
Scriabin .....'La poeme de l'extase"

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NEW YORK TIMES

NOV 18 1928

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CITIZEN
BROOKLYN

MUSIC IN BROOKLYN

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gives the opening concert of its Brooklyn [illegible] at the Academy of Music, under Institute auspices, next Friday evening, Nov. 23. Mr. Koussevitsky will offer the following program: Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72, Beethoven; "Prelude a l'Apres-Midi d'un Faune," Debussy; "Classical" Symphony, Op. 25, Prokofieff; Symphony No. 3 in E flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55, Bee[illegible]

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HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

NOV 21 1928

Boston Symphony

Frank A. Sedgwick is offering to reserve tickets for his patrons, which will be held until the 20th of January. Just phone 2-2251 and secure good locations at this time.

Quoting from The Courant review of last year's concert, Walter Brown wrote:

"The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky played magnificently at the Capitol Theater yesterday and music lovers who failed to attend missed one of the greatest of musical events; for the coming of a great orchestra is an outstanding event in the musical history of any city, and Hartford has all too few orchestral concerts.

"The orchestra was in fine form and Mr. Koussevitzky again showed not only his grace and charm of direction but his splendid sense of values and his eloquent uses of contrasts in his readings. The audience was of large size and extraordinarily enthusiastic and at the conclusion of the concert the conductor was called again and again to the stage, the members of the orchestra rising to receive the applause with him.

"Mr. Sedgwick is to be thanked for bringing the Boston orchestra here for the concert."

Tickets are on sale at McCoy's Inc, 89 Asylum Street

New York Telegraph

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Further, the program includes Scriabine's "Poem of Ecstacy" and Schumann's Symphony in B flat major. During the Saturday matinee, the Boston Symphony will play "Classical Symphony" of Prokofieff, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and Brahms' Second Symphony.

BOSTON SYMPHONY PROG
PROGRAM ANNOUNCED JOURNAL

Beethoven, Debussy and Prokofieff will occupy the first part and a Brahms symphony the last part of the concert which the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, will offer for its inaugural program here this season on Dec. 4. The order is announced as follows:

NOV 28

Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, opus 72, Beethoven; "Prelude a l'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" (Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun), eclogue by S. Mallarme, Debussy; "Classical," Symphony, opus 25, Prokofieff, Allegro, Larghetto, Gavotte, Finale; Symphony No. 2 in D major, opus 73, Brahms, Allegro non troppo, Adagio non troppo, Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino, Alegro con spirito.

NEW YORK
EVE. SUN

NOV 23 1928

mphony Opens Season

usigate,' Stravinsky's Latest in Program at Carnegie Hall.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

phony Orchestra came to town yesterday t of the season in Carnegie Hall last eve- m began with the latest effulgence of the sky, a ballet named "Apollon Musagete" llo, Leader of the Muses."

This composition was produced in Paris in June of the present year, but had its first hearing at Elizabeth Shurtleff Coolidge's festival of chamber music in the Library of Congress April 27. Adolf Bolm was the principal male mime and Ruth Page the leading female dancer and pantomimist.

Official information is that no story is narrated by this work, which is merely a series of "divertissements" treating of the birth of the god and his inspiration of the muses. When it was performed in Paris the dancing was founded on the classic school with some original additions and variations, but without any of the grotesqueries common in recent years. Stravinsky's ballet was not mimed on the decorous stage of Carnegie Hall last evening. Those of the listeners who possessed imaginations not atrophied by contemporaneous urban life and were willing to give them free play may have constructed their own choreography. As for the music it was obliged to stand upon its own feet, unaided by those of terpsichorean explicators.

The form of the composition is that of theme and variations. The fundamental idea represents the advent of Apollo. Each variation depicts an experience with one of the muses and the finale the leadership of the god. All of which would matter little if the composer did not furnish music good merely as music without reference to persons, places and things. The title indicates a desire to create a classic atmosphere and this Stravinsky has done with signal success. The employment of strings unassisted affords a delightful clarity and serenity; and the recent return of the eminent Russian master to earlier ideals of musical beauty than those worshiped in "Le Sacre du Printemps" gives us tonalities which would have found favor among the fathers. There is nothing harsh, nothing eccentric, nothing bizarre. The music is chaste, dignified, restful, and it is genuinely beautiful. [illegible]wn. [illegible]of [illegible]nce [illegible]mic [illegible]tely [illegible]ate [illegible]ta- [illegible]an [illegible]of [illegible]as [illegible]to [illegible]s

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE

NOV 23 1928

Boston Players Present 'Apollo,' By Stravinsky

Danceless Neo-Classic by the King of Ultra-Moderns Is New Conductor's Feature

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, in its forty-eighth season and its fifth under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky, gave its first New York concert of 1928-'29 last night in Carnegie Hall, and gave to New York its first opportunity to hear the music of Stravinsky's recent ballet, "Apollo Musagetes," or, in the Gallicized form used on yesterday's program, "Apollon Musagete."

The ballet was first performed in Washington last April in Mrs. F. S. Coolidge's Library of Congress festival, for which it was commissioned, with Adolph Bolm heading the dancers. It crossed the Atlantic to be produced by the Diaghileff ballet in Paris and London last June, and the music, while not the choreography, recrossed the ocean to be introduced to Boston by Mr. Koussevitzky last month as a concert piece. The work takes twenty minutes in performance; its form is that of a theme and variations; its style is distinctly conservative.

Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," which was introduced to us last season, gave reason to revise the belief that the Russian's day was closing, but "Apollo Musagetes," coming after it, was disappointing, not that it shows Stravinsky in one of his turns towards neoclassism, but because it is not particularly significant or interesting music. It is tuneful, without doubt, and amiable, but with little variety of color, little potency—polite entertainment, and not very entertaining at that.

The audience received these unusually sweet Stravinskian strains most cordially. Mr. Koussevitzky then conducted Schumann's B flat symphony, No. 1, known as the "Spring" symphony, and Scriabin's "Poeme de l'Extase," a work which he and the Boston players almost succeed in endowing with a resemblance to truly great music.

Schumann's B flat symphony. Its maker intended at one time to call it the "Spring" symphony and it is generally known by that name. It glows and throbs with the rising blood of the vernal season. Assuredly Mr. Koussevitzky felt that it did. There has not been such a full throated delivery of this passionate instrumental song in years. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether the composition was ever read with more intensity, more thrill, more palpitating spirit. The orchestra gave a performance which was superlatively fine in opulence of tone and finish of style. The old work rose to new life. When it is played as it was last evening, it puts on the shining garb of immortality.

The last number on the list was Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" which was produced here years ago by the Russian Symphony Society, what time the industrious Modest Altschuler was acquainting us with numerous elegant trifles from the then aristocratic seclusion of Petrograd. Scriabin's music generally lost itself in the clouds of philosophy or mysticism and was entangled in the meshes of strange tonalities or wildernesses where tonality was absent. However, there are still music lovers who can find precious messages in the works of this composer and this commentator is wholly willing to leave them undisturbed in their Buddhistic devotion.

NEW YORK WORLD

NOV 23 1928

MUSIC

By Samuel Chotzinoff

The Bostonians

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky conducting. Carnegie Hall, 8.30 P.M.

Ballet, "Apollo Musagetes".....Stravinsky
First time in New York.
Symphony in B Flat Major, No. 1..Schumann
"Le Poeme de l'Extrase".....Scriabine

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's local series took place at Carnegie Hall last night with Mr. Koussevitzky conducting. The Russian leader, still at this date burning for the modernists and for Stravinsky in particular—Stravinsky I suppose would now be repudiated by any honest-to-God modernist—opened his program with the "Apollon Musagete" ballet, first heard and seen in America at Mrs. Coolidge's music festival in the Library of Congress last April.

The Boston orchestra's version was, of course, minus the ballet. Ordinarily the music of a ballet, without the connivance of the stage spectacle, suffers through the absence of the program upon which the composer had built his score. But having heard the "Apollon" at its Washington premiere I found Mr. Koussevitzky's purely musical presentation more effective. I hasten to add, however, that this was solely due to the Boston Symphony's expert performance, for the music seemed unimportant stuff both in New York last night and in Washington last April.

Like the crow in the fable who drops the substantial morsel from its mouth through its desire to deserve the hypocritical encomiums the fox had heaped on its voice, Stravinsky has long ago forfeited his small but substantial talent, as exemplified in "Petrouchka," for the experiments and theories with which present day composers seek to hide their lack of musical inspiration. The latest Stravinsky pose is the Greek. But scratch the helmet of Apollo and the draperies of his attendant muses and you will no longer find even a Tartar. Rather will you find a bewildered Franco-Russian trying desperately to keep the secret of his musical impotence from a still adoring world.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave a splendid reading of the Schumann "Spring" symphony, one in which rhythmical vitality predominated, but not to the exclusion of the music's deeply poetic quality. I wonder whether any one has ever noticed the similarity of the secondary theme in the last movement of the symphony to a canzonetta in G minor in one of Mendelssohn's string quartets?

The concert ended with Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy." When it comes to Scriabin Mr. Koussevitzky need fear no rival.

NEW YORK
EVE. POST

NOV 23 1928

214

Music : By Oscar Thompson

Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete" Introduced to New York at Boston Symphony's First Concert

HOW differently the same music may sound when listened to under altered circumstances was brought home to some, at least, of those who heard in Carnegie Hall last night, at the first of the Boston Symphony concerts of the season, the "Apollon Musagetes" ballet of Stravinsky, which had its initial presentation anywhere in the Library of Congress last April. Written under commission from Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge for her festival in Washington, the work was there given in choreographic form, as it since has been given in Paris and London. Last night there were no dancers, no visual action, but, instead, the nobly sonorous strings of the Boston Symphony and the exceedingly sensitive and vital leadership of Serge Koussevitzky to concentrate attention on the score. The performance was one to disclose all this music may possess of aristocratic workmanship and perhaps to seem to invest it with qualities more truly those of the ensemble than of the pages that ensemble brought to life. Like the other Stravinsky ballets, this one fared much better, musically, out of the theatre than in it. At Washington, though the skill with which it was written was apparent, it sounded thin and artificially simple, a pale reversion to an age utterly alien to the man who wrote "Petrushka" and "Le Sacre." Last night, poor as much of the material still seemed, it boasted of such richness and delicacy of string sonorities as could only be contemplated with ungrudged admiration. Perhaps this was due chiefly to the playing of Mr. Koussevitzky's band. But Igor Stravinsky provided them with the substance it was their lot to play. This reviewer, if no less disposed than before to view the Stravinsky score as largely experimental and as representing a step backward or sideways, rather than forward, in the curious career of this perpetually restless Slav, was very glad to have heard again a score that at first listening gave little prospect of improving with increased familiarity.

THOUGH Adolph Bolm, at Washington, and George Balanchin of the Diaghileffs, in Paris, provided choreographic action that told some semblance of a story, no explicit or even tangible explanation of Stravinsky's aims in reverting to the straightforward stage ballet of the last century and its immediate predecessor has come this way. Philip Hale in his program notes mentions that this ballet has been said to have had "two ancestral homes, Parnassus and Versailles." There is perhaps more of Versailles than of Parnassus in the quality of the inspiration, as in the expertness of the writing. At its best, it is exquisite in its manner of saying things that in other language would not of themselves seem exquisite or even worth the saying. It turns back to the music of the past, but not to the giants of that past.

If the spirits of an older day are invoked in this music, they are the lesser spirits. They are the men whose music has died, though it had a sweetness in its day—as this music of Stravinsky's would seem destined to die, if it is not, by reason of its anachronistic style and its feeble invention, still-born, irrespective of superb craftsmanship. How much of the very hearty applause last night was for the work and how much for the orchestra is beyond surmise. The protracted demonstration for the conductor when he first appeared on the platform indicated a pardonable readiness to be pleased. Thereafter, the orchestra played with a beauty of tone and a perfection of ensemble that could scarcely have failed to win over the most reluctant.

THE Schumann B flat Symphony sang its song of spring vigorously and full-bloodedly and with relatively little of the sharper accentuation and the vagaries of pace that have given Koussevitzky readings of romantic works a note of variance from traditionalized Germanic performances. However, Scriabin, not Schumann, is a Koussevitzky specialty. "The Poem of Ecstasy" scared, swooned, stormed and swooned again, as it has done these things for Koussevitzky at other concerts, by way of a finale to test the neural responsiveness of any audience and the acoustical stability of any hall.

NEW YORK
EVENING WORLD

NOV 23 1928

MUSIC

By Richard[illegible]

FOR the first time this season [illegible]ymphony Orchestra returned yesterday evening to Carne[illegible] was welcomed by a throng of rejoicing admirers which [illegible]uditorium. Mr. Koussevitzky, who had previously revisited the gl[illegible]his clime in the role of a solo contrabassist, was saluted with pro[illegible]lamations when he appeared on the platform.

After the first few measures, it was [illegible]e in every lineament musicians obvious that the Boston organization [illegible]of birth. It is impossible to is still the premier orchestra of Je[illegible] Schumann or Scriabin in season—robust and polished, mun[illegible]en profession. But Stravinsky cent and yet refined. The progr[illegible]s me as a general talent, acciwas first heard at the Library of Congress in Washington on April 27 last, and which enjoyed last night its initial production in this city. It was followed by Schumann's "Spring" Symphony, No. 1, in B-flat Major, and Alexander Scriabin's "Le Poeme de l'Extase," Op. 54.

began with Igor Stravinsky's ballet [illegible]rected to music. He would string band, "Apollon Musagete[illegible]s plausible as a physician, ("Apollo Leader of the Muses"), whic[illegible]manager of a corporation. [illegible]taneously musical ideas of first symphony were par[illegible]lectable in contrast, and [illegible] to overlook the diffuse[illegible]scourse and the frequent [illegible]s instrumentation. "The [illegible]tasy" received a perform[illegible] of its resplendent title—[illegible]minated with passion and with as blinding a glare of as is possible to the modern

* * *

The ballet consists of two scenes. The first depicts the birth of Apollo, and the second is a set of variations celebrating his government of the Muses, among whom only Polymnia and Terpischore achieve individual mention. There is a concluding apotheosis.

Some natural doubts as to how Stravinsky, specialist in percussion, would prosper with the string orchestra were dissipated quickly. The form is handled with masterly science, with a singular richness, power and color, and a tone balanced and transparent. The purpose appeared to be that of conjuring up a seventeenth century atmosphere without abandoning the modern idiom. This involved an attempt to write candid melody of an old-fashioned sort.

* * *

That the mood was firmly recaptured and held with dignity and continence will scarcely be denied. But for me the composition was riddled by the prosaic and unimaginative character of the airs. The other composers on the pro-

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVENING WORLD

NOV 23 1928

Ottorino Respighi, composer of "La Campana Sommersa," and Mrs. Fritz Reiner, wife of the conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, attended the Boston Orchestra's concert.

CITIZEN
BROOKLYN

BEAUTIFUL WED
HELD FOR M
AND JAM

duct . The marriage of Miss Mar
Aca and Mrs. Charles J. O'Brien,
ing, Brown, Jr., of Sterling stree
Ove romeo Roman Catholic Churc
l'Ap The ceremony was performed by th
25, Rev. Joseph A. Schreiner at a nupti
Bee mass, which was said by Rev. Ambro

Serge Koussevitzky. Since it began last October, in Boston, new and notable achievements have pointed to one of the most brilliant seasons in the history of this illustrious orchestra. The opening New York concerts will take place next Thursday and Saturday.

Those season tickets which have not been re-engaged will be placed on sale at Steinerts, a week from Monday. Meanwhile inquiries may be addressed to Symphony hall, Boston. The number of seats released last spring were few indeed, and a full subscription is probable.

HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
NOV 2 1 1928

Boston Symphony

Frank A. Sedgwick is offering to reserve tickets for his patrons, which will be held until the 20th of January. Just phone 2-2251 and secure good locations at this time.

Quoting from The Courant review of last year's concert, Walter Brown wrote:

"The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky played magnificently at the Capitol Theater yesterday and music lovers who failed to attend missed one of the greatest of musical events; for the coming of a great orchestra is an outstanding event in the musical history of any city, and Hartford has all too few orchestral concerts.

"The orchestra was in fine form and Mr. Koussevitzky again showed not only his grace and charm of direction but his splendid sense of values and his eloquent uses of contrasts in his readings. The audience was of large size and extraordinarily enthusiastic and at the conclusion of the concert the conductor was called again and again to the stage, the members of the orchestra rising to receive the applause with him.

"Mr. Sedgwick is to be thanked for bringing the Boston orchestra here for the concert."

Tickets are on sale at McCoy's Inc., 89 Asylum Street.

New York Telegraph

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY will introduce [illegible] New York, at the opening Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at Carnegie Hall tomorrow evening, Stravinsky's recent score, "Apollon Musagete" ("Apollo, Leader of the Muses"). Koussevitzky has been the first to bring the music of this ballet into the concert hall, for he played it at symphony concerts in Boston last month. The ballet was first produced at Elizabeth Coolidge's Chamber Music Festival in the Library of Congress, Washington, last April. Diaghileff's Ballet Russe staged it in Paris and in London last June. The entire orchestration is for strings. It is in the musical variation form. The theme, as first stated, represents the Birth of Apollo, and the ensuing variations are the god's encounters with the three muses — Polymnia, Terpsichore and Calliope. The style is of classical simplicity.

Further, the program includes Scriabine's "Poem of Ecstacy" and Schumann's Symphony in B flat major. During the Saturday matinee, the Boston Symphony will play "Classical Symphony" of Prokofieff, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and Brahms' Second Symphony.

BOSTON SYMPHONY PROV
PROGRAM ANNOUNCED JOURNAL

Beethoven, Debussy and Prokofieff will occupy the first part and a Brahms symphony the last part of the concert which the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, will offer for its inaugural program here this season on Dec. 4. The order is announced as follows: NOV 23

Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, opus 72, Beethoven; "Prelude a l'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" (Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun), eclogue by S. Mallarme, Debussy; "Classical," Symphony, opus 25, Prokofieff, Allegro, Larghetto, Gavotte, Finale; Symphony No. 2 in D major, opus 73, Brahms, Allegro non troppo, Adagio non troppo, Allegretto grazioso, quasi andantino, Alegro con spirito.

NEW YORK
EVE. SUN
NOV 2 3 1928

Boston Symphony Opens Season

'Apollon Musigate,' Stravinsky's Latest Work, Given in Program at Carnegie Hall.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra came to town yesterday for its first concert of the season in Carnegie Hall last evening. The program began with the latest effulgence of the genius of Stravinsky, a ballet named "Apollon Musagete" which means "Apollo, Leader of the Muses."

This composition was produced in Paris in June of the present year, but had its first hearing at Elizabeth Shurtlen Coolidge's festival of chamber music in the Library of Congress April 27. Adolf Bolm was the principal male mime and Ruth Page the leading female dancer and pantomimist.

Official information is that no story is narrated by this work, which is merely a series of "divertissements" treating of the birth of the god and his inspiration of the muses. When it was performed in Paris the dancing was founded on the classic school with some original additions and variations, but without any of the grotesqueries common in recent years. Stravinsky's ballet was not mimed on the decorous stage of Carnegie Hall last evening. Those of the listeners who possessed imaginations not atrophied by contemporaneous urban life and were willing to give them free play may have constructed their own choreography. As for the music it was obliged to stand upon its own feet, unaided by those of terpsichorean explicators.

The form of the composition is that of theme and variations. The fundamental idea represents the advent of Apollo. Each variation depicts an experience with one of the muses and the finale the leadership of the god. All of which would matter little if the composer did not furnish music good merely as music without reference to persons, places and things. The title indicates a desire to create a classic atmosphere and this Stravinsky has done with signal success. The employment of strings unassisted affords a delightful clarity and serenity; and the recent return of the eminent Russian master to earlier ideals of musical beauty than those worshiped in "Le Sacre du Printemps" gives us tonalities which would have found favor among the fathers. There is nothing harsh, nothing eccentric, nothing bizarre. The music is chaste, dignified, restful, and it is genuinely beautiful. Furthermore, it is Stravinsky's own. His classic fields are not those of Gluck, yet they have the fragrance of Greece and suggest the academic grove. This ballet suite seems likely to outlive several of its immediate predecessors in the Stravinsky catalogue, works in which the musician was apparently not quite certain of his path or his destination. He has come happily out of the woods into the sunlight of a better day.

Following the ballet suite was Schumann's B flat symphony. Its maker intended at one time to call it the "Spring" symphony and it is generally known by that name. It glows and throbs with the rising blood of the vernal season. Assuredly Mr. Koussevitzky felt that it did. There has not been such a full throated delivery of this passionate instrumental song in years. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether the composition was ever read with more intensity, more thrill, more palpitating spirit. The orchestra gave a performance which was superlatively fine in opulence of tone and finish of style. The old work rose to new life. When it is played as it was last evening, it puts on the shining garb of immortality.

The last number on the list was Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" which was produced here years ago by the Russian Symphony Society, what time the industrious Modest Altschuler was acquainting us with numerous elegant trifles from the then aristocratic seclusion of Petrograd. Scriabin's music generally lost itself in the clouds of philosophy or mysticism and was entangled in the meshes of strange tonalities or wildernesses where tonality was absent. However, there are still music lovers who can find precious messages in the works of this composer and this commentator is wholly willing to leave them undisturbed in their Buddhistic devotion.

Washington last April in [illegible] S. Coolidge's Library of Congress festival, for which it was commissioned, with Adolph Bolm heading the dancers. It crossed the Atlantic to be produced by the Diaghileff ballet in Paris and London last June, and the music, while not the choreography, recrossed the ocean to be introduced to Boston by Mr. Koussevitzky last month as a concert piece. The work takes twenty minutes in performance; its form is that of a theme and variations; its style is distinctly conservative.

Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," which was introduced to us last season, gave reason to revise the belief that the Russian's day was closing, but "Apollo Musagetes," coming after it, was disappointing, not that it shows Stravinsky in one of his turns towards neoclassism, but because it is not particularly significant or interesting music. It is tuneful, without doubt, and amiable, but with little variety of color, little potency—polite entertainment, and not very entertaining at that.

The audience received these unusually sweet Stravinskian strains most cordially. Mr. Koussevitzky then conducted Schumann's B flat symphony, No. 1, known as the "Spring" symphony, and Scriabin's "Poeme de l'Extase," a work which he and the Boston players almost succeed in endowing with a resemblance to truly great music.

NEW YORK WORLD
NOV 2 3 1928

MUSIC

By Samuel Chotzinoff

The Bostonians

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky conducting. Carnegie Hall, 8.30 P. M.
Ballet, "Apollo Musagetes".....Stravinsky
First time in New York.
Symphony in B Flat Major, No. 1..Schumann
"Le Poeme de l'Extase".....Scriabine

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's local series took place at Carnegie Hall last night with Mr. Koussevitzky conducting. The Russian leader, still at this date burning for the modernists and for Stravinsky in particular—Stravinsky I suppose would now be repudiated by any honest-to-God modernist—opened his program with the "Apollon Musagete" ballet, first heard and seen in America at Mrs. Coolidge's music festival in the Library of Congress last April.

The Boston orchestra's version was, of course, minus the ballet. Ordinarily the music of a ballet, without the connivance of the stage spectacle, suffers through the absence of the program upon which the composer had built his score. But having heard the "Apollon" at its Washington premiere I found Mr. Koussevitzky's purely musical presentation more effective. I hasten to add, however, that this was solely due to the Boston Symphony's expert performance, for the music seemed unimportant stuff both in New York last night and in Washington last April.

Like the crow in the fable who drops the substantial morsel from its mouth through its desire to deserve the hypocritical encomiums the fox had heaped on its voice, Stravinsky has long ago forfeited his small but substantial talent, as exemplified in "Petrouchka," for the experiments and theories with which present day composers seek to hide their lack of musical inspiration. The latest Stravinsky pose is the Greek. But scratch the helmet of Apollo and the draperies of his attendant muses and you will no longer find even a Tartar. Rather will you find a bewildered Franco-Russian trying desperately to keep the secret of his musical impotence from a still adoring world.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave a splendid reading of the Schumann "Spring" symphony, one in which rhythmical vitality predominated, but not to the exclusion of the music's deeply poetic quality. I wonder whether any one has ever noticed the similarity of the secondary theme in the last movement of the symphony to a canzonetta in G minor in one of Mendelssohn's string quartets?

The concert ended with Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy." When it comes to Scriabin Mr. Koussevitzky need fear no rival.

NEW YORK
EVE. POST
NOV 2 3 1928

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Music : By Oscar Thompson

Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagete" Introduced to New York at Boston Symphony's First Concert

HOW differently the same music may sound when listened to under altered circumstances was brought home to some, at least, of those who heard in Carnegie Hall last night, at the first of the Boston Symphony concerts of the season, the "Apollon Musagetes" ballet of Stravinsky, which had its initial presentation anywhere in the Library of Congress last April. Written under commission from Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge for her festival in Washington, the work was there given in choreographic form, as it since has been given in Paris and London. Last night there were no dancers, no visual action, but, instead, the nobly sonorous strings of the Boston Symphony and the exceedingly sensitive and vital leadership of Serge Koussevitzky to concentrate attention on the score. The performance was one to disclose all this music may possess of aristocratic workmanship and perhaps to seem to invest it with qualities more truly those of the ensemble than of the pages that ensemble brought to life. Like the other Stravinsky ballets, this one fared much better, musically, out of the theatre than in it. At Washington, though the skill with which it was written was apparent, it sounded thin and artificially simple, a pale reversion to an age utterly alien to the man who wrote "Petrushka" and "Le Sacre." Last night, poor as much of the material still seemed, it boasted of such richness and delicacy of string sonorities as could only be contemplated with ungrudged admiration. Perhaps this was due chiefly to the playing of Mr. Koussevitzky's band. But Igor Stravinsky provided them with the substance it was their lot to play. This reviewer, if no less disposed than before to view the Stravinsky score as largely experimental and as representing a step backward or sideways, rather than forward, in the curious career of this perpetually restless Slav, was very glad to have heard again a score that at first listening gave little prospect of improving with increased familiarity.

THOUGH Adolph Bolm, at Washington, and George Balanchin of the Diaghileffs, in Paris, provided choreographic action that told some semblance of a story, no explicit or even tangible explanation of Stravinsky's aims in reverting to the straightforward stage ballet of the last century and its immediate predecessor has come this way. Philip Hale in his program notes mentions that this ballet has been said to have had "two ancestral homes, Parnassus and Versailles." There is perhaps more of Versailles than of Parnassus in the quality of the inspiration, as in the expertness of the writing. At its best, it is exquisite in its manner of saying things that in other language would not of themselves seem exquisite or even worth the saying. It turns back to the music of the past, but not to the giants of that past.

If the spirits of an older day are invoked in this music, they are the lesser spirits. They are the men whose music has died, though it had a sweetness in its day—as this music of Stravinsky's would seem destined to die, if it is not, by reason of its anachronistic style and its feeble invention, still-born, irrespective of superb craftsmanship. How much of the very hearty applause last night was for the work and how much for the orchestra is beyond surmise. The protracted demonstration for the conductor when he first appeared on the platform indicated a pardonable readiness to be pleased. Thereafter, the orchestra played with a beauty of tone and a perfection of ensemble that could scarcely have failed to win over the most reluctant.

THE Schumann B flat Symphony sang its song of spring vigorously and full-bloodedly and with relatively little of the sharper accentuation and the vagaries of pace that have given Koussevitzky readings of romantic works a note of variance from traditionalized Germanic performances. However, Scriabin, not Schumann, is a Koussevitzky specialty. "The Poem of Ecstasy" scared, swooned, stormed and swooned again, as it has done these things for Koussevitzky at other concerts, by way of a finale to test the neural responsiveness of any audience and the acoustical stability of any hall.

NEW YORK
EVENING WORLD
NOV 2 3 1928

MU[illegible]C

By Richa[illegible]

FOR the first time this season [illegible] yesterday evening to Carn[illegible] of rejoicing admirers which [illegible] who had previously revisited the gl[illegible] contrabassist, was saluted with pro[illegible] on the platform.

After the first few measures, it wa[illegible] obvious that the Boston organizatio[illegible] is still the premier orchestra of le[illegible] season—robust and polished, munif[illegible] cent and yet refined. The progra[illegible] began with Igor Stravinsky's ballet fo[illegible] string band, "Apollon Musagete ("Apollo Leader of the Muses"), whic[illegible] was first heard at the Library of Congress in Washington on April 27 last, and which enjoyed last night its initial production in this city. It was followed by Schumann's "Spring" Symphony, No. 1, in B-flat Major, and Alexander Scriabin's "Le Poeme de l'Extase," Op. 54.

* * *

The ballet consists of two scenes. The first depicts the birth of Apollo, and the second is a set of variations celebrating his government of the Muses, among whom only Polymnia and Terpischore achieve individual mention. There is a concluding apotheosis.

Some natural doubts as to how Stravinsky, specialist in percussion, would prosper with the string orchestra were dissipated quickly. The form is handled with masterly science, with a singular richness, power and color, and a tone balanced and transparent. The purpose appeared to be that of conjuring up a seventeenth century atmosphere without abandoning the modern idiom. This involved an attempt to write candid melody of an old-fashioned sort.

* * *

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NEW YORK
EVENING WORLD
NOV 2 3 1928

Ottorino Respighi, composer of "La Campana Sommersa," and Mrs. Fritz Reiner, wife of the conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, attended the Boston Orchestra's concert.

[illegible]C
[illegible]kes
[illegible]ymphony Orchestra returned [illegible] was welcomed by a throng [illegible]ditorium. Mr. Koussevitzky, [illegible]s clime in the role of a solo [illegible]amations when he appeared

[illegible]re in every lineament musicians [illegible] of birth. It is impossible to [illegible] of Schumann or Scriabin in [illegible]n profession. But Stravinsky [illegible]s one as a general talent, acci[illegible]irected to music. He would [illegible]s plausible as a physician, [illegible] manager of a corporation. [illegible]taneously musical ideas of [illegible] first symphony were par[illegible]lectable in contrast, and [illegible] to overlook the diffuse[illegible]scourse and the frequent [illegible]s instrumentation. "The [illegible]tasy" received a perform[illegible] of its resplendent title—[illegible]minated with passion and [illegible]with as blinding a glare of [illegible]s is possible to the modern

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK, N. Y.
TELEGRAM

NOV 2 3 1928

STRAVINSKY TO THE MUSES

The Boston Symphony reached Carnegie Hall yesterday evening and proceeded forthwith to invoke Parnassus and Versailles. Which, being translated, means that the gracious visitors gave the first New York performance of Igor Stravinsky's "Apollo Musagetes," a work that, according to Philip Hale, has its ancestral home in both of these delectable localities. Some folks with long memories may recall that its world premiere took place at Mrs. E. C. Coolidge's chamber music festival in Washington last April. For the holy sake of statistics it should be added in this place that it was brought forward in Paris and in London by the Diaghilew Ballet last June.

For "Apollo Musagetes" ("Musagetes" being, as they say in "Iolanthe," a "Greek remark" and signifying leader of the muses"), was designed as a ballet and as such it was performed even in the sober precincts of the Congressional Library. Its characters, besides the radiant god, are Polymnia, Calliope and Terpsichore, from the ranks of the ineffable Nine. Last night it was given, of course without its choreographic accessories.

In some respects the presence of these might have helped to elucidate certain essentials of the music. But even in the absence of the dance and its trappings, this music, which came in for some round denunciation at Washington last spring, impressed one listener yesterday as by far the finest thing Stravinsky has put forth since he started to revert to the ancients.

There are two scenes without fixed story in the ballet. The first is designated as the "Birth of Apollo"; the second in a series of variations, furnishes the dances of the god and of the respective muses and terminates in a co[illegible] and apotheosis. The instrumentation is exclusively one of strings. For plangency, richness, superb workmanship and magnificent sonority nothing has been written of late years to surpass this scoring and little to equal it, especially when, as last night, it mounts and soars in the full-toned splendor of the Boston Symphony strings.

The work is not easily classified or described. It has dignity and distinction of style and facture. There are curious discrepancies between the thematic materials and their settings and treatment. Often these materials seem slight and sometimes they pause on the threshold of actual reminiscence (one motive even sounds like a fleet variant of Dvorak's "Humoresque").

Those sterile polytonal experiments which have defaced recent Stravinskyian scores have no part in this latest creation. On the other hand, this music is infused with a strong sense of period. If it aspires to an evocation of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to the spirit and the atmosphere of their danced diversions, it achieves them. Mr. Hale's phrase about Parnassus and Versailles is more a subtle interpretation than a witticism.

After the superlative playing of this work Serge Koussevitzky and his men gave a vigorous and jubilant performance of Schumann's "Spring" Symphony. The concert was brought to an end with Scriabine's Poem of Ecstasy." H. F. P.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK, N. Y.
JOURNAL

NOV 2 3 1928

Boston Orchestra Plays New Work by Stravinsky

By IRVING WEIL.

For his first concert of the season in New York, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Orchestra, disclosed to his Carnegie Hall audience last night some new music by Igor Stravinsky. This was "Apollon Musagetes," Englished as "Apollo, Leander of the Muses." It was written as a ballet but at the same time was deliberately intended to be just as effective when played as a concert piece. Although this was its first performance here, it had already been heard in Washington last Spring and last Summer in Paris and London.

Anything new by Stravinsky is not only certain of arousing extraordinary expectations, but until quite recently it has always made the more conservative—and largest—part of any audience await what was coming with the fascinated dread of the rabbit fixed by the glittering eye of the cobra. But since this most arresting of contemporary composers gave up writing in a style of barbaric rhythm and polytonal dissonance and began experimenting with classic form and expression, he has come to be regarded with less foreboding—as a nonconformist black sheep miraculously made white and slipping back into the ancient fold.

For our own part, we believe the neo-classic Stravinsky to be merely schooling himself in the science and the material that will provide him eventually with the basis for a startling new expression of himself in his own essential and characteristic idiom. In the meantime, he has experimented with a piano concerto that seemed to be an exercise in the exhaustive counterpoint of Bach; with the oratorio, "Oedipus Rex," an exploration of Handelian potentialities, and now with this classic ballet of "Apollo," seemingly a strict and utterly self-contained product in the spirit of Gluck and the form of Haydn and Mozart.

It will thus be observed that Stravinsky is now engrossed with the eighteenth century; but he is not immersed in it, for all of this music is sufficiently different from that of the periods of Bach and Handel, Gluck and Haydn and Mozart to have opened their eyes wide with amazement.

"Apollo," is a beautiful, simple and immensely skillful example of the theme-and-variation form written only for the string band. But anyone happening into Carnegie Hall last night, without knowing what was going forward, would never in the world have guessed, by listening to it, that Stravinsky was the author of it. A hint here and there in the harmonic structure showed the cloven hoof of the man who wrote "The Consecration of Spring"; but that was all.

The principal impression, one got from the music, was one of melody. Last night's audience, therefore, accepted it with enthusiasm. Some of its applause was doubtless meant for the extraordinarily fine performance, for Mr. Koussevitzky played the piece with a vivid sense of its necessities and the Bostonians' strings glowed with the warmth of tone they put into it.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York American

NOV 2 3 1928

BOSTON ORCHESTRA PLAYS NOVELTY BY SERGE STRAVINSKY

By LEONARD LIEBLING.

LAST evening the excellent Boston Symphony Orchestra, led by the gifted Serge Koussevitzky, came to Carnegie Hall for one of its serial visits here.

The occasion had its customary high artistic merits, but also offered an element of novelty in the form of a "first time in New York" of a recent work from the pen of the redoubtable Igor Stravinsky.

"Apollon Musagete" (Apollo, Leader of the Muses) is the latest flowering of the Stravinsky talent, which has of late seemingly renounced its earlier revolutionary tendencies. The opus heard last night is a concert arrangement of the score of a ballet which had its premiere last April at the Coolidge (Elizabeth, not Calvin) Chamber Music Festival in the Library of Congress at Washington. Paris and London produced the piece in June. Boston had the initial performance of the concert version October 12.

This Stravinsky music is for stringed instruments only and is written in the form of variations. The chief theme represents the birth of Apollo and the derived variations depict that god's meetings with the trio of muses, Polymnia, Terpsichore and Calliope. There does not seem to be much "story" ballet, or at least Mr. Hale's programme-notes of last evening gave out none.

Stravinsky Tamed

In his "Apollon" we encounter a tamed and almost timid Stravinsky. If he has not gone "Back to Melody" (as Governor Smith has it in his feeling Schubert Week proclamation) he has reached even more remotely and gone "back to Bach." The "Apollon" is definitely Bachian and the style fits the subject of the piece.

Stravinsky wears the classical mantle well. He eschews the tonal flesh-pots and makes spiritual confessions. Simplicity, loftiness and transparent counterpoint distinguish the "Apollon" pages. It is pure music, with an exquisite finale of poetical beauty.

Stravinsky's modernistic disguise now stripped off, he stands revealed as a scholarly and serious musician. Or is that only another of his many masquerades?

Delightful was the playing of Schumann's sunshiny B flat symphony, of which Koussevitzky's reading emphasized all the lyric loveliness and unashamed romanticism. It was a matchless piece of orchestral performance, too, on the part of the instrumentalists.

Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" ended the concert.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE

NOV 2 3 1928

Music of the Day

By EDWARD CUSHING

"Apollo Musagetes," a Ballet by Igor Strawinsky, Is Played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra "Romeo et Juliette" at the Opera House.

IT WAS only a little more than six months ago that an audience of celebrities gathered in the Music Hall of the Library of Congress to attend the first performance anywhere of a ballet by Igor Strawinsky, "Apollo Musagetes" (or, as Mr. Koussewitsky prefers, "Apollon Musagete"). Very probably the first Strawinsky premiere to occur on the continent west of the Atlantic, it had been made possible by the munificence of Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. The most original of American patronesses of music, it was she who invited Strawinsky to compose "Apollo" for the Congressional Library and for the concerts of chamber music given there annually as a result of her generosity. Completed at Nice in January of 1928, the ballet was therefore performed in Washington on the 29th of April of—quite naturally!—the same year. Adolph Bolm, Bernice Holmes, Ruth Page and Elise Reiman danced, the orchestra consisted of string players from the Philadelphia band under the baton of Hans Kindler, and the scenery for the production had been designed and painted by Nicholas Remisoff. Two months later, "Apollo Musagetes" was produced in Paris by M. Diaghilew's troupe, and those who could paid 150 francs to attend the performance in the Theater Sarah Bernhardt. London saw and heard the new ballet, under the same auspices, a few days later.

* * *

The first New York performance took place last evening, during a program given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussewitsky conducting, in Carnegie Hall. It was a concert presentation, and the audience was obliged to imagine the masque for which Strawinsky designed his music—the birth of Apollo at the foot of Mount Cynthus, his reception by goddesses who offer him the nectar and ambrosia of the immortals, his concourse with the muses Calliope, Polymnia and Terpsichore, the latter of whom (as was inevitable in a ballet) wins his first favors. But the lack of visible action, of scenery and special effects is undoubtedly less detrimental to the effect of "Apollo" than it is to other of Strawinsky's theatrical works. We must not forget that the music of his later ballets and operas is intended to make an independant appeal to the senses of its auditors, and to derive no support from a text or a scenario to which it may be attached.

* * *

Perhaps it made last evening an efficacious appeal, for rather generous applause rewarded the performance under Mr. Koussowitsky's advantageous direction. But we prefer to attribute its success to the singularly lenient temper of the public, which accepts with equal favor the best and the worst of what is offered to it. It is a curious score, and perhaps we should say at once that it is a poor one, the most inconsequential that its composer has produced. Following "Oedipus Rex," the simplicity of its form and texture should occasion no surprise. Doubtless it represents a further development of Strawinsky's style toward the ideal of complete triviality which he seems to have been pursuing steadily since 1913. It pays homage to a dozen different composers—Wagner, Gluck Rossini, Johann Strauss, Delibes, among others—before it has run its course, but there is in it surprisingly little Strawinsky, much less, in deed, than in such frankly initiative works as "Pulcinella" and "Marva."

* * *

We are not tempted to discuss it now in greater detail. Fortunately, it was short, and before the intermission Mr. Koussewitsky had time to read the "Spring" Symphony of Schumann—a somewhat heavy, overemphatic performance, but brilliant, and revelatory of the virtuosity of the orchestra. The program concluded with Scriabin's "Poeme de l'estase."

* * *

At the Opera House Miss Queena Mario and Mr. Gigli shared the honors in the first performance this season of "Romeo et Juliette," assisted by a long cast that included Ellen Dalossy, Henriette Wakefield, Giuseppe De Luca, Adamo Didur and Leon Rothier. It was pleasant, after the false Gounod of pages of "Apollo Musagetes," to hear the voluptuous, heavily and somewhat inexpensively scented melodies of the duets in the fourth and fifth acts, and to hear them well sung by Miss Mario and Mr. Gigli. "Romeo et Juliette" is at least genuine in its cheapness, and genuineness is a quality which little of the music of today, whatever its pretensions, may claim to possess.

OTHER MUSIC.

Miss Inez Barbour, soprano, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at the Town Hall, consisting of songs of Handel, Bach, Brahms, Strauss and a modern French group, finishing up with four compositions of Henry Hadley, who in these accompanied his wife.

Miss Barbour was not altogether at her best in the Handel and Bach, while her singing of the Brahms songs was, to tell the truth, painful to hear. The "Asie," from the "Scheherazade" suite of Maurice Ravel, was very well done, the singer having obviously tramped on the trail of the great Croiza, with whose name this exquisite trio of songs is usually associated in Paris.

The remainder of the French group was adequately done and that is about all that can be said. Miss Barbour was assisted by John Amans, flutist, who provided the obligato for the Bach and Brahms songs. Richard Hageman at the piano gave his usual good account of himself, particularly in the very difficult Ravel accompaniment. E. B.

New York Telegraph

NOV 2 3 1928

SCRIABIN NUMBER BEST OFFERING AT CARNEGIE HALL

Boston Symphony Upholds Tradition With Thrilling Number as Program Ends.

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON.

It remained until a moment about three minutes from the end of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for something extraordinary to happen last night at Carnegie Hall.

Up to that time affairs had been hanging pretty much in the balance as to whether this opening concert of the Boston Orchestra season in New York was to be written down as a rather mild and tame affair or not.

Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts are never carried in the stream of the musical tide in any city. They generally erect a milestone and an impression which is indelible. One expects to be shaken into a fervor, or swept into a torrent of tears. Dullness and mediocrity, uneventfulness and mere presentations are not the part of the Boston visits to the metropolis.

Record Endangered.

But until 10.14, or thereabouts (about an hour and fifty minutes from the time Mr. Koussevitsky lifted his baton), the age-old record seemed in danger of being shattered.

Then came the climax of the "Poem of Ecstacy" of Scriabin, and one had been furnished with sufficient inspiration to carry until the next visit of the Bostonians. That moment was approached by many suggestions and prophetic utterances of its imminent birth. It was preceded by a rush of gathering forces which were present at its delivery. And then—the ravishment.

It is not possible to put in words—such is the secret power of music and its supremacy over fixed expression—the sweep of that climax and the minutes which followed it, until the swooning death of the Poem.

The Russian composer, Scriabin, has given to the orchestra the apotheosis of ecstacy. He has painted the miraculous joys of humans in the height of their loves and joys, their successes and their far-visioned dreaming.

Herein the art of the musician touches the medium of expression where none other may approach its poignant and straight-reaching significance. Words, pictures, sculpture, dancing—all move about it. But music is the exposition of the mood, and the crystallization of the emotion.

Touches High Point.

I must pause, or I shall be writing a Poem of Ecstacy to the Scriabine Poem of Ecstacy.

This work was not intended to be outstanding offering of the opening Boston Symphony program. Rather attention was intended to be concentrated upon the first time performance in New York City of the Stravinsky Ballet "Apollon Musagete" (Apollo, Leader of the Muses.)

Written first as a musical setting for the Diaghileff Ballet, it was given its world premiere in Washington, in April of this year, and was repeated at Paris in June and in London the same month.

In this work, the arch-modernist Stravinsky, settles back comfortably in his chair, and writes in the most formal and old-fashioned manner imaginable. Only one note in the entire Ballet which lasts about twenty minutes, suggested the Russian, and carries his harmonic signature.

The Ballet, which depicts the Birth of Apollo and is followed by divertissements representing Apollo with the Muses, the appearance of Polymnia and then of Terpsichore, is classical in spirit. Classical to Bach is one thing; classical to Stravinsky would be seemingly something entirely different. But Stravinsky fools the public this time. He begins with passages which are in the mood of Johann Sebastian Bach, especially in the violin solo passages.

Work Is Chaste.

Then he turns a bit to Mendelssohn, pays a tribute to Delibes, composer of "Coppelia," "Sylvia" and other ballets, and even suggests that tuneful Waldteufel of the waltz fame!

The work is calm, white, chaste, marble-figured and built in architecture of the Dorian mood.

It is a charming and melodic work and if it did not bear the name of Stravinsky it could have come out of the unknown writings of even Franz Schubert!

The other number on the program was the Schumann Symphony in B flat major, wherein Mr. Koussevitzky seemed to have given it too popular a treatment. He accentuated certain passages until they sounded like Riesenfeld-classic-jazz and made one expect any moment to see Roxyettes come tripping around the corner. As restrained and dignified as was Stravinsky, so modernized was Schumann. It did not sound at all authentic.

N. Y. TIMES

NOV 2 3 1928

MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor, was a triumph of an expert body of instrumentalists and a conductor of brilliant endowments and command of his men. As a sheerly musical occasion it was less impressive. The music, when it was of dubious value, was exalted by the prowess of the conductor. The work which had the most genuine music in it of anything on the program—Schumann's B flat symphony—was given a virtuoso interpretation which in some places robbed the music of its simple and unsophisticated charm. The audience, with reason, rejoiced in the character of the performances.

The first performance in New York of Stravinsky music for ballet "Apollon Musagete" was given. This ballet was given its first performance anywhere at Elizabeth Coolidge's Chamber Music Festival in the Library of Congress last April 27. The music was played far better last night than in Washington; the score made no better impression on this writer than it did at the American première. Stravinsky writes for the nonce in the style of the classic French ballet, working occasional excursions into other manners and periods. He does this with exemplary skill, with transparent and expert scoring for the strings with the finished technic of a modern master. Saying which there is little more to be said.

The piece is plausible. It affords a polished and empty imitation of styles and models that it is fashionable to imitate in musical Paris of today, which Stravinsky, expatriated, makes his home, and where he is flattered and fêted. The emptiness and facility of the music soon become a weariness to the flesh. Why should it stop? Why not write a dozen more dance pieces that posture and prattle of nothing. Stravinsky, perhaps to amuse himself at the expense of the idolaters, to whom anything and everything he does is miracle and revelation, now cultivates more or less deliberately the musical platitudes of other times than this one, and calls the result a day's work and another commission filled.

Mr. Koussevitsky's performance of the Schumann symphony was in part one of rare eloquence and in part a virtuoso version of a familiar and beautiful piece of music. For this performance he strengthened his wind choir, but without harm to the proportions of the composition. He dared to take the slow movement at such a moderate pace that the ardent, long-breathed melody would have dropped apart in the hands of another conductor. But the melody was sung with a vernal warmth and languor which became it well.

If Mr. Koussevitzky had been less inclined to be [redacted] gratuitous prominence on insignificant details of the accompaniment the result would have been still more felicitous. His tempi in parts of the scherzo and of the finale were unconventional, and perhaps excessively fast. True, the pulse of this symphony does not beat as rapidly today as it did in the first half of the nineteenth century. Mr. Koussevitzky gave the music animation and he made Schumann's orchestra, which is sometimes thick, "sound." Perhaps it is too much to ask for more.

This writer would have welcomed less of the virtuoso element in certain pages and more of the adorable simplicity native to the Schumann of the "Spring" Symphony.

In the interpretation of Scriabine's curious, erootic and picturesquely flambouyant effusion—the "Poeme de l'Extase" conductor and orchestra excelled. The performance, as memory goes, was better because it was more spontaneous, coherent and cumulative in effect than a performance of the same piece that Mr. Koussevitzky gave seasons ago here. One wonders whether the secret of such interpretation will not die with Mr. Koussevitzky, at least with a chosen few of his colleagues who may reach his height of eloquence with the music—although we doubt this.

The reason for such a speculation is that probably no musician will take the "Poeme l'Extase" very seriously when fifty more years have passed; and if an interpreter cannot take a piece of music seriously he is likely to fail to make his audience do so. The "Poeme de L'Extase," which puzzled and shocked so many of us a few years ago, is now an affair of widening seams and patches. The mood, the keynote of the piece is passé. Scriabine discourses boudoir passion and parlor transcendalism. But he believes prodigiously in himself, and there is still a conductor to help him by at least pretending that he also believes.

Conductors of Mr. Koussevitzky's powers of evocation, however, are rare, and they will soon become rarer, so far as Scriabine is concerned. It was with a kind of reminiscent astonishment that one listened to this music last night, this strange and inverterbrate conglomeration, which, by virtue of nothing much more than a technic and a colossal megalomania on the part of its composer somehow contrives to achieve something, if it is only a loud, blasting, incoherent shout into the ether. The scoring, of course, in gorgeous.

When the climax, which is so long in coming, at last arrives, it is one of resounding splendor. And this was the aftermath of nineteenth century romanticism in Russia, and so fitful and dying are the flares from its ashes today. The "Poeme de l'Extase" remains for the present a capital vehicle for a virtuoso conductor—a battle-horse which Mr. Koussevitzky rode so magnificently last night that the audience was moved to applaud, and applaud, and applaud.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES

BOSTON SYMPHONY

A fine suggestion for Christmas gifts is the mailing of tickets for the Boston Symphony concert to your musical friends. They will appreciate hearing the great orchestra, under Koussevitzski's direction, as one of their most prized remembrances.

The Boston Symphony is playing better this season than ever before and Sergei Koussevitzky, hailed as one of the world's finest interpreters of the old classic symphonies, has no peer in the rendering of the modern compositions and the new Russian music. The orchestra numbers 112 players this season, all of whom will appear at the Hartford concert following a concert in New York city. Mr. Koussevitzky brought back from Europe this fall, several new artists, one being probably the most distinguished French horn player in Europe.

A tremendous ovation was accorded the orchestra and Mr. Koussevitzky on their first concert in New York this season.

Richard Aldrich, the music critic of the New York Times, writes of the second concert on November 29:

"The performance of the symphony put all this orchestral skill and amazing virtuosity to their highest uses. It was a noble and beautiful performance, full of poetry and eloquence and overflowing with tonal color, a means to disclosing the true eloquence of the music. The performance was as splendid and sonorous in larger proportions as it was finished and ornate in detail; exquisitely adjusted in phrasing, free in its carefully considered nuances of tempo beauty. Such a performance shows how far Brahm's orchestration is from the 'muddiness' and 'grayness' that were once attributed to it. Mr. Koussevitzky set forth its deep, glowing richness of orchestral color in a miraculous way; and he made this and dynamics—all achieved with a consummate art that concealed art and that made the whole seem a natural and an inevitable expression of Brahm's thought."

The seat sale is in progress at McCoy's, No. 89 Asylum street. Tickets will be held until January 15.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER-CITIZEN

DEC 1 1928

Boston Programs.

At the Boston Symphony concerts Friday afternoon and Saturday evening this week Lea Luboschutz, violinist, will be the assisting artist, playing a Prokofieff Concerto for violin and orchestra. The programs will include "La Symphonie," Martinu; Two Pieces for String Orchestra, by Copland, the young American composer, and the Pastorale Symphony of Beethoven.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
TIME

DEC 24 1928

Notes

From Paris came roundabout word that Boston Symphony trustees have extended Conductor Serge Koussevitzky's contract indefinitely. The salary, it is said, "exceeds all expectations." Presumably it elevates Conductor Koussevitzky to a financial status comparable with that of Arturo Toscanini (New York Philharmonic Symphony) and Leopold Anton Stanislaw Stokowski (Philadelphia Orchestra).

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT

DEC 1 1928

Boston Symphony

During the past month a number of recordings of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky have been made by the Victor Talking Machine Company at Symphony Hall, Boston. Experts from the Victor plant installed recording apparatus in the famous auditorium so that the entire orchestra, playing exactly as it would at a public performance, was recorded and will be available to record buyers in the near future. The contract between the Victor Company and the Boston Symphony is of long duration so it is probable that many other recording sessions will be held in Symphony Hall in the future.

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
TIMES PICAYUNE

DEC 1 1928

Scrutiny of a List

WE HAVE been scanning the list of the three hundred and some-odd names of those persons who have subscribed as guarantors of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra for the coming year. The first fact that is discovered by such an examination is the distinct Americanism of the members. In fact, we doubt whether anywhere one could find a corresponding number of our citizens, associated in so artistic and altruistic a cause, among whom there would appear so few obviously foreign names.

We, of course ran down the roster, presented as it was in alphabetical order, to discover how fared the names of those almost sacrosanct families whose "conversational exclusiveness" has become a by-phrase of New England history—the Cabots and the Lowells. Running true to form, there were four Cabots on the list, that name having tied, for highest numerical honors, with the Holmes, Howes, Morses, Putnams, Richardsons and Jacksons. But of Lowells there was only one member present. There were found three Coolidges, three Curtises and three Sears.

Turning next from mere curiosity to what we might call the great staple names, we find just one Smith, one Brown, and not a single member of the extensive Jones family. There are some six or seven names, probably Jewish, or of Jewish origin, two beginning with "Mc.," that might be Scotch or Irish, but none of the many beginning with "O'," despite the usual assumption that Boston has an unusually large Hibernian population.

The other names on the roster are, in twos and singletons, an array of Ameses, Burrs, Days, Elerys, Fays, Fletchers, Frosts, Hayses, Hunnewells, Keys, Laphams, etc. There are a very few of German form or sound, but no Italian, Spanish or Slav name of easy determination. There was observed no Greek name, and less than half a dozen of French appearance, despite the very considerable Gallic population that has enfiltered into our "Down East" across from French Canada.

We customarily assume that the old line Americans of Anglo-Saxon stock are less musical than either the German or Latin races, and it is therefore more surprising to discover our foremost symphonic organization supported by descendants of the Puritans. This condition could not, we believe, have developed in any other section of our nation.

NOV 2 3 1928

...EST CONCERTS AT CARNEGIE HALL

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By CHARLES D. ISAACSON.

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This work was not intended to be outstanding offering of the opening Boston Symphony program. Rather attention was intended to be concentrated upon the first time performance in New York City of the Stravinsky Ballet "Apollon Musagete" (Apollo, Leader of the Muses.)

Written first as a musical setting for the Diaghileff Ballet, it was given its world premiere in Washington, in April of this year, and was repeated at Paris in June and in London the same month.

In this work, the arch-modernist Stravinsky, settles back comfortably in his chair, and writes in the most formal and old-fashioned manner imaginable. Only one note in the entire Ballet which lasts about twenty minutes, suggested the Russian, and carries his harmonic signature.

The Ballet, which depicts the Birth of Apollo and is followed by divertissements representing Apollo with the Muses, the appearance of Polymnia and then of Terpsichore, is classical in spirit. Classical to Bach is one thing; classical to Stravinsky would be seemingly something entirely different. But Stravinsky fools the public this time. He begins with passages which are in the mood of Johann Sebastian Bach, especially in the violin solo passages.

Work Is Chaste.

Then he turns a bit to Mendelssohn, pays a tribute to Delibes, composer of "Coppelia," "Sylvia" and other ballets, and even suggests that tuneful Waldteufel of the waltz fame!

The work is calm, white, chaste, marble-figured and built in architecture of the Dorian mood.

It is a charming and melodic work and if it did not bear the name of Stravinsky it could have come out of the unknown writings of even Franz Schubert!

The other number on the program was the Schumann Symphony in B flat major, wherein Mr. Koussevitzky seemed to have given it too popular a treatment. He accentuated certain passages until they sounded like Rosenfeld-classic-jass and made one expect any moment to see Ruyvettes come tiptoeing around the corner. As

N. Y. TIMES

NOV 2 3 1928

MUSIC

By OLIN DOWNES.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor, was a triumph of an expert body of instrumentalists and a conductor of brilliant endowments and command of his men. As a sheerly musical occasion it was less impressive. The music, when it was of dubious value, was exalted by the prowess of the conductor. The work which had the most genuine music in it of anything on the program—Schumann's B flat symphony—was given a virtuoso interpretation which in some places robbed the music of its simple and unsophisticated charm. The audience, with reason, rejoiced in the character of the performances.

The first performance in New York of Stravinsky music for ballet "Apollon Musagete" was given. This ballet was given its first performance anywhere at Elizabeth Coolidge's Chamber Music Festival in the Library of Congress last April 27. The music was played far better last night than in Washington; the score made no better impression on this writer than it did at the American première. Stravinsky writes for the nonce in the style of the classic French ballet, working occasional excursions into other manners and periods. He does this with exemplary skill, with transparent and expert scoring for the strings with the finished technic of a modern master. Saying which there is little more to be said.

The piece is plausible. It affords a polished and empty imitation of styles and models that it is fashionable to imitate in musical Paris of today, which Stravinsky, expatriated, makes his home, and where he is flattered and fêted. The emptiness and facility of the music soon become a weariness to the flesh. Why should it stop? Why not write a dozen more dance pieces that posture and prattle of nothing. Stravinsky, perhaps to amuse himself at the expense of the idolaters, to whom anything and everything he does is miracle and revelation, now cultivates more or less deliberately the musical platitudes of other times than this one, and calls the result a day's work and another commission filled.

Mr. Koussevitsky's performance of the Schumann symphony was in part one of rare eloquence and in part a virtuoso version of a familiar and beautiful piece of music. For this performance he strengthened his wind choir, but without harm to the proportions of the composition. He dared to take the slow movement at such a moderate pace that the ardent, long-breathed melody would have dropped apart in the hands of another conductor. But the melody was sung with a vernal warmth and languor which became it well.

If Mr. Koussevitsky had been less inclined to be [redacted] gratuitous prominence on insignificant details of the accompaniment the result would have been still more felicitous. His tempi in parts of the scherzo and of the finale were unconventional, and perhaps excessively fast. True, the pulse of this symphony does not beat as rapidly today as it did in the first half of the nineteenth century. Mr. Koussevitzky gave the music animation and he made Schumann's orchestra, which is sometimes thick, "sound." Perhaps it is too much to ask for more.

This writer would have welcomed less of the virtuoso element in certain pages and more of the adorable simplicity native to the Schumann of the "Spring" Symphony.

In the interpretation of Scriabine's curious, erootic and picturesquely flambouyant effusion—the "Poeme de l'Extase" conductor and orchestra excelled. The performance, as memory goes, was better because it was more spontaneous, coherent and cumulative in effect than a performance of the same piece that Mr. Koussevitzky gave seasons ago here. One wonders whether the secret of such interpretation will not die with Mr. Koussevitzky, at least with a chosen few of his colleagues who may reach his height of eloquence with the music—although we doubt this.

The reason for such a speculation is that probably no musician will take the "Poeme l'Extase" very seriously when fifty more years have passed; and if an interpreter cannot take a piece of music seriously he is likely to fail to make his audience do so. The "Poeme de L'Extase," which puzzled and shocked so many of us a few years ago, is now an affair of widening seams and patches. The mood, the keynote of the piece is passé. Scriabine discourses boudoir passion and parlor transcendalism. But he believes prodigiously in himself, and there is still a conductor to help him by at least pretending that he also believes.

Conductors of Mr. Koussevitzky's powers of evocation, however, are rare, and they will soon become rarer, so far as Scriabine is concerned. It was with a kind of reminiscent astonishment that one listened to this music last night, this strange and invertebrate conglomeration, which, by virtue of nothing much more than a technic and a colossal megalomania on the part of its composer somehow contrives to achieve something, if it is only a loud, blasting, incoherent shout into the ether. The scoring, of course, is gorgeous.

When the climax, which is so long in coming, at last arrives, it is one of resounding splendor. And this was the aftermath of nineteenth century romanticism in Russia, and so fitful and dying are the flares from its ashes today. The "Poeme de l'Extase" remains for the present a capital vehicle for a virtuoso conductor—a battle-horse which Mr. Koussevitzky rode so magnificently last night that the audience was moved to applaud, and applaud, and applaud.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
DEC 17 1928

BOSTON SYMPHONY

A fine suggestion for Christmas gifts is the mailing of tickets for the Boston Symphony concert to your musical friends. They will appreciate hearing the great orchestra, under Koussevitzski's direction, as one of their most prized remembrances.

The Boston Symphony is playing better this season than ever before and Sergei Koussevitzky, hailed as one of the world's [redacted] interpreters of the old classic symphonies, has no peer in the rendering of the modern compositions and the new Russian music. The orchestra numbers 112 players this season, all of whom will appear at the Hartford concert following a concert in New York city. Mr. Koussevitzky brought back from Europe this fall, several new artists, one being probably the most distinguished French horn player in Europe.

A tremendous ovation was accorded the orchestra and Mr. Koussevitzky on their first concert in New York this season.

Richard Aldrich, the music critic of the New York Times, writes of the second concert on November 29:

"The performance of the symphony put all this orchestral skill and amazing virtuosity to their highest uses. It was a noble and beautiful performance, full of poetry and eloquence and overflowing with tonal color, a means to disclosing the true eloquence of the music. The performance was as splendid and sonorous in larger proportions as it was finished and ornate in detail; exquisitely adjusted in phrasing, free in its carefully considered nuances of tempo beauty. Such a performance shows how far Brahm's orchestration is from the 'muddiness' and 'grayness' that were once attributed to it. Mr. Koussevitzky set forth its deep, glowing richness of orchestral color in a miraculous way; and he made this and dynamics—all achieved with a consummate art that concealed art and that made the whole seem a natural and an inevitable expression of Brahm's thought."

The seat sale is in progress at McCoy's, No. 89 Asylum street. Tickets will be held until January 15.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER-CITIZEN
DEC 1 2 1928

Boston Programs.

At the Boston Symphony concerts Friday afternoon and Saturday evening this week Lea Luboschutz, violinist, will be the assisting artist, playing a Prokofieff Concerto for violin and orchestra. The programs will include "La Symphonie," Martinu; Two Pieces for String Orchestra, by Copland, the young American composer, and the Pastorale Symphony of Beethoven.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
TIME
DEC 24 1928

Notes

From Paris came roundabout word that Boston Symphony trustees have extended Conductor Serge Koussevitzky's contract indefinitely. The salary, it is said, "exceeds all expectations." Presumably it elevates Conductor Koussevitzky to a financial status comparable with that of Arturo Toscanini (New York Philharmonic Symphony) and Leopold Anton Stanislaw Stokowski (Philadelphia Orchestra).

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THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
DEC 19 1928

Boston Symphony

During the past month a number of recordings of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Kous[redacted]ky have been made by the Victor Talking Machine Company at Symphony Hall, Boston. Experts from the Victor plant installed recording apparatus in the famous auditorium so that the entire orchestra, playing exactly as it would at a public performance, was recorded and will be available to record buyers in the near future. The contract between the Victor Company and the Boston Symphony is of long duration so it is probable that many other recording sessions will be held in Symphony Hall in the future.

A fine suggestion for Christmas gifts is the mailing of tickets for the Boston Symphony concert to your musical friends. They will appreciate hearing the great orchestra, under Koussevitzki's direction, as one of their most prized remembrances.

The Boston Symphony is playing better this season than ever before and Serge KoKussevitzky, hailed as one of the world's finest interpreters of the old classic symphonies, has no peer in the rendering of the modern compositions and the new Russian music. The orchestra numbers 112 players this season, all of whom will appear at the Hartford concert following a concert in New York City. Mr. Koussevitzky brought back from Europe this fall, several new artists, one being probably the most distinguished French horn player in Europe.

The seat sale is in progress at McCoy's, 89 Asylum Street. Tickets will be held until January 15.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
TIMES PICAYUNE
DEC 23

had not led to [redacted]

Scrutiny of a List

WE HAVE been scanning the list of the three hundred and some-odd names of those persons who have subscribed as guarantors of the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra for the coming year. The first fact that is discovered by such an examination is the distinct Americanism of the members. In fact, we doubt whether anywhere one could find a corresponding number of our citizens, associated in so artistic and altruistic a cause, among whom there would appear so few obviously foreign names.

We, of course ran down the roster, presented as it was in alphabetical order, to discover how fared the names of those almost sacrosanct families whose "conversational exclusiveness" has become a by-phrase of New England history—the Cabots and the Lowells. Running true to form, there were four Cabots on the list, that name having tied, for highest numerical honors, with the Holmes, Howes, Morses, Putnams, Richardsons and Jacksons. But of Lowells there was only one member present. There were found three Coolidges, three Curtises and three Sears.

Turning next from mere curiosity to what we might call the great staple names, we find just one Smith, one Brown, and not a single member of the extensive Jones family. There are some six or seven names, probably Jewish, or of Jewish origin, two beginning with "Mc.," that might be Scotch or Irish, but none of the many beginning with "O'," despite the usual assumption that Boston has an unusually large Hibernian population.

The other names on the roster are, in twos and singletons, an array of Ameses, Burrs, Days, Elerys, Fays, Fletchers, Frosts, Hayses, Hunnewells, Keys, Laphams, etc. There are a very few of German form or sound, but no Italian, Spanish or Slav name of easy determination. There was observed no Greek name, and less than half a dozen of French appearance, despite the very considerable Gallic population that has enfiltered into our "Down East" across from French Canada.

We customarily assume that the old line Americans of Anglo-Saxon stock are less musical than either the German or Latin races, and it is therefore more surprising to discover our foremost symphonic organization supported by descendants of the Puritans. This condition could not, we believe, have developed in any other section of our nation.

217

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
TIMES
DEC 27 1928

BOSTON SYMPHONY

The great Boston Symphony orchestra, with Sergei Koussevitzky, the magnetic Russian conductor, who stands at the top in America, if not the world, is a most unique organization.

The Boston Symphony was the first symphony orchestra in America to have its own music hall, and giving a series of symphony concerts. The Boston orchestra at that time was backed financially by Colonel Higginson of Boston, who made up the deficit every season, while he lived, the deficit being a large sum in those days. The original orchestra numbered only about sixty players, while now, there are one hundred twelve musicians, a number of whom have been imported from the first rank orchestras of Europe.

The orchestra, at present gives sixty-seven concerts in Boston, with all tickets being subscribed for at the beginning of the season. The only way a ticket can be secured for the Boston concerts, is when a regular subscribed is out of town, and returns his seat to be resold to the box office.

The orchestra has been brought to the highest pinacle of perfection under the past five years' direction of Sergei Koussevitzky, and is now recognized as America's great symphony orchestra. Koussevitzky gives every summer in Paris, the "Concerts Koussevitzky" which considered the most important musical event of the Paris musical season. The Paris papers give Mr. Koussevitzky unstinted and most lavish praise for his interpretations of the old classic symphonies, and the modern French and Russian music, which electrified his fashionable audiences. The Hartford concert is only about a month away, February 3 and the seat sale is now in progress at McCoy's Music store, No. 89 Asylum street. Mail orders filled in order of their receipt.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
HARTFORD, CONN.
COURANT
DEC 27 1928

Boston Symphony

The Great Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Sergei Koussevitzky, the magnetic Russian conductor, who stands at the top in America, if not the world, is a most unique organization.

The Boston Symphony was the first symphony orchestra in America to have its own music hall, and giving a series of symphony concerts. The Boston orchestra at that time was backed financially by Colonel Higginson of Boston, who made up the deficit every season, while he lived, the deficit being a large sum in those days. The original orchestra numbered only about sixty players, while now, there are one hundred twelve musicians, a number of whom have been imported from the first rank orchestras of Europe.

The orchestra, at present give 67 concerts in Boston, with all tickets being subscribed for at the beginning of the season. The only way a ticket can be secured for the Boston concerts, is by a subscriber being out of town, returning their seats to be resold to the box office. Besides the Boston concerts, they make four or five weekly tours of the larger cities each season, Hartford being considered most fortunate through the efforts of Frank A. Sedgwick to be included in their itinerary for a great many years. The orchestra has been brought to the highest pinnacle of perfection under the past five years direction of Sergei Koussevitzky, and is now recognized as America's great symphony orchestra. Koussevitzky gives every summer in Paris, the "Concerts Koussevitzky" being considered the most important musical event of the Paris musical season. The Paris papers give Mr. Koussevitzky unstinted and most lavish praise of his wonderful interpretations of the old classic symphonies, and the modern French and Russian music, which electrified his fashionable audiences. The Hartford concert is only about a month away, February 3, and the seat sale is now in progress at McCoy's Music store, 89 Asylum Street. Mail orders filled in order of their receipt.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK WORLD
DEC

Arthur Honegger, whose arrival in this country has been awaited with growing interest for some years, sailed from Havre Dec. 26, and will arrive in New York Jan. 3. He will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra the week of [illegible] and the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra Jan. 19 and 20. Mme. Cobina Wright, who will accompany him on his trans-continental tour, will entertain him in New York before their departure, with a repetition of her celebrated Society Circus.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. SUN

Ernest Toch's piano concerto will be an event of special interest at both concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to be given in Carnegie Hall next Thursday evening, January 3, and Saturday afternoon, January 5. This will be its first New York performance, with Jesus Maria Sanroma as soloist. Mr. Koussevitzky will also play at the Thursday concert Handel's concerto grosso for string orchestra, in B minor; Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, and Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," in which the soloists will be Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Joseph Lautner, tenor.

The Saturday matinee program will include, besides Toch's concerto, Beethoven's "Pastorale" Symphony No. 6, and Ravel's "La Valse."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
EVE. POST
DEC 29 1928

ERNEST TOCH'S piano concerto will be an event of special interest at both concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to be given in Carnegie Hall Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. This will be its first New York performance, with Jesus Maria Sanroma as soloist. Sanroma also played at the first Parisian performance of this piece at the "Concerts Koussevitzky" last spring. Toch treats the orchestra not as an accompaniment, but as an independent and important part of his score. The finale, entitled "Ronde disturbato," is in humorous vein in the nature of an argument between a loudly assertive and a softly persuasive theme.

Mr. Koussevitzky will also play at the Thursday concert Handel's Concerto Grosso for string orchestra, in B minor; Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, and Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," a ballet of modern American life, in which the soloists will be Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Joseph Lautner, tenor. The Saturday matinee programme, will include, beside Toch's concerto, Beethoven's "Pastorale" Symphony No. 6, and Ravel's "La Valse."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
HERALD-TRIBUNE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra pays its second New York visit this week.

At the Carnegie Hall concerts next Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon Serge Koussevitzky will give the first New York performance of a piano concerto by the German composer Ernest Toch, with Jesus Maria Sanroma as soloist. Mr. Sanroma also played this work under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction in its Paris premiere last spring.

According to the description of the concerto provided by the Boston Symphony management, Toch treats the orchestra not as an accompaniment but as an independent and important part of the score. The finale, "Rondo Disturbato," is described as being in a humorous vein, in the nature of an argument between a loudly assertive and a softly persuasive theme. Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and the concert version of Carpenter's ballet, "Skyscrapers," with Marie Sundelius, soprano, formerly of the Metropolitan, and Joseph Lautner, tenor, as soloists, will be heard Thursday; Saturday's symphony will be Beethoven's "Pastoral."

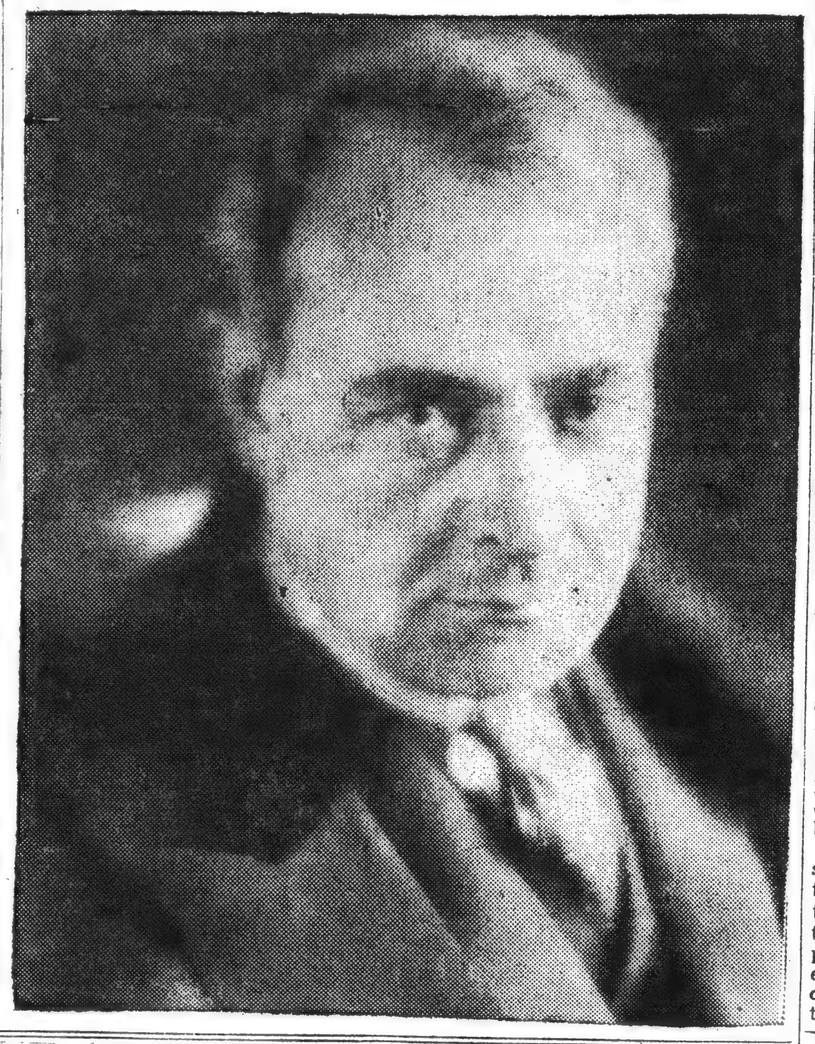
The program for Friday at the Brooklyn Academy of Music has been changed and now consists of the Pastoral Symphony, Schumann's piano concerto, with Mr. Sanroma as soloist, and "Skyscrapers."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York American
DEC 30 1928

BOSTON [illegible] PHONY ORCHESTRA. Carnegie, 8:30 p. m. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor.
Concerto Grosso ..... Haendel
"Unfinished" Symphony ..... Schubert
Concerto ..... Toch
Jesus Sanroma, solo pianist.
"Skyscrapers" ..... Carpenter
Marie Sundelius, soprano. Joseph Lautner, tenor soloist.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
RICHMOND, VA.
TIMES DISPATCH
DEC 30 1928

Noted Conductor Coming—Serge Koussevitsky, director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who will conduct the Richmond concert of that distinguished musical group at the City Auditorium, the night of January 29.



Music Lovers Look Forward To Symphony

Boston Group Come Here for Concert at City Auditorium Next Month

Music lovers of this section are looking forward with interest to the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, third attraction in the artists' course of five concerts presented by Mrs. Wilson-Greene and T. Michaux Moody, assisted by Miss Vera Palmer. The group of 112 musicians with its distinguished conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, will appear at the City Auditorium the night of Tuesday, January 29, at 8.30 o'clock. Advance reservations have been reported even more numerous than was the case when Kreisler played here early in this month. The box office will open tomorrow morning at Walter D. Moses and Company.

The Boston orchestra is nearly fifty years old and during its career has been headed by some of the most celebrated conductors the world has produced, while the number of concerts it has given in a season has steadily increased. Sixty-nine concerts in Boston alone have been planned for this season, in addition to a limited tour and several visits to New York. The programs are declared to be finer now than ever before.

Koussevitzky was in Europe last summer selecting a few new men for the orchestra and it is said of him that he chose each as if he were to be soloist, instead of taking a place in the great ensemble. This evidences the ability of the personnel of the orchestra, to which is added thorough and careful rehearsing.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK WORLD

Ernest Toch's piano concerto will be an event of special interest at both concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, to be given in Carnegie Hall, Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. This will be its first New York performance, with Jesus Sanroma as soloist. Sanroma also played at the first Parisian performance of this piece at the "Concerts Koussevitzky" last spring.

Toch treats the orchestra not as an accompaniment, but as an independent and important part of his score. The finale, entitled "Rondo Disturbato" is in humorous vein, in the nature of an argument between a loudly assertive and a softly persuasive theme. Mr. Koussevitzky will also perform at the Thursday concert Handel's concerto grosso in B minor; Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, and Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" ballet, in which the soloists will be Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Joseph Lautner, tenor.

The Saturday matinee program will include, beside Toch's Concerto, Beethoven's "Pastorale" Symphony No. 6, and Ravel's "La Valse."

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN EAGLE

Brooklyn Concerts

JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER'S "Skyscrapers," a Ballet of Modern American Life, will be performed by Serge Koussevitzky when the Boston Symphony Orchestra gives its second concert of the season in Brooklyn at the Academy of Music next Friday evening. Solo voice parts will be taken by Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Joseph Lautner, tenor.

The soloist of the evening will be Jesus Maria Sanroma who will appear with the orchestra in Schumann's Piano Concerto. Mr. Sanroma is a young American musician of Central American parentage. He took the Mason and Hamlin prize several seasons ago and has since given recitals and appeared with orchestras with signal success. The symphony of this concert will be the Sixth ("Pastoral") of Beethoven.

* * *

THIS CLIPPING FROM
New York Telegraph

The Orchestras

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, returns on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. The Thursday program which has for its especial novelty, the Ernest Toch Piano Concerto, includes the Schubert "Unfinished Symphony," Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" and the Handel Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra in B minor.

The Toch Concerto will have its first New York performance, and the soloist will be Jesus Sanroma, who also played the piece at the "Concerts Koussevitzky" in Paris last Spring, when the work had its first Parisian hearing. Toch treats the orchestra not as an accompaniment, but as and independent and important part of the score. The Finale entitled "Rondo Disturbato" is in a humorous vein, in the nature of an argument between a loudly assertive and softly persuasive theme.

In the "Skyscrapers" work, soloists will be Marie Sundelius, soprano and Joseph Lautner, tenor.

On Saturday afternoon, the Boston Symphony will play the Toch Concerto, Beethoven's Pastorale Symphony and Ravel's "La Valse."

▼

THIS CLIPPING FROM
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
CITIZEN.
DEC 30 1928

MUSIC IN BROOKLYN

John Alden Carpenter's "Skyscrapers," a ballet of modern American life, will be performed by Serge Kousevitzky when the Boston Symphony Orchestra makes its second visit of the season to Brooklyn in the Academy of Music next Friday evening, Jan. 4. The Chicago composer wrote this piece to describe a picture in rhythms and sounds of our modern frenetic existence with its characteristic violent alternation between work and play.

The work is depicted with a scene showing the framework of a gerat steel structure, and play, with a scene in Coney Island, in which jazz singers and dancers are introduced. It was produced with much success by the Metropolitan Opera Company, and was later introduced as a concert piece to Boston and New York by Serge Koussevitzky last spirng. Koussevitzky is repeating this score at both his Boston and New York concerts. Solo voices will be taken by Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Joseph Lautner, tenor.

The soloist of the vening will be Jesus Maria Sanroma, who will appear with the orchestra in Schumann's piano concerto. Sanroma is a young American musiciaan of Central American parents. He took the Mason & Hamlin prize several seasons ago, and has since given recitals and appeared with orchestras with signal success. He has been soloist with the Boston Symphonk Orchestra on several occasions, and is appearing in New York with them next week in a new concerto of Toch, which he played at the "Concerts Koussevitzky" last spring. Sanroma was extremely successful in his recitals in Berlin, Paris, Madrid and Barcelona during his recent sojourn there. The symphony of this concert will be the "Pastoral" of Beethoven, No. 6.

THIS CLIPPING FROM
NEW YORK
TIMES

DEC 30 1928

NEW MUSIC TO BE HEARD

Ten Orchestral Programs in Coming Week Besides Today's Beethoven on Air

FRESH from a first hearing in Boston last Friday, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is bringing out Ernest Toch's piano concerto at both its concerts in Carnegie Hall this week, when the visiting organization pays its second visit of the season to New York. A new pianist, Jesus Maria Sanroma, will assist in the Toch concerto. He also played at the first Parisian performance of the same work last Spring at the Concerts Koussevitzky.

Toch treats the orchestra, according to Philip Hale's program note, not as an accompaniment, but as an independent and important part of his score. The finale, entitled "Rondo Disturbato," is in humorous vein, "in the nature of an argument between a loudly assertive and softly persuasive theme."

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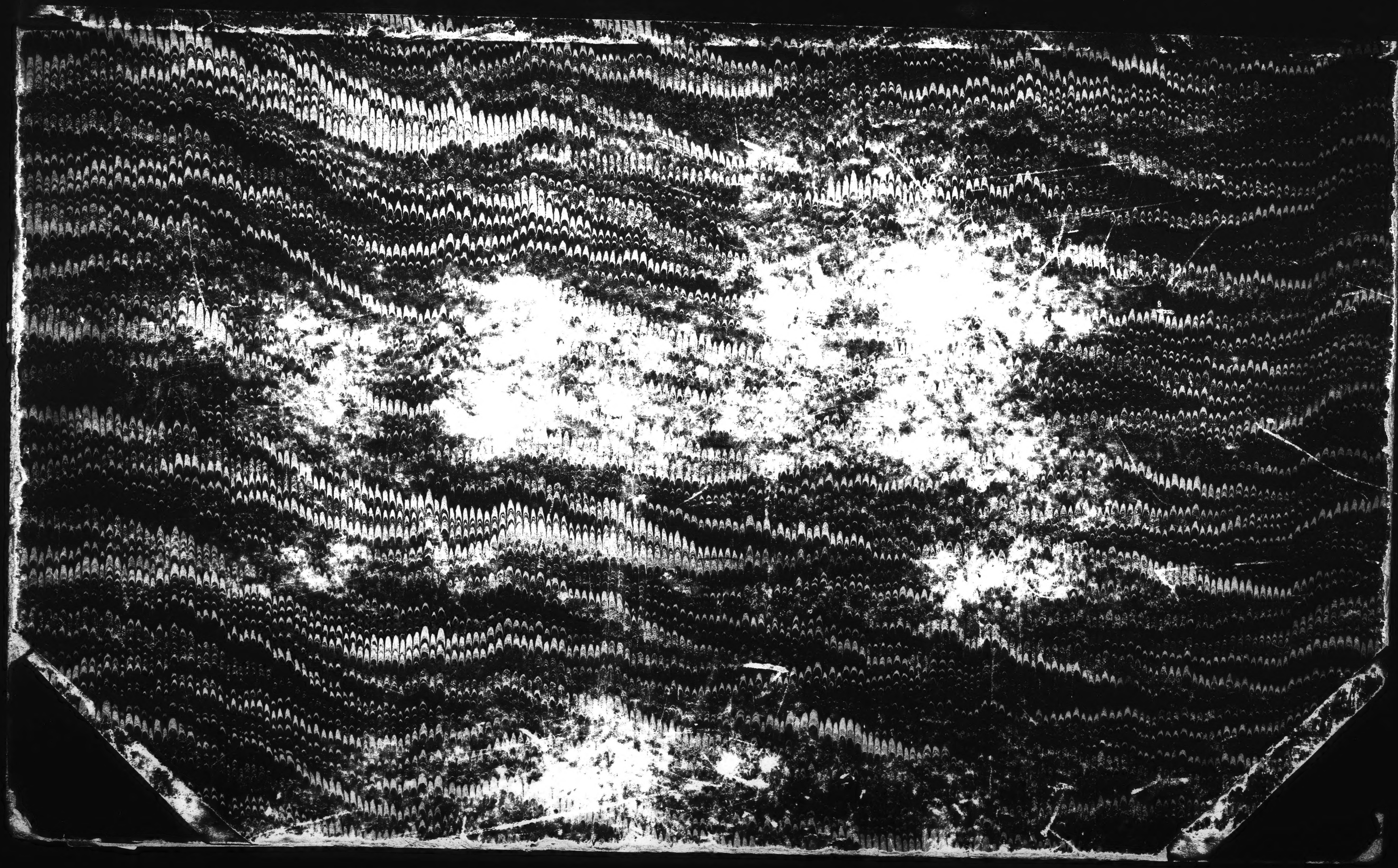

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